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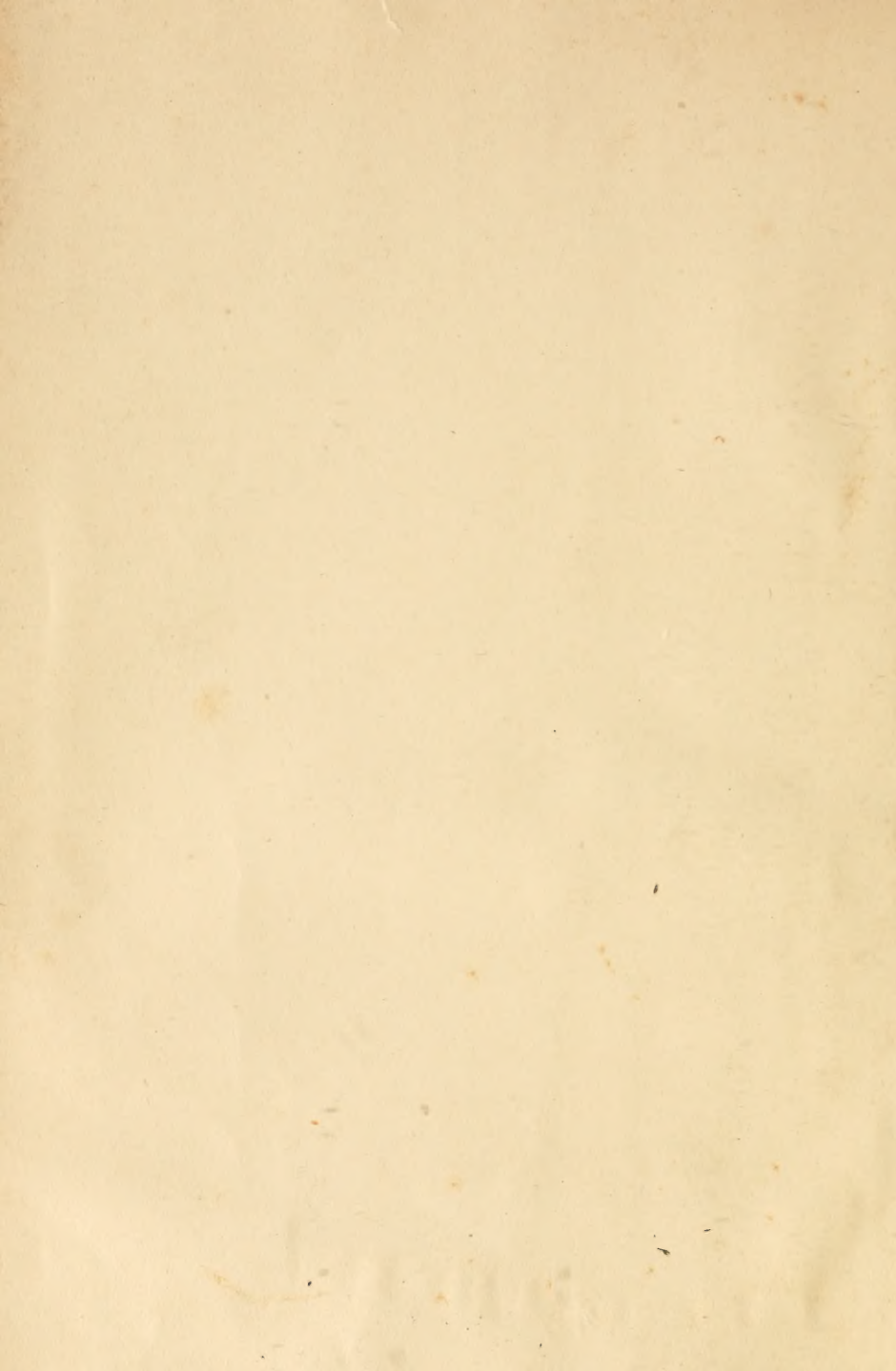
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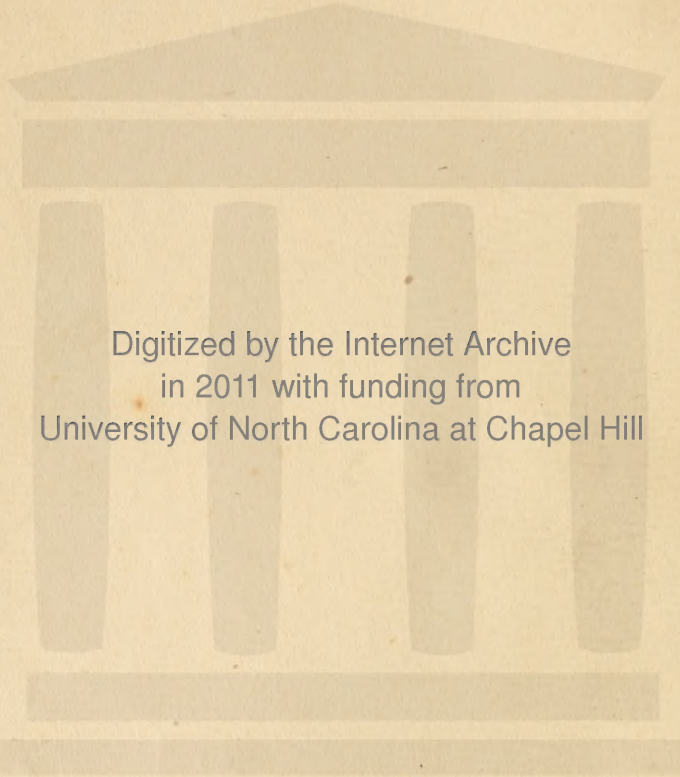
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THE
SOUTHERN MAGAZINE

JANUARY, 1875.

THE ODD TRUMP.

BOOK III.—THE BANK'S GAME.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE SOUTH TERRACE.

THE gentlemen resumed their seats after the departure of the ladies, and renewed their devotions to Maison Rouge—that is, those of them who had merely risen as the ladies retired. Clinton and Wailes were both meditating an escape to the drawing-room, and the former eagerly inquired of Wailes as to the proper mode of retreat.

“You know, Wailes,” he said, “neither of us wants any wine, but I am not certain about the proprieties. Would it do for a fellow just to slip out without apology?”

“But there are two fellows who would like to slip. Suppose you wait here, and I will go ask Mother about it.”

“And how soon will you bring her reply, you old deceiver? No, sir; I shall go and ask Miss Sybil. Would you mind saying, if they ask for me, that I have a splitting headache, or something of the sort?”

“Yes; I think I must decline. But you may go; they are all talking about that Dorado Mine, and will not miss you. I shall privately ask Mr. Grippe to let me follow you. Now is your opportunity—away with you!”

As Clinton promptly obeyed, flitting through the door like a ghost,

Trumpley slipped into the vacant seat next the banker. At the same moment James approached with a note for his master. As he tore open the envelope, Wailes saw that it was a telegram. Mr. Grippe read it twice, and bidding James order the carriage, arose from the table.

"Squire," he said, "please take my seat and maintain order until I return. Gentlemen, you will excuse me a few minutes; I have just received a telegram that requires immediate attention. Squire, you are lord of Halidon in my absence; see that your guests lack nothing. Mr. Wailes, please lend me your arm." And supported by the stalwart youth, Mr. Grippe hobbled out—not through the door that led to the drawing-room, alas! but by a side-passage into the library.

A light suspended from the ceiling lighted the spacious apartment, aided somewhat by the moonlight streaming in at the bay-window. Mr. Grippe fell into his arm-chair, and reposing his lame leg upon the stool that stood within reach, began to strangle in a paroxysm of asthma. Trump stood by not knowing what to do, and wondering if the old gentleman would live through the spasm.

"Shall I ring, sir?" said he at last.

Mr. Grippe nodded his head; he was past speaking apparently. James appeared in a minute.

"James," gasped the banker, "put a shawl and rug in the carriage. When it is ready, come tell me. Get a lot of cigars from Dipperly—a dozen at least. Bring them at once."

When the cigars came Mr. Grippe pushed the salver over to Wailes.

"Light one, please," he said, "and put the rest in your pocket. Here is a match. Now let me light a cigarette. You must smoke to drown the odor of my stramonium."

While they blew two rival clouds, Mr. Grippe meditated profoundly, glancing at Wailes with sharp eyes now and again, as if to assure himself that he was doing his share of the smoking.

"Have you any money?" he asked, suddenly.

"Yes, sir—a pound or two."

"It is very rude in me, Mr. Wailes," said Grippe, "to take you away from the table; you got no *Maison Rouge* either."

"Yes I did, sir; I drank the ladies' health. The wine is incomparable. But I was just going to ask you to let me slip out to the ladies, when you received your telegram. I hope it is nothing serious?"

"Very serious."

"Indeed! Can I be of any service?"

"Read it and judge for yourself," said Mr. Grippe, handing the despatch. Trump unfolded it, and read:—

"From Harding, London, to Anthony Grippe, Esq., Gloucester. B and Z are the men beyond a doubt. If you are in, get out."

"Do you know what it means?" said the banker.

"No, sir. Who is Harding?"

"A detective. Have you any idea who B and Z are?"

Wailes paused, while a multitude of thoughts rushed through his mind. Mr. Grippe watched him, his eyes twinkling.

"Can it be Blauvelt and Zimmermann, the Berlin bankers?" said Wailes. Mr. Grippe's eyes still twinkled, and Wailes went on rapidly, "I believe I see it all. These men have been forging bills! And you remitted them fifteen thousand pounds to-day! I wrote the letter in German. What must I do, sir?"

"Take the limited mail at eleven-thirty; go to Berlin and see what you can do. They have the advantage of one mail, and the bills will be drawn no doubt; but something may turn up. I will give you credentials to Von Kapf. Here are fifty pounds in bank-notes. Now understand the case. I dare not telegraph Von Kapf, lest these fellows should have sent genuine bills after all. I cannot tell certainly until the day after to-morrow, when they will be paid or rejected. I will telegraph you at Berlin on Thursday morning, care of Von Kapf. I am *sure* it is a fraud, but cannot so treat it until Thursday. I have no instructions to give you. Act as you would act if your own money were at stake; be cool, cautious, watchful and prompt. If the money is lost, it is lost; if it is saved, it will be by your pluck and energy. Stop in Paris and see Delisle. Do you know his address?"

"Yes, sir — Sixty-four, Rue Scribe."

"Right. Tell him everything; he may help you. Anyhow, he is a correspondent of Blauvelt and Zimmermann. Whatever rascality has been perpetrated, you may safely attribute it to Blauvelt. Zimmermann is a stupid, honest German. I am not sure about Blauvelt, but think he is a Belgian."

"Ha!" said Wailes. "Have you seen him, sir?"

"Many times."

"Is he a tall, sallow man, with a heavy moustache, black, hanging over his mouth, and nearly covering his chin?"

"You describe him exactly."

"I know him. Ah, Mr. Blauvelt, you have taken to banking then! He is a Belgian, sir. He was my French tutor in Germany."

Mr. Grippe took two cards from his pocket, and wrote on the backs: "Credit Mr. Wailes, the bearer.—A. Grippe," and gave them to Trumpley.

"One for Von Kapf, the other for Delisle; they will answer your purpose better than formal letters. And now what will you do about clothes? You can't go flying over Europe in a dress-suit, and my clothes will not fit you."

"I have a portmanteau at Beechwood; I dressed there this afternoon. I will stop there, change my dress, and go on to Gloucester. It is ten o'clock. I will just tell Mother —"

"Stop; I'll go for Mrs. Wailes. Those charming ladies would chatter like a thousand magpies if they knew of your departure. I'll bring Mrs. Wailes here. Wait for me."

And taking his cane, Mr. Grippe hobbled out. Wailes walked over to the bay-window and looked out upon the South Terrace. The moonlight was deluging the lawn and terrace, and turning all nature into fairyland. The banker was absent five minutes; it seemed to Wailes five years. When he returned, accompanied by Mrs. Wailes, Trumpley looked at them in stupid bewilderment.

"Madam," said Mr. Grippe, "very urgent business calls your son away. He must go to London, to Paris, and perhaps further. There is no one else whom I could trust to manage the affair. He will go to-night. The mission is quite secret, and I expect to get him quietly away without disturbing my guests."

"Very well, sir. Are you ready, Trump?"

"Yes," said Wailes, with dull indifference.

"What the devil has come over the man!" said Grippe, viciously. "I left him but now full of fire and energy—"

"Carriage ready, sir," said James, poking his head in at the door.

"Drive round to the terrace. Are you unwell, Mr. Wailes?"

"No, sir," answered Trump. "Please excuse me; I have been dreaming, and was wakened suddenly. I shall be all right when I get out in the air. Good-night, Mother. I will do my best, sir. I am quite ready."

"Away with you then; I will make your excuses. Go out at this door. Here is the carriage. James, go with him—to Beechwood first, and then to Gloucester. Mr. Wailes wishes to catch the mid-night train—or rather the eleven-thirty. Do not loiter."

Trump kissed his mother, shook hands with the banker, and went out on the terrace. As he laid his hand on the door of the carriage, Clinton stood suddenly at his side.

"Wailes," he said, "it is you then who are going. I saw James putting the rug into the carriage, and that indicates a journey. May I ask where you are going?"

"Certainly. To London."

"And beyond?"

"Perhaps. Why do you ask?"

"Because I feel a strong interest in you—stronger than ever before. Do not repulse me, I beg of you. You are going to Beechwood first?"

"Yes—to change my dress."

"Grant me one favor. Will you?"

"If I can," said Wailes, struggling to maintain his composure. "What is it?"

"You will find a revolver on the dressing-table in your room. Take it with you."

"Pish!" said Trump, impatiently. "What can I want with weapons?"

"Take it, I tell you!" said Clinton, stamping on the gravel. "You promised."

"Very well; good-night," and springing past him he entered the carriage, pulling the door to after him.

Poor Trump! While he was gazing out of the bay-window he saw Clinton and Mabel on the South Terrace. They were in earnest conversation; and while the door that admitted his mother and Mr. Grippe was turning on its hinges he saw Clinton seize Mabel's hand and hide it in his great beard, she not resisting. He could see their faces; hers eager and excited, and his full of exultation, while he covered her hand with kisses.

And while the carriage sped on towards Gloucester he tried to

shut out the scene by closing his eyes. The hedge-rows that were flying past *were* shut out, but the terrace and the two agitated figures upon it burned his eye-balls.

CHAPTER XXXI.

ANOTHER DEPARTURE.

Mr. Radcliffe Merton was equal to most emergencies, but his powers were certainly put to the proof at Mr. Grippe's entertainment. He was eager to be present because he was certain to see Mabel; Tim had tracked her to Halidon beyond doubt. He expected to make an easy conquest. She was a governess or companion, and the attentions of the heir to Merton Park could not fail to flatter her vanity and awaken her gratitude. When he was fairly confronted by this governess, clad in rich silks, and evidently honored as the niece of Sir Philip Grahame, he felt rather less secure. And when her pleasant countenance, beautified by smiles, settled into cold gravity at his introduction, while her delicate nostrils assumed a more decided curve, he concluded to omit the *veni vidi vici* form of assault and proceed circumspectly.

What should he do with Heloise? No doubt about her recognition. Why, court her furiously, of course. This would give him constant access to Halidon, the cage that contained these two pretty birds; and he would find or make opportunities for his true courtship. As he stole furtive glances at Mabel during the progress of the dinner, he found the desire to win her growing into a determination, and when the ladies retired from the dining-room he registered a vow that he would kill any man who stood between him and Mabel.

And Sybil—what about Sybil? Well, she seemed to be very much entertained and quite contented with the attentions of that Yankee fellow with the big beard. The Yankee seemed to be spoony too. What an ugly devil he was!

The Squire was eager for whist, and moved adjournment to the drawing-room pretty soon after Mr. Grippe left the table. Radcliffe had not quite finished his cigar; he would take a turn on the lawn, and join the ladies in a few minutes. That *Maison Rouge* was insidious, and a turn or two would dispel its influence.

Rather cool in that Yankee fellow, with his lot of vulgar tin, and his lordly airs at Beechwood, to be so impressive in his devotion to Sybil. Stole the tin, no doubt. What did Sir Henry know about him? He did not seem to think Mr. Radcliffe Merton worthy of any special attention either. Curse his impudence! he looked as grave and sedate as a judge, and had not the ghost of a smile for Radcliffe's best jokes. He had met him somewhere, certainly; must have been long ago. Clinton? Never heard that name. But a Yankee could have a dozen names. There was that Göttingen Yankee. Ah! Stratton. Of course! the very same.

Oh ho! Mr. Trump, you knew Stratton, and you have not told me. You are very thick; close friends, I hear. I begin to think you will bear watching, Mr. Trump. And talking of watching, there is Mr.

Trump on the terrace. Not alone — I see the lavender silk. Can it be the French girl? Mabel!

He moved away from the house, threw his cigar in the grass, and passing behind a clump of rose-bushes, he had a better view of the terrace. Mabel certainly; and not Trump, but Stratton, kissing her hand as if he would eat it up!

Hist! here comes the carriage. What is up now? Mabel disappeared. Wailes at the carriage, and Stratton beside him. Carriage off, and terrace deserted. He would go in and see what it meant. Now, be cautious!

The whist-table; the Squire and Lady Walton against Mr. Grippe and Mr. Thorne. Sir Henry seated by Sybil; Algernon playing backgammon with Miss Lucy. The Beechwood magnate at the piano with Heloise, actually playing a duetto with her. That was another proof; Stratton was quite a famous pianist at Göttingen. Ah! if he had only given that rapier another twist or two. Too late to regret that now; he would find an opportunity to do it over. Meantime he was devoted to music, and took a seat near the pair of brilliant performers. How they jabbered!

"Lentement, Monsieur," said Heloise.

"Comme ça?"

"Oui, merci!" and the duo leaped out under their nimble fingers like a shower of sparks. This required enormous philosophy. The French was easy enough, if they would only talk slowly and distinctly; but they would not. They fairly galloped, gliding from one word to another as if their tongues were oiled. Oh, if he had only emulated Trump's diligence and attended to Blauvelt's instructions!

Blauvelt! By-the-bye, he would bear watching too. Mem.: attend to Blauvelt to-morrow. Here comes Mrs. Wailes.

"Mr. Grippe," said that lady, "Miss Grahame has charged me with apologies and regrets to you and your guests. She sprained her ankle in stepping from the South Terrace. I happened to be in the library, and assisted her up-stairs, and by virtue of my superior age I obliged her to go to bed. I have applied the proper remedies, and she does not suffer."

"Oh! Ah! Indeed! Very sorry, I am sure. Excuse her?—certainly," said everybody.

"Ma belle! In pain?" said Heloise, starting up from the piano. "I will go to her."

"She also charged me to forbid you, Mademoiselle. She will sleep presently. Besides, I am going back to her to tell her how kindly you all excuse her, and to bid her good-night."

"Tim!" said Mr. Radcliffe, leaning from the window, "Tim! are you there?"

"Yessir."

"Can you bring the cart in a minute?"

"Half a minit, sir."

"Mr. Grippe," said Radcliffe, "the rosy hours have glided away so swiftly that I did not mark their flight. I am obliged to be in London to-morrow. May I call on my return, and make the acquaintance of these charming ladies?"

"Halidon gates are always open to you, Mr. Merton," said the banker, with a bow. "But you cannot get the train; it passes at eleven-thirty."

"Yes; and it is now fifteen minutes earlier, and my trap is at the door. I shall have two minutes to spare. Ladies and gentlemen, the railway officials allow no time for parting speeches — good-night!"

And as the dog-cart came up the drive he sprang into the seat, gathered up the reins, trotted gently through the lodge-gates, and then sped along the highroad at the rate of twenty miles to the hour.

At Beechwood Mr. Merton encountered a wreck. A hind-wheel was on the roadside, and Mr. Grippe's carriage drawn out of the roadway and squatted ungracefully in the gutter. James was busy with the horses, and the coachman was prowling over the road in earnest search.

"Hillo!" said Radcliffe, half-checking his horses, "what is amiss?"

"Wheel hoff," said the coachman; "linch-pin lost."

"Get a stake, fasten it to the front axle, and support the hind one. You can get home that way. G'long, Maggie!"

Beyond the bend of the road a pedestrian, smoking a short pipe.

"Hillo, Podd!" said Radcliffe, "what are you about?"

"Looking for the linch-pin," answered Podd, with a grin. "Carriage broke down just as he came out of the gate."

"He? Whom?"

"Wailés. He just rolled out, snatched up his pock-mantle, and tore up the road. Two mile to Gloster — ho, ho!"

"G'long, Maggie! he'll miss the train."

"Miss the dickens!" said Podd, savagely, as the dog-cart spun away. "I s'pose you'll pick him up. You're a nice pair of 'ristocrats! I'd like to take out one of *your* linch-pins too!"

Mr. Podd turned back and found Memnon attaching a beam to the axle. The carriage could be gotten home now; and because the urgency was over, the gardener happened to stumble upon the lost linch-pin. The wheel was replaced, and after a moment's consultation, James clambered up on the box, and the carriage proceeded at a rapid rate towards Gloucester.

"The fools!" said Podd. "I hear the train now, crossing the bridge at Merton's Brook. Do they s'pose that fiery young devil will wait for them? I'll sit down here and wait for them to come back, and get a lift as far as old Grippe's. Hi! darkey! are you there?"

"I'se here, Podd," answered Memnon, soberly.

"Lucky I found that pin."

"Werry lucky. I spec you knew whar to hunt."

"What?" said Podd, startled.

"I spec some po' white trash pulled out dat pin while gemplen in de house gittin his trunk."

"How did you get that fool's notion into your head?"

"Werry easy. Part ob it come in froo my eyes. I seed you in de road when carriage come fust."

"Well," said Podd, feeling slightly uneasy, "what of it?"

"Den I seed you lookin' for linch-pin up de road. You not werry

drunk, and you knowed de carriage not bin up de road at all. Den you found de pin in gully on dis side. De wheel come from de off side ; how de debil did lynch-pin git ober heah? Did him crawl?"

"I've a good mind to knock your black head off!" said Podd, in a rage.

"Spec you'd better not, Podd," replied Memnon.

"Why should I not?" said Podd, menacingly.

"Because I'll mash your mouf if you comes close enough for my fist ; and if you was spry enough to handle me — only you aint — why den Mars Clint would hab you hung. Spec you'll git hung soon enough, anyhow. Better go home now ; you'se a little drunk. Heah comes the carriage back. Spec you'd better walk. Driver won't gib you ride, I reckon ; you aint werry clean."

The carriage swept by at a good pace. The coachman had gotten near enough to Gloucester to see the London train flying down the road. Memnon shouldered his beam and retired within the gates, closing them inhospitably behind him. And Mr. Podd, chewing the stump of his pipe, and the cud of sweet and bitter fancies, crawled slowly down the road towards Merton, so glum and ugly that the moonlight, which beautified everything else, only served to make his ugliness more apparent.

CHAPTER XXXII.

ASTHMATIC.

Mabel stood in the shadow when Trumpley passed across the terrace, and Clinton left her side to address a few words to him, as already recorded. The door stood open, and thinking she would go to her room and compose her mind before she encountered the drawing-room lights, she stepped upon the sill ; her foot turned, and she fell forward into the library. When she attempted to rise she found herself unable to walk without assistance. As she sunk into a chair with a moan, Mrs. Wailes re-entered the apartment, intending to say a parting word to Trump about taking care of his precious health, avoiding draughts, damp beds and the like. The sight of Mabel arrested her.

"Miss Grahame!" she said, approaching her, "you are in pain. Are you ill?"

"I think I have sprained my ankle, madam. Pray, do not mind me ; it will be better presently, and I can get up stairs."

"Let me help you, my dear," said Mrs. Wailes ; "lean on me. Is this the stair? I am so glad I found you. Does it pain?"

"Yes, ma'am. But I do not heed that ; I suffer more in the memory of my —"

"Hush! Is this your room? Ah! it is next my bed-chamber. My dear, for more than twenty years that was my domain ; it is the large room over the South Terrace. Now lie down here and let me see how badly you are hurt."

"Oh, madam, I cannot bear this kindness! Only let me explain my conduct —"

Mrs. Wailes laid her hand upon the rosy lips, and when she took it away she kissed them.

"My darling," she said tenderly, "you shall not tell me a word. Be satisfied ; I am perfectly sure that you can explain everything, but not now. I will listen to your story, or as much of it as you please to tell me, at the proper time. Now let me take off your shoe. Ah ! swollen a little. Who will answer the bell if I ring?"

"Lucy, our little maid. What do you require, madam?"

"Only a little ice," said Mrs. Wailes, ringing the bell. "You must be quiet now and obey orders. Lucy, bring me a cup full of pounded ice. I must have this stocking off ; that is soon done. I am going to wrap your foot up in ice. If you lie still it will be well in an hour or two. How did you do it?"

"My foot turned under me. I — I was looking over my shoulder at the carriage, and missed the step. Oh ! Mrs. Wailes —"

"Will you be quiet or not?" said Mrs. Wailes, with affected asperity. "Here is the ice. Give me a towel, Lucy ; Miss Grahame has hurt her ankle. You will be more comfortable with your dress off, my dear. Lucy, assist Miss Grahame, while I prepare the ice."

In five minutes Miss Grahame was propped up snugly on the bed, her foot enveloped in ice, and the pain gone. Then Mrs. Wailes proposed going down to explain her absence. Mabel objected.

"I will return, child," she said, laughing. "Do you think I am going to leave you thus? Not I."

"You will not let me talk to you," said Mabel, clinging to her neck as she bent over her, "but you cannot keep me from loving you."

"You darling!" was the response. "Don't you know that I love you dearly ever since you clung to me so piteously that evening? Do you remember?"

"Ah! can I ever forget! My mother died when I was so young that I have only a dim apprehension of her love and tenderness ; but when you kissed me that night it all came back again, and you seemed to take all the love and duty that I owed to her."

"Wait until I come back and you shall tell me a little. The gay people down stairs will miss you, but they will not miss me. Shall I bring Mademoiselle?"

"No, ma'am. Please bid her stay ; she has been pining for company so long. Mr. Clinton will take my place as interpreter. Do you know Mr. Clinton?"

"Oh yes. He dined with me at Rose Cottage, and I have dined at Beechwood with him, Trump and I."

In the short absence of the elder lady Mabel reflected. How much could she tell? She was so kind that she would be satisfied with a little explanation. She must remember to mention no names. She had been cautioned. Was there ever so lovely a lady — so wise and so good ! Here she is again.

"Now sit by me, dear madam, and listen to a short explanation. My father told me a long story of old times. He said I would meet in Gloucestershire certain people, and among them he named two, mother and son. I had never been away from him before, except for a few days at a time at my uncle's in Sussex, and he was anxious

about me naturally. 'If you encounter this lady and her son,' he said, 'either or both, avoid them at all risks. Have no intercourse with them, or either of them.' Oh, madam! I thought the brave gentleman who rescued me from the river was the son, and you the mother!"

"And therefore you fled?"

"Yes, with my heart bleeding; and I never knew until to-night that I was mistaken. Now, can you forgive me for ingratitude and rudeness unparalleled?"

"Poor child! I have never doubted for a moment that some satisfactory reason existed for your flight. How came you to fall into the mistake?"

"Will you forgive me if I do not tell you? I am bound to silence."

"Say no more, my dear. I believe I know, anyhow."

"I hope not," answered Mabel, distressed. "Pray tell me what Mr. Wailes said—"

"He said very little, but he walked to Gloucester after you."

"Yes," said Mabel, "I saw him coming, and hid on the roadside until he passed. Did he say I was heartless and ungrateful?"

"He said, 'Mother, read this note; every word is a tear. I know this lady is under some overbearing compulsion, and I will never rest until I find out what it is.' But neither Trump nor I doubted you a moment."

Mabel drew her hand to her and kissed it.

"And you will tell him that I have never forgotten for a moment that he saved my life, that I have prayed so earnestly for him, thinking he was wicked—and he so good and noble! Oh, wasted prayers!"

"Prayers are never wasted, Mabel. Shall I call you Mabel?"

"Dear, dear friend!" replied the girl.

"Prayers cannot be wasted. They are among the forces of Nature, and never lost. Sometimes they are misapplied, but they always reach the Hearer; and He directs the force in wisdom and mercy, as He directs the winds. Here is the carriage. My boy is on the train we heard."

"Gone!" said Mabel.

"Yes. Mr. Grippe has sent him to London, perhaps to Paris, on some important business. Did you know he was in the bank?"

"I knew there was a Mr. Wailes," answered Mabel, blushing.

"Mr. Grippe has told me a great deal about him, but I never dreamed that it was your son. Mr. Grippe says he is the most extraordinary young man he ever knew. Oh, madam, how happy you ought to be!"

"I am not very happy just now," answered Mrs. Wailes, rising, "because it is past midnight, and I must leave you. I hear the Squire's voice, and I go home in his carriage. My love, you are as a dear daughter to me. There shall be nothing between us to separate us henceforth. You will come to me whenever you can, will you not?"

"Yes, ma'am, if I may. Before you go, let me tell you something more. I came here in answer to an advertisement. Mr. Grippe

brought *Heloïse* from Paris, and engaged me as companion, teacher — what you please — at fifty guineas a year. My father is a clergyman in a poor district, with small income and many pensioners, and I wished to earn the fifty guineas for him."

"That was very creditable, Mabel."

"But, madam," said Mabel, not heeding the interruption, "he brought me this expensive dress to-day, saying he desired me to dress like *Heloïse*; and when I expostulated, he was seized with a terrible fit of asthma. Oh, he has it most dreadfully! So I had to wear the dress —"

"It is lovely, Mabel."

"Yes, ma'am; but I hate the sight of it. I cannot bear to wear it. It is a sham, a pretence. It is equal to the hypocrisy of introducing 'Miss Grahame, the niece of Sir Philip.' Though he did not do that, still it enraged me to find everybody so polite to the silk dress and Sir Philip's niece."

"Pride, my dear," said Mrs. Wailes.

"Nay, madam; it is only honesty. I cannot afford to wear such attire. It is like borrowing," she added, with a shudder. "Please tell me what to do."

"State your case to Mr. Grippe to-morrow," said Mrs. Wailes, amused at her vehemence. "Tell him what you have told me. Do you like him? Is he kind to you?"

"Very kind — always kind and considerate. I love him and could not bear to pain him. And he gets a fit of asthma whenever he pleases, and I am really afraid he will strangle sometimes. *Heloïse* always runs in horror when a spasm comes. I would pay for the horrid dress, but it must have cost dreadfully."

"Why do you object to the gift from Mr. Grippe?" asked Mrs. Wailes.

"Gift! How dare he offer me a gift! and so expensive a gift. I don't want gifts."

"Very well, Mabel; it will avail nothing to argue with you in your present temper. Don't burn the dress, or cut it up, or give it away, until I see you again. Good-bye; darling."

On the following morning Mr. Grippe requested Miss Grahame to grant him an interview in the library after breakfast. There was no necessity for this retirement, as they were quite alone in the breakfast-room, *Heloïse* being sound asleep in her chamber; but Mr. Grippe had an idea that there was more solemnity about an "interview in the library" than belonged to ordinary conversation. He led her to a seat, and placing himself opposite, began by asking if she had quite recovered from her accident. He had already made the inquiry at the table, but it was a good introduction, so he did it again.

"Quite recovered, I thank you, sir."

"You fell, I believe?" said Mr. Grippe.

"Yes, sir. My foot turned there at the door."

"I hope you did not damage your pretty dress," said the banker, with a little cough.

"No, sir; not at all. I wished to speak to you —"

"Stop a minute, please! You will not mind a whiff of stramonium? No? I hope I am not going to have a turn —"

"Please don't get it until I say a word or two!" said Mabel, eagerly.

Mr. Grippe chuckled, but shook his head doubtfully. "My dear, let me say a word or two first. May I talk freely?"

"Certainly, sir."

"Well, I am an old man, and have not long to live. I shall go off like a whiff of smoke some day. Ah, there comes a turn!"

"Oh don't have it, Mr. Grippe! Smoke a cigarette."

"Never mind, child; it makes very little difference. There will be very few to lament the death of Old Grippe."

"How can you talk in that way, sir!"

"Well, I thought you might have some kind feeling for a desolate old man. But no! you don't care enough for him to accept a gift that cost a few pounds, though you know how deeply your refusal wounds me."

"But, Mr. Grippe—"

"Stop, child! Why should not Heloise object to her dress? It is exactly like yours."

"It is quite proper for your adopted daughter to take any present you offer; but you humiliate me when you give me this costly present."

"How! Humiliate you! You astonish me."

"Because I am poor. I have nothing that accords with this dress. When I quit your service, I go back to my father and his poor parishioners. How would this dress look in Blackfriars?"

"You shan't go back to Blackfriars! You cannot have everything your own way. I increase your salary; it is fifty guineas and a dress, or as many dresses as I please. I can increase salaries when I please. If you don't take this dress, I'll order a trunkful by to-day's mail. Adopted daughter! I'll adopt you too, and then I'll go off in a fit of asthma, and you and Heloise can divide my estate. I'll do it to-day!" and he stumped around the room, coughing and choking.

"I'll keep the dress, sir," said Mabel, humbly, "but please don't buy any more. Oh dear, he's going to choke!"

"Run away, child!" gasped the sufferer; "I'll soon be better."

And while the gentle maiden, conscience-stricken, was reproaching herself for her cruel assault upon the invalid, Mr. Grippe was hobbling around the library, indulging in a diabolical chuckle between the asthmatic spasms that threatened his life. Mabel folded her dress and laid it away for the next party. Mr. Grippe ordered his carriage and drove to Gloucester.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE START.

Up to the vision on the South Terrace at Halidon Mr. Wailes had indulged in many cogitations, debating questions of propriety and questions of policy, all referring to his pursuit of Mabel Grahame. It is certain that he would have resolved many doubts and dispelled

many illusions by a determined application to the lady herself, had he not been deterred by his knightly sense of propriety. How could he intrude himself upon a lady who was under weighty obligations to him? He could not ask for an interview without seeming to ask for an acknowledgment of this obligation. Again, he had been most palpably shunned by the lady—once, certainly, and perhaps two or three times. At the Cathedral it was a positive repulse; at the station when she swept by him it was a clear cut. How could he ignore this repeated rejection?

There was another set of cogitations. He never doubted that he was ready to love the maiden; but there were obstacles. With an assured income of four hundred pounds, very comfortable love in a cottage was attainable; but Trump did not believe in love in a cottage; he did not like cottages. And while he very eagerly engaged in his banking apprenticeship, and hoped to rise to higher places and better revenue in time, he could not endure the idea of his wife's assistance in the business of money-making. Even the practice of economy, from which he did not shrink in his own case, was repugnant to him when he contemplated the matrimonial state. Then he had no "expectations" excepting those that referred to his own exertions. The process by which he hoped to augment his resources was a slow process. His entrance upon his career was an astounding success, altogether exceptional, and the death of Brand, his predecessor, had happened very opportunely to make his position permanent and secure. Mr. Grippe had a disagreeable habit of putting new interests into his charge without warning, and another disagreeable habit of saying nothing to indicate approval or the contrary as he performed his duties. Mr. Choppy, the best paid man in the bank, received a salary of six hundred pounds. Mr. Wailes had decided already that an equal sum, added to his original two hundred, was the least amount of ballast that would warrant his embarkation upon the stormy sea of matrimony.

With these convictions upon his mind, there was a constantly recurring and perplexing question disturbing him. Suppose he should get speech of Mabel, and overcome her repugnance and establish friendly relations—what then? Could he make love to her, and entangle her in an indefinite engagement? Never! His mother had a habit in their colloquies of referring to her five hundred as if it were his, and in spite of his sturdy independence he had caught himself once and again adding this sum to his four, with a blissful apprehension of the consequent possibilities. But he always shook off this dream, and always registered a new vow that no inducement would avail to make him depend upon his mother's annuity.

The last time he indulged in this interesting arithmetical exercise was during the pronouncement of Mr. Thorne's grace. He had caught Mabel's look a moment before, and it seemed to him that he would accept any conditions that smoothed his way to her side. After dinner he would surely find opportunity to exchange a few sentences—and the ice once broken! She passed through the door while he held it open, and just gave him a look out of the violets; but it was enough to make every drop of blood in his body dance a fandango.

Then came the South Terrace ; and then chaos.

In the midst of his bewilderment, however, there came also two clear convictions. First, that Mr. Clinton possessed the very necessity, *sine qua non*, the lack of which had hampered himself — money in abundance. He had thought of Mabel always as adorning high station, and there had always been a vague prophecy in his mind that she should be mistress of Halidon. The attainment of money enough to buy Halidon was hardly possible to him, short of a miracle ; yet Mr. Grippe got it from less beginnings. Then second, that Mr. Clinton probably deserved her. It was difficult to acknowledge it, but he found that he would readily admit Clinton's fitness for any other damsel of his acquaintance. The American had grown upon him of late, showing so much manliness, generosity, candor, and manifesting constantly an eagerness for his friendship that was certainly flattering. And even at the moment of the shock, when Clinton pressed up to him, and out of anxiety for his welfare and safety urged him to take his weapon, he could not find it in his jealous heart to repulse him.

As Mr. Grippe's carriage rolled along the road, he asked himself a hundred times if there could be any mistake about the scene on the terrace. Clinton, vehement, passionate, full of ardor ! — this was beyond controversy. Mabel, shrinking a little at first, but as if overcome by the other's impetuous pleading, yielding her hand to him and clearly consenting when he kissed it tenderly. And so the answer always came that these attitudes, still floating before his closed eyes, could indicate nothing but an ardent love-plea and its success. It was a very sudden business. He saw Mr. Clinton presented as a stranger and so received by Mabel ; but there must have been some previous acquaintance. Where, when, how long ?

Probably Wailes would have suffered more keenly under these disappointments and perplexities had he not been oppressed with the weight of responsibility so suddenly thrust upon him by Mr. Grippe.

Starting for what place — London, Paris, Berlin ? with fifty pounds in his pocket, on a wild-goose chase ! His instructions were, "Go and do what you can" ; and there was no conceivable thing to do. A practised rogue had forged drafts for fifteen thousand two hundred pounds — he remembered the exact sum — Grippe had remitted bills on Paris in settlement, and the rogue had one mail — equivalent to one day — the start of him. It was not possible for him to reach Paris before the bills were cashed ; and Blauvelt would be too prompt in his movements to wait his arrival. This much might be taken for granted. — What next ?

Blauvelt would bolt.

The next thing was to find him, and finding him, to throttle him and force him to disgorge. He remembered his old tutor as a truculent fellow, cold-blooded and remorseless ; but the difficulties in his mind all lay between his start and his encounter with the Belgian. He made no provision for the contest, but would wait for the emergency.

Arrived at Beechwood, he found Memnon, and getting a candle, changed his dress, repacked his portmanteau, and resumed his seat in the carriage. A few yards from the gate the hind-wheel came off,

and after a short search for the linch-pin, Trumpley caught up his portmanteau and hurried up the road. By swift walking, crossing the common, going through byways and lanes, he could catch the train. Half a mile further he found the portmanteau too heavy, and determined to get rid of it. Selecting a spot where the trees grew near the roadside, he dropped it over the hedge, and then sped along the road unincumbered. He made the best time on the last quarter, as he heard the rumble of the approaching train crossing the bridge over Merton's Brook. O that bridge! But he choked down his memories, rushed into the station, secured his ticket, and fell panting into the seat the guard showed him. As the door closed with a bang, he saw Radcliffe Merton pass the window and enter the next compartment, and then, with a preliminary snort, the train glided smoothly out of the station.

Limited mail, going forty-five miles an hour. He wound his watch, and noticing that his fellow-voyagers were all smoking, he lighted one of the cigars that Mr. Grippe had forced upon him at starting. Under its soothing influence he became tranquil, and when he threw away the stump, he leaned back upon the cushion and fell asleep.

"Reading! Ticket, please! Lunnon? All right, sir! Smoking carriage? Yessir. Next stop? Eton."

Falling asleep again after the interruption, yet enough awake to notice the departure of the passengers who had ridden this far with him, and the entrance of another. Then the rasping of a match, the flare, and Mr. Radcliffe Merton's ugly moustache lighted up an instant, and then darkness again. Trumpley slept on, with his eyes open.

What in the world was Rad going back to London for? London was a desert. He had left him at the table, and the thought passed through his mind that Rad was taking too much *Maison Rouge*. He had pushed aside the small glass, and filled his water-goblet with the ruby wine. Trump thought that was in bad taste, and was shocked; and when Grippe called him out, Rad was filling the goblet a second time. He was breathing in a thick, choking style now, something like Mr. Grippe's asthma, puffing away at his cigar too rapidly to "get the good of it."

There is a peculiarity about Burgundy. The muddiness of apprehension and other symptoms that follow rapidly when champagne is imbibed, come more slowly after Burgundy. The effects last longer. If one desires to get tipsy thoroughly, and to stay tipsy a good while, Burgundy is the tippable adapted to that end. The better the Burgundy the more pronounced the tipsiness. And *Maison Rouge* was the best in England. Well-educated toppers are unanimous upon these points.

Better sleep the night out. In fact Rad had dropped his cigar half smoked, and was snoring in his corner. But Trumpley was wide awake now, and when the guard took their tickets Radcliffe swore at him crossly and fell asleep again. Then came houses and houses, miles of them, and when the train stopped in the gray dawn, Mr. Waijes quietly left his companion to his dreams, and took the tidal train for Dover.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

CLINTON'S STORY.

While Mrs. Wailes was adjusting her wrappings preparatory to the general leave-taking at Halidon, and while Trump was sleeping between Gloucester and Reading, Mr. Clinton approached and begged permission to drive her home.

"I have been perplexed to find an excuse, madam," he said ingenuously, "but Providence has helped me. I was most anxious to have an hour's talk with you, but having brought Miss Sybil here I was bound to take her back. The Squire, however, has just informed me that 'Baby' must go in the close carriage. That arrangement would leave Mr. Thorne for me, unless you will consent to go with me and thus add to my burden of obligation."

"I will go with great pleasure," said Mrs. Wailes, "and I congratulate you upon your success in hiding your disappointment at the enforced exchange."

"What *can* you mean, Mrs. Wailes?"

"I mean your driving me instead of Sybil."

"Oh!" said Clinton, reddening, "Miss Sybil is a pleasant companion certainly, and she is teaching me how to drive; but in this instance I am very glad to take you instead. Besides, I am going to drive her to-morrow."

"I am not sure that it is prudent in Sybil to give you these frequent lessons," said Mrs. Wailes, when the ponies were trotting down the road; "she may teach you more than you expect to learn."

"Do you mean that I shall fall in love with her?"

"Yes."

"And why not?" said Clinton.

"Because it is thought that Mr. Radcliffe Merton has a prior claim."

"Indeed! Did he get it by inheritance?" said Clinton.

"Partly, I suppose. He is heir to Merton Park, and I think the Squire intends Sybil for him. This is only gossip, however. I thought it better to warn you before your young affections were hopelessly bestowed."

"You are always kind and thoughtful, madam, and I recognise your goodness, though you profess to joke. May I tell you a story?"

"Certainly."

"Many years ago, when I was quite young, I was sent to Germany to be educated. My uncle, who was my guardian, consigned me to his friend, Dr. Kayser, and I lived most of my German life in his family. He had one daughter, Gretchen, a year or two younger than I. She was always in feeble health, inheriting pulmonary weakness—a pure-minded little maiden, and after we became acquainted we were great friends. I taught her English, and she taught me German. I think we loved each other sincerely, as brother and sister. Flirtation, as a science, is unknown to German girls, and I am sure neither of us ever thought of love-making. I had no kindred, excepting my uncle, or at least I knew of no other, and the affectionate friendship of Gretchen was the bright spot in my life.

"After a year or two of preliminary study under Dr. Kayser, I had to go through the University. This was eight miles from the Doctor's house, and I therefore had to separate from these friends and take up my abode in the University town. But once a week I walked to my old home, spending Sunday with Gretchen, and walking back on Monday.

"My new companions did not interest me much. They were wild students who did not study, but drank quantities of beer, and quarrelled constantly. As a rule they did not molest me, as I was studious and shy; but there were two young Englishmen at the University, who were civil and obliging, and I became tolerably friendly with them. One of them I liked; from the other I recoiled instinctively. As they were countrymen, they were close friends of course, and they were no more attracted to me than to the German and Swiss students. I could not cultivate the friendship of the man I liked, because he preferred the society of his countryman, whom I disliked; so we had but little intercourse.

"You can hardly understand my isolation, unless I enter more into particulars. The students, with few exceptions, were governed by principles entirely new to me. I was from a country where men quickly responded to insult, and where prolonged quarrels were unknown. My idea of righting wrongs was to make the time and place of settlement accord with the time and place of the injury, and to settle with efficient weapons. The Germans quarrelled deliberately, and fought the next night, generally with broad-swords, with their bodies encased in sword-proof wrappings. The object to be attained was to cut a bit from the adversary's nose. The whole business was eminently ridiculous to me; but each student was expected to learn some sword-play, and I took my lessons with the rest. I had no heart in it, however, and made no advances beyond the first easy lessons."

"My friend," said Mrs. Wailes, interrupting him, "you do yourself injustice; Trump says you fence like some renowned old sworder—I forget whom."

"Ah, yes; but I learned later, and for a purpose," said Clinton, with a grim smile.

"Another ground of separation between me and the students was their cold-blooded profaneness. They seemed to think acquiescence in time-honored principles of piety the height of absurdity. They discussed the most sacred and awful mysteries with flippant jests; and though I was probably but little if any better than they in practice, I could not listen to these debates without horror. One of the Englishmen—he whom I disliked—participated in these discussions, and was as pronounced an infidel as any. The other did not join these debating clubs, but he stuck to his friend.

"Next to their profane gabble, the thing most distasteful to me was the rude style in which they talked of women. They spoke of them hardly as respectfully as I would speak of my fillies; and in this also they were rivalled by the ugly Englishman. In my country devotion to the sex was genuine and universal, and I really did not know that men of ordinary civilisation who had ever known mothers could hold the theories these fellows professed.

"I am coming to the end of my story. One Sunday Gretchen was

cold and distant. I asked her to explain the change in her manner, but she declined all explanation, and left me to entertain the old Doctor after the early dinner. Gretchen was the solitary friend I had in the wide world. When the Doctor fell asleep after his pipe was smoked out, I went in search of Gretchen. She was in a little summer-house at the bottom of the garden. I walked softly over the grass, and looking through the lattice-work, I saw the English rascal seated by her side, and she listening with animated countenance to his lying speeches. I retired as softly as I came, and without waiting for adieux walked back to the University.

"It was just dark when he came back. Our French tutor was with him, and they were conversing gaily. The Englishman was telling Blauvelt—that was the tutor's name—how he had stolen a march upon me, what lies he had told Gretchen of my profaneness in debate and my low estimate of women. He expressed his own sentiments exactly, and had made Gretchen believe they were mine. I was at the window of my room. I believe now that these villains selected the spot so that I should overhear them; and I rushed down and into the street, struck the Englishman in the face, and demanded a written retraction of his atrocious slanders. Half-a-dozen students were around us in a moment, and before I knew what I was doing I found myself in the fencing-hall, a sword in my hand, and this wretched cur opposed to me.

"In a few minutes his sword was through my body, and I was carried to my lodgings unconscious. It was a very serious wound, and weeks elapsed before I was allowed to leave my bed. When I was able to go out I obtained a conveyance and drove to Dr. Kayser's. The poor old man showed me Gretchen's grave, and delivered her last message. 'Tell him the slanderer was revealed to me, and I know my friend to be true and noble. I should like to live to see him again, but it may not be.'

"The girl had died of acute pulmonary disease. It may be that my encounter with the Englishman, and the truth concerning him, which she had somehow learned, and her remorse in reflecting upon the connection betwixt her cold reception of me and the quarrel that followed, hastened her death. I do not know, but I have added that to my account against that man.

"He had left Germany before I was able to walk. I went to America soon after. Since that time I have set one object before my eyes. I have studied the art of fighting with all known weapons, and with the small-sword I think I am invulnerable. I long for the time to come when he and I can meet once more—for he thinks he is a peerless swordsman—and with no possibility of interruption, to try that experiment over again. He forced upon me that former encounter, knowing that I was at his mercy, and he tried to kill me. I have followed him from place to place in the last year, studying his habits and character, and I know him to be dishonest, untruthful and cruel. He is a blot on the surface of society, and I intend to wipe him off."

"I am greatly interested, Mr. Clinton, and greatly shocked," said Mrs. Wailes. "Do I know the man?"

"Yes, madam."

"Who is he?"

"Radcliffe Merton."

CHAPTER XXXV.

A CHANGE OF PURPOSE.

They rode along in silence after Clinton's last announcement. He was so evidently suppressing strong excitement that Mrs. Wailes prudently concluded to give him time to grow calmer before renewing the discourse. She also was greatly moved by his recital, and impressed by the earnestness and candor of his manner. That he was in dead earnest in his hostility she did not doubt, and the prominent thought in the good lady's mind was to prevent these headstrong and passionate boys from doing deadly harm to each other.

"You have told me too much, Mr. Clinton," she said at length, "or not enough."

"I will answer any question you ask, madam," he replied.

"My son was the other Englishman you spoke of?"

"Yes. He did not know of the quarrel until it was all over. He came to see me before he left Göttingen, and was kind and considerate."

"Why has he not told me that you were acquainted in Germany?"

"I requested him to keep my secret. My name is changed, and I did not wish Merton to hear that Stratton was in the neighborhood. I am not quite ready. My uncle's name was Clinton, and his will required me to take his name."

"Have you met Radcliffe before?"

"I have seen him frequently in Berlin, Paris, London and Gloucester. He has not seen me until to-night."

"Do you think he recognised you?"

"Oh yes; I am sure of it. His gentle eyes said plainly, 'I know you.'"

"And what did yours reply?" said Mrs. Wailes, laughing in spite of herself.

"I think mine said, 'We will try that little passage over again.' That is what I thought."

"I must talk to you as I would to Trump; may I?"

"Oh, madam, if I could only make you know with what filial reverence I regard you, you would not ask."

"Well, then let me tell you first that you are harboring wicked thoughts and purposes. You are a murderer in intent so long as you look forward to another encounter. Even if your anger against Radcliffe is just, your purpose to wreak your vengeance upon him is infinitely wicked. I am inclined to think that he has grievously injured you, yet you can never punish him except by direct robbery."

"You astound me, madam! Robbery!" said he, aghast.

"Yes; robbery of God, whose prerogative it is to take vengeance. Have you never been taught that forgiveness is a virtue? Have you never heard of an authoritative law which says 'Thou shalt not kill'? I think too well of you not to believe that the accomplishment of your design would fill your life with remorse. How could you sleep with Radcliffe Merton's blood on your hand?"

"You do not see my blood on *his* hand!" answered Clinton, pas-

sionately. "You have known him from boyhood, and he has grown up with your son, and all your sympathies are on his side."

"That is only partly true. I sympathise with you very heartily. I think Radcliffe has acted wickedly; nay, I fear he is as murderous in his feelings as you are in yours. I also saw the expression in his eyes to-night. It may be that he is even worse than you have painted him; but he is so much the more an object of pity, so much the more entitled to forgiveness. Did you ever think that redemption is something provided for *sinner*s?"

"I cannot answer you, Mrs. Wailes," said Clinton, thoughtfully. "I cannot endure the thought of deceiving you; yet I cannot so easily forego this — this vengeance. Indeed there must needs be a perpetual antagonism between us. What should I do if he were to assail me?"

"That is not likely to occur. If you avoid him, he will not seek you."

"Do not believe it, madam. I am thwarting some of his most cherished schemes. I heard that he was to marry a gentle girl, his cousin. I got Sir Henry Walton to introduce me to the Squire for the express purpose of preventing so horrible an outrage, and I believe I shall succeed. Oh, Mrs. Wailes, would you be willing to see Sybil marry that cur?"

"I don't know," said Mrs. Wailes, hesitating. "I have almost concluded that the match would be very unsuitable. They are cousins too."

"Alas, yes," said Clinton.

"But I object to your complimentary speeches; you should not call Radcliffe a cur. If you indulge in such speeches, and especially if you cultivate the spirit that induces them, you will be certain to come to blows anon. I might not object so strongly to a little fight with nature's weapons, if you *must* fight; but the deliberate preparation for an encounter with deadly tools is hideous in its wickedness. I cannot understand how men can do it under any provocation. To kill men in the heat of battle in defence of hearthstone and kindred would seem a terrible evil; but to kill without dire necessity, without the excuse of sudden provocation, seems to me awful in conception and consequence."

"What would you have me do, madam?" said Clinton, subdued and shaken.

"Poor boy!" said Mrs. Wailes, compassionately; "I would have you consider the simple principles of Christianity. No system of ethics that men or angels could invent would so exactly meet all exigencies as the law of universal charity. Is it hard to forgive? then forgiveness is worthy of your manhood. Did you ever hear of one who was forgiven a debt of many talents, yet who refused to forgive a debt of a few pence?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Clinton, submissively, "I have heard."

"Do you think you can cast out the devil of revenge that has possessed you so long? Who are the people who delight in nursing the memory of wrongs until they are atoned for by blood? Your Spaniard or Italian — the members of nationalities which you hold in contempt.

'Vendetta!' that is the word they boastfully use. Or your wild Indian, scalp-hunting — distinguished for nothing so much as for his insatiable thirst for blood. Wherein do you cultivated gentlemen differ from the savage when you confront one another with murderous intent?"

"All that you say is wise and good," said Clinton, "but there is a heap of things you don't mention."

"Select some from the heap," replied Mrs. Wailes, laughing again, "and let us discuss them."

"Well then, if I fail to settle with this — man, he will go scot-free."

"How do you know that?"

"Why, no one else is acquainted with his record."

"I think you are mistaken. I am sure there is One fully acquainted with all his wrongdoing, and who makes allowance for extenuations — such as early training, inherited faults, the force of temptations and the like. And if vengeance must fall upon his guilty head, He has said 'Vengeance is mine: I will repay.'"

"If you keep hitting a fellow with arguments of that sort," said Clinton, discontentedly, "there is no use in debating the point. It is very nice and pious to hug Rad Merton, but I'll be — that is — I can't do it!"

"What were you going to say you'd be?"

"I had almost said I'd be dog-ond," answered Clinton, humbly.

"I thought it must be something very bad. Is that American swearing?"

"I believe so, ma'am. I learned it from Memnon."

Mrs. Wailes had been studying the "Meditations" that morning, and she proceeded with her discourse, quoting liberally, without giving quotation marks.

"There can be no doubt," she continued, "that man fights his brother man in obedience to an instinct of his nature. Self-defence cannot be wrong *per se*, as one is bound to preserve his life, even at the risk of the life of his assailant. And no native instinct can be wrong *per se*, but must become evil by being deflected from the purpose of its creation. Habits cannot grow into instincts, neither can instincts be formed upon principle. They must be spontaneous, and they are always inherently good and wise.

"But all personal contests that proceed upon arrangement betwixt two, as in duels, are both wicked and foolish. They are bad, because they infringe the divine prerogative. None but the Lord of life, or one who represents Him, as the minister of law, can take away human life guiltlessly, with the solitary exception noted when the necessity of self-defence may be pleaded. They are bad also, because they seek to inflict extreme penalty, without perfect knowledge of extenuations that might modify the sentence. Suppose, for example, that the man who has done you serious injury, the most serious you can imagine, has inherited from brutal ancestors brutal proclivities; suppose these inherited tendencies have been strengthened by his life-training, by perpetual evil example, by encouragement from those he reveres the most, and by the total absence of contrary influences: surely there is some allowance due, and pity should modify anger in

such a case. If you say the good of society demands the extermination of such a monster, you have not been appointed the slaughter-man of society. Of old these officers were appointed by royal authority. They are bad again because the appearance of equality sought to be established by the selection of equal weapons is a mere pretence, as the duellist seeks by diligent practice to perfect himself in the use of the weapon, and expects to conquer by superior skill or strength. Very few men have engaged in duels without some expectation of success based upon their secret consciousness of advantage in training, in nerve, or in something not known to their antagonist. The show of equality is usually a sham, and all shams are wicked.

"Or such encounters are especially foolish if there is no advantage, suspected or known; because he who places his own life in jeopardy, relying upon blind chance, is really an atheist or a heathen. The prevalence of law in the wide domain of nature, manifest to any rational observer, must dethrone this idol god chance. And as there are no dual identities in the universe, there cannot be an encounter upon precisely equal terms. Or if the duellist, deeply wronged, tries the combat, as of old relying upon God to defend the right, he makes an appeal to Divine Providence at the very moment that he violates Divine law, which is an absurdity. Or if in obedience to the dictum of a clique or a society he voluntarily faces the weapon of a man more skilful than himself, simply because he is a villain and has injured him, thus inviting death, he is simply a suicide and an ass.

"Here then is the conclusion. If you are confident in your skill, your trick of fence, your quick aim or steady hand, you do not give the poor mortal who confronts your weapon an equal chance, and you are a murderer in the eye of Heaven and in the judgment of sound reason.

"Or if you think some fortuitous circumstance beyond the control of yourself or your adversary will bring about the result, you are relying upon an agency similar to that which decides the fall of the ball in roulette, and placing your life in jeopardy upon the turn of a die. The assassin who takes his enemy at unawares is more wise and logical than you, and less foolhardy."

Clinton was stunned. The previous pious arguments of Mrs. Wailes had made but little impression upon him, but these harsh forms of logic, flowing from her so smoothly and melodiously, and with such evident tenderness of feeling, affected him in spite of his dogged determination. He was conscious of his calm reliance upon extraordinary skill earned by months of patient study and practice, and he felt the blood rushing to his cheek and brow as he thought of the meanness of pretending an equality that he knew did not exist.

"I cannot answer you to-night," he said at last. "I have never been talked to in this fashion before; I must think a little."

"I will give you a subject for meditation. Try to think of this man as repentant, remorseful, and see if you can feel kindly towards him as you do to others of your acquaintance."

The ponies trotted along the smooth road, a mile at least, before Clinton answered. He tried to think of his enemy as repentant, and as he expressed it, humanised, but he was constantly baffled in the

effort. There would come into his mind a baleful gleam from the lead-colored eyes that mocked the thought of reformation. He tried to imagine an intercourse with Radcliffe, as with other men with whom he held friendly relations — Wailes for example — and there was something so grotesque in the idea that he laughed aloud.

"I can certainly never like Mr. Merton," he said; "I may learn to regard him with indifference perhaps. I think I can forgive the past. It is the relinquishment of a purpose that has colored all my later life. But I cannot resist the appeals you make, and I begin to believe that my purpose was wicked. Do not judge me harshly, I pray you, madam. As I have learned so much of this man's badness, I thought fate — Providence, I mean — had ordained that I should punish him. Perhaps this was presumption; and in my new repentance I am eager to take one step away from all this evil. Therefore take my promise. I will not pursue this man any longer; I will not recall his past history; I will not quarrel with him upon any pretext, unless —"

"Unless what?"

"Unless he force me, either by some new villainy or by purposely raking up the dead past. Will it content you if I promise to avoid all occasion of offence, and to refuse all invitations to a renewal of our contest, if they should come from him?"

"And suppose you cannot escape a conflict?"

"Then," said Clinton, slowly, "I promise to spare him. His life would surely be in my hands if he forced me to an encounter with deadly weapons. I seem to see such an encounter, inevitable somewhere in the future; and from this hour I set before my mind the inflexible purpose to spare him. You may trust me."

"I do trust you. Give me your hand on it. My friend, you will be all the happier to know how much you comfort me. I have been filled with horror in the contemplation of the evils you have only hinted; but you have set my mind at ease. And now about Sybil."

"Sybil!" stammered Clinton.

"Yes, Sybil. Suppose she should have sufficient influence with Radcliffe to turn him away from evil, would you interpose any obstacle to so good a work?"

"I — I am not sure that I understand you."

"But I am sure that you do. If there is any hope for Radcliffe Merton, it is in the constant and controlling influence of a good woman."

"Is there no other good woman in the world," said Clinton, "that you must select this poor girl? Besides, I have told her of several of his tricks."

"I am ashamed of you, sir!" said Mrs. Wailes, indignantly.

"I mean I have told her of the tricks without telling the name of the trickster. I had reserved that. My dear madam, I did it deliberately, because this was the first avenue through which I hoped to damage him; but I will let it end there. I will not tell her who the monster is that I have described to her. Nay, I will not even tell *you* the ugly details of his last adventures. You see how the purpose to forgive carries with it the desire to condone. Verily I feel more light-hearted and happy than ever before in my life. Can it be

possible that my discontent hitherto grew out of my wicked anticipations?"

"No doubt," said Mrs. Wailes.

"Then the better mood comes from the better purposes?"

"Partly. Do I understand you to say you could consent to Sybil's marriage with Radcliffe?"

"Oh! Well, ma'am, if she preferred him to all others, yes."

"You have flirted a little with her, I suppose. Did you do it merely to thwart Radcliffe?"

"I began in that way," answered Clinton, with some hesitation, "but I found Miss Sybil very attractive, and—"

"And you flirted pleasantly enough until you met a lovelier face?" Clinton started.

"You have gone into the conundrum business again, Mrs. Wailes."

"Have I? Well, I mean Miss Grahame. As you could not guess the conundrum, I have told it. I thought you took a very absorbing interest in Miss Grahame to-night."

"My dear Mrs. Wailes," said Clinton, "there is no help for it. You will have to listen to another story."

NOSTRADAMUS.

Oraculis totum volumen implevit, partim falsis, ut ego opinor, partim casu veris, ut fit in omni oratione sapissime; partim flexiloquis et obscuris, ut interpretes egeant interprete, et sors ipsa ad sortes referenda sit; partim ambiguus, et quæ ad Dialecticam deferenda sint.—CIC. *De Div.* 11. lvi. 112.

Carmine divinas artes, et conscia fati
Sidera, diversos hominum variantia casus,
Cœlestis rationis opus, deducere mundo
Aggredior.—MANIL. *Astronom.* 1, i. 4.

THE scene is again changed. We enter upon a very distinct type of prophecy, which obtained favor and currency among the people, and whose hallucinations have not yet entirely disappeared. We are about to deal with a notable personage, who is, like Saul, "among the prophets," the details of whose life are abundantly preserved, and whose biography has been often written and repeated in very recent times. If his oracles have lost their ancient ascendancy, they are not yet entirely obscured. There is a singular vitality in the delusive vaticinations that have once gained the public ear. Tacitus remarked, in reference to the death of Germanicus, that "the loves of the people soon expire." It is not true of the false prophets to whom

they have once given credence. Their fame lingers on in the blind faith of the multitude, and revives in far-distant times when their names only survive among the sober and intelligent. The oldest oracles of the Egyptians are declared by Agathias to have been familiar to the subjects of Justinian. Luitprand, bishop and ambassador in the middle of the tenth century, reports that he found current in Constantinople certain visions ascribed to Daniel, but which he believed to be Sibylline relics, which foretold the successions, names and fortunes of the Byzantine Emperors, just as the series and characters of the Popes with the characteristics of their pontificates are announced in an ever-extending line by the predictions of the Abbot Joachim and of the continuators of Joachim. In the fifteenth century Laonicus Chalcocondylas wonders at the incredulity which has contemned the Sibylline predictions when they had furnished clear evidence of their accurate foreknowledge by terminating abruptly with Constantine Palæologus, the last of the Roman Emperors. The seers of the people long continue in a state of suspended or spasmodic animation. Though little is generally known of Nostradamus but his name, his oracles were quoted with admiration and reverential alarm in the middle of the passing century, and may again be reproduced with their original propriety on any new revolution in French affairs.

Cicero remarks (the sobriety and skepticism of modern philosophers preclude much aid from very recent speculation, though M. Devaste has given us a late treatise on Nostradamus)—Cicero remarks that there are two kinds of divination and diviners: the one proceeds by art and the collected experience of former times; the other trusts to instinct, intuition, inspiration, by whatever name the fallacious and fallible spirit which guides them may be called. The latter species is illustrated by the Cumæan Virgin, goaded to frenzied and unintelligent utterance by the god of prophecy—

ille fatigat

Os rabidum, fera corda domans, fingitque premedo.

Our present subject, Nostradamus, professed, and perhaps believed himself to belong to both classes. Inspiration and science were curiously blended in his wondrous endowments. He spoke by divine commission, and he reasoned by mathematical deduction at the same time. The prophetic faculty was an heirloom in his family; so also was the cultivation of astrology and kindred arts. He employed both in manufacturing his oracular announcements, and was apparently directed by neither. He is thus a distinct type of the *genus vaticinabile*, and whatever unrecorded precursors he may have had, he had a multitude of imitators with less inspiration, less science, and less honesty.

We are fortunate in possessing the ten oracular centuries of this modern prophet. There is neither obscurity nor hallucination in regard to the fact or character of his utterances. Whatever later additions may have been made to his own copious predictions, we have the authentic and unadulterated text of those predictions. We are not compelled to hesitate in receiving or to pass by in doubt the

vaticinations ascribed to him. They are preserved in the perennial and unquestionable record of contemporaneous print. We can thus proceed confidently to the performance of our task, with the authentic text translated, commented, illustrated and rendered even more unintelligible than before by the ingenious and painstaking diligence of his believing and blundering editor, M. De la Guéronnière.

There is no part of Europe which presents more varied attractions to mind and heart than Provence, the first of Roman conquests beyond the Alps, the first home of reviving culture in the Middle Age, the first scene of religious reformation, blotted out in blood, yet achieved by the extermination of the reformers, and almost the last abode of the Huguenots during the *fusillades* of Louis XIV. It is the land of the orange, the olive and the vine, the birth-place of modern song and romance, the home of gallant adventure and of the bewildering Courts of Love. Here arose the *lais* and *virelais* and *sirventes* of the Troubadours, the teachers of Petrarch, whose retreat at Vaucluse was just beyond its borders. In an altered time it gave to the French the martial and revolutionary song of the *Marseillaise*. Its people have been as various as its soil and its products. Ligurian and Celt, Greek and Roman, Visigoth and Frank, Saracen and Jew, have all found domiciles within this fervid region; they have mingled their blood and left the traces of their presence in the complexion, the features, the temperament, the genius and the actions of the population.

Near the eastern border of this interesting province is the quaint old-fashioned town of St. Rémy, with its wandering streets and antique houses and ruined remnants of the massive Roman architecture. It is only a morning's walk from Arles and Avignon, and not more than twenty miles from Vaucluse. It is in the midst of a region haunted by stimulating memories, and filled with the dreams of old and late romance.

Here, in the beginning of the sixteenth century, was born the strange personage whose prophetic career this paper proposes to record. It is necessary to be particular about his nativity, for he would have insisted strenuously on the significance of his horoscope. He opened his eyes to the bright sunshine of his southern clime, and to all the changes and joys and cares and sorrows of life, about noon on Thursday, 14th December (O. S.), 1503. His father was reputed to be of Jewish descent, which might well be, as Jews had been both numerous and respectable in the southern provinces of France throughout the Middle Ages. The son indeed seemed to accept the tradition, and referred to the patriarchal description of Issachar as evidence of his belonging to that tribe: "Issachar is a strong ass, crouching down between two burdens." The force of the testimony is not apparent, but neither is the pertinency of the prophecies always discoverable. On the mother's side Nostradamus traced his lineage through a line of notable practitioners. One of his maternal great-grandfathers had been physician to the weak, amiable, maladroit René of Anjou; the other had held the same responsible position in the *entourage* of the bold, restless, turbulent John Duke of Calabria, who spent his life in ranging over Italy and harrying it with war in

the prosecution of his father René's claims to the crown of Naples, which seems never to have rested on the right head. The office of a state physician included in those times the applications of mathematics, astrology and other sciences since designated as black arts. Our prophet had thus ample justification of his claim of "the hereditary word of occult predictions"; and the claim was strengthened by his being instructed in mathematical studies by his mother's father, the son of one of these courtly soothsayers. On the death of this family instructor he continued his education in the neighboring city of Avignon, and after passing through the academical curriculum there, proceeded to the celebrated University of Montpellier to follow the courses of philosophy and medicine. It was probably some years later that the same seat of learning was sought with the same desires by a still more erratic contemporary, Francis Rabelais, who had escaped from the monastic restraints of Fontenay and Maillezais. The lines of their lives traversed each other, though their stars were of very diverse influence and aspect.

Nostradamus obtained his doctorate in 1529 with great credit and applause, and settled at Toulouse, being attracted thither by the presence of his familiar friend, the illustrious, eccentric and arrogant scholar, Julius Cæsar Scaliger. Here he addressed himself to the duties of his profession, took unto himself a wife, had two children, and seemed fairly launched on the calm current of a respectable and unobtrusive career. But wife and children all died. "Insatiate archer! could not one suffice?" It is not stated whether he practised in his own family. He seems to have been wholly unsettled by his domestic afflictions. He abandoned his home, and for three years or more roamed over Italy and Sicily, following the ancestral footsteps, and picking up information, professional and unprofessional, from all accessible quarters. Is it unwarrantable to fancy that in his devious travels he may have made the acquaintance of his coeval, Jerome Cardan of Milan, who was addicted to all the same pursuits as himself, acquired the highest reputation as an astrologer, and left behind him many ponderous tomes in which the science, the learning, the superstition and the charlatanry of the author equally excite the wonder of those who venture to explore their strange labyrinths? It was a curious age—an age of many weaknesses, many crimes, many hypocrisies and many pretences; but it was an age also of audacious adventure, of persevering study, and of daring inquiry.

Whatever may have been his courses, his adventures or his acquaintances, Nostradamus returned to his native land, to resume apparently the prosaic tenor of his professional life. He married again and settled at Salon, which was only a few miles distant from St. Rémy. Here his second family were born, and here they grew up and were trained for the respectable stations which they occupied in mature life. Here Michael Nostradamus lived, except when he was called from home by public demands, and here he died and was buried.

It cannot be satisfactorily determined whether Nostradamus was one of those who achieve greatness, or of those who have greatness thrust upon them. He was not left long in the quiet of his new home.

He seems to have enjoyed and to have deserved a high reputation as a physician; and when the plague ravaged the south of France his success in treating it was so great that the magistrates of Aix engaged him at the public expense to minister to the relief of the perishing population of that city. Three years he was so employed with general satisfaction, and then returned to his quiet abode at Salon.

Were it worth inquiry, it might be discovered whether it was before or after this time that Nostradamus became known as a prophet. His first renown was something of the kind rendered familiar to us all of late by the daily bulletins of "Old Probabilities." He was a weather-witch, and seems to have been regarded as a rain-doctor by "the wondering bumpkins round." But he by no means confined his speculations to the portents of approaching wet or dry weather. He was not content to say, when he saw lightning flashing from dark incumbent clouds, that there might be a thunder-storm; or when he heard the sough of the mistral in the south, that you might expect a high wind. He became a regular manufacturer of almanacs, after the fashion of the "Dutch Almanacs," containing prognostications of the weather throughout the changing seasons of the year. There is much to be said on this subject, but it must be passed over or postponed till there is an opportunity of discussing the curious history of such almanacs and of weather predictions. Nostradamus pushed his prophetic ventures much further, and dealt in political and other vaticinations, which, like the beard of Sir Hudibras,

did denounce
The fall of empires and of crowns.

"I was willing," says he, "for the common good to enlarge myself in dark and abstruse sentences, declaring the future events, chiefly the most urgent; and those which I foresaw (whatever humane mutation might happen) would not offend the hearers, all under dark figures more than prophetic." Doubtless his pretensions to weather-wisdom, his announcement of rain and wind and hail and snow, his directions for purges and bleedings and seasonable prophylactics according to the therapeutics of the time, his recommendations for paring nails and cutting hair and shearing sheep, and for other domestic and agrestic operations, gave him the widest as well as the earliest fame.

He with the moon was more familiar
Than e'er was almanach well-willer;
Her secrets understood so clear
That some believ'd he had been there;
Knew when she was in fittest mood
For cutting corns or letting blood:
When for anointing scabs or itches,
Or to the *head* applying leeches;
Whether the wane be or increase
Best to set garlic or sow pease;
Who first found out the man i' the moon
That to the ancients was unknown.

His wondrous foreknowledge thus came into great repute among an ever-widening circle of vulgar admirers. He was much consulted and highly regarded. His popularity encouraged him to bolder flights,

and if not to dare "things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme," at least to attempt more than others had dared.

His audacity grew with his popularity, and his popularity extended with his audacity. He became a regular almanac-monger, and filled his annual issues with astrological schemes, cabalistic figures and oracular intelligence. The gaping public bought, wondered, studied, were perplexed, waited in anxious expectation for some lucky accomplishment, failed to understand, but still admired and believed. The kingdom was sowed broadcast with prophecy waiting for its ears to ripen. Booksellers caught the Sibylline infection, employed hacks for diviners, worshipped a great *prophet*, and multiplied almanacs and predictions in the name of Nostradamus. The fever was so general that a fellow-collegian and brother mediciner of the seer endeavored to administer a palliative by means of a homœopathic remedy. *Similia similibus curantur*—like cures like. It was unquestionably in ridicule of these shoals of prophetic almanacs that Francis Rabelais, under the anagram of Alcofribas Nasier, composed his "Pantagruelinic Prognostication, certain, veritable and infallible for the perpetual year," declaring, "I have resolved all the pantarchs or governing powers of the heavens ; I have calculated the quadratures of the moon ; I have digested into crochets all that was never dreamt by all the astrophilists, hypernephelists, wind-keepers, sky-searchers, shadow-casters ; I have compared everything with Empedocles, and now commend it to your good favor. I assure you that I say nothing that I do not think, and think nothing but what actually is ; and, in truth, it is nothing else but what you will read forthwith. Whatever may be said in addition shall be passed over, right or wrong. Peradventure, it will happen ; peradventure, it will not happen." Notwithstanding sundry chronological difficulties, the ridicule of Nostrodamus is unmistakable in the reference to the "fool astrologers of Louvain, Nuremberg, Tubingen and Lyons."

It is a strange figure that Michael Nostradamus presents to our contemplation in the middle of the sixteenth century. It is a strange distempered century in the midst of which he is placed, and to which he becomes quaintly assimilated. He had been born amid wars and surprises and rapid *somersaults* of fortune ; he had grown up amid the great wars and rumors of war which filled the reigns of Charles V. and Francis I. ; he had been contemporary with furious and repeated campaigns, victories and defeats, the captivity of king, pope and princes, the dethronement of rulers, the creation of new sovereigns and dynasties, the introduction of the Turks and Barbary pirates into Christian warfare and Christian diplomacy, the reformation in religion, the unsettlement of all opinion, and the apparent revelry of hazard and misrule. When he settled at Salon in the last years of Francis I., the fourth war between France and Spain was just closing, but new wars were in prospect, and other wars might be foreseen issuing from them. Everything was disturbed and in confusion ; no earthly regulation of affairs was discernible. Might not "the stars in their courses fight against Sisera, and prognosticate by their aspects, their ascensions, their occultations, oppositions and conjunctions, the scheme of providence which was mirrored so indis-

tinctly and unapprehensibly in the troubled waters of the sublunary creation"? Nostradamus was no contemptible scholar, as his familiarity with the elder Scaliger demonstrates. He was a physician of recognised and approved skill; he was reputable in all his domestic and social relations. But the times were out of joint. He was a mathematician by descent, and the hereditary craze of astrology and divination was in his blood. It is hard to determine where whim and fantasy pass into self-delusion; by what means and stages self-delusion is merged into credulity, credulity into superstition, superstition into hypocrisy, and hypocrisy into presumptions and arrogant charlatanry. Through all these phases Nostradamus seems to have passed. When the amiable weakness of family hallucinations crossed the line of conscious fallibility and was transmuted into astrological mummery, we cannot tell. We cannot be far wrong in concluding that the prophetic almanacs, which had been in fashion before his manhood, were the mode and the instruments of the change. Nevertheless, the pretence of prevision was never entirely without the sincerity of delusion. "By the likeness of our good genius to the angels," says he in his preface to his son Cæsar, the namesake of Cæsar Scaliger, "this heat and prophetic power draws near us, as it happens by the beams of the sun, which cast their influence both on elementary and not elementary bodies. Besides, there are or may come some persons, to whom God Almighty will reveal by impressions made on his understanding some secrets of the future according to the Judicial Astrology; as it hath happened in former times, that a certain power and voluntary faculty possessed them as a flame of fire, so that by his inspiration they were able to judge of divine and humane things." The prose of the prophet is as obscure and unintelligible as his verses will be found to be; nevertheless he seems to be in earnest. He professes to have rejected all forbidden arts, and to have burnt the mystical books in which they had been contained, and which had been presented to him. He clearly enough declares that he "had put in writing his prophecies," by the means of Judicial Astrology and "Divine inspiration, with continual supportations." His procedure was "by Divine inspiration, supernatural, according to the cœlestial figures; the places, and a part of the time, by an occult property, and by a divine virtue, power and faculty, in the presence of which the three times are comprehended by eternity, the revolution being tyed to the cause that is past, present and future." It will thus be seen that this deliberate vaticinator claimed the prophetic endowment by both of the modes distinguished by Cicero—celestial influxes and traditional art—and that in making the claim he had a sort of unsteady conviction that he was making no false pretensions.

Paulo majora canamus. We proceed to higher manifestations, being limited by our space to brief and hurried reflections on the remarkable career which unfolds itself before us. Whether it was in consequence of the intrusion of the book-selling fraternity into his vocation, or in consequence of growing and more confident ambition, that Nostradamus altered his course, can scarcely be determined now. He did change his tactics. He entered upon a higher sphere of oracular ministrations; he addressed himself to a more sober and intelligent

audience, if such an audience should be pleased to listen ; and he did what Job wished that his adversary had done — he wrote a book. It is unimportant to inquire whether he seated himself in his arm-chair or Delphic tripod, invoked his inspiring genius — “*Aura, lenis aura veni*” — and day after day deliberately concocted his prescient wares for the contemplated market ; or whether he gathered up all the loose and unconsumed litter which he had been for years accumulating to meet occasional demands, and to satisfy the annual necessities of his almanac *litter-ature* ; but by one or other of these procedures, or by both, he scraped together seven hundred oracles, framed into quatrains of the most unmeaning *wordage* and the ruggedest kind of verse, and published at Lyons in 1555 the “Seven Centuries of Michael Nostradamus.”

The darkness of all prophecy is proverbial ; the ambiguities and equivocations and perplexities and unintelligibilities of pagan and profane oracles in all lands and tongues are well known ; but Nostradamus surpasses all former experience, and transcends all future possibilities in every respect. There are many kinds of obscurity and many causes of rhetorical bewilderment. They are more numerous and more innumerable than the multitudinous species of folly ; and Rabelais has distinguished two hundred and nine well-marked classes of fools, without exhausting the catalogue, without depriving “The Shippe of Fooles” of the promise of fresh voyages, and without including the multiplication of breeds due to the ingenuity of recent times. But of all sources of obscurity the most certain and the most successful is entire vacuity of thought, perfect, conscious, deliberate absence of meaning. These merits the Centuries of Nostradamus usually possess, with whatever other defects they may be accompanied. They never straggle into sense, or go astray into significance. They are thus ready at a moment’s notice, convenient for all uses, like empty and elastic moulds, which will receive any plastic substance that may be put into them, and return any shape which the pressure put upon them may create. The interpreter of futurity shuffled words, names, proper and improper, and phrases together, as if he had been shuffling his cards, and dealt them out in equal parts like he had been distributing them in a four-handed game. He was solicitous only for their terminations ; careless of his rhymes, but careful to have rhymes.

He was too warm on picking work to dwell,
But fagotted his notions as they fell,
And if they rhym’d and rattled, all was well.

This was the mystery of his craft, this the secret of his inspiration. Fortune was his art ; and his art was his fortune — *Ars illi fortuna erat*.

No wisdom, no science, no second-sight could have been more successful. His predictions were unintelligible, therefore they were full of latent meanings, and accordingly they were accepted with credulous amazement. If everything unknown is held to be marvellous, everything unfathomable should be profound. It is a just proportion. *Omne caliginosum pro profundo* is a fair counterpart and antithesis for *Omne ignotum pro mirabili*. The event, as will hereafter be seen,

appeared to justify the popular admiration and the public belief, and to confirm the renown of the prophet for many generations after his death.

His contemporary fame, however, was great ; it spread, like widening rings upon the bosom of a lake, till it reached from his obscure Salon to the royal court. Henry II. and his Queen, the notorious Catharine de' Medici, heard amid the clash of arms, the splendor of pageants and the revelry of regal and princely halls, that a prophet had arisen in their land. They invited the herald of the destinies to the royal abode. The yet unrevealed Jezebel and her spouse had no desire to put the messenger of futurity out of the way. They wanted to test and use his knowledge ; not to abuse his person. Henry was bold, warlike, ostentatious, reckless, ambitious, with much roystering geniality of temper, and much controlled by the veteran arts and antiquated charms of the well-kept Diane de Poitiers. Catharine, who was not yet forty, and who was twenty years younger than her rival for the royal favors, was in the maturity of her matronly beauty, with all her fascinations, accomplishments, arts, and wondrous intellect and tact, fully trained, tutored, disciplined, but exercised in vain upon her neglectful husband, who could not or would not renounce Diana's ancient reign. She had brought with her to France, from her native Italy and from her Florentine home, a firm belief in starry influences and intelligences — a trust in diviners and their divinations, and Italian unscrupulousness in the practice and use of all suspicious means to attain a contemplated end. At this time, however, the dark capabilities of her nature had not hardened into habits, the hazardous necessities of her position had not beguiled her into seeking security from a network of crimes. She was only the humble, submissive, unregarded wife ; wounded in heart, anxious for the future, apprehensive for her children. She might be only a beautiful tigress, watching an opportunity to spring upon its prey ; but at any rate the tigress was now asleep, or feigning sleep.

Both the King and the Queen were superstitious ; and both had ample reasons for prying into the future. It is only after a long series of crushing calamities and the death of hope that we resign ourselves to the wisdom of Horace's warning : " Seek not to know, for it is impious, what issues the gods have ordained for you or for me." Such abstinence was certainly unfamiliar in the sixteenth century. Did not Catharine keep an astrologer in the tower of the palace ; diviners, confectioners, pharmacutists (*venefici, pharmacopole*), in retired chambers and dark closets ? Henry had much to ask about the coming time. Would he regain the Duchy of Milan ? How would his campaigns in Italy and Flanders eventuate ? What victories and what laurels awaited his military genius ? When and how would the bloody rivalry with Spain come to an end ? Could the Constable de Montmorenci maintain his ascendancy, and retain the turbulent nobles in submission to his own negligent and spendthrift rule ?

Catharine had deeper and darker solitudes, and more anxious inquiries to make of the hastening years. Should she ever gain her due place in her husband's heart and by her husband's side ? Should she die prematurely, what would be the fortune of her children ?

Would their royal birth be forgotten, and themselves extruded from throne and royal havings? Should Henry fall prematurely by his habits of rash exposure in battle, what would become of her children, what fate would close her own unhappy and uncomplaining life — unheeded spouse and wretched woman, though crowned queen. How much of human hope and human fear, of joy, of agony, of despair, in palace and in cabin is concealed, and, to hasty eyes, annihilated beneath the follies, the frivolities, the displays, and the crimes of men! There was a human side to the character of Catharine de' Medici, though it is rare that anything is recognised in her but the lineaments of the fiend.

A royal invitation is a command, and usually a very welcome command. The summons to Paris was promptly complied with. Nostradamus reached his destination on the 15th of August 1555; he had been a full month on his journey. He was most graciously entertained. The Constable de Montmorenci, the first officer of the kingdom, received him on his arrival, and a residence was assigned him in the hotel of one of the chief nobles. This was distinction for one of the tribe of Issachar, "the ass between two burdens" — medicine and astrology. Henry admitted him to a long private conference, in which matters of the highest concernment were discussed, the sun, moon and stars, and other celestial or supercelestial topics, besides such terrene matters as were of immediate interest to the king and intimately associated with the planetary movements. He was liberally compensated for his fatigues and outlays, presented by the king and queen with well-filled purses of gold, and dismissed by his Majesty with gratifying regards. Catharine was not yet done with him. He was sent to Blois to inspect the royal children, to cast their horoscopes, and to pronounce on their destinies. As they were all in young age, we may assume them all to have been present in the castle, in the absence of any contradictory evidence. Francis, the eldest boy, was only twelve years of age; Charles, the second, was only five; Henry, the third, was four, and Francis of Alençon was still in frocks. If Nostradamus had possessed "the vision and the faculty divine" to which he pretended, what a checquered scene of horror and romance, of blood and of intrigue, of treachery and shame, of war and ravage and pestilence, must have unrolled itself before his startled sight. The portentous spectacle which appeared to Hannibal in the Temple of Gades before he marched to the overthrow of Rome, was not more terrific and heartrending than the tragic pageantry which the Provençal seer must have viewed in the smooth faces of the young princes, and in the faint lines of their soft childish hands. The marriage of the elder Francis with Mary Queen of Scots he might confidently prognosticate; but did he foresee the early death of Francis, the sad return of Mary to Scotland, the murder of Darnley, the espousals with Bothwell, the flight from Lochleven, the long imprisonment, and the execution on the block of the child then so young and bright and fair? Did he see "the good Coligny's hoary head all dabbled o'er with blood," and the massacre of St. Bartholomew's? Could he anticipate the coronation of Henry in a foreign land, and his flight from Poland and his crown? Did he see the ravages and

the barbarities of the long religious wars, the ambition, the arrogance and the treason of the great house of Guise, the cowardly assassination of Henry of Guise and the Cardinal of Lorraine in that very castle of Blois? Were there any signs in heaven to tell him that the baby of that royal brood should be a suitor of Elizabeth of England, who was still within the danger of her sister the Bloody Mary, and should stretch a feeble and timid hand to grasp the crown of the Netherlands? Was there any anticipation of the orgies, the revelries, the processions, the mummeries and the murders of the royal court; or of the uprising of a Paris mob and the Day of the Barricades? Of none of these marvels and other marvels like to them which were to come to pass before the child of four years was to die by Clement's knife — of none of these things did he think. He was fingering the gold coins in his *gibecière*, meditating on the honors that he had received, foretasting the honors that awaited him in Provence, and "dreaming of his young barbarians there at play."

Confident and elate, and with a budget of marvels to stimulate the curiosity of his neighbors and friends, he returned to Salon, to manufacture more oracles of the same fabric and temper as those he had produced before. He was in the height of popularity and renown. His name was on every lip. "Every one was for or against the new prophet. The most rational, that is the small minority, deemed him a visionary; the rest debated whether he enjoyed commerce with the devil, or was favored with a revelation of the future from heaven."

In this stimulating atmosphere of fame he completed his tale of a thousand oracles by the midsummer of 1558, and dedicated the three new Centuries to Henry II. in a long, rambling, and most inscrutable epistle. In it he says confidentially to his Majesty: "It is very true, Sir, that by my natural instinct, given me by my progenitors, I did think I could foretell anything; but having made an agreement between this said instinct of mine and a long calculation of art; and by a great tranquillity and repose of mind, emptied my soul of all care and carefulness, I have foretold most of these *ex tripode aeneo*, though there be many who attribute to me some things that are no more mine than what is nothing at all. . . . but the injury of time requireth that such secret events should not be manifested but by an enigmatical sentence, having the only sense and one only intelligence, without having mixed with it any ambiguous or amphibological calculation, but rather under a cloudy obscurity, through a natural infusion coming near to the sentence of one of the thousand and two prophets that have been since the creation of the world; according to the supputation and punical chronicle of *Joel*."

In this luminous passage is contained the substance of all the exegetical information which the *oraculist* was pleased to give us or his sovereign for the solution of his oracles.

A year later the monarch to whom this dedication was addressed, died by a singular accident, while attending the festivities ordained in honor of the recent peace with Spain. Henry II. expired on the 20th of July 1559, from the consequences of a slight wound received in a tournament. After the exercises of the day were ended he had accidentally met a gallant Scotch knight, Montgomery, and had com-

pelled him, though sorely reluctant, to run a tilt with him. A splinter of the lance of Montgomery penetrated the bars of the monarch's casque, and inflicted a wound not calculated to excite alarm. Eleven days afterwards the king was dead.

This strange and startling event commenced a long train of melancholy vicissitudes in France, but it confirmed the prophetic reputation of the wizard of Salon. Nostradamus, or his friends on his behalf, pointed to the prediction of the royal catastrophe in the XXXVth Quatrain of the First Century, which had now been for more than four years publicly before the world in print.

Le lion jeune le vieux surmontera,
En champ bellique par singulier duelle,
Dans cage d'or l'oeil il lui crevera,
Deux playes une puis mourir une mort cruelle.

The vaticination is thus rendered by M. de Garençières:—

The young lion shall overcome the old one,
In martial field by a single duel,
In a golden cage he shall put out his eye.
Two wounds from one, then he shall die a cruel death.

The convenient ambiguities of the French verses are not preserved in the English translation; nor does the translator perceive that the last line may include the prognostication of the bloody murder of Montgomery many years later. We may notice in the French that the first line may be interpreted *au rebours* like a Delphic utterance, and would thus answer for any duel in which either combatant might be slain. But there were agreements between words and circumstances which were naturally exaggerated and heightened in significance, in the consternation, surprise and wonderment of the time.

This notable prediction is by no means the closest or the most curious adaptation to subsequent events which these Centuries afford; but it was singularly apt for the credit of the prophet. Another astrologer, Luke Guaricke, had also under compulsion informed Catharine de' Medici that her husband should perish in a duel. The announcement had seemed ridiculous; and who knew of its existence at that time but Catharine, or had heard of Guaricke beyond the precincts of the court? The name of Nostradamus had long been bruited abroad, and his Centuries now took rank in public estimation with the Sibylline oracles, Merlin's predictions and Joachim's revelations, and held that rank almost to our own time. Nostradamus became a public wonder and a recognised interpreter of fate. Crowds flocked to him from all quarters, inquisitive of the future or solicitous to see the favored mortal to whom the wandering lights of heaven revealed their secrets. Nor was he the object of vulgar curiosity only; persons of all ranks, the learned, the gallant and the noble were fascinated by his fame. The great commander, the Duke of Savoy, who had recovered his duchy and received a bride by the same peace which had furnished the occasion of Henry's death, visited him in the October of the same year. The like honor was soon after paid him by the Duchess, the Princess Margaret of France, the sister of the dead king. Five years later, when Catharine was parading round

France the new monarch, Charles IX., now fourteen years of age, she arrived at Salon, and Nostradamus was deputed by the town to make the address of welcome. He was summoned to an audience at Arles, where he was kindly received by their Majesties, was appointed physician in ordinary to the king—the family promotions descended with the family arts—and was presented by Charles and by the queen-mother with purses containing each two hundred crowns of gold.

He was at the summit of renown, of honor and of prosperity, but the shadow of his life was rapidly lengthening and darkening into night. His eyes were sealed from the tumults and the horrors which he might have dimly foreseen, but which he had not distinctly foretold. One thing he is reported to have foretold, and that was his own death. He is said to have written in his calendar for the year, opposite to the last days of June: "*Hic prope mors est*"—here death is at hand. Jerome Cardan and Robert Burton, "the melancholic," are said to have similarly *pronounced* the day of their own end, and to have preserved their oracular character by their own act. No such imputation rests upon the memory of Nostradamus; he died of dropsy, at Salon, July 2, 1566. He was buried in the church of the Franciscans. The respectability of his life and death was attested by a memorial tablet bearing an inscription thus translated by our convenient and honest, though bungling friend, De Garencières:—

Here *lies* the bones of the most famous Nostradamus, one who among men hath deserved, by the opinion of all, to set down in writing with a Quill almost divine, the future events of all the Universe, caused by the celestial influences: he lived 62 years, 6 months and 10 days: he died at Salon in the year 1566.

O Posterity do not grudge at his rest. Anna Pontia Gemella wisheth to her most loving Husband the true happiness.

If it will be any solace to the prescient spirit of the slumbering prophet, we can assure Anna Pontia Gemella that we have no grudges at her husband's rest, and that we might have been saved some trouble and much inadequately rewarded study if he had secured his present calm repose at an earlier day. It is but just, however, to his memory to add that he left a most reputable family behind him, whose story might well interest us if they too had been among the prophets instead of being only sons of a prophet.

We have remarked that the supposed prediction in regard to Henry II.'s death is by no means the most notable of the casual concurrences or enforced coincidences to be found in the Centuries of Nostradamus. We proceed to justify and to illustrate this observation, stating in advance, however, that the whole collection is the barrenest trash, the most veritable *amphigouri*, to use a Rabelæsiian phrase, that we have encountered even in oracular literature.

The prediction of the assassination, long after the event, of Montgomery, by whose lance Henry II. had fallen, is even more significant than the announcement of the monarch's death.

He who in wrestling and martial affairs
Had carried the prize before his better,
By night six shall abuse him in his bed,
Being naked and without harness, he shall suddenly be surprised.

During the religious wars of France the prophecies of Nostradamus were continually cited by the contending factions, as were those of Merlin and later seers throughout the Great Rebellion in England. They were probably as often manufactured as cited. A reference to the frequency of the services rendered by Nostradamus is found in the celebrated *Satyre Menippée*, in the harangue of Monsieur De L'Aubray, which is ascribed to the celebrated scholar Petrus Pithœus. But the mode of the reference indicates that such prognostications might safely have been made from the due appreciation of antecedent conditions. These therefore we shall refrain from noticing, and shall specify only a few of those in which the coincidence of prediction and occurrence is less explicable, and a more striking exhibition of the lucky combinations of chance. We shall cite only the versions of De Garencières, and if they remain unintelligible in their English translation, we can assure our readers that they are equally obscure in their original French.

Here is an anticipation of the capture of Dreux in 1593 by Henry IV., of his conversion to the old creed, and of his assassination near the gates of Paris:—

In the place of Drux a king shall rest himself,
And shall seek a law changing anatheme;
In the meanwhile the heaven shall thunder so strongly
That a new gate shall kill the king himself.—IX. lvii.

We have no room for comments, but may state that Henry of Navarre was only twelve years of age when Nostradamus died.

The revolt of the Netherlands and the execution of Charles I., events widely separated, are foretold in the following quatrain:—

Gand and Bruxelles shall go against Antwerp;
The Senat of London shall put their king to death;
The salt and wine shall not be able to do him good,
That they may have the kingdom in ruine.—IX. xlix.

The sack of Antwerp in 1576 is announced in VI. xcvi.

De Ruyter's bravado in the Thames in 1667 may be fitted with this oracle:—

The endeavors of the North shall be great,
Upon the ocean the gate shall be open,
The kingdom in the island shall be re-established,
London shall quake for fear of sails discovered.—II. lxxviii.

The Revolution of 1688 and the substitution of William III. for James II. on the English throne, may be implied in these lines:—

Thirty of London shall secretly conspire
Against their king; upon the bridge the plot shall be made.
These satellites shall taste of death;
A king shall be elected, fair and born in Friezeland.—IV. lxxxix.

M. De Garencières states, but we have been unable to verify his authority, that the prophecies do not extend beyond 1700, or thirty years beyond his version. This would be unfortunate, as many apposite applications may be made to transactions and characters subsequent to that date. Thus the War of the Spanish Succession, Prince Eugene of Savoy and the Turkish wars, the War of the Aus-

trian Succession, and the Seven Years' War, may all be detected in these oracular pages. The French Revolution has been treated with frequent and distinguished consideration. Thus—

Under one shall be peace, and everywhere clemency,
But not a long while; then shall be plundering and rebellion,
By a denial shall town, land and sea be assaulted;
Then shall be dead and taken prisoners the third part of a million.
— I. xcii.

Here is a prediction for Napoleon, which, says the editor, "needeth no explication":—

Out of the deepest part of the West of Europe
From poor parents a young child shall be born,
Who with his tongue shall seduce many people;
His fame shall increase in the Eastern kingdom.— II. xxxv.

Robespierre is foreseen in VIII. xli.

The forty bad seasons from 1774 to 1815, which so largely provoked and embittered the French Revolution, are not overlooked:—

During forty years the rainbow shall not appear;
During forty years it shall be seen every day;
The parched earth shall wax dryer and dryer,
And great floods shall be when it shall appear.— I. xvii.

The continuity of scarcity is somewhat overstrained, but some compensation is offered by the vision of the forty years of peace from 1815 to 1848.

Here is the overthrow of the second French Empire,
One being ready to fight shall faint;
The chief of the adverse party shall obtain the victory,
Those that fall away shall die in the white territory.— IV. lxxv.

And here may be detected the capture of Sedan and of Louis Napoleon:—

A fire from heaven of a golden color shall be seen,
Stricken by the high-born, a wonderful case;
Great murder of mankind, the taking of the great Neveu,
Some dead looking, the proud one shall escape.— II. xcii.

Such examples might be indefinitely multiplied. It would be hazardous to say that the revelations are more translucent than mud or that the versions are either clear or correct; yet such are the materials of which the original and enduring fame of Nostradamus was composed. We have looked in vain for any preconception of Sumner, or Thad. Stevens, or General Butler, or Beecher; we have found no apprehension of the Ku Klux Klan, and have discovered nothing that could be twisted into the promise of a third term for General Grant. Nostradamus only enables us to ascertain distinctly the character of those luminous vapors, those marsh-fires, which form the halo around the heads of the prophets of the people.

GEO. FRED'K HOLMES.

FLOWERS FROM A NUN'S GARDEN.

MOTHER sweet! my heart is heavy for the summer's golden hours.

Naught is left to me of all their glory but these faded flowers;
 Flowers whose lingering odor bringeth the old pleasure, the old pain—
 O my heart! can such a summer ever come to us again?
 Never was the sky so bright, and never half so green the sod;
 Glowed the hills and valleys like the very garden of our God.
 Day by day I sat and watched with eager eyes and trembling lips,
 And a longing soul, as one expecting an apocalypse.

Mother sweet! I need not tell thee how the revelation came:
 Every scroll, as I unsealed it, showed me thy beloved name.
 Three fair dreams I yet have left me, and I dream them o'er and o'er—
 (God be thanked! whatever cometh, I remember evermore—)
 Three fair dreams are mine forever; but the fairest of the three
 Is the dream of that lost summertime that gave my flowers to me.

Mother sweet! dost thou remember? All about the charmed place
 Slept the mellow sunlight, and quaint shadows lent a graver grace.
 Down among the flowers we listened to the Sisters' evening psalm;
 And upon my restless heart there fell the mantle of thy calm.
 And the sorrow and the weariness of all my barren past
 Flew away, and something whispered, "Peace hath come to thee at last!"
 'Twas as if some golden legend that our ancient books unfold
 Had come down to me in vision from the saintly days of old.

Mother sweet! I could not tell thee all my passionate heart that day;
 Faintly yet I sing my love-song, though thou art so far away.
 But I know 'twas good to love thee, for in that same hour were given
 Purer thoughts of all things holy, higher thoughts of God and Heaven.
 Christ's own benediction seemed to drop upon thee; in mine eyes
 Thou art evermore transfigured as a saint from Paradise;
 And I never touch this gift of thine—the flowers I love so well,
 But I dream of Heaven's unfading amaranth and asphodel.

Mother sweet! that day in summer seemeth long (how long!) ago;
 And the convent garden lieth cold beneath the winter's snow.
 Yet from southern lands there sigheth even now the spring's low breath;
 Light is shining out of darkness, life is being born of death.
 Other flowers the earth shall yield thee; other eyes shall look in thine;
 And the Sisters' even-song shall float to other ears than mine;
 Sweet south winds shall haunt the garden; summer suns shall gild the
 shore;—

But to me, for all my longing, such a day shall come no more.

HUGH LYND SAY.

PAUL H. HAYNE'S POETRY.

AT a time when the war of secession had left the South in a condition which appeared to render an exclusively literary life a hopeless impossibility, Mr. Hayne immured himself in the woods of Georgia, and gave himself wholly to his pen. Perhaps this was the most convincing method he could have adopted of testifying by acts to his poetic *nascitur*, for it was striking an audacious challenge-blow on the very shield of Fate, and probably none but a poet would have dared it. Doubtless, the struggle which succeeded was passionate, fierce, often bitter, sometimes despairing; one finds traces of all this along the music of these verses. It is pleasant now to open *Legends and Lyrics* with the knowledge that the darkest of his conflict is over, and that in the growing light of appreciation his by-past shadow will show only like a dark calyx through which the poet's rose of fame is bursting.

We wish to ease our mind in the beginning of the only material quarrel we have to pick with Mr. Hayne; and, for the double purpose of setting forth our *casus belli*, and of showing the reader what manner of work Mr. Hayne can do in the most difficult of poetic forms, we quote the sonnet addressed

TO WILLIAM MORRIS.

In' some fair realm unbound of time or space,
Where souls of all dead May-times, with their play
Of blissful winds, soft showers and bird-notes gay,
Make mystic music in the flower-bright place,
Yea, there, O poets! radiant face to face,
Keen heart to heart, beneath the enchanted day
Ye met, each hearkening to the other's lay
With rapt, sweet eyes, and thoughts of Old-World grace.
"Son," saith the elder bard, "when thou wert born,
So yearned toward thine my spirit's fervency,
Flamelike its warmth on thy deep soul was shed;
Hence the ripe blood of England's lustier morn
Of song burns through thee; hence alone on thee
Fall the rich bays which bloomed round Chaucer's head!"

This sonnet was written on reading the "L'Envoy" in the third volume of Morris's *Earthly Paradise*. Now—though Mr. Hayne is by no means the only person who has likened William Morris to Geoffrey Chaucer—the enthusiastic belief that the spirit of the older poet has come to shine again in the later one, has never been more tenderly and reverently embodied than in this lovely sonnet; but, protesting that we owe some keen delights to Mr. Morris, we totally dissent from the opinion that there is at bottom any such resemblance betwixt him and Chaucer as to entitle him to any sonship or heirship of the latter. Moreover, we believe that this theory involves far more than a mere critical estimate of the likeness or unlikeness of two poets; nay, we are sure that Mr. Hayne and all modern poets would

do well to drink much of Chaucer and little of Morris. For—to indicate briefly some points of contrast—how does the spire of hope spring and upbound into the infinite in Chaucer; while, on the other hand, how blank, world-bound and wearying is the stone *façade* of hopelessness which rears itself uncompromisingly behind the gayest pictures of William Morris! Chaucer is eager, expectant. To-day is so beautiful, perhaps tomorrow will be more beautiful: life is young, who knows?—he seems to cry, with splendid immeasurable confidence in the reserved powers of nature and of man. But Morris does not hope: there is, there will be, nothing new under the sun. Tomorrow? that may not come; if it does it will be merely to-day revamped; therefore let us amuse ourselves with the daintiest that art and culture can give: this is his essential utterance.

Again, how openly joyful is Chaucer; how secretly melancholy is Morris! Both it is true are full of sunshine; but Chaucer's is spring-sunshine; Morris's is autumn. Chaucer's falls upon bold mountain sides where are rocks, lithe grasses, and trees with big lusty boughs and juicy leaves; where the wild motions of nature, from spring-winds to leaping fawns, are artlessly free and unspeakably blissful; and yet where all other forms, whether of monstrous, terrible or wicked, are truly revealed. Morris's, on the other hand, is a late, pleasant, golden-tinted light (with just the faintest hint of a coming chill of twilight in it), falling upon an exquisitely wrought marble which lies half-buried in the sand, and which, Greek as it is, dainty as it is, marvellous as it is, is nevertheless a fragment of a ruin. Chaucer rejoices as only those can who know the bound of good red blood through unobstructed veins, and the thrilling tingle of nerve and sinew at amity; and who can transport this healthy animalism into their unburdened minds, and spiritualise it so that the mere drawing of breath is at once a keen delight and an inwardly-felt practical act of praise to the God of a strong and beautiful world. Morris too has his sensuous element, but it is utterly unlike Chaucer's; it is *dilettante*, it is amateur sensualism; it is not strong, though sometimes excessive, and it is nervously afraid of that satiety which is at once its chief temptation and its most awful doom.

Again, Chaucer lives: Morris dreams. Chaucer, for all the old-world tales he tells, yet tells them with the mouths and manners of his living time, and so gives us a picture of it like life itself. Morris stands between his people and his readers, interpreting his characters, who all advance to the same spot on the stage, communicate *per* him in the same language, the same dialect, the same tone, then glide away with the same dreamy mechanism. The *Canterbury Tales* is simply a drama with somewhat more of stage direction than is common; but the *Earthly Paradise* is a reverie, which would hate nothing so much as to be broken by any collision with that rude actual life which Chaucer portrays.

And finally—for the limits of this paper forbid more than the merest indication of a few of the many points of contrast between these two—note the faith that shines in Chaucer and the doubt that darkens in Morris. Has there been any man since St. John so lovable as “the Persoune”? or any sermon since that on the Mount

so keenly analytical, so pathetic, so deep, so pitiful, so charitable, so brotherly, so pure, so manly, so faithful, so hopeful, so sprightly, so terrible, so childlike, so winning, so utterly loving, as "The Persoune's Tale"? But where (it is enough to ask the question in such a connection) in all that William Morris has written may one find, not indeed anything like the Persoune and his tale, for that would be too much to ask — there is no man since Shakspeare who has been at all capable of *that* — but anything even indicating the conception of the possibility of such a being as the Persoune? To this height, to this depth, neither William Morris nor any other man has reached since Dan Chaucer wrote. Let us Shakspeare-worshippers not forget that Chaucer lived two centuries earlier than Shakspeare, and had to deal with a crude poetic language which Shakspeare found a magnificent song-instrument, all in tune and ready to his hand. Let us not forget that Shakspeare is first poet and Chaucer second poet, and that these two repose alone, apart, far, far above any spot where later climbers have sunk to rest. And this adjuration is here made with a particular and unequivocal solemnity, because of the conviction that we expressed in the outset of this subject, that the estimate of these two poets which would have them like enough to be father and son, involves deeper matter than mere criticism. For if it be true that William Morris is Chaucer in modern guise; if it be true that by virtue of this nineteenth-century dress, Chaucer, the glowing, actual man and lover and poet and priest and man's brother, is changed into Morris, the aimless sunset-dreamer of old beautiful dreams; if Chaucer's hope is in five hundred years darkened to Morris's thin-veiled despair, Chaucer's joy to Morris's melancholy, Chaucer's faith to Morris's blank, Chaucer's religion to Morris's love-vagueness; if, we say, it be possible that five centuries have wrought Chaucer, that is life, into Morris, that is a dream-of-the-past: then, in God's name, with all reverence, what will five more centuries do to us? A true Hindu life-weariness (to use one of Novali's marvellous phrases) is really the atmosphere which produces the exquisite haze of Morris's pictures. Can any poet — and we respectfully beg Mr. Hayne to think upon this view of the matter, being emboldened to do so by our regard for his devotion to letters and for his achievements in that behalf — can any poet, we say, shoot his soul's arrow to its best height, when at once bow and string and muscle and nerve are slackened in this vaporous and relaxing air, that comes up out of the old dreams of fates that were false and of passions that were not pure?

In convincing testimony that this question must be answered in the negative, any careful reader of *Legends and Lyrics* will observe that it is precisely when Mr. Hayne escapes out of this influence that he is at his best. Compare for example Mr. Hayne's treatment of the "Wife of Brittany" with the unnamed sonnet on page 55, which we shall presently quote. The "Wife of Brittany" is a legend founded upon the plot of the "Frankleine's Tale" of Chaucer. Now in Chaucer's time this was a practical poem; many men had not really settled in their minds whether it was right to break even a criminal oath, made in folly. But the plot is only conceivable as a thing of the past, it belongs to the curiosities of history; and although

Mr. Hayne has told the story with a thousand tender imaginings, with many charming graces of versification, with rare strokes of pathos, and with a final flow of lucid and silvery melody, yet the poem as a whole never reaches the artistic height attained by the sonnet to the mocking-bird. In the "Wife of Brittany" and in all similar artistic ventures Mr. Hayne will write under the disadvantage of feeling at the bottom of his heart that the passion of the poem is amateur passion, the terror of it amateur terror, and the whole business little more than a dainty titillation of the unreal. But in the sonnet how different! Here the yellow-jessamine, the bird, the vine-clumps, the odor, the bird-song, all are real; they doubtless exist in their actual, lovely entities around Mr. Hayne's home in the forest, and they have taken hold upon him so fairly that he has turned them into a poem meriting his own description of the mocking-bird's song:

"A star of music in a fiery cloud."

Having thus spoken in the genuine hope of suggesting to Mr. Hayne's mind a train of thought which might be serviceable to his genius, we proceed to remark that in *Legends and Lyrics* we find no polemical discussion, no "science," no "progress," no "Comtism," no rugged-termed philosophies, no devotionism, no religiosity of any sort. Mindful only of grand phenomena which no one doubts — of fear, hope, love, patriotism, heaven, wife, child, mother, clouds, sunlight, flowers, water — these poems tinkle along like Coleridge's

— hidden brook

In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a gentle tune.

This last word indeed hints at what is one of the distinctive characteristics of all Mr. Hayne's poetry. It is essentially, thoroughly, and charmingly tuneful. In a time when popular poetry is either smug and pretty, or philosophically obscure and rhythmically rugged, this quality becomes almost unique. There is indeed nearly the same difference between poetry and culture-poetry that exists between music and counterpoint-music. Culture-poetry, like counterpoint-music, is scarcely ever *satisfactory* to the ear; it is not captivating with that indescribable music which can come out of the rudest heart, but which cannot come out of the most cultivated head. This feature alone would suffice to separate the book before us from the great mass of utterances which polished people who are not poets are daily pouring upon the air.

We should like to illustrate Mr. Hayne's faculty by quoting entire his "Fire-Pictures," a poem which in point of variety and delicacy of fancy is quite the best of this collection, and in point of pure music should be placed beside Edgar Poe's "Bells." Of course, to one who has warmed his winters by nothing more glorious than coal; to one who has never sate in dreamful mood and watched the progress of a great hickory fire from the fitful fuliginous beginning thereof, through the white brilliance of its prime and the red glory of its decline, unto the ashen-gray death of the same, this poem is unintelligible; but to one who has, its fancies and its music will come home with a thousand

hearty influences. We regret that it is too long to quote here. It is a poem to be read aloud ; a true *recitativo*. The energy of its movements, the melody of its metres, the changes of its rhythm, the variety of its fancies, the artistic advance to its climax, particularly the management of its close, where at one and the same time, by the devices of onomatopoeia and of rhythmical imitation, are doubly interpreted the sob of a man and the flicker of a flame so perfectly that sob, flicker, word, rhythm, each appears to represent the other, and to be used convertibly with the other in such will-o'-wisp transfigurations as quite vanish in mere description ; all these elements require for full enjoyment that the actual music of the poem should fall upon the ear.

Some of the changes of rhythm above referred to merit especial mention, and start some considerations which we regret the limits of this paper will not allow us to pursue. Suffice it here to remark that whenever an English-speaking person grows unusually solemn or intense he instinctively resorts to the iambic rhythm for expression. Note, for instance, how in number II. at the close the change from the trochees to the two iambs "aspire! aspire!" at once represents the intensity of the situation and the broken fitfulness of the struggling flame ; or, again, in that fine scene of number IV., where the *iambs* "dark-red like blood" give the reader a sudden wrench from the trochaic flow as if they plucked him by the sleeve to compel him to stop a second on the thought ; or, again, most notable of all, in number VI., where from the words "a stir, a murmur deep" to the close of the picture the *iambs* present the agony and the glory of the martyr. With these three exceptions the entire poem is in trochees, and is an admirable example of the music which can be made with those elements. Return to number IX. of this poem, from

Like a rivulet rippling deep,
Through the meadow-lands of sleep,

to its close is, in point of pure trochaic music, of rare excellence. We desire, however, to call Mr. Hayne's attention to a fault of tone which occurs in this picture, and in another of the poems of this book. Where the lines run :

Though the lotos swings its stem
With a lulling stir of *leaves*,
Though the lady-lily *laves*
Coy feet in the crystal *waves*,
And a silvery undertune
From some mystic wind-song *grieves*,

"leaves" of course is intended to rhyme with "grieves," four lines down, and "laves" with "waves"; but "laves" is the next rhyme-tone to "leaves," and this proximity renders it obnoxious to two objections. One is, that it leaves the reader for a moment in doubt whether "laves" is really intended to rhyme with "leaves"—a doubt which interferes with the reader's enjoyment as long as it lasts. The other and stronger objection is, that the immediate juxtaposition of the slightly-varying rhyme-tones "leaves" and "laves" gives the ear the same displeasure which the eye suffers from two shades of the same color in a lady's dress—both tones seem faded.

The faults of "Fire-Pictures" are faults which we detect in all Mr. Hayne's poetry ; and as they are remediable, we call his attention to them with all the more vigor. They are of two classes. First, we observe a frequently-recurring *lapse* of thought, in which Mr. Hayne falls into trite similes, worn collocations of words and commonplace sentiments. To have these hackneyed couples of words and ideas continually popping in upon us out of Mr. Hayne's beautiful things, is to suffer the chagrin and the anguish of that hapless man who in the hot summer rushes afar from toil and trouble across the ocean into a distant land, and there in the heavenly weather, while idly wandering down some wild and lovely glen, given up to all tender meditations, suddenly, on pushing aside a great frond of fern, comes bump upon the smug familiar faces of Smith, Jones and Brown, whom he had left amid the hot grind of the street, and whose presence immediately transports him back to the sweaty moil of stocks, bacon and dry-goods. Such expressions are: "changing like a wizard-thought," or "like a charmed thought," or "like a Protean thought," and others in "Fire-Pictures." More notable still in this respect is the poem "Renewed." The first four lines of this poem are so entirely commonplace that they are quite sufficient to throw any reader off the scent and cause him to abandon the piece ; yet the very next four are exceedingly beautiful, with all the clear and limpid music of Mr. Hayne's style, and with a bright change in the rhythm which is full of happy effects. Witness :

RENEWED.

Welcome, rippling sunshine !
 Welcome, joyous air !
 Like a demon-shadow
 Flies the gaunt Despair !
Heaven through heights of happy calm
Its heart of hearts uncloses,
To win earth's answering love, in balm,
Her blushing thanks, in roses !— &c.

The second fault to which we wish to call Mr. Hayne's attention is diffuseness, principally originating in a lavishness and looseness of adjectives. Whatever may be said of Edgar Poe's theory of the impossibility of a long poem, or that all long poems are merely series of short poems connected by something that is not poetry, it may at least with safety be asserted that in a time when trade has lengthened life by shortening leisure, the ideal of the lyric poem is a brief, sweet, intense, electric flashing of the lyric idea in upon the hurrying intelligence of men, so that the vivid truth may attack even an unwilling retina, and perpetuate itself thereupon even after the hasty eyelid has closed to shut out the sight. Now, either a free or an inexact use of adjectives is a departure from this ideal, not only because it impairs the strength of the articulate idea, but because it so far cumber the whole poem as, if the fault extends throughout, to render it too long to be readable by many of those whom all true poets desire to reach. Notable instances of Mr. Hayne's dereliction in this regard may be found in his frequent and often inexact employment of the words "cordial," "weird," and "fairly" in these poems.

One can easily trace the manner in which this vice escapes the poet's attention. Busied with some central idea, and hurried by the passion of creating, he will not hesitate for a descriptive in some minor phrase, but dashes down the first term that occurs, if it will but answer tolerably, so that presently, from habit, a certain favored few adjectives come to understand, as it were, that this duty is expected of them, and get trained to stand by and help whenever the poet's mind is fatigued or hurried.

Perhaps the nearest approach to the ideal of lyric poetry in this book are the invocation to the wife with which it commences—as it were, grace before meat—and the poem called “A Summer Mood,” based on a line from Thomas Heyward: “Now, by my faith, a gruesome mood for summer:” From the latter we quote a line out of the third verse and the last three verses:—

The sunshine mocks the tears it may not dry,

The field-birds seem to twit us as they pass,
With their small blisses, piped so clear and loud:
The cricket triumphs o'er us in the grass;
And the lark glancing beam-like up the cloud,

Sings us to scorn with his keen rhapsodies:
Small things and great unconscious tauntings bring
To edge our cares, whilst we, the proud and wise,
Envy the insect's joy, the birdling's wing!

And thus for evermore, till time shall cease,
Man's soul and Nature's—each a separate sphere—
Revolves, the one in discord, one in peace,
—And who shall make the solemn mystery clear?

The stanza of this poem in which “the field-birds twit us as they pass, with their small blisses,” is a genuine snatch caught from out the sedges of a Southern field, where we doubt not Mr. Hayne has often strolled or lain, companioned only by the small crooked-flighted sparrow, whose whistle, so keen that it amounts to a hiss, seems to have suggested the very sibillations of the s's so frequently occurring.

In “In Utroque Fidelis” is beautifully blended a tone of tranquil description with that of a passionate love-song. A lover about to be off to the wars has stolen at midnight to snatch a farewell glance at the home of his beloved. The following four verses show something of the art of the poem:—

I waft a sigh from this fond soul to thine,
A little sigh, yet honey-laden, dear,
With fairy freightage of such hopes divine
As fain would flutter gently at thine ear,
And entering find their way
Down to the heart so veiled from me by day.

In dreams, in dreams, perchance thou art not coy;
And one keen hope more bold than all the rest
May touch thy spirit with a treasured joy,
And stir an answering softness in thy breast.
O sleep, O blest eclipse!
What murmured word is faltering at her lips?

Still, breathless still! No voice in earth or air:
 I only know my delicate darling lies,
 A twilight lustre glimmering in her hair,
 And dews of peace within her languid eyes:
 Yea, only know that I
 Am called from love and dreams perhaps to die,
 Die when the heavens are thick with scarlet rain,
 And every time-throb 's fated: even there
 Her face would shine through mists of mortal pain,
 And sweeten death like some incarnate prayer.
 Hark! 'Tis the trumpet's swell!
 O love, O dreams, farewell, farewell, farewell!

In the particular of tranquil description, however, some good work occurs in the ode to "Sleep." Witness the following extracts, which form the beginning and the end of the poem:—

Beyond the sunset and the amber sea,
 To the lone depths of ether, cold and bare,
 Thy influence, soul of all tranquillity,
 Hallows the earth and awes the reverent air.

Then woo me here amid these flowery charms;
 Breathe on my eyelids, press thine odorous lips
 Close to mine own, enfold me in thine arms,
 And cloud my spirit with thy sweet eclipse;
 And while from waning depth to depth I fall,
 Down-lapsing to the utmost depths of all,
 Till wan forgetfulness, obscurely stealing,
 Creeps like an incantation on the soul,—
 And o'er the slow ebb of my conscious life
 Dies the thin flush of the last conscious feeling,—
 And, like abortive thunder, the dull roll
 Of sullen passions ebbs far, far away,—
 O Angel! loose the chords which cling to strife,
 Sever the gossamer bondage of my breath,
 And let me pass, gently as winds in May,
 From the dim realm which owns thy shadowy sway,
 To thy diviner sleep, O sacred Death!

We would like to praise "Glaucus" for the fine spirit-of-green-leaves which makes the poem so dainty and shady and cool. We would like, too, to discuss with Mr. Hayne whether the climacteric point in the tale of the "Wife of Brittany,"—which is the moment when the Wife meets Aurelian for the purpose of performing her dreadful promise—does not need a more dramatic accentuation to relieve it from the danger of anti-climax to which this wonderfully smooth narrative is liable at that point. We could wish further to commend the admirably harmonised tone of "Prexaspes," where the words seem at once hot, wan, cruel and wicked; and the elegant rendering of Aëthra, which is quite the most artistically told tale in the book; and the reverent piety which shines in the final offering to the poet's mother; and many other things. But this paper has already reached its limit. We may be permitted in closing it to observe that already, since the publication of *Legends and Lyrics*, other poems of Mr. Hayne's have appeared, as for example the two "Forest Pictures" in the *Atlantic Monthly*, which exhibit a growing strength and more vigorous realism in his poetic faculty; and we

venture to express the hope that his pen may yet embody the pretty fancy of his poem called —

THE NEST.

At the poet's life-core lying,
Is a sheltered and sacred nest,
Where, as yet unfledged for flying,
His callow fancies rest —

Fancies and thoughts and feelings
Which the mother Psyche breeds,
And passions whose dim revealings
But torture their hungry needs.

Yet there cometh a summer splendor
When the golden brood wax strong,
And, with voices grand or tender,
They rise to the heaven of song.

SIDNEY LANIER.

UNCLE SAM'S SITES.

THE recent flight of a person claiming to be the Governor of Louisiana, to the New Orleans Custom-house, where he took sanctuary while awaiting the aid of the President, and the comments of the press on this singular hegira, have opened a question of great moment, on the nature and bearings of which we should have, not hastily formed notions, but deliberate convictions. A portion of the press has asserted the strange proposition that this flight to the Custom-house was "a flight into foreign territory," and that while there "he was no more in the State of Louisiana than Don Carlos would be in Spain if he sought refuge in the fortress of Gibraltar. . . . Chancellor Kent italicises the following compendious declaration: 'The State governments have no jurisdiction in places ceded to the United States.' . . . When a person is in a Custom-house, he is not bound by the laws of the State, because he is not within the State; and for the same reason, when there, he can not exercise any civil or political privileges under the laws of the State."

So according to this authority, we can "leave our own to stand on foreign ground," or, in other words, indulge in the luxury of foreign travel by simply going to the post-office or custom-house.

To go abroad on a legal fiction, is about as novel and unsatisfactory as it is to have the soil and jurisdiction of Louisiana bespeckled with as many patches of foreign territory as Uncle Sam may acquire

and use for custom-house, post-office, or war purposes ; and I beg leave to offer against the theory a protest, and a few scraps of food for future thought on the subject, especially as I have at present neither the leisure nor the mood for elaborate discussion, and as the sword is now and here more potent than reason.

The association of States called the United States acquires and holds property in a State, as will be seen, say in New York or Louisiana, just as any other proprietor does ; and appears in court to sue, and, if it choose, be sued, just as any other person does ; and, indeed, as to these matters, Uncle Sam in his great white palace has no advantage over Uncle Tom in his lowly cabin.

THE LORDSHIP OF THE SOIL.

Before the union of States *was*, the separate States *WERE* ; and the former, with the constitution of government, must have sprung from the creative and delegating will of the latter.

New York declares [see her Constitution, Article I., §11] : "The people of this State, in their right of sovereignty, are deemed to possess the *original* and *ultimate* property in and to all lands within the jurisdiction of this State."

Judge Kent [iv. Com. 424.] states the American law and doctrine on this subject as follows : "The State steps in place of the feudal lord, by virtue of its sovereignty, as the original and ultimate proprietor of all the lands within its jurisdiction."

See also the Constitution of Virginia, *et als*.

CONDITIONAL GRANTS.

The State generally cedes to the United States [not to the Government] the use and jurisdiction of and over the site federally required—the good faith of equal leagued powers being the guaranty of proper use, and of non-abuse ; added to which "the . . . States guaranty to every State . . . a republican . . . government," which means the entire control of her people and soil.

Publicists, and all honorable minds, recognise in these guaranties a higher sanction than constitutions possess, to wit, the sacred honor of States, pledged before God and man, and backed by the *ultima ratio regum*.

I have seen at least one hundred and fifty Acts of New York [see Rev. Stat. 1859], most if not all of which contain something like the following—the Act concerning the site of the Brooklyn Navy-yard : "The United States are to retain such use and *jurisdiction* so long as the said tract shall be applied to the defence and safety of the said State and no longer."

The Act as to the site of the arsenal at Watervliet says : "so long as the said tract shall be applied to the use of providing for the defence and safety of the said State, and no longer."

We already see then that the federal tenure is only a holding with the authority and for the use of the State.

The *Picayune's* idea seems to be, that New York has mottled herself with federal spots, and that like the leopard she cannot change

them ; Uncle Sam with Briarean hands holding her and her sisters "in sweet communion joined," and using the said spots — ceded only for her "*defence and safety*" — for the fastening of his indissoluble chains, so that if he choose he can torture her into dying agonies, and then murder her for struggling to be free.

Let any one that desires to investigate this subject, look at the statutes thereon of Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, South Carolina, Alabama, *et als*.

MERE OWNERSHIP

of sites as property seems to be, in all these States, acquired in the usual way, so that Uncle Sam is placed on the same footing with any other avuncular kinsman ; *e. g.* South Carolina, by the Act of Dec. 19, 1805, provisoed that the United States before taking possession of certain cessions, should "pay due compensation to the owners." Massachusetts spoke *idem sonans*. Pennsylvania, for very many of the early years of the Union, would only cede *use and occupation*, reserving *soil and jurisdiction*. How her law stands now I know not.

In many cases the State exempts the United States as owner from taxation of the ceded property — a favor it only grants to other owners out of grace, and for public good.

Moreover, in many Acts the resolatory condition is expressed that the use and jurisdiction must be for the purposes contemplated or the subject of the cession be given up.

JURISDICTION OVER SUCH SITES.

NEW YORK seems to give the United States judicial jurisdiction in a greater or less degree, as may be required. It may be plenary in some cases ; *e. g.* over forts and in navy-yards. Probably she thinks her limitations and the resolatory conditions aforesaid may be vindicated by the sword ; for she declares that "the sovereignty and jurisdiction of this State extend to all places within the boundaries thereof, . . . but the extent of such jurisdiction over places that have been or may be ceded to the United States shall be qualified by the terms of such cession." She also makes it "the duty of the Governor, and of all subordinate officers, to maintain and defend her sovereignty and jurisdiction." [See Const. and Rev. Stat. of N. Y.]

MASSACHUSETTS, in ceding Castle Island, Boston harbor, in 1798, declared that "all civil and such criminal process as shall issue under the authority of this commonwealth . . . may be executed therein in the same way and manner as though this cession and consent had not been made and granted."

PENNSYLVANIA, in ceding Mud Island, under various conditions provides that "the jurisdiction of the State over said island in civil and criminal cases be the same as before the passage of the Act."

The late SOUTH CAROLINA declared in 1805, in the cession of many forts and sites for forts, that "all process, civil and criminal, issued under the authority of this State . . . shall and may be served and executed on any part of land, sites, forts and fortifications so ceded by this Act, and on any person or persons there being and

implicated in matters of law." [See also her law of 17th Dec., 1816, and of 20th Dec., 1823.]

THE CONDITIONS ACCEPTED.

President Jefferson reported to Congress in 1806 "an Act of cession of the State of South Carolina of various forts and sites for forts in that State, on the *conditions therein expressed*."

The Federal Constitution provides for exclusive legislation by Congress over places purchased "*by the consent of the Legislature of the State*," for "forts, arsenals, dockyard, and other needful buildings"; and the Act of Congress of March 20th, 1794, provides for the President receiving such cessions; "or where such cessions shall not be made," for "the purchase of such lands on behalf of the United States: provided that no purchase shall be made where such lands are the property of a State."

Volumes of such extracts could be given from all the pages of our history except perhaps the most recent, which I could only examine with disgust; but the above may suffice to induce search and thought on the subject.

As to general principles then, it seems:

That the State became the successor, as to New York, of the British sovereignty, and as to Louisiana of the French, and as such held the eminent domain; and that it is "the original and ultimate proprietor of all the lands within its jurisdiction."

That such property was originally under the sovereignty and eminent domain of the State, and was owned by a State citizen; that the eminent domain is still hers, and that the escheat would be to her as would be the reversion in lack of heirs.

That it is acquirable for and by the United States [not for and by the Government] only "by the *consent of the Legislature of the State*"—that is to say, the sovereign commonwealth's consent must be had, and that conditions and limitations can be imposed when the consent is given.

That the associated States are the grantee, while the Government is not; this having no power or even capacity to be such.

That they seem to hold as joint tenants, a trust primarily for the people, *i. e.* the commonwealth, concerned. These technical terms come nearest to expressing the tenure.

That the said property is to be held and used by "the United States" for certain purposes only, to wit, those of the Constitution; notably "defence," not attack, and "welfare," not injury, insult, and destruction of liberty.

That the holders and users of this property have only a small, if any, part of an owner's right of disposal, this right being confined to the very few powers actually written in the Constitution, these limiting to a very narrow scope alike the use and the *jus disponendi*. If the United States were *sovereign* and *owner*, nothing could prevent their selling custom-houses, arsenals, forts, &c., to foreign powers.

And, finally, that the Government is only a creation of the people, while the officials have none but delegated powers; the fathers always

calling these officials "substitutes and agents," so that "the Government" is but an agency, and the property it holds a trust.

It follows that the jurisdiction of the United States on the soil of New York is that of New York herself; her federally delegated powers being wielded by *her and her sisters'* federal, instead of *her* State agents.

Every word of history, constitutional law, and the teachings of the fathers, support this view, and show the soil in question to be home soil in every, and foreign in no sense.

If the custom-house site were foreign, could not a murderer, ravisher, traitor, or other malefactor, flee there, and — barring Uncle Sam's comity — only be obtainable under an extradition treaty, which we at present have not, but which perhaps we should proceed to get? As treason to the States is now loyalty to Uncle Sam, a negotiation for it would be declined.

REFLECTIONS.

The reflecting mind must see that, as all there is of government in our country is *the ruling of the people by themselves*; as "the original and ultimate property" of all the land is theirs; as the eminent domain, including the sites of custom-houses, post-offices, and even forts, navy-yards, &c., is theirs; as such places (as well as all other federal means) must be used only for the "defence" of the people; and as Louisiana is an integral part of such people, the sites in question cannot be foreign, but must be domestic territory.

ONE SOURCE OF RIGHT AND POWER

only can exist in a republic, and that is "the people" — self-existent, self-organised, self-governing — the commonwealth. If this fact were recognised, there would be no difference of opinion, no clashing of authority, no conflict of arms. Any one can appreciate this truth if he will reflect that a person, a corporation, and a State, all have the same kind of mental organisation. New York as a commonwealth, for instance, is distinct in name, distinct in people, distinct in organism, distinct in geography and boundaries, distinct as a body-politic, and necessarily distinct in soul or mind, and hence distinct in the perceptive faculties, reasoning powers, judgment and will, which must think, reason and judge for as well as govern and protect her people, and dispose of what to her belongs for her and their defence and welfare. There is then but one source of right and power, and the State and federal agencies are both from this source; hence it is mere baseless and unworthy punctilio that says to either State or federal officer: "Thus far and no farther!" A marshal should execute his process freely in the State-house, and a sheriff in the post-office. Why not? They are both servants of one master. Did anybody ever hear of any trouble in New York, Pennsylvania, or Massachusetts, where the right to execute all civil and criminal process on such ceded places is reserved and freely exercised?

Even without such reservation such right must exist, unless expressly waived or suspended; for such cessions must be construed, in reference to the objects and motives of the parties making and

receiving the grants, with strict construction in favor of the grantor, especially a sovereign one. Moreover, it is presumable that original authority does no act tending to its abatement or destruction.

In conclusion, I believe it will be found *by the people*, if they ever come to serious ideas of reform, or *by the Gibbon* of the great Republic:

That sovereign jurisdiction in all things resides in the people, who politically exist and act only as States ;

That the Federal government holds only delegated powers, and is the agent of the said people, they as commonwealths being the only government of our country ; and

That these could associate only by the exercise of their own wills ; that these wills must have continued in existence to complete the association, to carry it into effect, and to amend, or perchance abolish, the terms of union that they had agreed upon ; and that the individuals, in which those wills reside, do necessarily now exist with as much independence in being and action as so many associated men.

B. J. SAGE, JR.

FANNY'S FORTUNE.

CHAPTER I.

THERE was a neat, thick packet of letters, written by the girl he loved best, found among the possessions of a certain young midshipman called Philip Ainsleigh, U. S. N., after his death. He was drowned while out in a little sail-boat along-shore with a merry party. His ship was homeward bound after a three-years cruise, and he was about to return to three women whose love centred in him—his young sister, his widowed mother, and his little lady-love. He was a fine, manly fellow, handsome, generous and full of promise; and by that fatal accident, or Providence—the capsizing of the boat which carried him under with it—the hopes of many hearts were shipwrecked too.

Out of the midshipman's pocket, when his body was recovered to be given again to the sea with solemn burial-services, were taken two other letters written by the same girlish hand. The writer received all her letters again, and on a certain occasion in her after-life she burned the neat, well-kept packet of the letters she had lovingly written the dead boy during his three-years absence ; but she never burned these two that had felt the last struggle of the gallant heart against which they lay—these two, faded and creased and once

soaked in salt sea-water. She folded these in a paper and kept them. The paper enclosed also a lock of curly dark hair, and on it her hand traced two lines of Miss Rossetti's — two lines so real and sad and passionate to the girl as she wrote them :—

“Philip with the merry life in lip and curl,
Philip, my playfellow, drowned in the sea.”

This was the first letter — the first she had ever written him :—

UNDER OUR TREE, THURSDAY AFTERNOON.

My Dear Phil:—You cannot imagine how changed it is, as you never were in any sad place that was without you. We all miss you always — Cousin Honora and little Ernestine and I, even the dogs and servants, and all the boys and girls. Every one talked about you, and wished to see you at the picnic the other day. I went with the Mays, and I believe Cousin Honora wondered at me for going off so gaily, in my pink ribbons, laughing with the rest. I believe she thinks I owe great duties to the ring you gave me, and to our engagement, though she smiled at us when you told her of it before you left. “Engaged! Fanny is only fourteen!” Dear Phil, I missed you, indeed I did, for all my laughing and dancing so long. But I do not feel about you as Cousin Honora does; she is so afraid of the sea, and there is such *pain* in her dear clear eyes sometimes when we talk of it all. What I think of is your home-coming, when I shall have learned so much, and grown so much better, and am seventeen years old and ready to marry you. To think how we used to play being married and keeping house when we were such babies! I was such a sad, wee bit of a thing when your father brought me to his home, a little orphan child; and such a far-away cousin, no one would have thought it his duty to take charge of me but himself. And you first taught me that I was naturally merry and affectionate; and oh! what happy old days we have had together here. Ernestine was a little baby then, and she is growing into such a bright, wise little girl now. She is very fond of her book now, and studies much harder than she did, because she wants to learn how to write brother Phil a nice letter. What names you and I used to invent to interest her in her alphabet! Doubled up a, and f making a bow, curly c, and crooked s, g with a tail and round o. And how we two exulted together over o-x ox and i-n in! The lessons are so much soberer, without my fellow-teacher to help and illustrate. Cousin Honora sits sewing in the window, the canary sings in his cage, and Ernestine with her flossy head above the book on my knee reads soberly, “And Tom saw by the door a lit-tle kit-ten on the cold steps.” She stops to look and say, “Does brother Phil know I am six years old now?” She asks that very often, as her birthday came since you left. She is very proud of her new reader and her six years.

What a plain stupid letter to spin out for you! But there is nothing new to write about. You can tell me all about the ship, and who you like on board, and everything that is about you. Cousin Honora will write to you to-day also. Good-bye. She has some messages for you; I have left them to her. Your loving

FANNY.

The other letter was the last he had received, and was written about three years later. It was a very short, loving little letter, very womanly and tender. It had a few cheery words to say about his mother and little Ernestine, and an old playfellow or two; a doubt, half tenderness, half humility, about her fitness to be a wife at seventeen, and was signed, like the other, "Your loving Fanny."

And Midshipman Philip Ainsleigh was drowned, just on the eve of his home-coming. These two letters, and the curl, and a few of his letters to her, were things that Fanny Vincent sighed over years and years after; things that called a tear to the bright eyes sometimes, though many people thought her too unromantic ever to recall a dead sorrow in her prosperous after-life.

Fanny's seventeen bonny, untroubled years were over, her first love dead, and her life's history had a page turned. She wept and sorrowed heartily for a time. She was of a sincere, loving nature, and Philip had been her darling ever since he had first welcomed and loved her, coming as a little orphan child to her cousin's home. Her cousin Honora, who had been a mother to her for years, was one of the gentlest and most unselfish of women. Her own grief for her son did not blind her to the fact that Fanny was sadly changed from the pretty, cheerful girl she had been, to a pale, listless little creature, quiet and morbidly sad; and she insisted, with gentle urgency, on Fanny's accepting an invitation to visit some friends who lived in one of the Atlantic cities. So Fanny kissed her cousin Honora and little Ernestine, and went away to make her first appearance in a gay world.

She did not return for three months; Philip had then been dead nearly ten, and she seemed, though changed, recovered from her grief. She was quieter, handsomer, with a new coldness and reserve about her. She corresponded with some of her friends in the city, but said little of her letters, and she never seemed like her impulsive, affectionate self with any one but little Ernestine. When something over a year had passed since Philip's death, she told her cousin Honora that she had promised to be married. Her small property was her own at eighteen, and no one said her nay.

The wooer of little Fanny Vincent was a wealthy gentleman, fifty years old, living in the city she had visited. He was kindly, courteous, fine-looking; and while Fanny had turned carelessly away from younger suitors, he had pleased her taste. Moreover, she had a love of the world, of wealth and luxury, and Mr. Greyson's dollars were counted by the hundred thousand. He had never been married, but had a widowed sister to order his fine establishment. Perhaps when Fanny faltered out to him that poor little story of her past, he may have answered her confidence with a tale of some early love of his own; at any rate, Fanny did tell him candidly of her past sorrow, burned her ships behind her, and became at eighteen the wife of Mr. Richard Greyson.

CHAPTER II.

Rather in the suburbs of the city, a little set back in its terraced grounds from the street, stood a sombre, dark, large house. Heavy

iron gates shut up the well-kept avenue, and a high brick-wall surrounded the ample enclosure. It was at a front window, the curtains of which were not yet drawn, that Fanny Greyson sat looking out with an eager face. Her husband had insisted on her remaining at home on this chill December evening, and he himself had gone to meet the guest she expected with such loving impatience; so there she sat, looking handsome enough, but very eager and anxious, awaiting his return.

Fanny had a happy life since her marriage, on the whole, in spite of some vexations. She was a careless yet generous creature; she seldom reasoned, but her instincts were fine and just. She had a gracious way about her that won her many friends, and her enemies did not trouble her much. There was a queer mixture of dignity and reserve, frankness and suavity in her. Her husband liked her best in her teasing moods. He liked her petulance; he would give her anything to have her scold and beg for it, and he delighted in displaying her gifts and good qualities. Fanny sang in many a charity concert and attended many a ball merely to please him; and if sometimes it struck her with a sudden sting or pang that she was so exhibited, that perhaps there was a lack of delicacy in his boastful admiration for her, she smothered every outcry of pain and went her way. He did love her; his devotion surrounded her as with a shield. There were members of his own family who might have struck at her had they dared, but he never let them dare.

As Fanny looked, sitting at the window, a more classic face than hers might easily have been found. Her nose was audaciously pretty, but its outline was the very defiance of Greek symmetry; her rose-tinted cheeks were roundly globed. The whole dignity of her beauty lay in the broad white brows, the large, soft, luminous brown eyes, and the mouth, expressive of all sweetness, not very small, perfectly shaped, and with lines both of good-humor and latent firmness about it. Fanny's round white arms and throat gleamed from the lace in the neck and sleeves of her heavy silk; her listening head drooped sideways, and eyes looking out into the darkness, her shining hair so faultlessly arranged, complete the picture — a picture that found favor in the eyes of a young man who lounged at the fire. He was leaning back, a book between his fingers, regarding her from under his drooping eyelids with an air which expressed a certain impertinent admiration and intense self-satisfaction; a look he would not have cared to bestow on Fanny Greyson before the light of her full, steady eyes; but as Mrs. Greyson was wholly oblivious of his presence, her husband's nephew, George St. Andrew, eyed her as superciliously as he chose. He did not like "Aunt Fanny" over-well; indeed, George and his brother Austin had been taught by their mother to consider themselves the heirs of the wealthy old bachelor-uncle who had been their guardian, and they had not hailed the arrival of his young wife with very sincere joy. But George considered himself a judge of fine women and fine horses, and he was bestowing his flattering approval upon the lady three years his junior whom he called aunt.

Mrs. St. Andrew was sitting in a large easy-chair opposite her son; a large, not unhandsome old woman, who idled away her long, weary

days without being much trouble to any one. She was essentially lazy, selfish and egotistical, like George her favorite son. She was not a strictly truthful person, but her little deceptions and hypocrisies were never malicious; and given the ease, the servants, and the money she desired, she read her novels, drank her tea, humored her own small whims, and always spoke pleasantly to those about her, especially to Fanny, whom she disliked as much as she troubled herself to dislike any one, because she was jealous of her.

Fanny's thoughts were far enough from sister-in-law or nephew as she sat listening and waiting. Cousin Honora was living now in the country with a married sister. She would not leave her sister to live with Fanny, though her young cousin had earnestly entreated her to; but she had sent Ernestine at last, in reply to Fanny's pleadings; and on this evening she would arrive for a visit of a month or two. Fanny was pondering over the past as she waited; but she had left the window at last, with an impatient step, and had just struck a few hasty chords on the piano when the carriage-wheels were heard. She quitted her seat and ran to the door. George St. Andrew rose, and saw his aunt in the hall stoop in her shining silks and gather in her arms a slight, childish figure. Then she led her little guest in—a slight, demure being, with a delicate-featured, lovely face, and a quantity of shining golden hair.

"Well, Silken-Hair, will you be introduced to me?" asked George St. Andrew, stooping and taking the little hand as he met the child's inquiring eyes.

"This is Mr. St. Andrew, Ernestine," said Fanny. "He means to be very polite to you, and I am sure you are going to like him particularly."

"I am your most obedient servant, Mademoiselle," said George, bowing profoundly. "What may I call you?"

"I am named Ernestine Ainsleigh," said the little one, somewhat perplexed by this tall, whiskered young man, whose manner seemed doubtful to her, and whom she addressed with much grave dignity. She shook hands with Mrs. St. Andrew, answering some questions about her journey in a soft, pleasant voice that suited with her looks; and then turning again to her cousin Fanny, asked her to take her up stairs.

In a few days Ernestine became perfectly at home in this new house. Certainly she had never seen such splendors before, such paintings, such silver, such carpets, rooms so large and beautiful; but she took to the luxury and elegance about her with a simple ease that marked her ladyhood. Fanny was devoted to her. Mr. Greyson petted the little fairy, as he called her, and her sweet childish dignity and simplicity won on all who knew her. She had one aversion, and her well-bred little efforts to conceal it were amusing; it was for George St. Andrew, who, singularly enough, was piqued by it, and made every exertion to win her fancy. He seated himself beside her once, as she sat on a sofa reading. Ernestine kept her place for a moment, and was then quietly slipping away, when he caught and detained her. Naturally a hot-tempered child, Ernestine's color rose, and she made a little effort to get away, but finding it fruitless, her struggles ceased at once.

"You are rude, Mr. George," she said, coldly.

He laughed, and lifted his face — that handsome, red-and-white, insolent face.

"Kiss me and I'll let you go," he said.

Kiss him! Women had called George handsome again and again. There was indeed a beauty of symmetry in his regular features, of color in his rich dark hair and eyes, his curling moustache and glowing cheek; but that odd impulse which makes some children repel a bad man made Ernestine vehemently dislike the uplooking face. She turned away her head; she was quite pale with anger, and spoke in a strangely gentle voice.

"Please let me go," she said. "I dislike you very much."

George suddenly released her.

"Well, Princess!" he said. "What do you think of me anyway?"

"I do not think you are a very polite gentleman," said Ernestine, walking off to the door. George followed her with his eyes.

"Ernestine!" he called, very beseechingly, "will you not talk to me a little? I have something to ask you."

She paused at the door.

"Come and talk. I will tell you a secret and show you something very pretty."

"What is it?" asked Ernestine, who had the Mother-Eve inquisitiveness.

"Something pretty — a picture."

"Won't you touch me?"

"Not once."

She returned slowly and doubtfully, as if half regretting the compromise with dignity, and asked, "Where is it?"

"You mustn't tell. Promise!"

"I won't tell."

"Look in this locket."

She drew near and looked eagerly. He had opened a large locket which hung on his watch-chain, and disclosed a beautiful face.

"Isn't she pretty?" he asked softly, smiling to himself at his success in enticing the child to him again. It was a point with George that no one of womankind should resist his will, and it absolutely pleased him to influence this mere child.

"Very pretty. May I touch?"

He gave the locket into her hand.

"Do you love her?" she asked.

Perhaps nobody would have believed it who knew him, but George suddenly blushed, and very red. He jerked the locket away and shut it up.

"You little monkey! Don't you tell anybody there is a lady in my locket. Stop! don't be angry, Princess. Don't go; I want to tell you about her. This beautiful lady is very sick."

"She looks fit to go to heaven," said Ernestine. "Will she die?"

"Perhaps she will die," said George, with a spasm, as if of pain twitching his mouth; "but I doubt of her going to heaven," he added, with an odd, bitter smile.

"Is she not very good?"

"Not very," said George, coolly; "but she is far better than I, poor dear! Princess, if she lives I think I will marry her; and if she dies — she is not to die!" he cried, with sudden vehemence.

"Mr. George," said Ernestine, softly, after the abrupt silence, "I am very sorry about her." And out of the woman's pity in the childish heart she suddenly gave the kiss desired. It was the only willing kiss he ever had from her.

Austin St. Andrew came to his uncle's home at Christmas from college. He was a grave, quiet young fellow, and showed little affection to any member of the family. He was not so handsome as his brother, but he had the same commanding figure and dark complexion. His face was square-cut, well-featured, rather pale than flushed. There was an air of reposeful power about him; one felt that a keen, evenly-judging mind looked out from the warm darkness of his eyes. He had a nobler intellect, but not so brilliant a manner as his brother, more true feeling and less sensuality. Any one would put confidence in Austin, a few people would love him; but his polite, grave manner had somewhere a sting of scorn in it. People felt instinctively that he believed in them and in nothing without the strongest proof.

George and Austin were not intimate, having few tastes in common. The elder was noticeably the mother's favorite. To his uncle Austin was perfectly respectful, and Fanny he seemed really to like. He would sit by her side with an air of quiet satisfaction that pleased her as long as she would play or sing for him, and Fanny seemed to him always bright and pleasant. She certainly kept a charming house, and entertained all company with ease and elegance. Fanny at twenty-one was "*the* fashion" in a fashionable circle; yet few who knew her as a charming hostess, as the belle of a ball, as the princess of sweet singers, would have known her as the gentle woman who bent with an odd feeling of almost maternal tenderness over the couch of little Ernestine, and looked upon the golden head and flushing cheek with loving eyes. Ernestine was only eight years younger than her cousin, but with her slight figure, her air of perfect simplicity, she still appeared like a very young child, and as such Fanny and every one else regarded her.

It was a week or two since George had shown Ernestine the picture in his locket that he came in one evening looking paler than his wont, and called Ernestine back as she was ascending the stairs.

"Stop, Princess, and say good-night. Come here; I have news to tell you." And then taking her little hand as he stood on the stairs, he said, "My beautiful lady is dead."

"Oh, Mr. George!" The child's accents were full of real distress, and her eyes began to fill. George stood silent a moment, and then kissed the little hand he held, and saying abruptly, "Good-night, little girl," turned off and walked down the hall.

Ernestine watched him next day with pitying eyes. She did not really like Mr. George yet, but she was sorry for him; and he taxed her sympathy unmercifully by making her serve and pet him during the three or four days following while he remained at home. At the end of that time he roused himself, and went out gorgeously attired to

the opera, and thenceforward seemed to our little lady gayer, rosier and more disagreeable than ever.

Austin St. Andrew first broke the pleasant family-circle gathered at Mr. Greyson's that Christmas by his return to college. In the spring little Ernestine went back to her mother, and George and his mother took a summer-trip, leaving early in June. Changes passed over them all. The awful, the stupendous change that ends this visible life came suddenly to one: Mr. Greyson crossed the dark and rapid river of death in the sleep and silence of night. Fanny Greyson, not yet twenty-two years old, was left, young, beautiful and wealthy, the widow of the late capitalist Richard Greyson.

The blow fell more heavily than most expected it to fall. She grieved passionately, for her nature was affectionate and her husband had been kind and true. So young, so cast adrift from all earthly ties, she felt very desolate. She insisted that her husband's relatives should still make their home with her. With the exception of a few thousands to each of his nephews, Mr. Greyson had left everything to her. In event of her second marriage, indeed, the property was to be divided between his two nephews, and she was to have only ten thousand dollars, the sum she had brought him; but while she remained a widow—and it was not likely that she would do anything less sensible, as her sister-in-law remarked—the income of an estate worth some three hundred thousand dollars was her own, and if she died a widow she could will it as she pleased.

Fanny was in her twenty-fourth year, having been already two years a widow, when she and Ernestine Ainsleigh entered Mrs. Greyson's parlor-door again, one November evening, after a journey together.

CHAPTER III.

Austin had been the topic under discussion with George St. Andrew and his mother, as they sat awaiting the arrival of Mrs. Greyson and Ernestine. It was a source of great vexation to George that instead of settling down, as they had done, to receive from Mrs. Greyson their place in her house, the expense of their horses, carriage and servants, which she maintained with her own, Austin had taken an independent course. He had bought George's share in the old homestead, and gone to farming there, in a poor way, not having capital enough to repair and thoroughly cultivate it, and yet determined not to sell it. George's wrath rose every time he thought of it.

"He can barely exist on the wretched old place; and besides, he was born to be a student, not a farmer. And it doesn't look well for him to go off in that style. I am deucedly ashamed to own him, too; one doesn't care to speak of a brother living like an owl in the desert. People will imagine we've hidden him off there because he's mad or disreputable."

"Hush grumbling, George, do!" said his mother sharply. "Listen! Is that the carriage?"

"No," he answered, after a moment's silence. "Well, she'll soon come. Confound it! if Uncle Dick had never seen her, we should have fared well. And the folly of a will like his! She will remain

a widow of course ; she has all the good the world can give. She can continue to lead the fashion as she has always done ; her house can be the centre of gayety, she can have endless admiration and plenty of sly flirtations. Zounds ! she's at liberty to be as fast as she pleases, just so she don't marry !”

“ She has not been attempting to lead the fashion just yet, at least,” says Mrs. St. Andrew, carelessly.

“ Wait till she begins !” George answers, with a low laugh. “ Heigho ! I wonder if that little Ernestine will have the spirit to be worth a gentle flirtation ? ”

“ She may be worth more. Fanny will certainly leave her every cent she has ; she would give her the half of her kingdom this minute.”

George whistled. “ Thanks for the suggestion, *madame ma mère*,” he said, rising and stretching himself with a superb insolence of manner which his glance at the mirror seemed to fortify. It was not two minutes before Fanny Greyson and Ernestine Ainsleigh crossed the threshold.

Ernestine was sixteen now, and had attained a graceful stature. Her features were delicate and regular, her eyes dark gray and very beautiful, and her mouth sensitive, but not weak. Her laughter changed her face completely from the grave, not unattractive womanliness of the look it bore in repose ; when she smiled, the dimpling cheeks, the shining eyes, her pretty laughing mouth and perfect teeth, the delicate complexion and golden hair, seemed all to bear the stamp of childhood still.

George found it easy to like this fairy child ; and his devotion soon grew so apparent that Fanny began to open her big brown eyes and look on with interest. Few women have the strength of mind to refrain from meddling in an incipient love-affair. Fanny had the folly to speak with George St. Andrew on the subject. He confessed his “ attachment.” Fanny knew him too superficially to know the evil in him, and she said, warmly :

“ If you can win my little Ernst, George, don't hurry her, but by-and-bye my husband's nephew and my own darling will be welcome to all I possess. Oh, it will be so right and fit ! And you shall take half upon your wedding-day.” And so they fixed Ernestine's fate between them.

Before that winter was over the Greyson house was thrown open to society. Mrs. Greyson had little dances or musical parties every fortnight. The gates to the smooth avenue were set wide ; the sombre old house was lighted up, and over the dark terraces music rang out in the frosty air.

Mrs. Greyson did not dance, but she enlivened and entertained the whole party. She usually wore heavy black silk relieved with white at her throat and wrists, and she sometimes added a knot of lavender ribbon or a white rose to her adornings. There were plenty to carp at and criticise these things, but Fanny was ever popular, and held her own well, fronting the world with those serene white brows and level, big brown eyes. Those who sneered at her, still sought her smiles ; those longed to be admitted to her set who

affected to censure her. Those who believed her cold and heartless were deeply swayed in her presence by the charm of her manner. Those who called her thoughtless and worldly acknowledged her to be clever and brilliant. She had some warm real friends and admirers, and hers seemed a fair and prosperous life. But after all, Fanny's womanly, sweet heart was fast asleep. She liked her set; she loved Ernestine; she had charity for the world, but the very heart of her heart kept a silence as she held up her head and walked her even path of life.

Ernestine was admired, praised and petted on every hand. People called her Pond-lily, Princess, Goldilocks; each had a fancy to fit the graceful young girl. George St. Andrew was in the first rank of her suitors. He was beginning to know her well now — to know her faults. He had seen the dangerous flash in the dark gray eyes too often not to know that she had a high temper. In one of her angry fits she would astonish him by a moment's violence, but her sudden pallor and trembling self-control showed that she was trying to overcome her fault. She was very pure and truthful, certainly; that widowed "Cousin Honora," living in the Virginia mountains, must have been a good mother to have a daughter so peerless in these respects. But Ernestine was a little *too* religious. There was the making of a fanatic in that little being, for all her whiteness and softness and golden lights. George had to lay aside his ridicule of church and creed; she lost all the softness and wavering of youth, all patience, moderation and charity in answering him. Fanny was a worldly woman perhaps, but she held religion in reverence; yet she was not apt to be severe on those outside of the church. She could even, to Ernestine's surprise, believe a man to be a Christian though not a churchman; to be a good man, though he doubted the creeds.

"You take things so easily because you care much for nothing," Ernestine once said.

"I care a great deal for many things," said Fanny. "I love my kind as well as my church. I love human beings, saints and sinners. God does that, only in an infinite measure, as I can't."

"Do you believe that He loves opera and theatre dancers, and circus people, and gamblers and drunkards?" asked Ernestine, severely.

Fanny eyed her in surprise. "I could not doubt that He loves every living soul," she answered. "Oh, Ernestine, what will soften that cruel, bigoted little heart of yours? There is such a strange mixture in you! Some of your prejudices are pure and right, and some are bitter and severe and wicked. My dear, with our little minds let us not set limits to the goodness of God; our duty is to love Him as well as we can, and to trust to His love to save us wholly."

"Cousin Fanny, do you think it will foster our love for Him — this theatre-going and party-giving? I have not yet been to the theatre, and we are going to-night. I want to go dreadfully, but some good people think it so wrong. If I thought it would do me harm, I would not go. Do you think it will?"

"You must decide for yourself after trying it. Temperaments

differ. To some people it seems just a means of culture and of joy, and leaves them unhurt; other natures it jars against and injures. No man may judge his brother. You must suit yourself. I believe in no teacher as in experience."

"My cousin Charlie Drummond spoke to me about theatres before I came. Aunt Mary, with whom Mamma lives, is his mother, you know, and she and all his people are rather strict and opposed to play-going. But Charlie is not. He says a good play is a rational and literary entertainment. I would do almost anything Charlie sanctioned."

"You must think a great deal of him."

"Yes. I wish you knew him. Oh, I love him dearly! And he is the only first cousin I have in the world, you know."

The theatre is filled that night. Occupying good seats, one may readily recognise the handsome woman in light mourning. That elegant fellow in her party is George St. Andrew, and between the two sits our novice, with a fair young face flushed with excitement and expectation. An actress of high reputation is starring it, and has on the authority of the play-bills a competent company. Ernestine, with her book-culture, her high ideals of acting, her natural taste and discrimination, sits prepared for an illusion, a perfect vision of the true spirit of the drama. The curtain rises, the house is hushed, the scenes are enacted, and the play goes on. The actress is great indeed, for her part of the tragedy is well-rendered; in spite of all obstacles she is true, is awful, is pathetic, but she cannot do everything. The company is poor. One grins when one should look melancholy, and with a low laugh rewards the speeches of actors who are striving to impress the audience with—themselves. The scenery and stage properties are defective. One recognises and criticises the *play* all along; the play never seems a reality.

The curtain falls, the overcoats are donned, the wrappings gathered up; the audience generally is pleased. Ernestine is arisen from her seat with hot dry lips, weary eyes, and a disappointed, feverish feeling. Her keen expectation of something better has kept her excited all through, but she has not been satisfied, charmed, fascinated, as she had hoped to be.

"Did you like it, Ernst?" asks Mrs. Greyson.

"I do not feel used to it; I feel bewildered," is all Ernst can reply, and the answer is received with an indulgent smile.

She goes to the theatre next time "to see something lighter." It is a society-play, and there is a brief after-piece which is thought very funny. The company is fair, and several characters equally well sustained, which is all an unimpassioned spectator could say; and yet the company is immensely popular, and draws crowded houses every night it is in the city. Ernestine decidedly wished to have a good time, and sometimes she laughed very heartily, either because of the wit in the play, or because of the contagion of the laughter about her; but unconsciously a grave look stole over her face very often. The play was considered remarkably refined, but its wit seemed often gross to unaccustomed ears. The dancing introduced was particularly modest, but it looked very bold to eyes unused to it;

and the wonder and disapproval that flushed Ernestine's cheek it had been as well not to excite. Theatre-going or any diversion which had in it shocks to the subtle, delicate feelings of that little being called Ernestine — the sixteen-year-old creature with the deep-searching, wistful eyes and sensitive mouth — was a sin against her character.

Fanny Greyson soon felt it so. She herself was a large-natured woman, with rare qualities. Fanny could seek out the knowledge of good and evil; she was worldly-wise; she had a large charity that could cover, not impurely, many sins; she could separate between right and wrong, and between the offence and the offender, with nice discrimination; and though not childly-innocent, she was virtuous and good. The sight of sin, the violation of good taste, therefore, did not touch her to the quick, while still she had nothing in common with the offence. But Fanny felt that Ernestine had different characteristics, fostered by a different life. Perhaps the child loved the pure and beautiful more than she, the opposites being more painful to her; she could not, like Fanny, eye things unlovely with disdain, but coolly.

"Ernst," said Fanny, "have you decided whether or no you will go to the theatre again?"

"I am so 'green' that I feel out of my element there," said Ernestine. "I should have to get used to it before I could enjoy it."

"There is no need of your getting used to it," said Fanny. "In getting used to it you would have to do violence to your feelings for some time, and I do not know that a changing them would be to any good. It is as well that you have tried it, I believe. If such amusements had been always withheld from you, you would have felt mulcted of your share of world-seeing by another's will, and never have felt satisfied about it. But you have been made, my dear, as some rare women are, with a natural aversion to things that may be unsafe. I do not know whether I am glad or sorry not to be so sensitive as you; at any rate, I am not. And Ernst, my love, because you do not like the theatre, don't blame others who do. Others see objects from a different point from yours. You have no right to judge another."

"Cousin Fanny," cries Miss Ainsleigh, "I would like to have your wise tolerance. You are all-sided! You do not laugh at me, though you are not like me. You do not blame anything."

"Oh, yes, I do, Ernst!" Mrs. Greyson says, laughing. "I should be in a bad way if nothing was repulsive to me: but if I find that anything is, I do not wish to say so unless I can serve some good purpose thereby. But now, Ernst, tell me truly, can you have charity for me and others who find enough enjoyment in the plays to choose to see them?"

"Of course!" in some surprise. "Do you suppose I think my feelings infallible? Can't you believe that I admire you more than myself? No, Cousin Fanny, you shall not teach me in vain. I see how much better and lovelier one can be without being bigoted and prejudiced."

George St. Andrew was Ernestine's trial. There was scarcely a

taste or feeling which they had in common, yet from their living in the same house, and from receiving various kindnesses and attentions from him, Ernestine was forced to allow him a certain intimacy. She had never been so much thrown with any other man except with that cousin Charlie Drummond, in the mountains; and George knew how to advance, step by step, this intimacy, and ensnare his prey, who might tremble and struggle and resent her imprisonment, and yet was his captive. His perfect self-possession abashed and silenced Ernestine. If it seemed to him natural and right to put his hand on her shoulder, as they stood singing trios with Mrs. Greyson; if he took her hand, in his matter-of-course way, or carelessly touched her hair, while Ernestine instinctively resented it, she was averse to displaying uneasiness or displeasure, since he behaved so naturally and assuredly, and as Mrs. Greyson never noticed his conduct. "They think I am still a child," she meditated, indignantly; but as she saw it displeased Fanny when she made any of her vigorous speeches about George's failings, she kept silence.

George found a new zest in life since he had met Ernestine. He enjoyed tormenting her. He could watch the dangerous spark kindling in her fine gray eyes, and was cautious not to provoke her too much; but it was irresistibly good sport to carry on this wordless teasing, silencing, and controlling of the graceful, passionate little being. She obeyed his looks and gestures now as if against her will, but still certainly. George thought it would be a good thing to have a wife who would never allow life to become monotonous. Indeed, in his musings over a cigar he came to the conclusion that he was honestly in love with her; that she was absolutely charming. That she would eventually be his wife he entertained no doubt.

CHAPTER IV.

It was in June that Fanny and Ernestine, with George on duty as escort, set out to go to the mountains of Virginia to see "Cousin Honora," at her sister's home. Mrs. St. Andrew remained at the Greyson place, satisfied to enjoy its solitude and comforts for a season, and planning a trip for herself later in the season. The Drummonds had consented to receive Mrs. Greyson and George St. Andrew as summer boarders. It was the custom of the neighborhood, since the war had left the once wealthy farmers stripped of all their possessions save some hundreds of acres each, which not one had the means to cultivate as of old. The Drummonds were of that good, hospitable Virginia gentry which the State is proud to own. They were still wealthy, though not as lavishly surrounded with luxury as in the old days; and Fanny Greyson and George St. Andrew were allowed to become their guests in this way, only that they would thus be more certain to remain so long as they were pleased and happy there.

Days of storm had preceded their departure; but at last came a royal morning, a morning with a cool blue sky filled with soft white clouds; a day when the earth lay rejoicing in sunlight, and the freshened foliage was all tender and green. They hastily completed

their preparations for the journey, and on the next day took wing. The recent storms had left the country through which they went fair and fresh, but it had destroyed as well as renewed : fences were torn down, outhouses and old buildings left in ruins, even trees uprooted, broken, or stripped of many limbs ; gulleys and banks had been washed by the torrents, and the trains moved more slowly than usual along the track ; and on the second day of their journey, the day on which they expected to reach the Drummond farm — "Westlook" — the weather began to threaten again. All the morning a lowering sky hung over them, and when at two o'clock they left their train at a little "Junction" where they expected to take a branch line, they were told that the trains were not running, as the track had been injured and was impassable five miles below. What to do now ? On this branch line they were to have gone nine miles only, at the end of that distance they were to take a stage and ride over four miles of a bad mountain road, which was bad enough — but now !

George decided that the ladies could not remain where they were. The Junction was a miserable little place, and the only inn a poor affair, which had no fit accommodations for the party. The proprietor served the disheartened travellers with as good a meal as he could furnish ; and while they were eating, large drops of rain began to fall. The idea of being imprisoned here through several days of storm made George desperate. He inquired if a carriage could be hired from any one. A stout, phlegmatic young negro was introduced as a hack-driver, and assured them the distance to the Drummond farm was only fifteen miles, while the innkeeper said it was nearer twenty or twenty-five. George went to look at the horses : they were large, steady, strong-looking animals ; the carriage was shabby, but stout and sound. George hired the conveyance, returned to the inn, made arrangements for the bulk of their luggage to be forwarded in time, and had a little of it brought out to go with them, and, after some delays, the more than half-reluctant ladies and he were on the way, the driver having engaged to perform the journey in four hours at the farthest.

Through the heavy rain, along a miserable, rocky road, the carriage was being slowly and wearily drawn when night began to gather around the travellers. Finally, with half an oath, George declared that the driver must have lost the way.

"We shall never reach our journey's end !" said Ernestine, with a sigh. George, who had been shaking at the window, trying to let the glass down for the purpose of making inquiries, now turned to her.

"Poor tired child !" he said, "I'll bring this day's journey to an end very shortly. You are worn out," and with a kick and a shake he loosed the cranky slide, and put his head out of the window.

"Hollo ! you, sir !" he called, peremptorily. "Do you know where you are ?"

"Yes, mars'r."

"How many miles from the tavern ?"

"'Bout nine, I think, sah."

"How much farther to Mr. Drummond's ?"

"'Bout eight miles, sah."

"Rascal! you said we had only fifteen miles to go when we started. Where's the nearest inn?"

"Whar we's done lef', sah."

"Whose is the nearest house?"

"Mas'r Austin St. Andrew's is 'bout a mile off, sah."

"I say," said George, drawing in his head and turning his red, flushed face to the ladies, "my sociable brother Austin lives near — shall we call on the hermit for entertainment? We must stop short of the Drummonds, I see."

"Oh, by all means, take us to Austin's!" said Mrs. Greyson, roused. "He shall receive us, and he will be glad to see us too, I am sure. George, order the man to drive there at once! I should die with five miles more of this road."

George gave the order, and the carriage trundled on. It grew quite dusk. The ladies sat weary and silent in their corners, with closed eyes. Ernestine, fatigued to exhaustion, actually fell into a light slumber, and woke in five minutes to find her head on George's shoulder and his arm steadying her in her sleep. Whether this was meant for a kindly attention or an unwarrantable impertinence Ernestine was too bewildered to conjecture. She would have withdrawn from him without a word, but he held her firmly.

"Make yourself comfortable," he said, in a low, but quiet, positive tone. "Be sensible, Ernestine; don't let me think you so notional, my child."

The frank-sounding words controlled her a little, but she was not passive long. Persistently and silently she tried to remove his arm, until by his alternate firmness and yielding, and a smothered laugh from his lips, she perceived that he was only amused and was making play out of it.

"I despise you from the bottom of my heart!" she cried. "If I once get away from you I will never go near you again — never! A gentleman would not annoy me so. Let me go!"

"So, Spitfire! Are you done?" he said, coolly.

"You shall be called to account for this, sir!" she answered, stormily. "Some people love me, and will show you your place as a coward and an impertinent! There! Will you let me go? I will call out and wake poor Cousin Fanny."

He had released her, but was laughing, "Do not call out your champions, Princess," he said. "Forgive me, *petite*, if I offended you. My desire is to be your champion myself, and I shall not readily be induced to resign my place."

The carriage stopped. "Where are we?" asked Mrs. Greyson, starting up.

Beside a broad wooden gate and a tall rickety fence they had halted. Beyond, in the gloom, stood a sentinel row of gaunt, half-foliaged poplars; still further was a neglected lawn or yard, and a large, spectral-looking white house.

The driver gave a call, for the place looked deserted and uninhabited. He was answered by distant whines and growls. A far-away door opened, and several dogs came tumbling and scrambling

forth, barking most furiously ; and presently a light glimmered and then stood still in the doorway of the negro cabin, one of the small dark outhouses built beyond the old dwelling-house, whence the dogs had issued, and a negro man, holding a lamp in his hand, demanded, "Whah is you? Who's dah?"

"Golly!" was the sole reply of the driver, in a tone of disgust.

George, opening the window, called out: "You Sambo!"

"Yes, sah!" promptly, for the negro now knew that he was speaking to a "white gemman." He silenced the dogs without leaving the shelter of his door, and then asked: "Who is you, mas'r?"

"Does Austin St. Andrew live here?"

"Yes, sah, shorely; dis his place."

"Is he at home?"

"Yes, sah."

"Step in directly and say that his brother wants to speak to him."

"Who, mars'r?"

"His brother; and be quick!"

The man set the lamp back in the room, recalled the dogs, and ran out in the rain across to the house. He came around the corner of the house again in a moment, and opened the shaky, unwilling gate. "Drive up to the front do', mars'r," he said, and peering into the carriage as it passed, he ejaculated, "Ladies! Ef it don't beat!"—

As the carriage stopped on the soggy lawn before the house-porch, the door was abruptly opened, and revealed by a lamp in the hall the tall form of Austin St. Andrew appeared. "George?" he called, inquiringly.

"The same," responded his brother, shaking at the carriage door with angry force.

"Oh, Austin, for mercy's sake take us in!" cried Mrs. Greyson at the same time. Promptly, but with astonishment, the gentleman advanced.

"Aunt Fanny! Well, this is both a surprise and a pleasure! What good wind has blown you to this out-of-the-way spot? You're very welcome. Ah!" as the door was opened and George stepped out, "How are you? Walk in at once. Let me lift you out, Aunt Fanny—give yourself to me, don't put your foot on that muddy—there!" And he swung her to the porch. Surprise and pleasure had loosed grave Austin's tongue. He turned back to shut the carriage-door, when another soft little hand fell into his own. "Let me help you too," he said at once, politely. He could not see Ernestine, and in his bewilderment could not imagine who she was; but lifting the slender creature to the light and the porch together, he suddenly recalled the face. "Miss Ernestine?"

"Yes, Mr. Austin," she said, smiling brightly in spite of her fatigue. Austin paused a moment and directed that the horses and driver should be made comfortable; then, leading Ernestine in, welcomed his unexpected guests to Poplar Hill.

The room in which he received them was large, carpetless, and with its not too abundant furniture in disorder. The chill and cheerless night had been shut out, however; heavy wooden shutters were closed, and a bright little fire made merry the dark andirons and big hearth.

A student's lamp burned brightly on a table in the middle of the room ; and on this table, which was of rosewood, heavily carved and dark, the one handsome piece of furniture in the room, lay many books. The comfortable leather chair near the table Austin gave Mrs. Greyson ; drew forward a low rush-bottomed chair with stumpy rockers for Ernestine ; helped George and himself to seats, and listened to their woes. He seemed very kind and pleasant, Ernestine thought. His establishment was very plain, but his bright, dark eyes and tone of cheery hospitality welcomed them to the best of it. The life of a solitary was evidently not the lot for which nature had cast him.

He had supper brought in very soon, and the servant reported a lull in the storm. They supped most comfortably ; the coffee was good, the bread, butter and milk of the best, and cold chicken and ham were brought out for them. After the man had taken away the dishes, Austin went out into the hall and held a consultation with him ; soon there was a noise heard in the next room, an old woman passed through the room in which they sat with sheets and towels over her arm, and at about ten o'clock, when the party at the fire had begun to be very sleepy, she opened the door leading into the next room, and said, with a bobbing courtesy, "Ladies, your room is ready when you is."

"There'll be a pallet to make in here, Aunt Maria," said Austin.

"Oh, Austin, are we routing you out of your own room? I am so sorry," exclaimed Mrs. Greyson, rising to retire.

"I shall have pleasanter dreams there hereafter," said Austin, rising and bowing with grave politeness as the ladies left the room.

Ernestine and Mrs. Greyson were left alone, the old woman having departed. Their bed-chamber was as large as the room they had just left. A little fire had just been lit in the fireplace there ; a shining brass fender and a worn rug lay before it. The floor was uncarpeted ; the two or three plain, common chairs in the room contrasted with a very high, dark old mahogany bureau, above which a small looking-glass swung in its antiquated setting ; and an enormous tester bedstead matched the bureau in age and height. One must climb three or four feet to get into it. In olden times, of course, mahogany steps, neatly carpeted, stood beside this lofty affair ; but the steps were gone, and their absence ignored by the tall and active owner of this Liliputian couch. As to Fanny and Ernestine, they laughed at the series of gymnastics they would have to perform in order to mount it.

A sudden, sharp patter of rain came against the window ; the storm had burst again. The cousins drew near the fire and sat wearily down without beginning to undress, for the redoubled violence of the tempest awed them into inactivity. Peal after peal of thunder rolled over their heads ; a louder crash than usual made Mrs. Greyson bury her head in Ernestine's lap and stop her ears ; for some moments she lay trembling with nervousness, a deafening peal succeeded, and Mrs. Greyson started up with a scream of terror. She was answered by a quick step in the next room, and Austin knocked at her door, crying, "Aunt Fanny, is anything the matter?"

Half ashamed of her own terror, Mrs. Greyson could not yet recover herself. She hurriedly opened the door. "I am frightened, Austin," she acknowledged. "Of course you are laughing at me."

"It is nothing to laugh at; the storm is grand," said Austin, serenely. "Come and look out of the window"—he had unclosed one of the shutters in the sitting-room—"the lightning is magnificent."

Mrs. Greyson looked at him in some perplexity. Did he seriously invite her to look out on the storm that so terrified her? Austin was quite grave, and held out his hand. She smiled, though pale with terror. "I had rather be at the fireside, as George is," she said, and crossed the room, taking a seat near the elder brother. Looking round as she did so, she saw Ernestine standing beside Austin at the window. As she looked, a blinding flash of lightning lit their faces—the delicate beauty of Ernestine's, awed yet eager, and the dark, clear-cut features of the young man at her side. Fanny shuddered at the long white light; but when its radiance died from the out-door scene Ernestine and Austin spoke together: "That was splendid!"

A moment after, George, who had picked up a volume of Dickens, read aloud a paragraph or two. It was irresistible in spite of the storm. Mrs. Greyson's merry laugh rang out, Ernestine's awe melted into mirth, and even grave Austin gave way soon, and closing the shutters, insisted that George should continue to read. The spirits of the whole party rose, and when at last the book was thrown aside, and Austin rose to look out again, Mrs. Greyson followed him. He paused before unclosing the shutters.

"If you ladies would like, we can go to the tower-room—there is a tower, Aunt Fanny, whence we can see the whole country. I have spent hours in that top room of a stormy night. You have no idea how in the heart of the storm one feels." There was a glow of enthusiasm on his face. "Miss Ernestine, would you like to go?"

"If Cousin Fanny would."

"I will go," said Fanny; "I do not believe I shall be so afraid again. Come, George."

"We must traverse dark passages and climb some stairs," said Austin, as the party crossed the hall. He opened the door to a dark room.

"We had best go two and two," said George, stepping forward; but before he touched Ernestine, Austin felt a little hand slipped into his, and she had said quite clearly: "I wish you would take my hand, Mr. Austin; I shall feel quite safe then."

Her manner was meant more for George than Austin, though she really felt an instinctive confidence in the latter; but Austin, as he took her hand, thought to himself that the little city-spoiled coquette need not try to use her pretty tricks with him. Still, this rather cold and suspicious young man took careful charge of Ernestine on their deviating way, loosing her hand only when the whole party stood in a small room at the top of the tower, with window-panes on all sides open to the sight of the storm.

"In the heart of the tempest indeed," said Fanny, after a pause. The lightning lit the whole room with its flame; they were encircled

with thunders, the wind moaned around them. The torn and jagged clouds flew over the sky, the rain fell unwearyingly ; but Ernestine stood with a face serene, though solemn, until in the darkness she felt George's outstretched hand touch her.

"Mr. Austin!" she called, involuntarily, hastily rejoining him. He turned from the window to her.

"Are you frightened? Shall we go?" he asked.

"Yes," she said, turning.

"I am glad you have enough of it," said Fanny, shuddering ; "nothing could be more dreary than this."

George pressed to Ernestine's side again and took her hand. She knew by instinct who touched her and cried, louder than she intended, "Don't!"

"What is the matter?" said Fanny, turning ; but Austin had suddenly divined the trouble.

"George, will you go first to the bottom of this flight?" he said ; and George went. "Aunt Fanny, these steps are straight ; will you go down? Miss Ernestine, give me your hand ; come down with me."

As they went down he felt the confidence of the soft touch in his clasp, and Austin was justly glad in knowing that it was natural to put confidence in him. His faults were discernible ; but many people had trusted him, and none unwisely. His honor was unimpeachable.

The ladies said good-night once more, and this time closed the door finally. In a few minutes Fanny and Ernestine were lying on the great bed, watching the dying firelight flicker on the wall, and soon both slept well.

[CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

SHOULD UNIVERSITIES BE PROVINCIAL?

"Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum."

THE New York *World*, the sturdiest and ablest opponent of centralisation in the United States, not long since, in commenting cordially upon Mr. Johns Hopkins' magnificent endowment of our coming university, so far forgot its principles as to regret that the money, instead of being used to create a new school in Baltimore, had not been applied to augment the already large resources of

Harvard or Yale, and so give the country at large at least "one great university." In a somewhat similar way, an esteemed correspondent, to whom I had made some flippant remarks about the organisation of the Hopkins University (a subject in which I suppose every thinking man in Maryland takes a great interest), suggesting that all the scientific and literary celebrities of the day should be invited to take chairs — Darwin and Tyndal, Proctor and Taine, Swinburne and Morris, Ben Butler and Bret Harte — rather jumped at the core of the suggestion, and thought it would be really wise, if only practicable, to fill every chair with "shining lights." I will not stop to inquire just now — though the matter is important to be considered in practical university organisation — whether the "shining lights" of science, art and literature burn so well and without fuliginous obstructions under the bushel of a university. But it does seem to me that a fallacy underlies both my friend's and the *World's* idea of the province of a university.

Historically as well as essentially, that which gives the university title to its name is not extrinsic but intrinsic. The comprehensiveness of a university dwells not in what it embraces, but in what it imparts. It is universal not as a fount of all learning, but as capable of bestowing upon such and such a one a *complete* education. The force of the name is hence concentric, not diffused; the proper university is a well, not a pond or swamp. It is necessary to punctuate this fact somewhat, for it has been hastily but very generally assumed that the essence of a university dwells rather in the *diversity* of the subjects it teaches (no matter how great a multitude of things it teaches, it cannot teach all, and hence has no proper title in that sense to be called university) instead of in the completeness of its instruction within the limits upon which the foundation of education must rest. So Webster tells us "A university is properly a universal school, in which are taught all branches of learning;" and our best encyclopædias are in doubt whether "*Universitas doctorum et scholarium*" does not mean a school professing to teach all subjects. But it is certainly the fact that the *historical* force of *Universitas* is exhausted in the one circumstance that such schools were *incorporated*. The privileges which Church and State conferred upon schools of philosophy or medicine or jurisprudence in a lawless age, made the vicinity of their professors' chairs attractive to students. These protective privileges, incorporated in charters, made the schools upon which they were conferred universities in the original sense of the word; while the effect of these privileges, in attracting scholars and bringing in endowments, enabled them to become universities in the later and derivative sense of the word. This is about all that there is of it; but it is sufficient to expose the fallacy of mistaking the real function of universities, a grave error and a very common one, to-day as well as yesterday.

In the Middle Ages, when universities were founded, the mistake took the shape of grasping at an encyclopædic assemblage of knowledge. To-day the error tends to promote an incoherence of multitudinous specialisms. In the eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth centuries there was a mania for classification, for gathering together

masses of facts and stringing them on feeble threads that simulated but did not really effect a rescue out of chaos. Thus Thomas Aquinas produced the "*Summa Theologiae*," Vincent of Beauvais his "*Speculum Quadruplex*," Glanville the "*De Proprietatibus Rerum*," Jacob Voragine the "*Legenda Aurea*," Peter Comestor the "*Historica Scholastica*," Peter Lombard his "*Liber Sententiarum*," Albertus Magnus those gigantic compilations (twenty-one volumes folio!) which made him the most prolific writer that ever lived; Roger Bacon his "*Opus Majus*," Balbi his "*Catholicon*," Accursius his "*Corpus Glossatum*"—all of them works of the giants, all in folio, none of them doing more than reciting a lesson learned *memoriter* and mechanically. The contemporary university teaching was upon the same plan of filling full the measure with all sorts and sizes of grain, "oats, peas, beans, and barley too," fulness being the crucial virtue. Because Aristotle wrote about everything the professors taught everything, and the student went away with his mind stocked with a farrago of unsorted and indigestible facts, or pretences of facts, like those in Pliny's Natural History. Alcuin's, Occam's, Abelard's *trivium* and *quadrivium* were deplorably thin and jejune, yet they taught the whole cycle of them—grammar, logic, rhetoric, arithmetic, geometry, music and astronomy—to all comers.

Turn to Professor Youmans' "International Series" of educational works on science for an apt illustration of the other extreme. Here will be perhaps a hundred volumes of works, each by eminent specialists; but they are not a series, there is no continuity about them, in no way can they be colligated together. In short, we are given the branches and leaves of a tree, but not the trunk and roots, nor by any manner of means the tree itself. Study upon this basis is no more education than study of the *Speculum Quadruplex* or of Peter Bayle's Critical Dictionary would be education. The university proper lies in between these two extremes somewhere, its location not precisely ascertained.

The university grew upon the root of the school. The divinity faculty of Oxford, the theologico-philosophical faculty of Paris, the medical faculty of Montpellier, the law faculty of Bologna, were all flourishing special schools before they grew by accretion upon those nuclei into universities. Ingraft the three branch faculties of law, medicine and divinity upon the stem faculty of arts and you have the ideal university. But Vincent de Beauvais' university is not a tree: it is a bag of pebbles; and Professor Youmans' university is not a tree, but a bundle of sticks. In other words, it is the province of a university to bestow, not universal knowledge, but a symmetrical education. It follows that we should not concern ourselves so much about the size of a university as about its goodness, and a small college upon a sound basis may be much more truly and efficiently a university than a large college upon an unsound basis. The educational work done by a university must be the sole measure of its qualities, and not the splendid names of its professors, the variety of its schools, the wealth of its endowments, or the beauties of its buildings.

In fact, nearly all universities have suffered from or are in danger of overgrowth. Centralisation is always to be dreaded, on general prin-

ciples, and if for no other reason, because it consumes more than it produces, and tends continually to consume more and produce less. This, because the very term implies a heart hypertrophied at the expense of impoverished extremities, an irregularly distributed circulation. Universities, after they have passed a certain stage of growth, exert very strong centralising forces. The body of men likely to have money to bestow in endowments are among their alumni. The wider their circle of influence the larger the surface over which they are permitted to forage, and the less is organised opposition to them likely to spring up.

Overgrowth in universities is almost the synonym of waste, of parasitic harbors, of atrophy, of decay, of pedantry and hide-bound archaism and obstructiveness. You can never get two millions' worth of usefulness out of a university already endowed with a million by bestowing upon it another million. Indeed, there is something appalling in the waste inseparable from rich endowments. Let any one who thinks well of a plethoric university read Sir William Hamilton's *Edinburgh Review* articles upon the condition of Oxford before its abuses were partly reformed by Parliamentary commissions. Let any one read Casaubon's account of Oxford in 1613 (as quoted by Hallam): "Everything proved beyond my expectation. The colleges are numerous, most of them very rich. . . . Learning is here cultivated in a liberal style; the heads of houses live handsomely, even splendidly, like men of rank. Some of them can spend ten thousand livres by the year. . . . None of the colleges, however, attracted me so much as the Bodleian Library, a work rather for a king than a private man. It is certain that Bodley, living or dead, must have expended 200,000 livres on that building," &c., &c.

As to the parasitic creatures that harbor upon large universities and rich endowments, their name is legion. The illegal or constructive fellowships and scholarships of Oxford and Cambridge cost more money than the entire income of an average American university. The proctors steal almost as much as the professors receive. *Ne sutor supra crepidam*—let not a university attempt financial operations. When George Berkeley came to this country upon his benevolent project of founding St. Paul's College, Bermuda, for converting the Indians to Christianity, he resided at Newport, upon a farm he had there purchased, while waiting for Sir Robert Walpole to move in the matter. When Walpole, in lieu of sending him the £20,000 promised, made the good Dean Bishop of Cloyne, Berkeley, returning to England, settled his little Whitehall farm, of ninety-six acres, upon Yale College, the income to go to the assistance of scholars. The farm was then estimated to be worth £3000. The Dean had entertained the project of laying it off into town-lots, and he had such extravagant notions of its prospective value that he is reported to have said: "In fifty years' time every foot of land in this place will be as valuable as the land in Cheapside." Yale College has a tenant on it with a lease for nine hundred and ninety-nine years, and the annual rent he pays is \$140! The estates of Oxford and Cambridge are most of them managed upon a plan as loose and wasteful as this.

When Oxford had 30,000 scholars, in the reign of Henry III.,

Anthony Wood informs us: "Among these a company of varlets, who pretended to be scholars, shuffled themselves in, and did act much villainy in the University by thieving, licentiousness, quarrelling, &c. They lived under no discipline, neither had they tutors; but only, for fashion sake, would sometimes thrust themselves into the schools," &c. Paris, with its 25,000 scholars, was in the thirteenth century a scene of infamy and corruption, such as the *Rue Chaulde* in Tours or the *lupanars* of Papal Avignon never witnessed.

A university that is overgrown is a university without a plan, without a central thought and a distinct objective purpose. It sprawls abroad, is divided up into a multitude of schools, is lost in the wilderness of specialism, on the dead level of omniscience. "Teaching everything, they teach nothing." Oxford and Cambridge in the final analysis are not great schools, but only collections of small schools, badly linked together by their university charter, and hurt and hampered by the jealousies and rivalries of the colleges — rivalries which are not emulative and jealousies which are selfish. Harvard, in its recent growth, has not grown out of itself, as the child and the tree grow, but artificially, as the house grows. New schools, new branches, new chairs, new studies, are added, rather than new efficiencies, new capacities for supplying the groundwork of knowledge. A mighty maze, and not without a plan, such a university may indeed be, but it will not always have an Eliot at its head, to supply with his exceptional genius the natural defect of incoherence which will surely disable it sooner or later. What sort of central thought can direct a university where Agassiz lectures in one chair and John Fiske in another — where the doctrines of Channing are taught from one desk and the doctrines of Buechner from another? Prove all things, hold fast that which is best — but here is an institution to which all sorts of opinions flow as to a common pool, where all are equally welcome, equally honored, and where no discrimination is taught or attempted between them. Opinions are well enough, but how is youth to acquire convictions but by being taught to decide between opinions which is the worthier? And what is education worth to a man unless he gain convictions by it?

Habent sua fata libelli, et Universitates. An overgrown university is soon a decaying one. Eton, Winchester, Harrow, and the other great public schools of England rose literally upon the ruins of Oxford and Cambridge in their period of decline, just as the London University and the Manchester College were founded, and Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen, St. Andrews, and other schools gained importance, upon the second childhood of Oxford and Cambridge previous to their reform by Parliament. The University of Paris was once the greatest school in the world. It was a world in itself. It had 25,000 students in the middle of the fifteenth century, it was divided into "nations," it had a civil and criminal government exclusively its own, and was totally exempt from the jurisdiction of the ordinary tribunals. The influx of scholars exceeded the number of citizens, and compelled Philip Augustus to enlarge the boundaries of the city. "Paris was called, as Rome used to be, the country of all the inhabitants of the world; and we may add, as, for very different reasons, it still claims

to be." Who names the University of Paris now? You may hear of the schools and colleges — the faculty of medicine, the faculty of law, the Sorbonne, and students are still proud to say they belong to the Colleges of Henri Quatre, or Navarre, or Sainte-Barbe, or others, but you hear of the University no longer. For all practical purposes it has ceased to exist, and the Rue de la Fouarre, once populous with the faculties and the nations and the colleges of the great university, is a desert of learning, where the owls of an antiquated theology hoot scholastically without interruption, and the satyrs and strange creatures of an effete metaphysic gibbering ask one another "*questiones quodlibeticæ*" without expecting or waiting for an answer.

Where are Bologna, Montpellier, Louvain, Salerno, Padua, Pisa, Alcalá, Salamanca? "They are gone," as Bouterwek said of the German academies, "and have left no clear vestige of their existence." They are as dead to-day as the schools of Alexandria, Samarcand and Balsora. They grew, became rich, became lazy, became hide-bound and obstructive, stood awhile in the path of progress, learning and true education, and then were brushed aside, forgotten or contemptuously ignored. It must not be forgotten that a university which is not a help is almost sure to be a hurt. Already, in the fifteenth century, Oxford was regarded as pernicious to true literature. The jargon of the followers of Scotus and Occam had so entirely driven out pure Latin that "*Oxoniensis loquendi mos*" became a proverb. Poggio was full of contempt of Oxford influences when in England in 1420. He says: "Men given up to sensuality we may find in abundance; but very few lovers of learning; and those barbarous, skilled more in quibbles and sophisms than in learning." Bacon often and feelingly animadverts on the fetters which the universities imposed on the investigation of truth. They had become "set" in their ways. They had crystallised in a certain form and method of study, opinion and belief, and would neither come out of these themselves nor permit others to do so. To differ with them and their establishments was heresy. According to Morhof, the Italian academies were instituted entirely to enable enlightened scholars to get out of the rut of pedantry, narrow-mindedness and prejudice into which the great universities had fallen. Cemeteries of dead and buried thought, the "classic shades" of the great universities are the only places where the ghosts of ideas still walk, are believed in, and thought to be alive. What the world knows to be but mortuary relics, the inscriptions upon tomb-stones and monumental urns, these fancy still to be living and vital utterances. How many of those grand universities of the past survive so actively as to be exempt from the force of what Herder said about them, that "not individual persons only, but schools and universities outlive themselves. In semblance their body still survives, while the soul has long been fled, or they glide about like shades of the departed among the figures of the living. Once they were useful, and there lay in them the germ of a great development. But all has its appointed limit. The form which still remains has outlived itself. They follow not the genius of the age, and incapable of renewing with it their youth, have thus fallen from their ancient usefulness."

The question comes at once, How shall we teach universities to preserve their usefulness? How prevent them from outliving themselves and becoming overgrown, effete, obstructive, hide-bound, pedantic? By confining them, their privileges, endowments and purposes within certain strictly defined limits, and compelling them to exert themselves continually, not to get out of bounds, but to be complete and perfect within bounds. They must be PROVINCIAL, in other words. "A little field well tilled" sums up the idea of a perfect university.

By the word "provincial" no mean, narrow local prejudice is meant to be served in any way. It must be the policy of every university to have absolute free trade in learning, and "*prendre son bien partout où elle le trouve*";* but *son bien* must be well understood and strictly defined, or the search for it will be all in vain. We must learn first of all to dissociate our notion of greatness from the most vulgar and least efficient mode of greatness, mere size; and that done, we shall better understand the needs of education which it is the privilege and function of universities to supply. A college course, a university catalogue, are just as liable to be overloaded as a college endowment to be overgrown. Doctor Newman cannot refrain from pitying "those earnest but ill-used persons who are forced to load their minds with a score of subjects against an examination; who have too much on their hands to indulge themselves in thinking or investigation; who devour premiss and conclusion together with indiscriminate greediness; who hold science on faith, and commit demonstrations to memory, and who too often, as might be expected, throw up all they have learned in disgust, having gained nothing by their anxious labors except, perhaps, the habit of application. Yet such is the bitter specimen of the fruit of that ambitious system which has of late years been making way among us. But its result on ordinary minds, and on the common run of students, is less satisfactory still. They leave their place of education simply dissipated and relaxed by the multiplicity of subjects, which they have never really mastered, and so shallow as not even to know their own shallowness. How much better is it for the active and thoughtful intellect, where such is to be found, to eschew the college and the university altogether, than to submit to a drudgery so ignoble, a mockery so contumelious! How much more profitable for the independent mind, after the mere rudiments of education, to range through a library at random, taking down books as he meets with these, and pursuing the trains of thoughts which his mother-wit suggests!"

All great universities, in the period of their greatest activity and usefulness, have been provincial, in the sense of deriving their liveliest and wholesomest forces from home (and therefore local) influences. Paris was so when thousands of ardent disciples followed the eloquent Abelard out into the wilderness of the Paraclete, starving and freezing if they might only hear and be taught. Oxford was so in what Anthony Wood styles the glorious age of the university, when Scotus, Occam, and their followers originated there their scholastic disputa-

* By no means let us translate this with Juvenal's verse: "*Unde habeat quaerit nemo, sed oportet habere.*"

tions. "I doubt," says the honest old historian, "I doubt that neither Paris, Bologna, or Rome, that grand mistress of the Christian world, or any place else, can do what the renowned Bellosite (Oxford) hath done. And without doubt all impartial men may receive it for an undeniable truth that the most subtle arguing in school divinity did take its beginning in England and from Englishmen; and that also from thence it went to Paris, and other parts of France, and at length into Italy, Spain, and other nations, as is by one observed. So that, though Italy boasted that Britain takes her Christianity first from Rome, England may truly maintain that from her, (immediately by France) Italy first received her school divinity." Bologna was so, with its special charter from Frederick Barbarossa, and its special expoundings of Justinian's code by Irnerius and his successors. Montpellier's characteristic teaching of the Arabic improvements upon Galen's system of medicine gave that school its chief celebrity; Toulouse was in its prime at the moment it substituted the Pandects of Justinian for the code of Theodosius. Wittenberg, only founded in 1502, had its sudden and brief glory as a school of philology and philosophy and the fountain-head of the inquiring German spirit, during the life of Luther, Melanchthon, and their contemporaries. An examination of the history of each of the great schools will show that the period of its culmination and greatest glory and usefulness was synchronous with the time when its local forces were most lively, and it responded most directly to some especial popular need in thought, philosophy, science or general inquiry. Education must be national, not cosmopolitan, if it is to be useful. The Japanese and Chinese youth who come to our colleges may learn enough to make good interpreters, but Western ideas cannot be driven far enough into their heads to expel the old Orientalism in which they were born and bred. They could *educate* themselves much better at home than they can be educated by our dearest professors. The Sultan has long had a heavily endowed and costly medical college at Constantinople, with a fine library, the best instruments, clinical opportunities in abundance, and a corps of able professors from France, Italy and England; but the Sultan's college makes no doctors nevertheless. Half the Turkish and Egyptian Pashas have received European educations; they are none the less Osmanli to the bone for that. They would have done better to stay at home studying the Koran cross-legged.

Germany had many schools and universities before A. D. 1400, but the little seminaries of the Gemeinesleben brotherhood gave the first strong impulse to the revival of learning and thought in that country. These modest schools taught better than the universities, and produced better scholars and better men. They were German, modern, local, and the work they did was prodigious. Groot's school at Deventer produced Thomas à Kempis and Erasmus. The school of à Kempis at Zwoll produced Spiegelberg, Langius, Hegius, Dringenberg, Liber, Wessel, and Agricola; Wessel was the teacher of Reuchlin, "*eruditorum alpha*"; Langius founded the school of Münster; Agricola introduced the study of classical learning at Heidelberg; Hegius went to Deventer and taught Erasmus, Buschius, Ortuinus, and other

great scholars ; Dringenberg taught Pirckheimer, Celtes, Simler (the preceptor of Erasmus) and Dalberg ; Liber was the preceptor of Croke. These men, and not the universities, introduced learning into Germany, in spite of the universities and the church. They found the schools teaching only the barbarous Latin of the schoolmen ; they were effete, pedantic, dying. Greek was heretical ; professors of humane letters were "winnowers of the devil's chaff" ; Pliny and Boethius, Ovid and Sedalius, Virgil and Mammotrectus, text-books all of the same consideration.* These things were only changed by the Deventer scholars after much persecution and opposition. Later, after the Reformation and the Thirty Years' War, the declining universities were only revived by the influence of the Jesuit seminaries everywhere started in opposition to them.

Here we see the true spirit of and the great danger from the overgrown university. Similarly Bologna, the forefront of reform to-day in the matter of the Civil Law, to-morrow is found active in obstructing the progress of classical learning ; Picus of Mirandola, who was there to study the Canon Law, had to go to Transalpine schools to study philosophy and literature. The study of Greek was not known in England until Croke (the pupil of Liber, and a graduate afterwards of Leipsic) introduced it at Cambridge. A party of "Trojans" at Oxford fought strenuously against Greek and on the side of ignorance. "Through all the palaces of Ignorance went forth a cry of terror at the coming light—'a voice of weeping heard, and loud lament.' The aged giant was roused from sleep, and sent forth his dark hosts of owls and bats to the war." "Ignorance, which had much to lose, and was proud as well as rich, ignorance in high places which is always incurable, because it never seeks for a cure, set itself sullenly and stubbornly against the new teachers." These are weighty words of Hallam ; they touch exactly the cause of the immobility and obstructiveness of such rich, overgrown and hide-bound corporations as the old universities in every collision with progress and reform. *Can* the old and established be reformed, except *ab extra* ? Does any one expect a Berzelius to give up the chemical doctrines he has held and taught for forty years, in favor of the later and better views of Dumas, Laurent and Gerhardt ? If anybody does expect such a thing, somebody will be disappointed.

But to reason. Let the reader ask himself why the schools of Deventer, Münster, Zwoll, Groningen, &c., did that for learning which the older and richer universities not only failed but refused to do. Those schools were national, provincial, and progressive, because imbued with the spirit of the age. That was all they had which the universities had outgrown ; but it was everything in the battle to be fought. This same thing made the difference between Arnold's school at Rugby and all the other contemporary schools in England. It has kept fresh so long the vitality of the Scotch colleges, which are nothing if not Scotch and modern. What Ruskin has so forcibly said about art applies equally well to education : "All our schools of design, and committees of taste ; all our academies and lectures, and journalisms, and essays ; all the sacrifices which we are beginning

*Sir Wm. Hamilton's Essay on "Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum."

to make, all the truth which there is in our English nature, all the power of our English will, and the life of our English intellect, will in this matter be as useless as efforts and emotions in a dream, unless we are contented to submit architecture and all art, like other things, to English law."

We have hitherto dealt chiefly with the disadvantages attending upon a university system not provincial; but there are besides some positive advantages which belong to provincial systems. Local colleges are more easily managed. Great universities are *calepins*, like the lexicon of him from whom the word is derived, too unwieldy for use. It is a shrewd remark of a very competent critic,* that "education is like war. A good plan of a campaign is an excellent thing, but victories generally are won by good fighting. A limited course well taught makes better scholars than the amplest not half carried out. It is not in what they profess to teach that the schools of the present day are apt to be defective." Besides, local provincial schools, under local rule, can be kept reformed, vitalised, and can be prevented from stiffening into the rigidity of age and blinking in the obfuscation of prejudice. But a great university, a powerful vested interest, a rich corporation buttressed about with immemorial customs, after having absorbed into itself all antagonistic interests, crystallises, ossifies, and is yet too strong, too stubborn, and too inert to be bent or led. Imagine all the college endowments of the United States, or even of New England, concentrated in the one school of Harvard, and attempt to reform its teaching, or correct its standard, or purge out its vicious methods *then!* Imagine a legislative commission attempting to interfere with the prerogatives of the haughty dons — "*fier d'enseigner ce qu'ils ne savaient pas*" — of a university with an endowment of ten millions. Imagine the provincial universities of North Germany, Koenigsberg, Greifswald, Breslau, Halle, Berlin, Münster, Bonn, Göttingen, Jena, Leipzig, &c., thrown together into one national affair at Berlin and presided over by a Whewell, a Lippius, a Casaubon, a logical hard-head impervious even to club-law — how far would even Bismarck's "blood and iron" serve him in attempting to coerce such a body, restrain, guide, or reform it? This, however, is what some doctrinaires in this country are trying to effect. They want to enact and endow a great "national" university at Washington, and give it currency as they did with the National Bank-notes, by taxing all antagonists out of existence.

How long would Germany continue to deserve its reputation as being "the best school-provided country in Europe," if its forty great schools and twenty-two universities were thrown into one? By far the greater part of those anxious to have the higher education, if they cannot obtain it near home, must do without. *Non cuius homini contingit adire Corinthum.* It is not merely that the means are lacking; the incitement of propinquity and convenience is a great matter. Examine any college catalogue and you will find that more than half the students are from the State in which the college is situated. Oxford and Cambridge have recognised this fact recently, by providing examinations for non-resident students, who, if they pass creditably, are

* S. T. Wallis's "Spain."

granted degrees, honors, scholarships, and fellowships, just as if they had studied under college tutors and eaten their commons in college halls. But this is practically making university honors and privileges an end, not a means; it is converting a college course into a mere "cram" for civil-service examination. It is not even what old Johnson hated, "a by-road in education"; it is a mere short-cut to the qualifications which education is supposed to bestow. If we are not misinformed, Harvard contemplates introducing a similar system. We sincerely trust this will not be done. We have smatterers enough already. The curse of the land is sciolism, superficiality — what Hamilton finds still bigger words for — "*πολυπραγμοσύνη* — vielwisserey." If every dabster in the land can sit at home, cram in the intervals of measuring calico or forking dung, and then, by passing a factitious examination, secure a degree and a diploma, Heaven preserve us all! "The consciousness of ignorance is the condition of progress," but such a system as this offers a premium for self-conceit and snobbery, ingrained vices of our people already. It seems like a hard thing to say, but it is nevertheless so, that the *opportunity* (I do not mean the advantages) of education can be made too common. That pearl should not be cast before swine, nor left for rogues to steal it or strumpets to flaunt it. To use it rightly, a man should *earn* his education, as he earns other blessings in life. Sir William Hamilton has truly said that "nothing has more contributed to disparage the cause of classical education than the rendering it the education of all." I go further, and say that the fairest fields of education have been seized upon and abused by losel scamps, hirelings and rogues, dumped upon them by "emigrant aid" charities — vastly to the detriment of science, literature, truth and morality. These *mauvais sujets* would never have dreamed of a college course, nor of Latin and Greek, nor of theological or professional practices afterwards, but for the fact that they were lazy, and had the chance of six or seven idle years, that would cost them nothing, thrust upon them, so to speak, by ill-founded charities and misapplied endowments. To spoil a good navvy or a good stevedore by making a university graduate of him is wasteful practice certainly. The rationale of education is identical with that of art. "Wherever you can rest, there decorate; where rest is forbidden, so is beauty. You must not mix ornament with business, any more than you may mix play. Work first, and then rest. Work first, and then gaze; but do not use golden ploughshares, nor bind ledgers in enamel. Do not thrash with sculptured flails, nor put bas-reliefs on millstones."*

Will a university in Baltimore hurt a university in Michigan or Massachusetts, or will it benefit them? Will it be injurious to the cause of general education to have two universities, each provincial, in place of one *quasi* national? In the time of the Medicis "almost every Italian city was an Athens." Suppose all learning locked up in Bologna, or Padua, or Pisa, would its progress have been as rapid and great? What Paris or Bologna may adjust nicely to one mind and so teach genius to soar, another mind may need to find in the special excellences of Oxford or Cambridge, another in Bonn or Königsberg,

* Ruskin.

another in Edinburgh or Leyden. Must Leyden cease in order to encourage Leipzig? By no means. The grove of Plato was none the less great because of the lyceum of Aristotle, the porch of Zeno, the garden of Epicurus, the kennel of the Cynics. Harvard may go on and prosper teaching all she knows, yet still leave much for our coming university to teach, some of which Harvard might not be able to teach, no matter how liberally endowed.

The stream cannot rise above its source, and education is not a mere matter of quadrivium and trivium with modern amendments and extensions. A very grave matter indeed is it, concerning our honor and purity, the life of our spirit, quite as much as our intellectual growth. Well might Plato say that "man cannot propose a higher and holier object for his study than education and all that pertains to it." Well might Melancthon complain: "*Fuventutem recte formare paulo plus est quam expugnare Trojam.*" The defects of self-education are so many and so insuperable that public schools may not be dispensed with in any contingency. "Unus homo, nullus homo," is pretty nearly so. Except where the ambition and greed of study are supreme, the stimulus of emulation is necessary—"Sublatis studiorum pretiis, studia ipsa peritura." Self-education is nearly always unsymmetrical; it is always wasteful. The thought and labor which young Pascal gave to inventing the first propositions of Euclid would have sufficed, in school, to teach him all he needed to know of geometry. Self-education is undisciplined also, and discipline is the best part of education. The self-educated man lacks tools; he dresses boards in his own shop with his hatchet and jack-plane which he could have bought machine-dressed if he had frequented the mart. In the words of Isaac Disraeli, "The self-educated are marked by strong peculiarities. If their minds are rich in acquisition, they often want taste and the art of communication; their knowledge, like corn heaped in a granary, for want of ventilation and stirring, perishes in its own masses. They may abound with talent in all shapes, but rarely in its place, and they have to dread a plethora of genius and a delirium of wit. . . . This race of the self-educated are apt to consider some of their own insulated feelings those of all; their prejudices are often invincible, and their tastes unsure and capricious: glorying in their strength, while they are betraying their weaknesses, yet mighty even in that enthusiasm which is only disciplined by its own fierce habits."

What then do we mean by education—what is its end and aim? We mean a deeper force than that common idea of a process for furbishing up a few of "the more obvious and prominent of the intellectual faculties." Whatever is in us and about us capable of being cultivated and developed or improved, all that must be included and provided for in one's scheme of education, or it will be self-educated, or educated in spite of self. The sound mind in the sound body—that is part, but not all. The lyceum and the gymnasium, the lecture-room, the desk and the library—these do not yet meet all our educational needs. Helvetius was not far wrong when he said that "all the differences between man and man are the results of education." Locke was completely right when he said: "I think I may say that of

all the men we meet with, nine parts of ten are what they are, good or evil, useful or not, by their education." And if we mean with Herbert Spencer that education begins before birth, runs back into our remote ancestry, is influenced by food, soil, climate, the sky above us and the earth under our feet for centuries and centuries before we are born, we may accept all that Helvetius claims. Certainly the object of a complete education goes very far to touch us at all points, for it seeks to develop in us every source of power of which we are capable, and all the capacities of enjoyment which our environment admits of, thus going something beyond Milton's very perfect definition of the *public side* of education: "That I call a complete and generous education which fits a man to perform justly, skilfully and magnanimously all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war."

"The only fence against the world," John Locke says, "is a thorough knowledge of it." But alas! there are several worlds to know, and we must educate ourselves so as to make a reputable choice of the one we intend to try our harness in. There is a world which looks upon Benjamin Franklin's poor and mean maxim, "Honesty is the best *policy*," as the essence of the highest and loftiest morality. There is another world which consents, with Helvetius, to believe that "Virtue is the habitude of directing our actions to the public good." Is it not possible, had the Hopkins endowment gone to Harvard, that some of the beneficiaries of it might have come home with their eyes lifted no higher than Poor Richard's jail-door chalk-marked admonition? Is it not possible, with a Hopkins University in Maryland, and of Maryland, that our students may be taught the magnanimity of virtuous conduct irrespective of its private profit to the individual self? But to do that the Hopkins University will have to be eminently provincial. Where wealth is a synonym for respectability, and flattery an attribute of wisdom, surely the lesson of public virtue needs to be inculcated strenuously. Everywhere we see the reckless demagogue, the greed-soiled tradesman, the craft and falsehood of the self-seeker—sordid desires, low objects, base methods. What shall lift us out of this slough, what help to redeem, I do not say ennoble, our national character, if an education, generous and lofty, and fitting us for the comprehension and practice of public virtue, cannot do it?

Doctor Johnson told Boswell: "Do not *refine* in the education of your children; life will not bear refinement. You must do as other people do." A deep saying. Shall I send my boy to a college where he will be taught that two and two make five; that his sister ought to vote and wear pantalettes, and is a slave until she does; that it is worse to use tobacco and alcohol than to lie and slander; that the principles of morality are misty in some parts and rusty in others, but the principles of trade have attained to scientific accuracy? Shall I send him to a university where "*Graecia mendax*" and "*Graeculus esuriens*" are the chief objects of admiration, and the noble Roman is considered no better than he should be? Shall I expose him to *refinements* in teaching (or cruelty, whichever you please to call it) like those of Horace Mann or Father Noyes, like those of President White or Wendell Phillips? Shall he learn the gospel of

envy page by page with his Greek testament, and take in Communism *pari passu* with science? Must he sit under Père Duchesne in order to study algebra with Carnot? or cultivate Marat because he wants to cultivate Arago?

Is it necessary to assume that because a boy has been taught to read Alciphron and can do his geometry of three dimensions with facility, that his instruction has been equally full in the three cardinal principles of truth and honor and reverence? "Speaking truth," says Ruskin, very wisely, "is like writing fair, and comes only by practice; it is less a matter of will than of habit." A matter of education, a grave one indeed. Terrible to think of a frank, honest, ingenuous youth sent away to school and returning again white with the leprosy of Gehazi, a lie to all others and a lie to himself, irremediably rotten and doomed because false. And lying is such a kaleidoscope too: has pleasing pictures for all in endless variety. Here a fallacy, there an enthusiasm, here a politeness, there a policy, here a bit of tenderness, there a mere careless nonchalance—the principle must be planted deep indeed to bear one up against all these "masques and mummeries" of the siren. Honor is but self-respect vitalised and transmuted from a passive to an active principle. It is the salt of life, that keeps it from spoiling; it is the sweetness of society, that preserves its comity; it is the condition of freedom, that makes it tolerable. Honor is as lofty a virtue as justice, reaches quite as broadly, and touches besides some still more subtle senses. Reverence and obedience, "that principle to which polity owes its stability, life its happiness, faith its acceptance, creation its continuance"—if these virtues be not taught together with your physics and your metaphysics, your belles-lettres and ethics; if they are not naturally instilled into the minds of your youth as they learn books and things, woe to the teacher, for he is a slayer of the soul! "Whatever be the lot of those to whom error is an inheritance, woe be to the man and the people to whom it is an adoption!"

"*Aurum ex stercore Ennii*"—the Hopkins University comes late enough to profit by the errors as well as by the excellences of the older schools. I have exceedingly high hopes of our University to come. Organised with wisdom, administered with judgment, its endowment is ample to give us the foremost school on the continent. Its diploma can be made all, and more than all, that the diploma of the University of Virginia is. Its alumni may take rank among scholars, among gentlemen, among Christians, in any sphere of public and private life, such that the mere fact of being a graduate of the Hopkins shall be a passport everywhere. If it shall train up a class of our young men, teaching them how to advance the great principles of public conduct instead of allying themselves to the ills that are, the whole land will rise up to bless it. If, while promoting the progress of our intellectual development, it shall give us also capacity for and free play in "the minor charities and graces of life," not bestowing light without the halo of sweetness, we shall be thrice blessed in it.

I do not think it extravagant to hope all this of our University. It

may become all this easily if it make a good beginning. I have in my mind's eye two great institutions, remarkably successful, remarkably efficient, the perfections of which it will be easy to follow, the errors to avoid. One of these is the University of Virginia, founded by Thomas Jefferson. The other is the University of Leyden, one of the greatest of schools in the past, and still excellent, though suffering by the competition of the schools of Germany. The admitted superiority of the Charlottesville University is due to peculiarities in its constitution and its practical working entirely; and its success under this system has vindicated the system so far as its departure from common methods is concerned. Its discipline of absolute freedom, its practical enforcement of the principle of honor, which it tries to exemplify quite as much as inculcate, making the student pay for no more than what he receives and granting him no more than what he deserves; its thoroughness in every department, demanding zeal and industry as well of the professor as the student, and compensating both in equal measure; its sturdy and absolute ignorance of routine and precedent at every point where these are antiquated or in conflict with common sense—these features in its system are probably the chief ones which are worthy to be copied because their efficiency is proved.

The picture of Leyden rising to glorious fame and extended usefulness under the enlightened patronage of James Douza, is an incentive to enthusiasm and a study for wisdom. "He knew that at the rate learning was seen prized by the State in the academy, would it be valued by the nation at large. In his eyes a university was not merely a mouthpiece of necessary instruction, but at once a pattern of lofty erudition, and a stimulus to its attainment. He knew that professors wrought more even by example and influence than by teaching; that it was theirs to pitch high or low the standard of learning in a country; and that as it proved arduous or easy to come up to them, they awoke either a restless endeavor after an ever loftier attainment, or lulled into a self-satisfied conceit."* On this principle Douza went to work, ably aided by the curators of the university and the municipality of Leyden. The great Lipsius, the "Prince of Latin literature," had retired. The still greater Joseph Scaliger, the "Phoenix of Europe," was invited in flattering strains to come and fill the chair. Him succeeded Salmasius, invited, not to teach, but "*ut nominis sui honorem academiae huic impertiret, scriptis eandem illustraret, praesentia condecoraret.*" What was the result of such a spirit? "In the Batavian Netherlands, when Leyden was founded, erudition was at a lower ebb than in most other countries, and a generation had hardly passed away when the Dutch scholars of every profession were the most numerous and learned in the world. And this not from artificial encouragement and support in superfluous foundations, affording at once the premium of erudition and the leisure for its undisturbed pursuit, for of these the Provinces had none; not from the high endowments of academic chairs, for the moderate salaries of the professors were returned (it was calculated) more than twelve times to the community by the resort of foreign students alone; but

* Sir Wm. Hamilton.

simply through the admirable organisation of all literary patronage, by which merit, and merit alone, was always sure of honor, and of an honored if not a lucrative appointment — a condition without which colleges are nuisances, and universities only organised against their end." This is the University of that Leyden which contains, and honors, the graves of Scaliger and Boerhaave ; where the great library is of which Heinsius said : " I no sooner set foot in it and fasten the door, but I shut out ambition, love, and all those vices of which idleness is the mother and ignorance the muse ; and in the very lap of eternity among so many illustrious souls I take my seat, with so lofty a spirit that I then pity the great who know nothing of such happiness." This is that Leyden for which the winds and the sea fought that it might have deliverance from the Spaniards ; but not before its people had shown their courage, their constancy, their devotion, by laying the land under water and by standing the most terrible siege known in history. This is that learned Leyden whose fierce burghers made answer to the besieger that the men of Leyden would never surrender while they had one arm left to eat and another to fight with ; whose stern burgemeester, Pieter Adriaanzoon Vander Werf, when besought to yield in the extremity of famine, made answer : " I have sworn to defend this city, and by God's help I mean to keep that oath ! But if my death can help ye, men, here is my body ! Cut it in pieces, and share it among ye as far as it will go."

Baltimore has peculiar advantages as an educational centre. Her central location, the salubrity of her site and her beautiful environments ; the charm and decorum of her manners ; her great library, her art-schools, her musical attractions — all point her out as a fitting situation for a superior university. Here too are law and medical schools of distinction ; courts and hospitals in which to catch the elements of practice ; wisdom, bravery, probity, refinement among the citizens.

Let us have the University as quickly as may be, without tedious delays in perfecting its organisation. We need it, the country greatly needs the help of such instruction as we may hope it will impart. We are dying of demagogues and sciolists ; we are falling to pieces with ignorance and its besotting sins. Let us have some institutions once more amongst us capable of promoting and imparting rational thought and generous culture.

EDWARD SPENCER.

MEMORIES.

THAT sad, sweet face I see it yet,
 Those eyes so deeply blue,
 As April's first, soft violet,
 Whose fragrant petals still are wet
 With drops of sparkling dew.

Recalling oft those eyes serene,
 That face and golden hair,
 The pictures of the Magdalene,
 In old and dim cathedrals seen,
 Wooing our thoughts to prayer.

I see her still in reverie,
 Though months and years have rolled,
 All breathless and on bended knee,
 With missal and with rosarie,
 And crucifix of gold.

The altar, with its candles bright,
 Through clouds of incense gleams,
 And o'er the sculptures cold and white
 And marble floor, the vesper light
 Through gorgeous windows streams ;

And whilst the music swells and dies,
 The organ's thunders roll,
 Kneeling with large and tearful eyes,
 She seems an angel from the skies,
 Pleading for some lost soul !

I sit beneath the roof of whispering elms,
 Where oft when rose and orange flushed the skies,
 At twilight I have sat with one who lies
 Soft pillowed in Italia's sunny realms.
 Upon their aged trunks, now half-effaced,
 I read a name I carved with artist hand
 In bygone days, but which, alas ! is traced
 Upon a marble in a flowery land.
 I sit and watch the purple shadows fall,
 The fading clouds, the moon-rise o'er the sea ;
 I list the mocking-bird's sweet madrigal,
 The leafy tree-tops sighing plaintively ;
 All sights and sounds one image but recall —
 A fair, sad face I nevermore shall see !

SAML. SELDEN.

NOTES OF THE RECENT PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

IN a recent open letter to Professor Langley of Pittsburg, the French astronomer Faye gives a valuable summary of his celebrated theory of solar spots. In that theory the spots are vortices, and M. Faye declares, with an obvious thrust at his great antagonist Father Secchi, that in order to criticise his views it is not sufficient that one should know all about sun-spots merely; he ought also to have a profound theoretical and practical knowledge of vortices, whirlpools, cyclones, and the like. Now the theory of vortices is exceedingly imperfect. Writers on mechanics have usually avoided the problem. This missing chapter M. Faye does not pretend to be able to supply; he proceeds, however, to sketch its great outlines. Of the gyrations which may occur in the interior of fluid masses, there is an important difference between those which have a vertical axis and those which do not. The latter are temporary and unstable, while the former, which include the familiar cases of whirlwinds, waterspouts, revolving storms, &c., may have a regular figure and possess a surprising stability. M. Faye announces the following law: "If in a horizontal water-course there are produced, by any permanent cause, differences of velocity between filaments lying side by side, a gyratory movement about a vertical axis immediately results. It is of a conical form, is accelerated towards the axis, and descends. The liquid thus carried to the bottom by a regular helicoidal motion rises again tumultuously all around the vortex." The angular velocity of each particle as it descends the smooth funnel increases as the square of its distance from the axis diminishes. Great importance is attached to the fact that the gyration, whether right-handed or left-handed, is always a *descending one*. Another point of interest is this, that the vortex will move with the stream, like a floating body, but will preserve its axis vertical. These four characteristic properties of vortices, to wit: the rapid angular acceleration towards the axis, the funnel-shaped figure, the descending motion, and the floating down stream with its axis vertical—are abundantly verified by the observations of hydraulic engineers and the experiments of physicists. Then not only powders or oil spread upon the surface have been seen to be carried down and afterwards to return, but swimmers, and even boats and cakes of ice, have been engulfed and then rejected. Doubtless such eddies have been powerful geological agents in the erosion and denudation of the beds of water-courses and shallow seas. Masses of sand and stones, caught in a whirlpool and rapidly revolved upon the bottom, would form a tool of extraordinary power. Venturi remarked a century ago that the same cause would produce the same effect in gaseous currents. Thus inequalities of velocity in the lateral filaments of a horizontal atmospheric current will result in gyratory movements about a vertical axis, exactly like those which occur in water-courses, only the scale here is far grander when the

vortex is generated in an upper current. In such cases we see descending from the clouds a gigantic funnel, whose apex finally reaches the ground and begins there a work of destruction. The form of a water-spout is exactly the same as that of a vortex in a stream of water, and its mechanical action is of the same kind. Observation teaches us too that the water-spout formed thus in an upper current may descend to the earth's surface through a lower stratum which is in perfect repose, and that notwithstanding the resistance of this stratum the vortex follows the march of the upper layer, where it originated, and where its funnel debouches. Its axis of figure, however, is bent back below by the resistance, although the spirals of the vortex preserve their horizontal planes and their energy of rotation. One peculiarity of a physical nature belongs to water-spouts, or atmospheric vortices, which has no analogue in whirlpools. The upper air which is sucked down is colder than the moist lower air through which it passes. It thus often causes the precipitation of vapor around the spout, so as to envelope it in an opaque and visible sheath. Many meteorologists have held that there was a powerful upward draught in tornadoes and water-spouts. The fact, however, is just the reverse. M. Faye once hesitated indeed to make a positive assertion as regards cyclones and typhoons; but after a faithful examination of the records of navigators, he is convinced that these larger atmospheric commotions are mere vortices on a grander scale, and, like simple tornadoes and water-spouts, are mechanically identical with water-eddies and whirlpools.

Now, says M. Faye, if in the gaseous photosphere of the sun there exist horizontal currents, and if in these currents there are, from any cause whatever, permanent inequalities of velocity, then vortices must of necessity be produced. No hydraulician will deny this conclusion. Such solar vortices will be seen as circular depressions in the shining cloudy surface of the photosphere. But Carrington's observations demonstrate the existence of these horizontal currents of unequal velocity, and all astronomers since Wilson's time admit that sun-spots are depressions.

As in our own atmosphere, the temperature of the sun decreases from within outward, and near the surface are found vapors in a condition bordering upon condensation, we ought then to expect to find surrounding the solar vortices the same cloudy sheath that enwraps our water-spouts, with this difference that the envelope in the former case will be luminous, since it is composed of metallic vapors condensed at a high temperature. Moreover, as the sloping walls of these sheaths underlie the cooled materials which the vortex carries down, they ought to appear somewhat less bright than the photosphere. Finally, the central part of the solar vortex being occupied by a deep column of the same substances that absorb light so energetically, the bottom of the funnel should appear relatively black. Such are precisely the phenomena of the pores and spots, heretofore mysterious, with which the surface of the sun is thickly sown.

There is, however, an accompanying phenomenon which we do not observe in our own atmosphere, and which, according to our author, is clearly consistent with the second part of the law cited above.

Over the photosphere lies a thin bed of incandescent hydrogen (the chromosphere). This hydrogen is sucked down to the bottom of the vortices, and then rises tumultuously all round them to the surface. The buoyancy of this hydrogen, superheated by its contact with the hotter strata beneath, will cause it on its return to be projected with force enough to leap above its former level in irregular masses, presenting a myriad of fantastic forms. Such is the spectacle which the sun offers to us every day, and such, according to M. Faye, is the explanation of the red prominences of the solar disc.

The remarkable division which sun-spots often experience when luminous bridges are thrown across their cavities, are in his opinion exactly like the segmentation of a water-spout or cyclone on the earth.

In conclusion we must say that M. Faye's new resumé of his brilliant theory adds nothing to its force, and relieves it of none of its difficulties. The confinement of the spots to definite zones while the hydrogen protuberances occur all round the sun, and the association of sun-spots, according to Secchi, rather with the heavy metallic eruptions than with the mere hydrogen outbursts, remain unexplained. Sober readers will conclude that while Faye's hypothesis is perhaps the best we have, it is still but a hypothesis.

—Reclamations of priority in discovery are usually more interesting to the parties concerned than to the public at large. Professor Resal has lately made a claim of the kind, of more than ordinary interest, in behalf of a distinguished compatriot. According to him, the credit of having first announced the true theory of "timbre" is due, not to Helmholtz, but to the great French geometer Monge. Everybody knows that the sounds proceeding from different musical instruments are easily discriminated, even when they do not differ in pitch or force. Thus no one is in danger of confounding the sound of a flute with that of a horn or harp, although their notes may be in unison and equally loud. This nameless difference, which is neither pitch nor intensity, the French call "timbre." Its nature was an inscrutable mystery until the recent appearance of Helmholtz's "Theory of Musical Sounds." That philosopher pointed out the fact that musical sounds are almost always complex, consisting of a fundamental tone accompanied by others of higher pitch and concordant with it. The fundamental tone is usually the loudest and lowest of the group and gives name to it. Its companions constitute a set of harmonic riders, termed by Helmholtz "upper tones." Now different musical instruments emit the same fundamental sound, but furnish it with different "upper tones," or with the same upper tones but with different relative intensity. So may the same musical instrument if differently manipulated at different trials. Hence the great difference between the sound of the same violin touched in succession by a tyro and a master. So too the vowels A, E, I, O and U, sung by the same voice on the same key and with the same loudness, differ merely in timbre, that is in the upper tones accompanying one and the same fundamental. For Helmholtz proved that difference in timbre is due solely to a difference in the number, relative pitch and relative intensity of the upper tones which the musical instrument spontaneously super-

imposes on the fundamental. Pure and simple sounds have no timbre. He proved this by analysing, with appropriate instruments called "resonators," a given sound into its elementary sonorous factors, and then reproducing the original sound with all its timbre, by reuniting the elements thus discovered. Any one may satisfy himself as to this disintegration and reproduction of a given sound in a very simple way. Let him, at some quiet hour, sing a vowel sound under the raised lid of a pianoforte, and at the same time press down the right-hand pedal. He will have reason to be surprised at the fidelity with which his sound is mimicked and the vowel returned to him, though with ghostly feebleness. Helmholtz also showed that timbre was altogether independent of the order in which the upper tones entered into the "clang" or resultant sound; or in technical language, of the difference of phase of the constituents. This was at variance with one of the most prevalent previous conjectures as to the cause of timbre. It was often attributed to the *peculiar orbits* of the particles of the vibrating body. Now it is readily shown that these orbits are materially altered by altering the difference of phase of the component sounds in a "clang," while its timbre remains entirely unchanged.

Prof. Resal relates that while at Plombières in 1857, with Poncelet and de Senarmont, he happened to express one day in their presence his regret that no one, up to that time, had been able to explain timbre. Whereupon de Senarmont remarked that it must be due to vibrations of a special order, and very probably to such aliquot vibrations as are comprised in the series which satisfies the fundamental equation of vibrating cords, rods, &c.

M. Resal recited this remark in a recent conversation, as being, in his opinion, the precursor of Helmholtz's discoveries, when, to his great surprise, a gentleman present asserted that Monge was the real author of the theory of timbre, and in support of his statement put into M. Resal's hands an obscure volume entitled "*Théorie-acoustico-musicale. 1793.*" written by an artillery-officer who rejoiced in the name of Missery. In his chapter on timbre he cites, and cites only to combat, what he had heard M. Monge say, namely, "that what determined this or that timbre was only this or that order, and this or that number of vibrations of the aliquot parts of the cord from which the sound proceeded." M. Monge added, says he, that "*if one could suppress the vibrations of the aliquot segments, all sonorous cords, however different in material they might be, would certainly have the same timbre.*" This was uttered seventy years before the appearance of Helmholtz's volume. Viewed in the light of what we know now it was a weighty and pregnant sentence. It was however only the opinion, at best, of a very able man. It pointed out and would have justified a course of experimental research. But it settled nothing as to the theory of timbre, and if it had been known to Helmholtz, would not have superseded the slightest scintilla of his classic work. He has converted Monge's guess into an established law and extended it to all sources of musical sounds; he has invented apparatus for dissecting such sounds, and has pointed out in the labyrinth of the human ear a mechanism which, in all probability, is

employed in this very anatomy of the sounds we hear, and thus prepares them for consciousness. All this, and much more, has the great German done. Monge's remarkable and sagacious utterance, quoted above, no more detracts from Helmholtz's merit than did the anticipation of the law of gravitation by Hooke diminish the laurels of Newton, or the extravagantly praised speculations of Mayer lessen the solid worth of the labors of Joule.

F. H. S.

REVIEWS.

Three Essays on Religion. By John Stuart Mill. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

THESE essays of Mr. Mill are now for the first time given to the public. While they evidently lack the final revision which gives his style its peculiar combination of compactness with lucidity, they yet are very characteristic of the writer's mode of thought and expression. They have his logical precision, carried at times to the extreme that rather proves an assertion which no antagonist would dispute, than leave any link in the argument unsupported by proof; his careful avoidance of over-statement; and that fairness of mind that gives all opposing reasons their full weight—as becomes those in whom the love of truth is predominant.

The topics treated are three: Nature, the Utility of Religion, and Theism. The two former naturally precede the latter, since as arguments on the existence of a God must to a great extent be drawn from Nature, it is essential that we should first clearly define what we mean by Nature; while on the other hand it is essential (at least for a Utilitarian) to show that the belief in a God, and consequently the question of His existence, is of real importance to humanity. Of these essays we confine our remarks to the third, as the most important and the most interesting. In this he deals with the four great natural arguments adduced to prove the existence of a God; and this proceeding is philosophical, since, logically, the evidence from Revelation can only come after these:—in other words, we must have some ground for believing that there is a God, before we can consider anything that professes to be a revelation from Him. These four great arguments are the necessity of a First Cause, the general consent of mankind, the argument from Consciousness, and the argument from Design.

The argument for a First Cause, briefly stated, runs thus: everything that we know (which Mr. Mill very accurately corrects to "every event or change that we know") had a cause to which it owes its existence. Therefore we are reduced to the dilemma of assuming an infinite succession of causes (which is inconceivable), or else one First Cause, the origin of all the rest. This is an argument from analogy; but the analogy fails. For all the causes of which we have knowledge are themselves effects of other causes; whereas the First Cause must be uncaused, or self-existent, so differing in essence from the causes that we know, and not to be reasoned to from them. To this it is replied that the Will, as acting spontaneously, is an instance of a cause in itself. The answer is, (1) that the Will is always determined by motive, either manifest or latent, the contrary assertion being incapable of proof; (2) that a Will, so far as we have any conception of it, must always avail itself of a pre-existing Force, which it can not have created — in other words, that we can not argue from causation to creation; (3) that other agents have the power of producing in a much greater degree all the effects we perceive from Will. Finally, that the objection to the doctrine of an infinite succession of causes and effects being its inconceivability, the doctrine of one infinite First Cause is equally inconceivable, and thus as the hypothesis neither accounts for the facts nor removes the difficulty, it can not be accepted.

The next argument, that from the common consent of mankind, is the weakest of the four. That men in general should attribute phenomena for which they can not otherwise account, to the operation of a superhuman Being, proves nothing; it must be urged that the idea is "an intuitive perception, or an instinctive sense." But this can not be proved; and if it could, the conception of savage tribes of a Being who is only a stronger and fiercer savage, can not be conceived by any reverent mind as implanted in them by the Deity as evidence of His existence.

To the argument from Consciousness, it seems to us, Mr. Mill hardly does justice. That there is a sense of right and wrong, a sense of Duty apart from all considerations of advantage to ourselves or others, in the minds of all men with whom we need concern ourselves in a question like this, is a fact that is not denied. Not denied by even the extreme materialists, who account for it as a hereditary instinct, founded on a long series of experiences by the ancestors of the individual. Kant's view, that Duty of necessity implied a superior Being to whose law or whose will it had reference, though perhaps not demonstrated, seems to the present writer to have very great weight, outside of logic.

The argument from Design Mr. Mill considers the only one "of a really scientific character," and he states it thus: "Certain qualities, it is alleged, are found to be characteristic of such things as are made by an intelligent mind for a purpose. The order of nature, or some considerable parts of it, exhibit these qualities in a remarkable degree. We are entitled from this great similarity in the effects to infer similarity in the cause, and to believe that things which it is beyond the power of man to make, but which resemble the works of

man in all but power, must also have been made by Intelligence, armed with a power greater than human."

Of course Paley's well-known illustration of the watch is quickly disposed of. A man finding a watch on a desolate island would know that it had been made by man; but it is only because he has previous knowledge of watches or of machinery. A savage would probably take it for an animal; and an educated man would draw a similar inference "from any relic which experience has taught him to attribute to man," whether it exhibit design or not, as a footprint. Without the previous knowledge of man and his doings, no such inference could be drawn.

Mr. Mill allows for that adaptation which their environment must produce in both animate and inanimate things, in which the results of general law look like special design, which has been so much dwelt on in the discussion of Natural Selection and Development. But still, making all allowances, he admits that, "in the present state of our knowledge, the adaptations in nature afford a large balance of probability in favor of creation by intelligence."

But the cardinal weakness of the argument is this: granting that the evidences of design prove an intelligent Creator, it by no means follows that this Creator is God — that is, answers to the conceptions we form of God. It is true that a Creator must be possessed of power and wisdom greater than man's, but how much greater we have no means of knowing. It does not follow of necessity that because superhumanly powerful and wise, He is therefore omnipotent and all-knowing. We must study His works to find out His attributes.

While the provision made for the happiness of His creatures seems to point to the Creator as a benevolent Being, we find, unhappily, a much greater proportion of suffering and evil in the world, and provision made for the infliction of suffering and death as skilfully contrived as, and often much more efficacious than, the provisions for enjoyment and life. Hence if the Creator be omnipotent, He must have willed all this suffering and evil, which seems an imputation on His benevolence. The answer that present suffering and evil may work future happiness and good, does not meet the difficulty, since an omnipotent Being could have given the ulterior good had He so pleased, without the proximate evil.

But it has been answered, the Creator did not design a world of happiness, but of virtue; and virtue is only manifested by the rejection of enjoyment and the endurance of greater or less suffering for the sake of what is right. Leaving out of sight the fact that this view offers no explanation of the sufferings of the inferior animals, and all human suffering that has not a moral bearing, we ask, what is virtue, and why should we practise it? The answer will probably be, Virtue is obedience to God's will, and we should practise it to insure our happiness hereafter. Then the question arises why the Creator, wishing His will done, and desiring the happiness of His creatures, attached such difficulties to obedience that but few can do His will and secure the intended reward? If we say He could not do otherwise, that He could not bestow upon mere innocence the rewards He has attached to virtue, we limit His power.

Two hypotheses have been framed of old to account for these discrepancies: the old Persian doctrine of a Principle of Evil at war with the Principle of Good, and the other that of the Platonists, that the Deity is hampered from carrying out perfectly His benevolent designs by the intractability of the material He has to deal with. Both these views, Mr. Mill thinks, introduce a noble element into human belief—the faith that man can actively co-operate with the Deity, who, not being omnipotent, needs human help to carry out His benevolent designs.

But apart from such beliefs, Mr. Mill arrives at the result, not proved indeed, but “amounting only to one of the lower degrees of probability,” that the present order of the universe is produced by a Being “whose power over the materials was not absolute, whose love for his creatures was not his sole actuating inducement, but who nevertheless desired their good.” “Even of his continued existence we have no other guaranty than that he can not be subject to the law of death which affects terrestrial beings, since the conditions that produce this liability wherever it is known to exist are of his creating.”

Just here we would note one point which Mr. Mill seems not to have taken into consideration. While urging that the good of mankind should be the supreme motive of human action and human desire, and therefore the only rational ground for a religion, he admits that with the Creator this is not the supreme motive—that there is something He desires more than He desires the (earthly) happiness of His creatures; something, therefore, higher and better than this happiness. What is this something? What can it be but the supreme good to which good men in all ages have aspired—a blessedness beyond this earthly life? And what less than the supreme good can be the true foundation of a religion?

So of the immortality of the soul, or of any state of existence after death, he finds no proof; but since it is not proved impossible, he sees no reason why those who find solace in it may not indulge a shadowy hope that it may have pleased the Creator, if in His power, and if for our good, to bestow it on us.

And so with Revelation and Christianity. While denying that the testimony is sufficient to establish these, Mr. Mill says, “—when we consider that a gift, extremely precious, came to us, which though facilitated, was not apparently necessitated by what had gone before, but was due, as far as appearances go, to the peculiar mental and moral endowments of one man, and that man openly proclaimed that it did not come from himself, but from God through him, then we are entitled to say that there is nothing so inherently impossible or absolutely incredible in this supposition as to preclude any one from hoping that perhaps it may be true.”

These then are the results of Mr. Mill's investigations: that there is probably, not certainly, a God, or at least a Creator, of limited powers, who desires the good of his creatures, but does not desire it supremely; that he may have given a revelation, but there is no satisfactory evidence of it; that there may be a life after death, but this is but faintly probable. Those therefore who are willing to

build a religion upon hopes and desires may do so, and it will probably be of advantage to mankind that they should; to those otherwise-minded he proffers his favorite abstract idea, the religion of Humanity. But it must always be objected to this, that Humanity does not exist: individuals only exist; and each of these individuals is subject to the same laws as the rest. Each of these individuals, moreover, has only an ephemeral existence, beyond which whatever he may have done, or whatever may have been done for him, can not avail him. It is much as if a rain-drop falling into the sea should adore the aggregate of rain-drops, and sacrifice itself on their account. Mr. Mill thinks he sees in the dim distance "the final victory of Good," and to help this consummation he is assured will be "the religion of the Future." But what good, and to whom? This seems to us a Hope whose true name is Despair. W. H. B.

The History of the English Language from the Teutonic Invasion of Britain to the Close of the Georgian Era. By Henry E. Shepherd, Professor of the English Language and Literature, Baltimore City College. New York: E. J. Hale & Son. 1874.

MOST readers will require the aid of a treatise on chronology to enable them to determine the dates implied by this title and its local adjective georgian; and they will wonder how such servile terms as "the Queen's English" and "the King's English" (pp. 63, 89) should be applied to the normal language in an educational treatise.

"The book contains the substance of the Lectures delivered to the advanced classes in English in the Baltimore City College during the past three years, and is intended for the purposes of instruction in Colleges, High Schools, and Academies, as well as to meet the wants of general readers."

While it contains much useful matter from late English sources, it is not up to the exacting requirements of modern philology, but on the contrary, it fails in science, logic, and explicitness of statement. The word Aryan (ar-yan) occurs in the first line without indication that it is not to be pronounced like Arian: "the broad Elizabethan *a*" is mentioned (p. 188) without citing an example: the American reader is not told that the modern English spelling of "Shakspeare" is based on sufficient documentary evidence: "Sclavonic" is furnished with a *c* which the Slávs themselves reject: "Frisic" stands on p. 11-12, and "Friesian" on p. 22: the spelling "Celtic" (where *c* has the Latin power of *k*) is chiefly used in the earlier pages, and "Keltic" in the later — a term used from the earliest pages, but not explained until p. 14, where it is said to include Gaelic or Irish, and Cymric (*c* as *k*) or Welsh; yet words from these two languages (which are more different than German and English) are quoted (p. 113-14, 117-19) as belonging to a language called Keltic, when they should have been discriminated.

On p. 55 the student must guess whether the quoted "Chronicle of Brutus" has, or has not, anything to do with the "Brut" or "Chronicle of Britain;" and he will find a book (mentioned as Piers Ploughman's Vision, p. 9, and Piers the Plowman, p. 81) quoted as

"The Vision of Piers Plowman"—"Vision of Piers Plowman"—"Vision of the Plowman"—"Piers the Plowman's Vision"—where the anachronistic possessive mark will be observed. See also (pp. 156-) modernised titles or spellings in full quotations, as "The Art of Rhetoric," &c., as well as genuine citings like "Apologie for Poetrie" (but "Apology" on p. 173)—and correctly, single quotations in Ascham's 'Schoolmaster' where the full quotation would require "Schole Master." Allibone quotes Wilson for the "Arte of Logique" 1551, and the "Arte of Rhetorike" 1553.* On p. 15, after mentioning "the Popish antagonist of Knox," we are told that the characteristics of the Scottish dialect are present in Burns, when in fact, Burns wrote in a spurious style to bring it within the comprehension of his English readers. On this point, consult the extensive treatise of James A. H. Murray, Esq. (Philol. Soc. London, 1873, p. 71), who says that "Scots wha hae" is "*fancy* Scotch"—which Dunbar or Douglas would have written "Scottis quhilkis hes."

Professor Shepherd inserts 'u' in the spelling of honor, labor, favor, rigor, endeavor, conqueror (p. 101), but not in creator nor successor. (See Hald. English Affixes, p. 204). The pretense that this spelling is due to words like French 'honneur,' is disposed of by Mr. Ellis (Early English Pronunciation, p. 620), who says that "*honour* could not have been derived from *honneur*, because the French form did not exist when the English *honour* was adopted." On the other hand, the English spelling is *not* followed in civilise, colonise, naturalise, sympathise—derived from French verbs in -iser, and therefore entitled to -ise.

Catalan is obscurely mentioned (p. 16) in connection with Spanish, and as having an independent position, but its affinities are with Provensal. On the same page the *langue d'oc* is alluded to as the "Langue D'Oc"—giving the honor of a capital letter to a French preposition. The English or Anglosaxon 'æ' for the vowel in *fat* is divided into "ae" as if it were possible to split a vowel into a diphthong, giving "rædic" for *rædic* (a radish) and "Aelfric" for *Ælfric* or *Alfric*; but the author puts 'Æ' in *Æolic*, where he might have separated the parts to honor the diphthongal sound as *ei* in *height*.

The English language was developed in Angleland or England, from a fusion of the dialects of various tribes, and as two of these were Angles and Saxons, there is no impropriety in styling the new tongue Anglosaxon. But unfortunately there are English scholars with loose ideas of scientific nomenclature, who term this insular production Saxon, when the legitimate Saxon (low Saxon) exists as a living continental language, a descendant of the old Saxon of the Heliand, which Schmeller is correct in calling "*poema saxonicum*"—a Saxon poem. Low Saxon, "*die niedersächsische Sprache*," is also called "*Niederdeutsch*," which causes confusion with low Dutch or Holländic. As Plattdeutsch or low German, it is confused with high Dutch, or German, which has a corresponding dialect of its own, properly the Platthochdeutsch. On page 11 of the work under

* Our copy, seemingly of the same author, is anonymous, and has the title—"THE ARTES | OF LOGIKE AND | *Rhetorike*, plainly set forth in the | English tooenge, easie to be learned and practised: |" etc. 1584.

review, the "Gothic or Teutonic class" is divided into—1st. the Germanic "division," 2d. the Scandinavian "branch"; on p. 112 we find the synonymic "Teutonic or Germanic," also "Saxon or Germanic;" Saxon in other places being used as a synonym of Anglo-saxon; and by the time page 114 was reached, the *Teutonic* nature of *Scandinavian* (as given on p. 11) was forgotten, and the two are thus separated—

"nearly all English words, not derived from the Teutonic, the French, the classic languages, the Scandinavian tongues, nor from the miscellaneous sources hereafter to be indicated, are of Keltic origin."

Chaucer was a Londoner, a courtier, lawyer, and ambassador; educated at Cambridge, Oxford, and (according to some authorities) at Paris; a master of English and French, who did not hesitate to enrich his vocabulary with the French of the period; and yet, it is said to be "probable" that this eminent scholar was indebted to Langeland and Wiclif* for his "verbal affluence" (p. 88). This "probable" is made the foundation of a—*Hence* we may readily *imagine*—that a genius of his subtle perception could not fail to discover unpolished "verbal gems of purest ray," forming "jewels" with which to "gild" his diction.

A long list of Latin words (117-19) is given as having passed into Anglosaxon through the "Keltic," a word here used, seemingly for British or Welsh. A list of such importance should have been in alphabetic order, and the Welsh intermediate form should have been given in demonstration, as Scandinavian words illustrate a point on page 132. Welsh *gardd* (Irish *gáradh garden*) may have influenced Angl. *geard*, but Gothic had a cognate *garda* (*yard*) before Anglosaxon was formed. Angl. *tæfl* (*table*) may be due to W. *taflen*, but in a case like Lat. *coquus*, W. *cog*, Angl. *cóc*, Eng. *cook*, Welsh need not be taken into account, because forms of the Latin word were widely spread in Europe, and occur in old Slavonic and in old German. Angl. *disc* (*dish*) and *rædic* (*radish*) nearly agree with Lat. *discus* and *radix*, but not with W. *dysgl* and *rhuddygl*, the vowels of which would hardly have changed in the English direction. Angl. *ince* (*inch*) is wrongly referred to Lat. *ulna*, and does not seem to have a Welsh cognate. Lat. *cancer* (*crab*) could not have passed through W. *cranc* to return to the Latin form in Angl. *cancer*, Eng. *canker*; and *SCHOLÆ MAGISTER* could become Angl. *scólmægistre*, a form which Welsh *ysgolfeister* could not give. The word 'indigo' (p. 136) is as strictly Spanish as 'armada,' yet it is classed as Persian, and 'mandarin' is made Chinese.

The periods in the history of a language should be stated by dates, or by prominent authors—The Age of Chaucer (as our author has it) rather than that of a political ruler whose name and date are seldom at hand. The last chapters treat of the language in its later forms, nominally closing with the year 1830. There are some type errors to be corrected, and until an index is added, it will be found difficult to locate facts and authors, or to ascertain their presence.

S. S. HALDEMAN.

*Allibone gives five forms of this name at "Wycliffe"—omitting his own use of it as 'Wickilif' on page 1057 of his work.

The Prophet: a Tragedy. By Bayard Taylor. Boston: Osgood & Co.

MR. BAYARD TAYLOR, traveller, novelist, poet, historian, must be a very busy man. The latest rôle in which he has appeared has been as American *Skald* in Iceland, whence we have numerous letters from him. He managed to put his *Prophet* to press, however, before starting on his high-latitude researches; and upon the whole, we think it bears the marks of some hurry, inasmuch as the Icelandic millenary and the Danish King were not likely to wait for him, should he be behind time. *Nulla dies sine linea*,—no year without a book, for Mr. Taylor. *Lars* is still fresh; *The Masque of The Gods* seems to have come to us only the other day, and here is a new candidate for literary honors. Let us look for a moment into its claims.

As to theme, then, we do not think Mr. Taylor has been fortunate in his choice of subject. Of course we know at first sight that the Mormon delusion is the foundation of the drama; but the *foundation* only: neither Joe Smith nor Brigham Young appears remotely upon its pages. David, the self-deluded youth, who believes himself inspired of heaven

—“to call men back
From pools made muddy by the paddling feet
Of darkened generations, to the fount
He cleft, now gushing in a desert land,”—

bears not the most distant resemblance to the veritable Mormon prophet; he is simple, earnest, capable of high renunciations; and though erring grievously in allowing himself to be overruled by others, at the last, in the agonies of his dying extremity, awakens from his delusion, retracts his error, and as far as his brief moments will allow, tries to nullify his former teachings.

It will thus be seen that the true history of Mormonism is ignored. Nevertheless, we take exception to the use of this foul craze in a work of art, under any sort of treatment. It is unworthy to be lifted up to such a platform. We must, however, do Mr. Taylor the justice to say that he has handled the matter without defiling his pen. There is not a coarse line in the book. Having objected to the subject, we further object to its poetic form. Mr. Taylor is essentially lyrical; he does not know how to merge himself in the drama. Intense, rapid movement, swift continuity of action, is almost wholly wanting. The climax is not well managed, and the steps that lead to the final catastrophe are trivial. There is too much soliloquy of a very subjective kind; though the Prophet's keen spiritual self-analysis contains the strongest and truest poetry in the volume. Rhoda has great transparency of character, and is very womanly in her self-renouncing love, even after the hateful new dogma of polygamy has dawned upon her. Livia (a “woman of the world,”) is not made half as much of as might be. She is chalked in but lightly; as is also the marplot and villain of the story, Nimrod Kraft, who is a villain, with all the Rembrandtesque shadows left out. One song which Livia sings, “Let words be faint,” is worth more, weighed in critical scales, than many pages of the blank verse, which in Mr. Taylor's hands is apt to grow

monotonous. Altogether, we find truer dramatic situations in *Lars* than the *Prophet* can show ; although *Lars* is a narrative poem. We rate it much higher than we do this last more ambitious effort, which, while it gives proof of its author's versatility and wonderful industry, will, we think, be somewhat of a clog to his fame. M. J. P.

Issues of the Age; or Consequences Involved in Modern Thought. By Henry C. Pedder. New York: Asa K. Butts & Co.

A RATHER crude, but on the whole not unfair presentation of some of the leading questions that present themselves to the mind of the impartial thinker of to-day, such as the attitude of modern culture toward ancient faith, of science toward religion, the tendency of skepticism, the modern conception of universal law, &c. We discover here no new views, nor any attempt at a better statement of these great problems than has been given before ; but those who may desire to learn what they are, and have access to no better work, may find them pretty clearly stated here, though with much redundancy of miscellaneous quotation.

On one point alone will we comment, because it contains the echo of a fallacy which we have seen more than once lately. Prayer, if considered as a request to the Deity to alter his purposes on our behalf, Mr. Pedder holds to be "beyond all question an absurdity," a relic from a childish age ; yet he finds it one of man's necessities as a spiritual being. Therefore the man of culture should have recourse to prayer, but solely for the purpose of cultivating his spiritual nature. But how can any man be guilty of the solemn self-mockery of addressing to a Being who probably does not hear, petitions which he knows will not be answered? What kind of spiritual culture can grow from such an act as this? But we are told we must not ask for anything, but merely elevate our minds in a devotional manner. We answer, that a mere indulgence in general devotional feeling is not prayer, and it is a mere equivocation to call it such. The issue had better be met honestly : if a man does not believe that there is a Being that both hears and answers prayer, he can not, as a rational creature, act out the monstrous lie of pretending that there is ; and however he may be disposed to devotional feelings, prayer to him can not be other than an absurdity, be our spiritual necessities what they may. To the man, on the other hand, who believes that the Almighty will (occasionally, at least) change His purposes if fervently supplicated, prayer is the most natural thing in the world. But we can not hold both grounds at once.

W. H. B.

Within an Inch of His Life. From the French of Emil Gaboriau. Boston : James R. Osgood & Co.

THIS is the fourth of M. Gaboriau's detective-stories published, in translation, by this house. There is a great similarity between them, and, except in *The Widow Lerouge*, where a psychological analysis of motives is attempted in connection with one of the characters, nothing

of great value in any of them. But the air of probability with which he succeeds in investing his most striking incidents, and the natural impulse one feels, when once interested in an enigma, to follow it up to its solution, secures them many readers; and they are as good to while away the tiresome hours of railway travel, as works of more pretence, or more intrinsic merit.

The story before us — *La Corde au Cou*, in its original title — has already passed to the seventh edition in France. But in it the clever disguise which M. Gaboriau contrives to throw around his plots is but thin: it is not difficult at the outset to detect the criminal, though the details, which at first involve the hero in the meshes of circumstantial evidence, and finally extricate him from his embarrassing situation, are well worked-up; and the book will give to the American reader an interesting insight into the peculiar workings of the French criminal law. It would be hardly fair to sketch the plot; and to those versed in French fiction it is perhaps superfluous to say that it has quite as much to do with the seventh commandment as the sixth.

Every author suffers in translation, but poor M. Gaboriau seems to have had unusually hard measure meted out to him. True, he has perhaps not fared quite so badly as M. Verne, whose translator,* in addition to a special ignorance of French, and a special ignorance of English, joined a general ignorance of everything, and a calm indifference as to whether his words conveyed an intelligible meaning or not, that was absolutely confounding; who speaks of an officer walking on the *bridge* [*pont*, "deck"] of his ship; of examining minute objects through a *lentil* [*lentille*, "lens"]; of a man of very regular habits as being "a perfect *mechanic*" [*mécanique*, "automaton"], and so forth. No, the present translator is not quite so bad as that. It is true, he (or she) is sometimes puzzled by very simple words, translating *fermière* [farmer's wife] and *métayère* [tenant-farmer's wife] by "old woman;" *bistouri* [bistoury, a surgical knife] "probe;" *l'eau fraîche* [cold water] "fresh water;" *extrêmement souffrante* [very unwell] "suffering terribly." He enriches the navy with a new grade, — "he entered the navy as ensign" — when the first dictionary he took up would have shown him that *enseigne* is midshipman.

The following instance will show the translator's want of thought. A cartridge-case was picked up some distance from the place where a man has been shot, and one of the legal officials remarks that "a cartridge-case does not necessarily fall to the ground at the place where the gun is discharged. It falls as soon as the gun is cocked to reload." Now how the cocking of a gun (previously explained to be a breech-loader) could release the cartridge-case, or why any one should cock a gun to reload it, puzzled us. M. Gaboriau, however, said no such thing: he said, "the cartridge-case falls out when the chamber is opened to reload."

We have cited these gross blunders — and we could easily have doubled their number — from the first twenty pages, as showing that the translator has not even the merit of faithfully consulting his dictionary. We might also point out the want of knowledge which

* We believe there are several translations, and therefore presume that we lighted upon the worst.

makes him refer to an official, the *procureur de la République*, whose functions closely resemble those of our district attorneys, as "the *Commonwealth's* attorney." The Commonwealth of France is something new, but it needs not the sight of the title-page to tell us that the translator enjoys his "*placidam quietem*" under the sheltering arms of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. To make Frenchmen talk of "cents" and "dollars," instead of the coin of their own country, strikes us as going too far, even for an American translator, but at all events, he should give the amounts correctly, and in rendering "forty thousand francs" by "ten thousand dollars," he should have added "currency." When the jury find a verdict of "guilty with *attenuating* circumstances," we suppose this is an elegant way of saying that they considered the evidence "too thin."

But all these are really minor faults compared with the general tone and quality of this version. Here is an author who, whatever his defects, writes with spirit, clearness, and grace, and the American public are offered, as fairly representing him, a version not merely without color or spirit, but written in such lame slipshod English as a boarding-school girl would be ashamed to write to a friend. Here, for example: "There was not a person in the whole district who did not know of what a fearful disease poor Cocoleu was suffering, and everybody knew, also, that it was perfectly useless to try and help him. The two men who had taken him out had therefore laid him simply on a pile of wet straw, and then they had left him to himself, eager as they were to see and hear what was going on." Into stuff like this, is M. Gaboriau's clear crisp French perverted!

This is not the first nor the second time that we have protested against the fraud upon the public — for so we must consider it — of giving them translations so wretchedly misrepresenting the original. The fault lies with the publishers, who, rather than pay a competent translator for a good piece of work, will employ persons who neither know the language they are rendering nor that they are using. But we should have looked for better things from a house of the standing of Osgood & Co.

Antony Brade. By Robert Lowell. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

If, as has been said, nothing that concerns humanity is without interest to man; and if (as has not been said, that we know of) anything that is of interest to man may justifiably be made the groundwork of fiction, then certainly the school-boy novel has a fair right to existence. Indeed we might go further yet, and have the nursery-novel, with its patriarchs of eight or ten years, and its young people literally taking their first steps in life, or, in the intervals of the action, resorting for sustenance to nature's fount. Matrimonial arrangements and the other entanglements of the plot might be arranged between dolls, and the concealment and recovery of a teething-coral introduce the detective element.

However, as the nursery-novel has not yet come into our hands, we will content ourselves with the book before us, the story of some boys at St. Bartholomew's school, apparently in Massachusetts. And

very well indeed is it told, so far as truth to nature is concerned ; the plays, the quarrels, the fights, the tricks, the talk, are all from the very life. So too are the various adult personages, the grave "Caput," rebuking the boys' pranks with befitting austerity, while enjoying them in his secret heart ; the consequential trustee, not learned himself, but proudly conscious of his patronage of learning ; the prying Mrs. Wadham, who feels it to be her "dooty to society" to get to the bottom of every secret, and know everybody's business, on the broad ground that "if a thing is honest and honorable, there is no need of concealment about it, and if it is not, the sooner it is made known, the better for all parties."

Very good, too, is the ambitious boys' proposed work on the "Analogy of Languages," in which they prove that "Sanscrit" was derived from *sans écrit*, because there were no writings in it ; German *heimath* (home) from Greek *χειμα* (winter), because one cares most for his home in cold weather ; "limn" from Greek *λίμνη* (lake) "because a lake reflects everything, just like a drawing"—and so on.

In fine, what with their fun, and what with their troubles, we take very kindly to Mr. Lowell's boys before the story is far advanced, and are moved by the tragedy, so simply yet so vigorously described, that brings it to a close.

By Still Waters. By Edward Garrett. New York : Dodd and Mead.

It is frequently difficult to criticise from a literary point of view works of this class, in which the religious or the moral element is the prevailing motive ; and especially is this difficult when the excellence of the teaching and goodness of the teacher draw the heart of the critic into sympathy, and bias his judgment.

But with the work before us this difficulty is not so great. It is true that Mr. Garrett has undertaken as his main task to set before us, in the person of his heroine, a beautiful character of active and liberal charity combined with sincere but not bigoted piety, and that his great object is to teach us a lesson by the example of Sarah Russell. And yet it is by no means what is often contemptuously styled a "goody" book. The scenes are carefully drawn, the characters well portrayed. Jane, the narrow-minded, querulous, self-indulgent Christian, and Tibbie, the curt, abrupt, rather cynical Christian, bring out the gentle but active Sarah into fine relief. Altogether it is a very fit book for "a quiet hour," as its title-page intimates, and will probably leave matter for profitable reflection in many minds among those for whom it is intended.

Vers de Société. Selected from recent authors by Charles H. Jones.
New York : Henry Holt & Co.

WE will not go into any definition of what "Vers de Société" are : we take for granted that most of our readers are familiar with this style of light elegant poems, carefully finished, playful, yet occasionally lightly touching very grave thoughts. Præd used to be the great example of this style of writing ; but three recent poets, Cal-

verley, Locker, and Dobson, have been particularly happy in it. Of these Calverley has perhaps the most fun, Locker the most feeling, and Dobson the most wit; but all are brilliant. The following, by Mr. Dobson, is one of the most graceful and vivacious of these pleasing pieces:

TU QUOQUE.

AN IDYLL IN A CONSERVATORY.

NELLIE.

If I were you, when ladies at a play, sir,
Beckon and nod, a melodrama through,
I would not turn abstractedly away, sir,
If I were you!

FRANK.

If I were you, when persons I affected
Wait for three hours to take me down to Kew,
I would at least *pretend* I recollected,
If I were you!

NELLIE.

If I were you, when ladies are so lavish
As to reserve me every waltz but two,
I would not dance with *odious* Miss McTavish,
If I were you!

FRANK.

If I were you, who vow you can not suffer
Whiff of the best, the mildest 'honey-dew,'
I would not dance with smoke-consuming Puffer,
If I were you!

NELLIE.

If I were you, I would not be so bitter,
Even to write the *Cynical Review*—

FRANK.

No; I should doubtless find flirtation fitter,
If I were you!

NELLIE.

What! jealous, Frank? You're really quite delightful:
Hot as Othello, and as black of hue.
Borrow my fan. I would not look so *frightful*,
If I were you!

FRANK.

"It is the cause." I mean your chaperon is
Bringing some well-curled juvenile. Adieu!
I shall retire. I'd spare that young Adonis
If I were you!

NELLIE.

Go, if you will. At once! and by express, sir!
Where'er you please—to China or Peru:
But I should leave inquirers my address, sir,
If I were you!

FRANK.

No, I remain. To stay and fight a duel
Seems, on the whole, the proper thing to do.
O, you are strong: I would not then be cruel,
If I were you!

NELLIE.

One does not like one's feelings to be doubted—

FRANK.

One does not like one's friends to misconstrue—

NELLIE.

If I admit that I a *wee bit* pouted?—

FRANK.

I shall confess that I was *piqué*, too.

NELLIE.

Ask me to dance. I'd say no more about it,
If I were you!

The compiler has included in this very elegant volume a choice selection of miscellaneous pieces, in keeping with the rest, from English and American sources.

A very pleasing effect is produced by the letterpress being printed on a delicate lithographed tint: the vignettes, title, binding, &c., are in keeping; and on the whole this is one of the most tasteful gift-books of the season.

Personal Reminiscences, Anecdotes, and Letters of General Robert E. Lee.

By Rev. J. William Jones, D.D. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

[Sold by subscription.]

A GLOWING tribute to the memory of General Lee, which appeared in a Nova Scotia journal immediately after his death, applied to our great Chief the pathetic words uttered over the dead body of Sir Lancelot by his grieving kinsman, as well befitting him who was "the noblest knight of our generation." But it is not to the Lancelot of the legend,—the Lancelot who, while he challenges our admiration by his prowess and magnanimity, appeals not less strongly to our sympathy by his great sin and his great repentance,—that we would turn for a parallel to LEE. If that likeness is to be sought in the Arthurian fable, it is rather to the blameless King himself, who stands so high above earthly passion and hasty impulse, that he seems almost colorless in the clear white light of purity. And so it has been to some extent with Lee: we have had him depicted to us as Soldier, as Christian, as Patriot, and so noble, so grand in all, that he has been shown to us more like a statue of white marble on a lofty mountain-peak, than the living man who breathed and moved among us so short a time ago.

But a character such as Lee's can only gain by being seen from all sides: we shall not reverence the hero less, but love the man more, from knowing him as he was. And this is the chief charm of the book before us. We have here Lee as he was known to his friends and family; as he talked and wrote to his familiars, to his wife and children; Lee as he was known to his nearest and dearest, cheerful or sad, tender, even sportive. And from learning to know him thus, posterity will be better able to measure the true greatness of his

soul, while they all the more wonder at the crystalline purity of that life which may be seen through in all directions, and shows no flaw.

It is this, the rounded completeness of his character, more than his genius, his heroism, or his magnanimity, that makes him our pride, and should make him our model; and though those other qualities strike most at first, the more we study his life, the more will this excite our wonder and admiration.

The compiler of these *Reminiscences* deserves the thanks of our whole people for the zeal and diligence with which he has performed his task; and we trust that this volume will be a household book in all Southern homes, as the life of the man who, of all men of our generation, seems to have come nearest to the Great Example.

THE GREEN TABLE.

IF we may credit the learned and acute author of the *Manuel Diplomatique*, diplomacy is entitled to a place in the front rank of the useful sciences. This not more from the fact of the intricate and important services it involves, than from the depth, extent and variety of the culture which it demands of the diplomatist. He should add to the general fund of good education the special knowledges which are necessary to success in conducting foreign intercourse. To the law of nations he must add knowledge of the particular customs of the State to which he is accredited; he should be familiar with even the subtleties and idioms of the language of its people; he should know their history, their passions, pride, prejudices and weaknesses, and how to use these to the advantage of his own government with circumspection and address, and not without integrity. He should be a gentleman, with the *savoir faire* which only a man of the world possesses; and he requires besides that subtle *tact des convenances* without which he will be no more than a warming-pan for the designs of those he is sent to deal with.

The United States is to be congratulated that in a service so intricate and exacting it has so many public servants actually overburdened with the special qualities by which to shine in it. Our diplomacy is a fearful and a wonderful thing; our ambassadors at every court, far from eclipsing, make substantial and enduring contributions to the gaiety of nations. Their remarkable converseance with foreign speech; the rectitude, sagacity and *aplomb* of their official conduct; the elegance and charm of their manners; and the versatile grace with which they turn from the grave duties of state to the lighter accomplishments of society—make them the observed of all observers. Mr. Schenck has during his short stay in London enriched Lombard Street with the stocks of the Emma Mine, and court circles of St. James with all the intricacies of “draw poker,” in which he is an adept. Mr. Boker, who shot from his sphere as laureate of the Philadelphia Union League to the ministry at Constantinople, has hung his harp on the Golden Horn and drunk himself to frenzy with the Sweet

Waters of Asia, while teaching the Porte how not to do it in the matter of "helpless women," "female slaves for the harem," imported from Circassia, and "sexless things" fetched from the sources of the Nile. Bismillah! In the name of the Prophet: figs! Mr. John Jay has domesticated the great American Fourth of July dinner, with stars and stripes and buncombe-speech accompaniments, among the wondering Viennese, who have thus been taught a new harlequinade with which to supplement the last excesses of the carnival. Mr. Partridge quailed before the task set him by Mr. Fish of getting Brazil to abate her export duties on caoutchouc and coffee, and her import duties on flour and lard, recommending instead that Congress should tax our own people for subsidies to steamship lines; did not quail, however, in informing the State Department that in an interview with the Emperor he spoke such exquisite French that Don Pedro could not detect his nationality.

But how shall we speak of Root—J. P. Root, who is—or was—envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to the Republic of Chile, drawing a salary of \$10,000? Root is a man among a million. He has mastered the art of writing diplomatic despatches. His No. 53 to Secretary Fish is probably the most remarkable official missive in existence. Suwarrow's despatches to the Empress Catharine are mere vapidities in comparison with the quintessence of absurdity in Root to Fish. There is nothing like this in Ulrich Hutten, nothing like it in Timothy Dexter. Mr. Root, before going to Santiago de Chile to witch the world, seems to have been something of a doctor, something of a hydropathist, something of a quack perhaps, but evidently as much enamored of the art of healing as those therapeutic spinsters who go about with pill-boxes in their pockets, and give their boluses so freely that even the cats instinctively avoid them and the dogs howl at their approach. *Cucullus non facit monachum*. It takes more than credentials, salary and outfit to make an ambassador. There is a little song of Béranger's which describes exactly the conflict between medicine and diplomacy in Root's mind. It is that dainty poem, *un peu malin*, called "*L'Habit de Cour, ou Visite a une Altesse*," in which the poet, determined to become courtier, buys himself a court dress and sets out to call on a Royal Highness. After some pleasant interruptions he reaches at last the palace of monseigneur with faint heart and reluctant knees, when behold, he sees Rose, Rose l'Amour,—

Rose qui vaut bien une altesse,
N'exige point l'habit de cour.

The habit de cour was quickly laid aside, and the visit to his Royal Highness indefinitely postponed. So with Root. Just as he is gathering courage to enter the gates of Chilian diplomacy, an epidemic of small-pox breaks out in Santiago, and the minister has an excuse to become *médecin malgré lui*. On this fact hinges the famous "Root to Fish Number Fifty-Three," the *ne plus ultra* of diplomacy. Mr. Root informs the Secretary of State that he had been vaccinated three times, and that it "took" every time; yet so recklessly did he go about among hospitals and *lazarets* [*sic*] that the small-pox "took" too—took Root, but quickly withered again in that rich and (hydropathically) well-watered soil. He also tells the Secretary that he doctored all he could get access to—doctored them gratuitously. "While confined to my room with the disease, I was daily visited by parties who described the symptoms of their friends sick with the prevailing epidemic, and whom I doctored by proxy, and since my recovery, as well from visiting a large number as above alluded to, I have daily by proxy medicated great numbers in remote parts of the city. [Samaritan of Ambassadors!]" Since commencing this despatch, a young man just commencing the study of medicine has called to consult me touching a case I placed him in charge of this morning. It is very gratifying for me to know that *all whom I have*

treated, either directly or indirectly, have completely recovered, or are out of danger. My system of treatment may be found in some of the articles which I enclose published in newspapers."

Is this unparalleled despatch to be taken for the *avant-courrier* of a newer and higher diplomacy? Ambassadors before now have been employed to conduct proxy marriages, but when or where to perform proxy medications? Many envoys have written home to exult over the political conversions they have effected, and papal legates perhaps have boasted of their work in the cure of souls; but who before Root ever treated the small-pox in an official despatch after treating it in the 'lazaretos'?

Mr. Root, after assuring the Secretary of State that, while thousands have died in Santiago of the disease, the average rate of mortality exceeding fifty per cent. of those attacked, under *his* system every case of the disease, if early seen to, may be cured without any pitting or disfigurement, closes this important State paper by calling Mr. Fish's attention to enclosures marked A to O. These are all published, together with the despatch, in that veritable *livre de bonne foy*, "Ex. Doc. I. Part I, 42d Congress, 3d Session," and comprise the most exhaustive and extraordinary *olla podrida* of small-pox and Root. A. is Root's report to the Intendente of Santiago on hospitals, with a puff of Root; B., bulletin of Root's health; C., intelligence that Root is rooting out the plague in Santiago; D., Root's system for the treatment and cure of small-pox; E., press notice of Root's convalescence; F., translation of Intendente's letter of gratitude to Root for his "wealth of information and vast experience placed at the service of humanity"; G., more of the same sort—"God guard your excellency"; H., still more—the Intendencia names a street after your excellency, *Calle de Root*—thus planting the distinguished philanthropist permanently in their borders. May no unkindly earthquake pluck from the memory of Santiago that Rooted sorrow. Inclosure J. expresses Root's proud surprise at having erected to him a monument "more to be cherished than pillars of marble or statues of brass"; K., praise of Root's "sympathetic sentiments," translated from *La Republica*; L., same topic, translated from the *Ferro Carril*; M., speech, at a banquet, in praise of Root by Don Domingo Arteagar Alemparte, the editor of *Ferro Carril*; N., letter of two medical students to Root about his mode of treatment; O., long letter of Root in reply to two medical students, giving his system of medication, by proxy or otherwise, *in extenso*, going in fact to the Root of the whole matter, and grubbing out every filament of it, so as to insure what may be called a radical cure.

Now medicine is a noble art, and the name of the healer has been blessed in all ages; but it seems to us that the Root variety is not a desirable rhizome to propagate diplomats from. It needs but another step, and we shall have ministers of mediumistic proclivities filling their despatches with details of remarkable séances at the American Legation, and having their official notes dictated by planchette.

It is true that the envoy to Chile is no very considerable person, and it can matter but little what monkey-tricks he may choose to play. But he is the type and exemplar of the whole brood of political quacks, great and small, that infest the administrative departments of this country, and by their fantastic pranks, their patent nostrums, their dabbings and their meddlings, bid fair to ruin us at home after making us ridiculous abroad. We have quacks in finance, with the Sangrado system of draining off the patient's blood, and filling his depleted circulation with lukewarm water: quacks dictate our domestic and foreign policy; quacks give opinions from the Bureau and decisions from the Bench. Smaller quacklings huddle thick under the wings of the greater; and, in a word, this superfetation of quackery has grown to an intolerable nuisance which it is a prime necessity to have promptly abated.

TRANSACTIONS OF THE SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

BURNING OF THE NAVY-YARD AT PORTSMOUTH IN APRIL, 1861.

AN ACCOUNT BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

[The following vivid account of stirring events in the early days of secession was written by that gallant son of the sea, Captain GEORGE T. SINCLAIR, in the form of a private letter to a friend who was at the time connected with the State Government of Virginia. It is given without alteration, that the life-like description may not be lost.]

HALIFAX, N. S., *November 20, 1874.*

You ask me to write you an account of the early events of our great struggle for liberty, and I take the greatest pleasure in jotting down some of those events — facts from personal knowledge, which the future compiler of our history can put in form and shape, and leave out all that portion in which the “I” must necessarily occur; for I shall be forced to speak of those events in the main, in which circumstances made me a prominent actor — a position that I have always avoided as far as it was possible. I must write entirely from memory, as my wife, when the enemy took possession of my house, spent several hours in burning every paper she could lay her hands on, and only a package of telegrams was saved in my silver-box, which she very adroitly had conveyed to an English man-of-war, with the officers of which she was on intimate terms. You yourself, however, occupied a position to verify many of the little incidents that I shall place on record here. You may, for example, not have forgotten several telegrams I sent you, and among them “Send us a soldier to command here, a man of action.” The fact is, the enthusiasm of the people was so great that they wanted some clear, strong mind to guide them; and I do confidently believe that with such a man to lead us, we would easily have got possession of Old Point Comfort, and possibly have saved the destruction of the navy-yard. To begin:

After Fort Sumter fell, I found myself in a position that I did not think I could honorably hold. Virginia had not left the Union, but I knew she would be forced to do so. I found myself rejoicing in a victory over a government under which I held a commission, and I determined at once to throw up that commission. I went to my old friend, Captain, afterwards Admiral, Farragut, stated my views to him, and asked his advice. How well do I remember that advice: “My dear fellow, you must wait for Virginia, follow your State. North was right to resign; he is from South Carolina. I have been too long in

the U. S. service ever to draw my sword against that Government, but there is no power on earth that could make me serve against Virginia. I will serve in no civil war. Thank God, I can live out of the service, and I will go to California and live there." We had a long and free conversation, both of us regretting the rupture, and expressing a willingness to hang a few of the politicians on both sides who had brought it about. Next day I went to the yard, stated my position to Commodore McCauley, and handed him my resignation. We parted good friends, he saying it was but honorable that I should do as I had done. Very soon after this Commodore Paulding, head of one of the departments at Washington, came down. He called at my house, and I shall never forget the scene. It was very trying. The noble old hero positively shed tears. "My dear fellow," he said, "McCauley tells me you have resigned. You all are crazy, positively mad! Why, this is only a squall; it will soon blow over, and we will be all right again. Let me recall your resignation, and I will give you a command and send you to China, where you can stay until the squall blows over." This exhibition of feeling on the part of my much respected and beloved old commodore and friend touched my inner soul. When we parted I said to him: "Commodore, prove your friendship to me by having my resignation accepted at once. I cannot, with a revolution rolling down upon us, hang by the eyelids in this way. In three days from now I shall consider myself free to accept service under Virginia." In three days I telegraphed you I was no longer an officer of the U. S. service, and that the State of Virginia could command me. A commission as captain in the service of Virginia, the first that issued under the Great Seal of my glorious old State, followed immediately. The buttons, &c., of the U. S. on my uniforms gave place to "*Sic Semper Tyrannis*," and from that moment every power of my mind was given to the cause which we all so dearly love, but which we of the old service, who knew its power, feared would have to reach success only through suffering and bloodshed.

Now for the first event. The morning that I received my commission I went to the headquarters of the General, to urge the immediate seizure of the naval magazine. I found him surrounded by men who have since proved themselves true sons of the South, but who did not then understand the character of the cloud on our weather horizon. My proposition was declined as premature. That day I saw the powder boat at the magazine, and I afterwards learned that the *Merrimac's* powder was removed and put on board of her. As I left the General's quarters a clerk in the post-office came to me and said: "There are heavy despatches for the Navy-yard, and the porter is waiting for them; had we not better keep them?" "Of course," I replied—"hold on to them until I see the General." No use. One officer remarked: "General, that would be assuming a very grave responsibility." "Great God!" I said—"is this a time to talk about responsibility, when revolution is all around us?" It was then I sent you a telegram. The despatches were delivered, and I have no doubt ordered the destruction and evacuation of the yard. That night I could not sleep. I slipped quietly out at early day, went to

Heath, then Adjutant-General, and urged on him the importance of not losing another day in getting the magazine. He went with me to the General, roused him out, and obtained from him the order to me to take possession of the magazine that night. At my desire Heath detailed two companies and placed them under my orders — Captain now Major R. C. Taylor's company and Captain Carter Williams' company, killed in battle since. I directed Capt. Taylor to select a few of his men and place them on guard at the entrance to Chamberlain's Wharf, and allow no one to go on the wharf after sunset, except his men, who were to be ordered to assemble on the wharf by 8 o'clock and say nothing about it. I ordered Lieutenant Catesby Jones to get a tug and be at that wharf at 9 o'clock to take on board Capt. Taylor's company, and tow two canal-boats lying there to the magazine wharf. I then ordered Capt. Williams to select two men from his company, who with himself would go with me by land to quietly seize the keeper of the magazine, whom I knew to be a very determined man and faithful officer, as he afterwards proved to the Confederate cause, which he joined: the rest of his company to march round and be at the magazine by 9 o'clock. Everything worked well, except that the canal-boats were aground, and it was late before Jones joined us, and then with only one boat. In the meantime Williams and myself, with two men, went round and quietly approached the dwelling of the keeper. There was a light in one of the windows looking towards the Navy-yard. I placed the two men to command that window, with orders to shoot any one who attempted to make a signal to the yard. Williams and myself went to the front door and knocked. Mr. Olliver put his head out and asked who was there. I spoke very quietly, so as not to alarm him, "It is me, Mr. Olliver, I want to see you." Most fortunately he had not heard that I had resigned, and only a few days before had seen me down there as "Inspector of Ordnance." He came down, opened the door, and was arrested. I never shall forget his look of bewilderment when he found himself arrested. He asked permission to go up and put on his coat. I said "Yes, but with a guard." In his room, near the window in question, I found blue lights and other signals ready for use. I demanded the key, and he refused to give it up. Williams' company reached us at the hour appointed. We broke open the doors and commenced to run the powder down to the wharf. About midnight Jones arrived, and before day we had the boat loaded with twelve hundred barrels, and I started her for Richmond, and telegraphed to you to send a steamer to meet her, as we required our little tug, and I feared she would fall into the hands of the enemy, so I timed to have her well past Newport News before day. There was nothing to be done now but to send the balance back, so I sent two couriers to the General for all the carts that could be had and more men. When daylight came I found that some one had tried to blow us up. Sheets of matches were thickly scattered everywhere, even in the magazine. We soon swept them up, and warned, I placed reliable men to "look out." We worked hard, and fortunately got it all moved in good time, when the work was all done and I had seen the last barrel secured at the Fair Grounds. Then placing a guard at the bridge over

Tanner's Creek, well prepared to be burned if an attempt was made by the enemy to march there to destroy the powder, I went home, completely exhausted by the many hours on my feet, without food, and was soon in a sleep from which the explosions at the Navy-yard alone could awaken me. What a grand sight it was! The southern heavens seemed on fire. A barrel from the powder truck had fallen and badly injured the joint of the great toe on my right foot; it was fearfully swollen, and I could scarcely stand on it when I awoke, but there was no time to lose. The shell-house opposite the Navy-yard I knew was filled with loaded shells and several hundreds of barrels of powder in it. This must be saved if possible. Procuring a buggy and accompanied by Captain North, then in the service of South Carolina, I drove over to the shell-house. Such a sight I never expect to behold again. The entire Navy-yard was on fire, with the *New York*, ninety-six gun ship, under a house on the stocks. Between us and the yard, the *Merrimac*, steam frigate, and the *Germantown*, both ready for sea. In the stream the first-class frigates *Columbia* and *Raritan*, and close over on our side the *Pennsylvania*, one hundred and twenty guns, all burning. The heat was scorching and the roaring of the flames deafening. Occasionally we could hear the guns of the *Pennsylvania* tumble into her hold, and many of them being loaded, explosions followed and chunks of burning wood were scattered around us. It was a grandly melancholy scene. We were not a moment too soon to save the shell-house. The window-frame in the gable-end was on fire. I climbed up by a spar shore resting against the building, while North brought water in an empty paint-barrel found there, and we put the fire out. North remained to watch it, while I drove rapidly to the city and sent a fire-engine out. We found the guns had been spiked, some of them only with nails, easily removed; but many had been spiked with files, and we had to contrive a drill to cut round them; but all the guns were in the end made serviceable.

Under instructions from Montgomery we soon got the gun-carriage shops under way; and working early and late, batteries equipped for use were sent off to every part of the Confederacy. The block-makers' shop was converted into a manufactory for field-carriages, and with an Army Manual as guide, we soon had some batteries in the field. Equipments for cavalry—sabres and pikes—were improvised, and I remember well finding Colonel Pryor in great excitement, having *flint* muskets and no flints. I happened to know where a barrel of these out-of-date articles were stored a year before, fortunately found them, and took a weight from the Colonel's mind. There were stores in the Navy-yard that would have been vastly more useful to the Confederacy had we known how to appreciate their value, but none of us had ever passed through a revolution before, and therefore we were excusable. But I went to Richmond to urge the removal to the interior of all that could be removed, especially the large quantity of timber suitable for field-carriages; but the idea that we ever could be forced to abandon Norfolk would not be listened to, and I came to the conclusion I was over-anxious, though I had sent my own children to Mecklenburg County. When I look back at these events, I am not surprised that

we did not do many things that we now know we could and should have done ; but I am lost in wonder *at what we did do*, when I consider how utterly unprepared for such a war, and how little we appreciated the meaning of "revolution."

I have placed the foregoing statement of facts that came under my own personal observation, in a form to enable you to cull out what may be of use for future history. The "Ego" occurs frequently. I do not know how I could relate events which I alone controlled, observations exclusively my own, and write otherwise than in the first person.

GEO. T. SINCLAIR.

MAURY'S FIRST TORPEDO EXPEDITION.

[The following was also a private letter addressed to the same gentleman.]

HALIFAX, N. S., *November 25th, 1874.*

I will endeavor to give you an account of the first torpedo expedition organised by Com. M. F. Maury, and which I was invited by him to join—an invitation which you can readily understand I most cheerfully accepted. At that time I was at work at the Norfolk yard, fitting up and sending off batteries to various points in the Southern States, and I could not join Maury in Richmond in perfecting his contrivance, which was very simple and ingenious. He explained his idea to me, and I promised to join him whenever he was ready to make the trial. He seemed to have the utmost reliance in the man he had employed to construct his fuses. The plan was simply as follows:—Two stout casks to contain each two hundred pounds of powder were buoyed by small kegs found sufficient to sustain them, floating themselves on the surface; into these was driven a fuse, calculated to burn a few minutes and to be fired by friction. The casks were connected by a small Manilla rope three hundred feet long, buoyed with corks; then the friction-tubes were made fast with a check, requiring a slight force to start them. The torpedoes and buoys were to be put overboard under the bows of the vessel to be blown up, one on each bow; drifting down with the current, the bight of the line would catch the bow of the ship, and then the buoys would drift alongside, with the torpedoes under them twenty feet under water, and would be drawn under the bottom of the ship. As soon as the line checked the drift, the torpedo would swing under the bottom of the ship, and the friction be started by the pressure of the tide and ignite the fuse, and explosion follow. Maury came down when he was ready, with Lieutenant Barney, Engineer Shroeder, and Mr. John Maury. We all went to work to get ready for the trial. While Maury was fitting up his machines, Barney and myself alternated in trying the drift of the tides in Hampton Roads, and we were both of

us near being caught. Once I had got the bowsprit and top-lights of the *Minnesota* in line, and was drifting with the current down upon her, when I heard the splash of oars, and soon after could hear the laughing and talking of the men in a large boat, who were rowing guard around the ship. Our boat was a small pilot's skiff painted the color of the water, and we in gray, could not be seen very far. We lay very low, and the guard-boat passed on without seeing us. We made trial of our torpedoes off the navy-yard, having the barrels filled with rice. They drifted straight, caught the bows of the old frigate *United States*, and when we raised them the fuses had burned out and scorched the rice ; but we had sunk the torpedoes only ten feet on account of the many moorings about the yard. We felt very sanguine of success. That night we went down, started from Sewell's Point a little after midnight, and pulled under the bows of the *Minnesota* and frigate *Cumberland*, as we thought, within their buoys. Mr. Shroeder worked with me, and John Maury with Barney ; while Mat Maury escorted us in a fifth boat. The *Minnesota* was assigned to my party, the *Cumberland* to Barney. We drifted down on her until we could hear the sentries pass the call, and then we made our lines fast together. I pulled for the Old Point shore and Shroeder for the Sewell's Point shore. We laid the lines tight, and then each lowered his torpedo down by hand, dropped the buoy, and pulled for our posts until we had got a quarter of a mile from our enemy, when we lay on our oars in anxious expectation of hearing the explosion ; but we were disappointed. The fuses were found not strong enough to burn at a depth of twenty feet, though they had done so at ten feet. One of our torpedoes had reached its object, and we read in the Yankee papers that the fuses had only partly burned, though both had started. The other torpedo caught a buoy, I think. I remember when we started suggesting to Maury to sink them only ten feet, as it was very difficult for the officer of the boat to lower the torpedo and manage the buoy and twenty feet of line. The slightest check would have fired the fuses and given us a lift into the air. His answer was : "No ; let us do it well. They draw from twenty-two to twenty-three feet. Let us get directly under their bilges and be certain of our game." Subsequent experiments with the same fuses showed that they would not burn deeper than twelve feet ; they were not strong enough. Maury took the failure in his usual quiet way, using Peter Simple's comforting expression, "Better luck next time."

In connection with this affair I will place on record one little fact, to show how our women felt and acted in our great struggle ; and I maintain that but for the encouragement of our women, our men could not have endured as they did, and with such women to inspire them, they could not turn back if they had wished.

My wife knew we had some dangerous enterprise on hand, but she did not know the nature of it. On the day of the night we went down I got home about 5 o'clock, much fatigued, and told her I must take a little nap, as I would be up all night, and she must call me at 8 o'clock. At a little before that hour she came into my dressing-room with a cup of coffee and aroused me. Not one word from her, nor the slightest sign to show that her woman's heart was filled with

anxiety, and I left her not knowing that she understood that the hour for trial had arrived. At early dawn, when I returned, I tapped on the window of my nurse to get in. The front door was opened by my gentle wife. "Why, my dear," I said, "what on earth are you doing up at this hour?" Her answer would not have disgraced the Spartan matron: "I have spent the night on my knees." God bless our noble, true, glorious women!

GEO. T. SINCLAIR.

PEACE NEGOTIATIONS.

The following letters would have more properly preceded the account of the Hampton Roads Conference, but even now they deserve a place in the record of the times.

J. W. J., *Sec. pro tem.*

169 ST. PAUL STREET, BALTIMORE, {
July 13th, 1874. }

GEORGE W. MUNFORD, Esq.,

Secretary of Southern Historical Society, Richmond, Va.

Dear Sir:—Enclosed is a copy of a letter addressed by me in the early part of December, 1864, to Mr. Justice Nelson, of the Supreme Court of the United States. Bishop Lay of the Episcopal Church afforded the information which induced it. It was prepared and submitted to Mr. Seddon, Secretary of War, and to Mr. R. M. T. Hunter of Virginia.

Mr. Seddon communicated to Mr. Davis, the President of the Confederate States, my purpose, and I had his consent to this intercourse. The letter was not shown to him, and I alone am responsible for its terms.

The letter was received by Justice Nelson, as he told me after the war, carried to Mr. Secretary Stanton, who expressed satisfaction with it, and that the persons named in it, including himself, should have an interview with me. Subsequently the visit of Mr. Blair to Richmond, the object of which he said was only known to Mr. Lincoln, was assigned as the reason for the failure. Mr. Stanton informed me there had been a reply to the letter, but none was received by me.

Very respectfully yours,

J. A. CAMPBELL.

RICHMOND, VA., December, 1864.

My Dear Sir:—It has more than once occurred to me since my intercourse with you was suspended by the existing war, to address you upon the subject of ascertaining whether anything could be effected for the amelioration of the condition which it has occasioned.

There were practical difficulties that were not easily to be overcome. I had no assurance that any good would follow from it. It might expose you as well as myself to misconstruction; and events seem to be so little under the control of any private and individual will or action that a submission to them was all which was apparently left for any one having no such control. An intelligent and reverend friend who lately came through the United States, passing by the headquarters of two of their armies, informs me that one of the commanders expressed to him the opinion that good might follow from a frank and candid interchange of opinions and information between citizens of the different sections, and that so far from opposing obstructions, he would grant facilities for that kind of intercourse. This observation was a general one, and of course had no relation to you or to myself. It was repeated to me as one seriously, sincerely made, and one upon which some notice or action might be taken. It has had the influence to induce me to address you this letter. My opinions and feelings as to the manner proper to compose the existing difficulties have undergone no change since the day we parted in Washington in 1861. My conviction is firm and abiding, that had the counsels which you gave on that day been followed in the fulness of their spirit, and even to their letter, that the country would have escaped the heaviest of the calamities that have since befallen it. I believe now that an honorable peace will relieve the country from evils possibly more permanent and more aggravated than those which have been suffered; nor have I at any time hesitated to believe that wise, moderate, magnanimous counsels might result in the settlement of the terms of an honorable peace. I can say to you now what I expressed then, that the consequences of such a peace I was ready to accept. I believe that from it all that a good, "wise" man ought to desire, would surely in the good time appointed by Providence result. If you suppose that any advancement to this end would be made by any communication between us, or between myself and others, I am ready to hold that communication. Mr. Ewing, Judge Curtis, or Mr. Stanton, have occurred to me in this connection. I should not bear any official commission, or have any proposition from any public authority; my object is simply to promote an interchange of views and opinions which might be productive of good, and scarcely do harm. I would meet you in the United States, or at any point beyond the Confederate lines which might be designated. For this a passport would be necessary. If you would prefer to visit Richmond at any time, upon informing me I could acquaint you whether it could be done. This letter is not marked private or confidential. I am well aware of the fact that it will be proper to communicate it to other persons. Of course it is not my wish that any undue publicity should be given it.

Very respectfully and truly yours,

J. A. CAMPBELL.

Hon. S. NELSON, *Associate Justice of Supreme Court U. S.*

FREDERICKSBURG IN THE WAR.

In November, 1862, the army under General Lee was confronting the "Army of the Potomac" under General Ambrose Burnside, who had taken command upon the removal of McClellan. Knowing that a movement upon Richmond was intended, the Confederate commander keenly watched his adversary, to determine what line of approach he would adopt. It was soon apparent. On the 10th of November a small body of Federal cavalry, under Capt. Ulric Dahlgren (a son of the admiral commanding the fleet off South Carolina), dashed into the streets of Fredericksburg. A few Southern horsemen were there, who, although at first dispersed, quickly rallied, and aided by some adventurous citizens, attacked the raiders. Their object being merely a reconnoissance, they soon withdrew, with the loss of a few men and horses. Immediately afterwards the Federal army began to move down from Fauquier and Prince William, through Stafford County, to occupy Fredericksburg. General Lee gave prompt warning to Col. Wm. A. Ball, who with a small cavalry force held the town, directing him, if possible, to retard the enemy, and informing him that he would soon be reinforced. The divisions of McLaws and Ransom, with W. H. F. Lee's brigade of cavalry and Lane's Battery, were put in rapid motion for the threatened point, and the whole Confederate army prepared to follow.

Col. Ball had already proved his courage and skill upon the field of Leesburg and in other encounters; he now gave a signal example of what may be done with a small force by a resolute front. On Sunday, the 16th, his scouts announced the approach of the enemy on three roads — the Warrenton, Stafford Court-house, and Poplar. He telegraphed to Gen. Gustavus W. Smith in Richmond, that if he would send him two companies of infantry he would engage the enemy if they sought to cross the fords of the Rappahannock near Fredericksburg. Gen. Smith promptly sent him a battalion of four companies, under Major Finney, from the 42d Mississippi. Col. Ball placed these in the mill-race and mill opposite Falmouth, stationed his cavalry in the upper part of Fredericksburg, and planted Capt. Lewis's battery of four guns and eighty men on the plateau around the residence of Mrs. Fitzgerald, half a mile above the town. His whole force did not exceed five hundred and twenty men.

At 10 o'clock on Monday, the 17th, the Southern scouts were driven across the river by the enemy's cavalry, and in four hours thereafter the whole Federal corps under Gen. Sumner, twelve thousand strong, appeared on the Stafford Heights opposite Fredericksburg, and planted their field-batteries, consisting of more than twenty guns. In the face of their rapid and accurate firing Lewis's men stoutly maintained their ground and replied. The distance did not exceed eight hundred yards. Finding the exposure too great, Col. Ball withdrew the pieces and artillerists under the shelter of

Mrs. Fitzgerald's house, which was pierced through and through by the enemy's shot; yet the Southern fire was maintained, and the Federals, uncertain as to the force before them, made no attempt to cross the river.

It seemed rash to remain, and all of Col. Ball's officers, except Adj. Dickinson, earnestly advised him to withdraw. But he refused, and telegraphed to Gen. Smith that he would hold his position while a man was left to him. Gen. Smith replied: "Give them the best fight you have in you"; and General Lee telegraphed: "Hold your position *if you can*: reinforcements are hurrying to you." Thus encouraged, Col. Ball maintained his front with five hundred men in the face of twelve thousand.

On Tuesday the enemy's force was largely increased: Burnside's whole army was pouring down to the Stafford hills. Col. Ball received a reinforcement of the Norfolk Light Artillery and the 61st Virginia Regiment, amounting together to about five hundred men. He relieved the wearied infantry at the mill and the artillerists at Mrs. Fitzgerald's, and still faced the enemy. They were waiting for pontoon-bridges and did not cross.

Meanwhile, General Lee's army was rushing down the roads from Culpeper and Orange to occupy the crest of hills around Fredericksburg. Wednesday, at daybreak, Fitzhugh Lee's cavalry arrived; the next morning Gen. McLaws, with his own division and that of Gen. Ransom, were in position, and on the 21st the Commander-in-Chief was at hand to direct the movements of the corps of Longstreet and Jackson, which rapidly followed him.

On Friday, the 21st, Gen. Sumner sent over a flag of truce, with a message to the civil authorities of Fredericksburg. Gen. Patrick bore the message. He was well-known to many citizens of the town, having commanded during a large part of the previous occupation. The demand of Sumner was that the town should be surrendered to him by five o'clock in the afternoon, otherwise he threatened to open his batteries by nine the next morning and bombard Fredericksburg. A storm was in progress when the summons came. Mayor Slaughter informed Gen. Patrick that the civil authorities could not answer the demand until they had "referred it to General Lee." The Federal officers were astonished. "To General Lee! What General Lee do you mean?" "We mean the Commander-in-Chief of the Confederate army," was the reply. "He is not here?" the officers rejoined. They were assured that he was at his headquarters on the crest of hills beyond the town. Amazed at this new development, Gen. Patrick remained, until at nine o'clock at night the answer came. General Lee informed him, through the authorities of Fredericksburg, that the Confederate army would not use the town for military purposes, but would resist any attempt of the enemy to occupy it. In view of the bombardment menaced, and of the certainty that their homes would soon be under the fire of both armies, he advised the inhabitants to remove as rapidly as possible.

The threatened bombardment was not opened the next morning, but it became apparent that the enemy would cross, and that the town would be exposed not only to their fire, but to the most terrible

desolations of war. The humane and considerate chief of the Confederate army urged the women and children to remove, and furnished wagons, ambulances, every facility in his power for their aid. Then followed a scene illustrating both the horrors of war and the virtues to which it sometimes gives birth. The people of Fredericksburg almost *en masse* left their homes rather than yield them to the enemy. Trains of cars departed full of refugees. Upon the last train the enemy opened a fire of shells; they afterwards explained that it was a mistake. Wagons and vehicles of every kind left the town filled with women and little children, with the few articles of apparel and necessity that could be removed. Many were seen on foot along the roads leading into the country. Winter had commenced; snow had fallen. Many were compelled to take refuge in cabins, barns and tents scattered through the woods and fields. They were dependent for food on the exertions of their friends and the humane efforts of the Southern army.

Fredericksburg was an old Virginia town, long distinguished for the refinement and intelligence of its people and the beauty of its women. The sight of such a population driven out from their homes in the winter excited the sympathy and admiration of the South. General Lee's testimony was: "History presents no instance of a people exhibiting a purer and more unselfish patriotism, or a higher spirit of fortitude and courage, than was evinced by the people of Fredericksburg. They cheerfully incurred great hardships and privations, and surrendered their homes and property to destruction, rather than yield them into the hands of the enemies of their country." A movement to aid them was commenced in Richmond. A committee of relief and treasurer were appointed. Funds were liberally contributed throughout the whole South. The army vied with the people in furnishing money for the distressed refugees. From the Commander-in-Chief down to the humblest private in the ranks, the brave men who had fought the battles now devoted their hard-earned money to the cause of humanity. The division of Gen. Hood gave more than \$9000; the cavalry under Gen. Stuart gave nearly \$8000, of which \$5400 were contributed by the brigade of Fitzhugh Lee; the 13th Mississippi Regiment gave \$1600; the small naval force at Drury's Bluff gave nearly \$800, and other bodies contributed in like proportion. The contributions of people and army continued until more than ninety thousand dollars had been received and disbursed by the committee in Richmond, and nearly an equal sum by the Mayor of Fredericksburg. The relief given by the purchase and supply of food and clothing was most seasonable. Yet it could not compensate for broken hearts and desolated homes.

A few families remained in Fredericksburg, determined to brave the terrors of war as long as possible. The hills of Stafford are higher than the corresponding crest on the south side of the river. The enemy had planted six batteries of heavy guns, consisting of 20-pound Parrotts, and siege-pieces throwing 85-pound shells, on the hills from Falmouth to Deep Run, in distance from Fredericksburg varying from six hundred to two thousand yards, and these, with their numerous field-batteries, commanded not only the town, but the river

for four miles up and down the line of hills. Perceiving that he could not prevent them from crossing under the fire of their guns, General Lee determined to meet them as they advanced over the plateau between the river and the ridge of hills south and west of Fredericksburg. For this purpose he occupied the crest with his army, and erected heavy batteries at the most eligible positions. His line ran from the river, a mile and a half above the town, to the railroad crossing at Hamilton's, four miles below. Longstreet's corps rested its left wing on the river; next was A. P. Hill's division; and Jackson's corps was at Hamilton's, with D. H. Hill, observing the enemy at Port Royal. Gen. Hampton's cavalry, guarding the upper Rappahannock, crossed, and on the 28th November made a sudden descent upon the Federal horse at Dumfries, capturing two squadrons and a number of wagons with stores. At the same time some of Colonel Beale's cavalry crossed in boats below Port Royal and captured several prisoners. Excited by these bold movements the enemy's gunboats moved up and threw shells into Port Royal, but were driven off with damage on the 5th of December by the accurate fire of Major Pelham's artillery.

These skirmishes were soon followed by the grand movement of the enemy. Having at length received his pontoon-bridges, General Burnside prepared to throw his army across the river. At two o'clock in the morning of Thursday the 11th of December his troops were in motion, and three signal-guns in General Lee's works sounded a note of warning to the people and the army. The enemy commenced throwing three pontoon-bridges across the river, two at Fredericksburg and one at Deep Run, a mile and a quarter below.

The brigade of General Barksdale held the town. The 17th Mississippi, aided by the 8th Florida, guarded the upper crossing; the 18th was near Deep Run. As the enemy appeared on their unfinished bridge opposite the town, General Barksdale's men opened a severe musketry fire, picking them off with great rapidity. Hardly had this fire commenced before the enemy's heavy batteries opened the long-threatened bombardment of Fredericksburg. Their field batteries soon followed, and for twelve hours a horrible deluge of shells and shot was poured upon the streets and houses. The few remaining inhabitants fled to their cellars, and sought to save their lives from the storm which was beating their homes to pieces. Many houses were burned; among them was the residence of the postmaster, Reuben T. Thom. He was old and enfeebled by illness, yet he retained his courage, and when his house was burning he took his seat in a chair in his yard, seeming to defy the torrent of deadly missiles. His friends with difficulty removed him from his ruined home.

The scenes of terror and danger passing in the town were pictured in a letter from a lady to her son in the army. She had remained until the bombardment. She wrote:

"Our lives are all spared, and you must help us to adore the goodness which has intervened between us and the great perils to which we have been exposed. We had no warning of the intention of the enemy, and were awakened on the morning of the 11th, at five

o'clock, by the booming of the cannon, and heard instantly that the enemy were crossing the river. We hurried on our clothes and rushed into the cellar as the second shot struck the house. The servants made up a fire, and we had just gathered around it when the crashing of glass and splintering of wood caused us to run towards the door leading to the wood-cellar. As we reached it, poor little S. exclaimed, 'I am struck, Ma!' and fell into my arms. We bore him into a closet in the cellar and tore his clothes off, and found only a large black bruise on his right arm near the shoulder; the ball which struck him was so nearly spent that it had only force left to inflict this hurt. We afterwards found the ball near where he stood — a twelve-pounder. After this we did not venture even into that room again, but sat crouched together in the dark hole for thirteen hours, while the cannonading was tearing everything to pieces above our heads. There are holes in the upstairs rooms large enough to put a barrel through. About one o'clock Brother J. came in from his farm, at the risk of his life, to see if we could be moved. A hasty council was held, but the firing was so tremendous and the destruction in the streets so great that it was thought best for us to remain where we were. So there we sat upon the floor in the closet, 'looking *upward* in the strife.' Susan and Martha got us a furnace of live coals, and even cooked us a little food at the fire-place in one of the rooms; they got us all the counterpanes and blankets they could hastily snatch, and made poor — a bed, as he has never recovered from his late attack.

"Just at dark we heard your uncle's voice again calling, 'Come out. I have an ambulance at the back door, and you must not stay to get a single thing. They are in town, only a square off, and you must be gone at once!' We needed no second call, but wrapping the blankets around us, we rushed through the yard over the branches of trees. The palings were all down and the yard was ploughed up, and we stepped over many a ball and fragment of shell in our hasty progress to the ambulance. Brother J. put us all in and remained a few moments to lock up the house, when our driver put the whip to his horses, and we tore through the town at a rate that at any other time would have frightened me for the safety of our lives, but now seemed all too slow for our anxiety to be beyond the reach of those fearful shot and shells which were still crashing through the streets and tearing the houses to pieces. I never ventured to look back until we reached the top of the high hill beyond the mill, and then the scene was so awfully grand and terrible that I cannot venture upon its description. The railroad bridge across Hazel Run was burning, and large fires at several points in the town. There were hundreds of camp-fires, around which bands of men under arms were gathered, and the road was lined with soldiers, wagons, and ambulances. Every object could be distinguished, even the fierce swarthy countenances of our soldiers, every one of whom looked defiance towards the foe who had caused the destruction of our homes.

"We came on at rather a lessened pace, and when Mrs. T. met us in the yard with her warm, cordial welcome, and led us into the bright cheerful-looking room, where a good fire was blazing and kind, sympathising friends were all around, my wrought-up agony gave way in

floods of tears which could not be controlled. We thanked God for our deliverance; and when we lay down in comfortable beds, far away from the sound, the sight, and the *smell* of battle (for the atmosphere which we had breathed all day was so impregnated with gunpowder that it was oppressive), we felt indeed that after all we were dealt with by a kind Father."

General Barksdale's troops resisted the passage of the enemy with stubborn courage. Nine times they attempted to complete their pontoons opposite to the town, and as often were driven back by the fatal fire from the rifle-pits and houses on the bank. But at the bridge near Deep Run the Confederates were exposed to a sweeping fire of artillery, and at one o'clock they were compelled to withdraw. This enabled the enemy to cross below and advance on the town. Under orders General Barksdale's men slowly retired, fighting all the way through the streets and inflicting loss on the foe.

On gaining possession of Fredericksburg, the Federal troops abandoned themselves to pillage and destruction. They entered the stores and dwellings, rifled them of all that could be removed, and wantonly shattered to pieces furniture, mirrors and glassware, ripped open beds and beat out their contents into the yards and streets. All the liquor and wine found was speedily seized. Four hundred bottles of old wine were taken from the store of Wm. Allen by Meagher's Irish brigade. Its effects were seen in the battle now hastening on.

On Friday the 12th the Federal army was drawn up in battle-line, preparing to advance. Not less than sixty thousand men were on the south bank of the river, embracing the four corps of Sumner, Couch, Franklin, and Wilcox, with more than a hundred pieces of artillery. The Confederate army sternly confronted them in a line extending nearly six miles. Longstreet occupied the wooded ridge running from the river above to a point a mile below the town. A. P. Hill's troops were on his right, and Jackson held the lower line from above Hamilton's Crossing to the Massaponax river. The Southern batteries occupied fine positions to sweep the semicircular plateau across which the enemy must advance. Stuart's horse artillery were in the plain on the extreme right, and the Fredericksburg Battery under Braxton, and Letcher Artillery under Greenlee Davidson, were in Bernard's field, very near the centre of the Federal line. At one o'clock the heavy batteries on each side opened, and for an hour kept up a brilliant duel of shells and round shot. Then all was silent again.

On the morning of Saturday the 13th of December a dense fog hung over the river and the adjoining fields. Under its cover the Federals advanced. Their heaviest attack was against the position held by A. P. Hill. Through the thick vapor their dark masses were dimly seen, and immediately the batteries of Braxton and Davidson opened on them with severe effect. At the same time Major Pelham on the right began an enfilading fire, which ploughed through their ranks, sweeping down numbers at every discharge. His fire was so effective that six of the enemy's batteries concentrated on him; yet under this sharp ordeal he maintained his position, and continued his rounds with such daring as to excite the admiration of the Southern commander.

The divisions of the Federal Generals Meade, Gibbons, and Doubleday of Franklin's corps, made strenuous efforts to penetrate General Hill's lines. As their left advanced towards the ridge occupied by Colonel Lindsay Walker's artillery, he waited until they were within eight hundred yards. Then the guns under Pegram, Ellett and McIntosh launched on them a storm of missiles, which first stopped their advance and then drove them back in rout and confusion. Meanwhile, farther up the line the attack was more successful; the brigades of Generals Archer and Lane became engaged with a heavy force of the enemy. A bloody struggle ensued. Barber's 37th and Avery's 33d North Carolina kept up a destructive fire. The Confederates repulsed all in their front, but the numbers of the enemy enabled them to press in upon their flanks; and finding that they were in danger of being surrounded, two regiments of Archer and Lane's men gave way and fell back, leaving about two hundred and forty prisoners in the hands of the enemy.

General Archer, with two regiments and two battalions from Tennessee, Alabama and Virginia, held his ground with tenacity, while reinforcements from right and left were hurrying to him. Two of Hood's regiments under General Law, Godwin's 57th and McDowell's 54th North Carolina, were detached from the left, and made a charge which drove back the Federals in their front beyond the Bowling Green road. But a massed column of the enemy poured through the breach in the Southern lines, and penetrated to A. P. Hill's second line, where they encountered General Maxcy Gregg's brigade. Orr's Rifles mistaking the advancing Federals for friends, were thrown into momentary confusion. In his efforts to rally them, General Gregg fell mortally wounded on the field. A braver soldier and a truer heart was never lost to the South. Colonel Hamilton, who succeeded to the command, rallied his men, and with promptness re-formed his lines and poured a killing volley into the enemy's flank. At the same time General Thomas's brigade came up to the assistance of Archer, and Lawton's and Hoke's brigades from Early's division hastened into the *melee*, with the yells which differed so much from the huzzas of the Federals that the onset of a Southern regiment was always known by the sound. After a short and sanguinary contest the Federals under Ferrero, Negley and Sturgis, gave way, and were driven across the railroad with heavy loss. Latimer's battery and the brigade under Colonel Brockenbrough completed the rout. Doubleday's advance with the extreme left of the Federals was successfully met by Jackson's infantry under D. H. Hill, aided by the batteries of Brockenbrough, Raine, Poague and Dance. The Pennsylvania Reserves under General Jackson were received with a fire so fatal that they broke in confusion and could not be rallied. Jackson fell dead on the field, and his body, with that of his adjutant, Sweringer, fell into the hands of the Confederates. The troops under General Meade were hopelessly demoralised. General Gibbons was wounded; General Franklin's grand division was broken and defeated. The attack on the Southern right had failed. After eight hours of fierce contest they had driven back the enemy at every point, leaving the intervening ground covered with his slain.

Meanwhile on the left a bloody scene had been enacted. The Washington Artillery were in position on Marye's Hill. General Ransom's division was in support. Brigadier-General Thomas R. R. Cobb's brigade was posted on the road below the hill, behind a stone-wall which afforded an admirable breastwork. Brig.-General Cooke's men occupied the crest of the hill. At half-past eleven o'clock the serried ranks of the divisions of Generals Hancock, Couch, and Wilcox poured out from Fredericksburg, and advanced over the narrow fields. When they came within effective range, Walton's guns opened on them, tearing their ranks with spherical case and canister. Still they came steadily on, while the heavy batteries from the opposite hills and a cloud of sharpshooters on their flanks sought to create a diversion in their favor. But when they reached a distance of a hundred yards from the road, the infantry under Cobb and Cooke opened their fire and sent a rain of bullets upon their already bleeding ranks. Their dead fell like withered leaves. Unable to bear the storm, they recoiled and fled. Again they were rallied and came on, seeking the shelter of ravines and fences; again they met the hail of lead and retreated in rout, leaving hundreds of dead and wounded. Five times their advance was renewed, and as often repelled with fearful loss.

As the evening approached the Federal officers organised a column of assault heavier than any they had yet employed. The troops under Couch, Wilcox and Burns were massed for a final and desperate effort. Meagher's Irish Brigade led the van; their native courage had been stimulated to the highest degree by the liquor and wine they had seized in Fredericksburg. Seeing the formidable movement, General Ransom ordered Cooke's brigade to support Cobb's on the road. Kershaw ordered up his division, and Kemper hastened into line with his troops. At four o'clock the enormous columns of the enemy were hurled upon the position, firing such torrents of bullets that a dark belt stained with lead ran along the whole line of the stone-wall. The Confederates suffered severe loss. General Cobb, a most gallant and accomplished officer, was killed by a fragment of shell. General Cooke was dangerously wounded. Yet the men stood firm, and when the foe came within short musket-range, they met them with a ceaseless fire of minie-balls, while the artillery above under Colonel Alexander was shattering their ranks with grape and canister. In the words of a Northern writer, "human nature was unable to hold out against the terrible fire." The Irish Brigade melted away; the ground was soon so covered with the dead that the men behind were compelled to pass over them or push them aside. The Federals broke and retreated in horror from the field of blood. Their sharpshooters kept up a scattering fire, but as the shades of evening gathered over the field, the remnants of the immense host that had moved out in the morning retreated into the town or behind the banks of the river. The Southern victory was complete.

The loss of the Confederates in this battle was four thousand two hundred men, of whom only four hundred and fifty-eight were killed. A. P. Hill's division, which sustained the heaviest pressure, lost two hundred and eleven killed, and fourteen hundred and eight wounded.

Besides Generals Gregg and Cobb, the Southern army lost other valuable officers, among whom were Captain H. D. King and Lieut. James Ellett.

The repulse of the enemy had been so complete and accomplished with so little comparative loss, that the Confederate generals expected the battle to be renewed on Monday. But the result proved that they did not know the extent of the bloody chastisement they had inflicted. The Federal loss in killed, wounded and prisoners was not less than fifteen thousand men. They lost also nine thousand small arms. Their spirits were broken by the fearful slaughter they had sustained. Their dead lay in ghastly heaps on the field; nearly every house in the town was filled with their wounded.

During the whole battle General Burnside never crossed to the south side of the Rappahannock. He remained in the house of A. K. Phillips on a high hill north of the river. A Northern observer said: "His position most of the time was on the upper balcony, where *with a powerful glass* he was watching the movements." After the sanguinary defeat of his army, he crossed and attempted to organise another attack in columns of regiments; but his troops demurred, his division generals advised against it. In truth, the men could not have been brought to the attempt, and he quickly abandoned it.

On the night of Monday, December 15th, in the midst of a storm of wind and rain, he withdrew his beaten army with all possible silence and celerity across the river and then removed the pontoons. The next morning when the Southern officers and their men looked through the haze and storm to see what their enemy was doing, he was gone.

R. R. HOWISON.

STUART IN WESTMINSTER.

A Narrative of Events in Westminster, Carroll County, Maryland, during the Week of War in which took place the Battle of Gettysburg.

The week beginning on the 28th day of June, and ending on the 4th day of July, 1863, will long be remembered by the citizens of Westminster, and perhaps by most of the people of Carroll County too, as the period when for the first time they were brought to realise the fearful horrors of the great war that had for years been raging throughout all the Southern States. All the great papers of the country had been for a long time filled with truthful pictures of the life of the soldier—the encampment, the march, the battle, the hospital—and details of the hardships and sufferings endured by both soldiers and people were faithfully given; but over each awful scene was spread thickly the varnish of the glory or the agony of the

final result, so that all individual suffering was forgotten in the exultation over the victory or lamentation for the defeat. The stories of burnt homesteads, of ruined crops, of desolated fields, of scattered families, and of starving people in the South, were incredible, inconceivable. Quietly and peacefully as in the times of peace, our citizens went to their daily toil, knowing nothing, feeling nothing of the war, except what they thus read in their daily papers or from their annually increasing tax-bills. In the country the farmer looked over his wheat-fields stretching away to the horizon, where the ripe grain rippled in the sunshine when the breezes blew up and down the furrows, and could not realise that in just such fields far away to the south of him, men were even then struggling for their lives or lying dead in great ghastly heaps. "Seeing is believing," however, in most cases; and all certainly found it so when in this bright week of June the armies of Stuart and Sedgwick came pouring into the county and re-enacted the very scenes of which they had so skeptically read.

Emboldened by his success at Chancellorsville over Hooker, and in the Valley over Milroy, Lee had gathered the whole of his available strength, until confident and powerful, he crossed the Potomac on the 24th day of June, 1863, and began that celebrated march through Pennsylvania which was destined to end in the great and bloody battle of Gettysburg. Supposing the Army of the Potomac to be still on the retreat to Washington, he hastened on as far as Carlisle and York; but here, late on the night of the 28th, a scout brought him the news that Hooker was rapidly marching upon Frederick and the South Mountain, and threatening to cut off his communications. He at once turned and came east of the mountains, marching towards Baltimore. About this time General Hooker was removed from and General Meade placed in command of the Army of the Potomac. The latter, renouncing all thought of moving to the west of South Mountain, pressed forward on the east side of that range; and thus, as the direction of the rival armies was at right angles with each other, Meade marching northward, and Lee eastward, it was inevitable that they should meet.

It had been intended that General Stuart with his famous cavalry should form the right of the Confederate army; but thinking to damage Hooker by getting in his rear, Stuart determined, in the exercise of the discretion given him by Lee, to pass entirely around the Union army. When he had crossed to the Maryland shore, he discovered that the Army of the Potomac, under its new commander, had interposed between him and Lee, and he was thus forced to march northward, parallel with it, through Westminster towards Hanover.

With these facts we are now all familiar, but what the people of our little city then knew was only this, that Lee had crossed the Potomac. This was learned from the fugitives from the western counties, who, panic-stricken and laden with all their household goods, hastened by day and night through the streets, each successive arrival announcing in the most positive terms that the Confederates were but a little way in their rear—an apt illustration of that Bible truth, "The wicked flee when no man pursueth." These were the men who had kept

our gallant State from assuming her true position at the side of her sisters; these were they who had applauded every act of Northern cruelty and vandalism, and now it was not to be wondered at that a guilty conscience should fill them with grave apprehensions of coming vengeance. No sooner would a little group of these tired and dusty strangers stop to rest and quench their thirst, than another group would overtake them, and with the alarming cry of "*The Reb-bills* are coming!" send them hurrying on their way. Never before had Westminster beheld, and, please God, never again shall witness, such a scene of hurry, alarm and confusion as that which now every day presented. Each man eagerly asked his neighbor for news, and crowds gathered at all the public places anxiously seeking for intelligence from the armies. The merchants closed their stores at every fresh alarm, and all officers of the Government hastily fled. The tradesman forsook his shop, the farmer his plough, and the lawyer his office, and came out on the street to join in the search for news. Even the schoolmaster, in his longing to be "abroad" with the rest, laid down his birch, or in his flurry plied it with diminished unction. Who would waste time in hammering, in planting, in studying, or in teaching, when the fruits of his labor were liable to be torn from him at any moment by the iron hand of war? The friends of the South went wild with excitement, prophesying the certainty of the triumph of their cause. "Lee has cut the Yankee army to pieces," it was said. "He is marching straight on Philadelphia and New York. He will be here to-night!" Here to-night! Wild with terror at the words, the fugitive teamsters whip up their jaded horses, and hastening on their way, shout out at their very next halting-place that they have left the whole Confederate army in Westminster.

Amidst all this confusion, on Sunday morning, the 28th of June, a company of cavalry from the State of Delaware rode into town, and in the course of the day encamped on an eminence commanding the city known as College Hill. They brought no news of Lee or Meade, and were even unable to state the object of their coming. Their presence in nowise tended to allay the alarm and confusion, but rather increased it, as the major in command, having more nerves than brains, and more cowardice than common sense, and being afflicted with an insane belief that the whole and sole object of the invasion was the capture of his precious person, could see in his every glass of whiskey, which he drank at intervals of five minutes with the most commendable industry and astonishing regularity, whole hosts of Confederates within a few moments' march of him. Consequently, at every rumor he called out his command, and all that day there was a continual galloping to and fro of armed men, until finally the whole company made a last desperate charge through the streets and disappeared in the direction of Baltimore. Early the next morning, however, they again made their appearance and took up their old quarters — the men on the hill, the major at the nearest bar-room.

Not many hours after their return, at about three o'clock on the afternoon of the 29th, Stuart, on his way, as before stated, to Hanover to join Lee, came in sight of Westminster. He marched along the road which leads to Washington City until within a mile of town,

when, learning of the presence of the Delaware men, he halted the main body of his troops, and sent on in advance a force of fifty men under Lieutenants Gibson and Murray, to intercept the retreat of the Federal cavalry, while a larger force dispatched across the country to the northwest should attack them in the rear. Information of these movements was at once conveyed by a citizen to the Delaware major, and that gallant officer, without saying a word to his men, circumvented all of Lee's and Stuart's plans for his individual capture by making the most expeditious and extraordinary of all modern retreats. He never drew rein until he reached Baltimore, and there he gave a most wonderful account of his dreadful encounter with the "Rebel" troops. As far as *his* company was concerned the war was now over. Alone they fought the whole of Stuart's men (whose bloodthirsty obstinacy he could not too severely reprehend), until every man but himself was slain. It was some satisfaction to decent people to afterwards learn that the poor wretch was dismissed the service for his cowardice. In the meantime the officer next in command of the Federals drew up his men, and bravely determined to fight his way out of the difficulty. In a few moments they were all mounted and ready for the fray. The road upon which Lieutenants Gibson and Murray were advancing intersected the Baltimore turnpike at right angles at the eastern end of the city, and in this angle they posted their men to await the retreat of the Federals after they should be stricken by the force sent around to their rear. The Delaware men, however, being ignorant of the advance of the latter, and supposing that they had only to deal with the small command of the two lieutenants, promptly left their camp and confidently rode forward to the attack. When within sight of their enemies a bugle sounded the charge, and in an instant both parties were joined in the wildest confusion. First came the quick, vehement crack of carbines in two explosions in rapid succession; then a general discharge as of a number of persons firing at once, and at last the floundering of horses, the cries and curses of men, and the ringing of steel striking steel. This lasted for a moment or two that seemed hours, and then the Confederates, overpowered by numbers, began to give ground. Lieutenant Gibson, however, too proud and too brave to yield an inch, maintained his position alone. In an instant scores of foes were around and about him, sabres flashed right and left above him, and pistols blazed in his face; but his enemies, awed by his stern and defiant courage, for a few moments dared not approach within striking distance of his terrible sword-arm. Presently a sergeant rode straight at him—a pistol flash, and a bluecoat rolled in the dust dead; another flash, and the gallant Southerner also fell shot through the brain. But his bravery was not all for naught; witnessing it, his men became inspired with the fury of demons. Led by Murray, they rushed upon the Federals and scattered them in every direction in the wildest confusion. First in the onset was Murray. He plunged into the thickest of the fight, his sabre flashing to the right and to the left, wherever a stubborn foe awaited him. 'Alas, for the noble brave! Just as the first flush of victory had crowned his gallantry he too fell. The battle was now over. The Federals, panic-stricken, turned and fled towards their

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THE ODD TRUMP.

BOOK III.—THE BANK'S GAME.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

TRAVELLING COMPANIONS.

TRUMPLEY had thirty-five minutes to spare at Charing Cross station. He secured a return ticket to Paris, ordered breakfast, and while it was "in cooking," refreshed himself with a bath. He had slept an hour or two through the night, and as the smoke of London receded and the green fields spread around on either side of his train, flying towards the coast, he felt that returning tide of energy and spirit wherewith happy youth always beats back the assaults of evil fortune. There was a dull pain in his bosom, where a little curl of glossy hair reposed. He had been in the habit of greeting this fragment of humanity with a kiss each morning, and to-day he had neglected this ceremony. There was a vague suspicion in his thought that he had no right to the customary salutation, and therefore he refrained. It may be that the ringlet resented the omission, and by some occult power shot magnetic arrows into the heart of its former worshipper; or perhaps the pain he felt was the natural penalty of *quasi* fetichism about to be renounced. He did not throw the tress away; possibly, as he traced his pain to the person of the idol from whom he had stolen it, he might have been deterred by the proverb that ascribes healing virtue to the hair of the foe that inflicts the

wound. This, however, is the author's conceit, not Trump's, and the author blushes in suggesting it.

Wailes had a retentive memory. Compelling himself to think closely and steadily upon the important business in hand, he remembered certain inaccuracies in the recent correspondence with Blauvelt and Zimmermann which were explained by the impending catastrophe. There had been some bills from that house a week before that had to be returned on account of some informality. He remembered the letter of apology that he had written. By-the-bye, the bills purported to be drawn by Delisle of Paris, and only yesterday there was a queer letter from Delisle asking some questions about bills from Berlin. This letter Mr. Grippe had answered himself, sealing up his reply, so that Trumpley did not see the contents. It looked like Delisle had suspicions too. It was a complicated case altogether, and Mr. Grippe had not "hampered" him with instructions. "Be cool, cautious, watchful and prompt." This was all; and this was enough if he only knew the initial steps.

Arrived at Dover, he went aboard the little steamer, while the other passengers, encumbered with luggage, were clamoring on the dock. In due time all was arranged, and the boat started on her twenty miles of rough water. The last passenger leaped on board as the gangway was withdrawn, and came directly to the upper deck, where Wailes was seated. It was Radcliffe.

"Hillo, Trump!" said he. "I thought you had missed the train at Gloucester. How the deuce did you manage to catch it?"

"By fast walking," answered Wailes.

"I drove rapidly when I learned of your mishap on the road, hoping to overtake you. I got the train by the skin of my teeth."

"I had the start of you," said Trump. "Are you going to Paris?"

"Of course. And you?"

"Yes."

"Shall you be there long? You must come to the Hotel Meurice. Is it a pleasure-trip you are taking?"

Better not tell Rad anything; business secrets are sacred. "I cannot say how long. Hotel Meurice? Oh, no; I am going to Madame Ramor, Rue St. Honoré. There is quite a difference in the matter of outlay, you know, and I am practising economy."

"Talking of economy, do you know that Yankee swell that has taken Beechwood — Clifton, or some such name?"

"Clinton. Yes; he brought letters to our bank."

"Did you ever know him before?" said Radcliffe, very carelessly.

"Yes," replied Wailes; "but he requested me not to refer to the past, so I have not mentioned it even to Mother."

Direct honesty, the exact truth; nothing withheld, nothing colored. This sort of answer disarmed Radcliffe.

"I recognised him, Trump," said he, "and I have been thinking hard things of you ever since. It is Stratton, curse him! the same Yankee that I spitted at Göttingen. He has been poking about the Continent for a year or two. I found some one was interfering with my plans once or twice, but could not discover him. I understand it now. Has he said anything to you about me?"

"Nothing."

"Well, we know he is an impostor to a certain extent. He is travelling under false colors; he bears an assumed name. I shall write to Uncle Matt and warn him."

"You are in error," said Trumpley, quietly; "his name has been legally changed. We have the papers at the bank. He is endorsed everywhere by Sir Henry Walton as a gentleman of station, and he is certainly as rich as he pretends to be. Moreover, Rad, your dislike of him is ridiculous, and your suspicions unfounded. I find him a thorough good fellow. Why should you remember that foolish quarrel in Germany? He certainly got the worst of it then."

"We will try that over perhaps," said Radcliffe.

"Better not," said Trump, laughing; "he is a master of fence now. I wasted an hour endeavoring to get the better of him only a few weeks ago. If I do not mistake, I rather dressed *you* at our last encounter; but Clinton was positively invulnerable."

"Did he get the better of you?" said Radcliffe.

"I don't think he tried. He did not touch me, though. When I get back I may — no, I won't."

"Are you going to do any business in Paris?" said Radcliffe, suddenly, after the pause that succeeded Trump's last remark.

"I shall probably call on our correspondents there. How this horrible little tub pitches! The poor voyagers below there are getting blue. Let us smoke, Rad."

Something wrong about Trump. This is the second time that he evaded the inquiry about business. Does the young jackanapes think himself so important as the representative of Browler Brothers that he cannot answer a civil question? He looks important. What can be up now? It must be something out of the common run of events, or he would be apt to gabble. If he would only get slightly sea-sick, one could pop a sudden question, and he is not able to lie out of a corner. Where in the world did he get these cigars?

"Where did you get these cigars, Trump?"

"Do you like them?" said Trump, reflecting.

"Yes. They are like those Mr. Grippe had last night."

"They are the same, I suppose; Mr. Grippe gave me a few. His smoking is confined to some poisonous cigarettes."

"Do you correspond with Blauvelt and Zimmermann?"

"You mean the bank?" said Trumpley.

"Certainly."

"Ah, then I cannot answer you. Mr. Grippe has a supply of maxims which he has taught me. Number one is: 'Never tell anything about your business, no matter how unimportant it may be.' It seems to me that it is a very sensible rule; one never knows."

This was pleasant. The young cub is actually delivering a sort of moral lecture to a practised man of the world; and he looks so composed and wise. "One never knows!" That implies the possibility of his interlocutor making a bad use of the information. Is it only his old-fashioned oddity in sticking about trifles for the sake of principle, or is he really suspicious?

"Blauvelt of that firm," said Radcliffe, "is our old French tutor."

"Indeed?" said Trumpley, indifferently.

"Man of first-rate abilities," continued Rad, "but inclined to be sharp, I fancy. There is Calais. Those poor beggars below there are having a jolly time. Look how blue that fellow's gills are. I believe I'll offer him a cigar, just to tantalise him."

"For shame, Rad!" said Wailes; "the man is evidently suffering. Let him alone; we are getting into smoother water now. What luggage have you?"

"None; at least it is booked for Paris. You have a portmanteau, I suppose. I saw Podd at the scene of your catastrophe, and he said you had lugged it off yourself."

"Yes, I did. You see I had to travel rapidly. Rad, we ought to offer our services to some of those feeble women. Come on."

"Not I."

"Well, I must. There is an old lady with two satchels — come on. You may wait upon the younger one."

"Can't do it, Trump. Saw them coming out of second-class carriage. Better not get mixed up with that lot."

"Don't be such a selfish old wretch; come on. They are getting ready to land. It is only to help them over the gangway and get them to the train. The young woman is quite pretty. Come on."

"You are welcome to them both, Trump; I am going to look for a place in a smoking-carriage. Here goes."

While Mr. Merton coolly threaded his way through the crowd of passengers, Wailes took the older woman's satchels, and assisted her across the narrow gangway. Two sharp-eyed French officials stood, one on either side of the landing, but gave them passage. The train was near, and they were soon seated. Radcliffe, who had preceded them, was nowhere visible, and Trumpley took his place in the same carriage with the ladies he had escorted. They were in the second-class compartment.

"We go to Boulogne, Monsieur," said the younger, after expressing her thanks in a mixture of German and French.

"Ach! yes," said the elder; "we have there to meet my daughter's husband. Does Monsieur know Boulogne?"

"I have been there," replied Wailes. "What is the address?"

"Monsieur Jules Blauvelt, Hotel du Nord," answered the old lady, reading the address in a letter which she took from her pocket.

"Why, that is my friend," thought Trumpley; "possibly I may not have to visit Berlin after all."

"Ach!" continued the old lady, reading and translating into French as she proceeded, "Hotel du Nord, Boulogne; await arrival. Come on Wednesday. Get return tickets."

"Mother," said the other, in German, "we should not talk."

"I speak German," said Wailes quickly in that tongue. "As you ladies are comfortably seated, I will seek my friend. Boulogne is the first station, I think." So saying, he gathered up his rug and left the carriage, walking along the platform until he found a vacant compartment in a first-class carriage. The guard closed the door behind him.

"Is Monsieur alone?" he said.

"Yes," said Trump, giving him a franc. "One may smoke here?"

"Perfectly," answered the official, and a moment later the train moved out of the station.

"This is my third to-day," thought Trump, as he lighted his cigar. "I must economise; Mr. Grippe gave me a dozen, and they are half gone. Ah, Monsieur Blauvelt, what trick are you up to now? Perhaps the solitary smoke will stimulate my thinking powers. I must find some satisfactory solution of this mystery. Shall I go to Berlin or not?"

Thinking with enormous vigor, Wailes finished his cigar. Still thinking, he fell asleep. Once the guard awakened him and took his ticket, but he was asleep again in two minutes. Then he saw Mabel, and though the shadows were lengthening over the dreary landscape, he could see the color of her eyes. They were very peculiar eyes—very deep blue. She came nearer to him, and putting her hand on his shoulder, shook him gently. He started up amazed.

"Paris, Monsieur!" said the guard.

Still dreaming, and wondering at the twilight, he got out of the carriage and followed the throng passing to the luggage-room. Then he remembered that he had no luggage—yes, a rug. He had left it in the carriage, and must go back. Fortunately he met the guard, to whom he made his mishap known. In a trice the carriage was found, and the rug also. Another stream of passengers passing down the platform, taking their places in an outgoing train. There was Radcliffe, bidding adieu to a tall gentleman with a magnificent moustache. The tall gentleman entered a carriage, and with his hat pulled down over his eyes, his rug on his shoulder, Mr. Wailes followed him and took his place in the same compartment. He had "done" Paris.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

A TRANSFER.

The author hopes Mr. Trumpley Wailes' claim to oddity is established. He had been travelling eighteen hours, eager to reach the world's capital. In his dreams of violet eyes there had been mingled sundry visions of meat and bread and beer; for he was young and full of health, and the prospect of a dinner in the Rue St. Honoré was the most enlivening prospect before him when he was hunting the lost rug. That he should suddenly abandon the feast and take the return train for Calais, attracted by a moustache of extraordinary proportions, was certainly an odd procedure. If Radcliffe had seen him he would have thought so; if his present *compagnon de voyage* had known his thoughts, he would have been certain of the fact.

Hunger was gnawing at his vitals. Leaning out the window, he accosted a porter passing down the platform.

"My friend," he said, "is it possible to get bread and meat before the train leaves?"

"If Monsieur will step to the buffet. There is time."

"Alas! I cannot quit my seat; but I will pay five francs for bread, meat, and a bottle of English beer."

The porter darted across the rails like an arrow, and returned in two minutes with enough sandwiches to sustain a moderate family a day or two. He extracted the cork from the bottle, which he passed through the window, receiving the promised coin in return. And while the gentle Trumpley demolished the solids and imbibed the beer, the train passed out of the gaslight and into the darkness of the country. Trump threw the empty bottle at a miserable poplar on the roadside ten miles from Paris, and missed it.

The gentleman in the other corner lighted a cigarette, and thus encouraged, Wailes lighted a cigar. He felt very placid and comfortable, and he resolved to meditate silently until they passed Amiens. Then it occurred to him that there might be a branch-road at Amiens, and if he made the acquaintance of his companion he had better begin. There was a lamp in the roof of the car, lighting the compartment dimly, but luminous enough to enable Wailes to study the exterior of the quiet figure in the corner.

Rather tall, probably six feet; wiry-looking; face sallow; eyes hidden by his hat-brim; a long thin nose, a little hooked, and under it a silken black moustache covering his mouth entirely. He looked very strong and rather wicked. Trump felt his pulses accelerated, and laid his hand on his breast to feel the thumping at his ribs. What is this? Clinton's revolver. He had thrust it into his bosom twenty hours ago, and had not thought of it since, except when he undressed for his bath in London. Somehow his pulses grew calmer when he drew it out and placed it by his side on the cushioned seat.

"Mr. Grippe said only two things to me," thought Wailes. "First, he told me to act in this emergency as I would act if the money were my own. Well, it is clear that I should try to reclaim it if I had lost it. Second, he exhorted me to be cool, cautious, watchful and prompt. Well, I feel cool. This murderous little weapon under my hand makes me more than a match for the rascal in the corner. Cautious? By all means! I will select my words most carefully when I open the conversation. How quiet and strong he looks! Watchful? I think I have been reasonably watchful thus far. What are the probabilities? Let me consider.

"Blauvelt forged those bills. No use to debate that point. The bill we sent him was payable in Paris and mailed to his Paris agent. He has the money in his pocket without doubt, and my duty is clearly to effect the transfer of the amount he stole to mine. He is going to Boulogne, intending to join his wife, and will probably go thence to Havre and take ship for Clinton's country. Or he may be bold enough to go to London and effect his exchanges there. In either case it would be perilous to let this opportunity slip.

"What will he do when I make my demand? Fight? Certainly! Then I must disable him. I will shoot him in the legs when he rises. I shall be arrested of course, but he will be arrested also; and while the trial is pending I can telegraph for Mr. Grippe. Blauvelt cannot get away with the money, at least. What a hornet's nest the rascal will stir up if he loses his temper! I must be careful not to lose mine. If I shoot, I must hit him in the thigh, I suppose; and should that fail, I will put in the second shot a little higher. I wonder if he has any offensive weapons? Very likely.

"Prompt? Of course. This is one of those cases where prompt action counts. I saw a couple of gens-d'armes get into the next compartment. If there is any powder burnt in this, they will be in here in a jiffy. I certainly can't miss his legs at this distance. But I did not hit the tree with that bottle; I was not cautious enough. Now for it!

"Mr. Blauvelt," he said aloud, "I salute you."

"Ma foi!" replied Mr. Blauvelt, "it is ze Odd Tromp!"

"Exactly," said Wailes, passing into French. "I hope Monsieur is well."

"Very well. I thought you were in Paris."

"Ah, Mr. Merton told you. I was on my way to Berlin to visit you, but seeing you enter this carriage, I followed. It was fortunate."

Monsieur Blauvelt made a wry face. He looked intently at Wailes, but made no reply.

"Mr. Merton no doubt informed Monsieur that I have the honor to represent Messieurs Browler Brothers?"

Monsieur Blauvelt maintained a discreet silence. The meat and bread, to say nothing of the beer, had invigorated Mr. Wailes' body, and his mind worked smoothly and rapidly.

"There were certain inaccuracies in our later correspondence, Monsieur—especially in yesterday's transactions. Our house remitted yours fifteen thousand two hundred pounds in a bill on Delisle. The bill was mailed to your Paris agent, and should have arrived twelve hours ago. Without doubt; Monsieur has received the bill and obtained the money."

Monsieur was not deaf, only dumb. Trumpley continued his address.

"If Monsieur secured the money to-day then, it is probable that he has it with him; and having it here, the little transfer I hoped to arrange in Berlin can be arranged immediately. We shall reach Amiens within an hour or two; in the meantime I shall receive the fifteen thousand two hundred pounds from Monsieur, with ten pounds additional for expenses incurred in this journey."

Monsieur might as well have been dead, except that his eyes glittered with a gleam that was very life-like.

"Because," continued the orator, "I regret to inform Monsieur that the bills he sent us were forged. I beg Monsieur to remain seated; if he should rise, an accident would happen." And Wailes took up the revolver and cocked it. There was a crisp accent in the click of the lock that was impressive.

"I thought I would be obliged to injure Monsieur," said Wailes, resuming the thread of his discourse; "and indeed there is but a hair's-breadth between him and a very serious injury now. If I am compelled to fire upon Monsieur, I shall endeavor to disable him without killing him. As Monsieur has known me some years, he will do me the honor to believe me."

"What will you have?" said Blauvelt, finding his voice.

"Fifteen thousand two hundred and ten pounds, if Monsieur pleases," answered Wailes.

"You are mad!" said the Belgian, coldly; "you need not be told

that I have no such sum of money upon my person. Men do not travel with such amounts in their pockets. Even if your absurd claim were just, no settlement could be made in a railway carriage. If I were weak enough to be frightened by your bombastic display of a pistol, and should pay money to you under its muzzle, do you not know that such transfer would be illegal? Bah! Put away that toy, and let us discuss the question like men; we are not *both* boys."

"Let us proceed regularly," said Trump, with exquisite politeness, "and I beg Monsieur to pardon any apparent rudeness in my speech. In the first place, Monsieur *has* the money. In ordinary cases, he would doubtless send it by post, in the form of bills upon other cities; but this case is urgent, and the circumstances peculiar. The forgery will not be formally announced for two days, and in two days there are forty-eight hours. Monsieur could easily so employ those forty-eight hours as to postpone the settlement I desire—indefinitely. If it is delayed until the train reach Amiens, and if no accident occur in the meantime in handling this dangerous toy, I shall request the two *gens-d'armes* in the next carriage to wait upon Monsieur until I can get my credentials from Paris or London. Whereas, should Monsieur kindly grant my request, and make the transfer at once, he may proceed to Boulogne, where Madame anxiously waits his arrival, at the Hotel du Nord."

Blauvelt glared at the bold speaker in mute astonishment.

"Madame her mother is with her. They have return-tickets to London. Monsieur cannot stop at Boulogne to-night if the *gens-d'armes* wait upon him. They will probably wish to remain at Amiens."

Under the feeble light of the lamp in the ceiling, the sallow face of the Belgian seemed to grow green. His eyes were full of ferocity, mingled with terror aroused by the last words of his persecutor. How much did he know? He thought twenty times that he would throw himself suddenly upon Wailes and risk everything in a desperate struggle. But the pistol-barrel was in a line with his body, the hammer drawn back, and Trump's finger was on the trigger. And while there was no pretence in the polite manner of the youth, his tones were even and unembarrassed, and cold as ice. No anger, no trepidation, no excitement, but a desperate tenacity, an accent of stern inflexibility that awed the practised villain far more than any amount of rage and bluster would have done. The handsome face of the Englishman was like the marble bust of Antinous in the Hotel de Cluny, and the resemblance actually struck Blauvelt in the midst of his confusion and dismay.

"Suppose I should be able to satisfy you; is the return of the fifteen thousand all your demand?"

"Fifteen thousand two hundred and ten pounds," said Wailes; "no more and no less."

"Word of honor?" said Blauvelt.

"Word of honor," responded Wailes.

"And you promise to leave me totally free? Nay, you must promise to keep silent about this encounter—"

"Listen, Monsieur," said Wailes; "when I get this money I shall

return directly to Gloucester. It will be afternoon to-morrow. Then I shall tell Mr. Grippe. This is all that I can do, and I hope you will not make any more stipulations. At present I have only suspicions; if you turn my suspicions into certainties it will be my duty to act. With my present knowledge I shall be silent until I reach Gloucester."

Mr. Blauvelt took a pocket-book from his breast, and selecting a paper, presented it to Wailes, who received it with his left hand, while his right held the objectionable toy rigidly in position.

"That is Delisle's acceptance of your own bill," said Blauvelt; "you perceive he has directed his London correspondent to pay the amount in sterling, fifteen thousand two hundred pounds."

Trumpley examined the paper carefully. It was the very bill he had enclosed in his letter to Blauvelt and Zimmermann on the previous day, and bore his own initials in the corner. Across the face was written Delisle's acceptance, and the order of transfer upon the London bankers. He folded the paper and placed it in his pocket.

"When we reach Amiens," he said, "I must trouble Monsieur to endorse the bill to Browler Brothers. It is payable to the order of Blauvelt and Zimmermann. I will trouble Monsieur for the other ten pounds at same time; and I beg that Monsieur will not injure his excellent teeth by grinding them in that unpleasant manner. We shall find pen and ink in the waiting-room. Probably Monsieur will take the train thence to Boulogne. May I venture to offer Monsieur a cigar? No?"

While the throng of passengers were flitting from buffet to waiting-room and booking-office at Amiens, Mr. Blauvelt obtained writing materials, and made the needful endorsement upon the bill. He also politely handed Wailes ten sovereigns, declining his offer to write a formal acknowledgment. Trumpley resumed his seat, but Mr. Blauvelt disappeared; and when Trumpley was tossing on the short waves of the Channel, under the moonlight, Mr. Blauvelt was enacting the rôle of the average married-man of fiction, at the Hotel du Nord, Boulogne, to wit: cursing his mother-in-law.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

TOO LATE.

The events recorded in the preceding chapter would be out of the common order if one or two apparently trivial circumstances did not account for them. Mr. Clinton, in conversation with the banker, had casually mentioned Blauvelt and Zimmermann, whereupon Mr. Grippe remarked that some large transactions had recently brought the Berlin firm into correspondence with him. Then Mr. Clinton politely hoped Mr. Grippe was secure in the transactions, which of course had the effect to make that gentleman feel quite insecure, as Clinton suggested some suspicion of Blauvelt's honesty. And when Trumpley came out upon the South Terrace, Clinton overheard the banker mention Blauvelt's name. As he knew the Belgian was truculent and unscrupulous, and supposing Wailes was going to meet him, he had

insisted so earnestly upon arming his friend that Trump promised to take the weapon* to get rid of his importunity, and Trump always kept his promises.

The other events happened in ordinary sequence. Mr. Wailes, taking compassion on an elderly female encumbered with luggage, had assisted her to the train, and she revealed enough of Mr. Blauvelt's plans to make the youth act with more decision in the crisis; and the oddity of his character was manifested in the cold precision of his utterances under circumstances calculated to produce high excitement, and in the sublime courage that carried him scathless through an encounter of deadly peril. The Belgian was armed, and he would have killed Wailes without hesitation if he could have done it safely. But the stronger nature prevailed, as Blauvelt recognised under the polished manner and soft intonations of the Englishman a purpose as relentless as death.

When Trumpley arrived at Gloucester, he went directly to the bank. Mr. Grippe was at Halidon. James was waiting for the mail, having driven to the city in the spring-cart, now laden with sundry parcels for the 'ouse. Wailes took a seat by his side, and stopping to reclaim his portmanteau, safely reposing under the hedge, drove down with him to the banker's residence. Mr. Grippe was in his room with a real attack of asthma, but begged Mr. Wailes to walk up. The ladies were invisible.

The banker was sitting astride of a chair, a pillow on the back, and his chest resting upon it. This was a veritable attack, and the old gentleman was evidently uncomfortable.

"Take a seat, Mr. Wailes," he said. "I feel as if I were getting my breath through a tube forty feet long."

"I am very sorry to see you in such distress, sir," said Wailes. "Perhaps I have done wrong in coming, but I was anxious —"

"To tell me of your failure! Never mind; it was a desperate case."

"No, sir," answered Trump, producing his pocket-book; "I think I have not failed. Here is your bill for fifteen thousand —"

"What the devil — excuse me!" spluttered Mr. Grippe, taking the bill and examining it eagerly. "Accepted by Delisle and made payable in London!"

"Yes, sir. It is addressed to our own correspondents. I had time to get the London acceptance. It only wants your signature to complete the transfer."

"Sit down. I feel better. Tell me the whole story; it is most extraordinary."

"Would it not be better to wait until to-morrow, sir?" said Wailes, slyly. "Business talk will excite you and bring on another attack."

"Bring on rubbish! Never was better in my life. Ring the bell, please. James, two bottles of bitter beer, some biscuit and cheese. Here, take away this pillow!" and he threw it at James viciously. That exemplary servant caught it on the fly, placed it soberly on the bed and vanished. Mr. Grippe put on his spectacles and read the famous bill all over, with its various endorsements. James reappeared, drew a table near Mr. Grippe's seat, uncorked the beer and re-vanished.

"Now, Mr. Wailes," said Browler Brothers, "business, please. You can talk while you eat. I am famishing; had no breakfast to-day. The bank has been running itself. Begin!"

"It is a short story, sir."

"I want all the details. Go on."

"I went directly to Paris. It was nearly dark when I arrived. Before I got out at the station I saw Mr. Blauvelt; he was going towards Calais. I followed him and took a seat in the same carriage. We two had the compartment to ourselves as far as Amiens. Before we got there I had persuaded him to return the bill. That is all, sir. Of course I came directly back."

"You are telling me nothing!" said Grippe, irascibly. "I desire to know what you said and what he said."

"Well, sir," answered Wailes, "I told him the bills he sent were forged —"

"The devil! Excuse me. Go on."

"And therefore I was obliged to request the return of our remittance, fifteen thousand two hundred pounds, and ten pounds more for my expenses."

"Ten pounds more for your expenses," said the banker, as if repeating a lesson. "Pray go on."

"He objected at first. I think he said he had no money with him, and proposed a postponement —"

"Yes; proposed a postponement," repeated Mr. Grippe, with great unction.

"And I was obliged to contradict him, sir, as I was sure he had the money, and I thought a postponement very risky. He became excited — and — I believe he thought of throwing me out the window."

"Well."

"He concluded to return the bill instead. At Amiens we got pen and ink, and he endorsed the bill, as you see. He went to Boulogne, I believe, and I came through, crossing the Channel by the night boat."

"It is important for me to know, Mr. Wailes," said Mr. Grippe, "just what arguments you used with Blauvelt."

"I told him he would get hurt, sir," replied Wailes. "I had to do it. If you will be good enough to be satisfied with this explanation —"

"If *you* will be good enough to tell me *all* that was said and done, perhaps you won't drive me mad, as you are doing!"

"Mr. Clinton insisted on giving me this, sir," said Trumpley, producing the revolver. "I have known Mr. Blauvelt many years, and I was sure he would stop at nothing to silence me; so I — showed him this when he half rose to assault me. I was going to shoot him in the legs. Then I should have been arrested, and he could not run until I telegraphed for you or Delisle."

"Suppose you had been unarmed?" said Mr. Grippe.

"Ah, I have not thought of that. Let me see. Oh, there were police-officers on the train; I should have accused him to them, and stuck by him until Delisle could arrive. I did not know I had the pistol until we were locked in together; I had forgotten it. When I got that in my hand, all the rest was easy. You told me to be cool, cautious, watchful and prompt. I did not forget that."

"Have you had enough beer? Plenty?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where are you going now?"

"Home. There was only one foreign letter to-day. I replied and got Mr. Choppy to sign the answer. It was of no importance. Then as James was coming down, I thought I would come and tell you."

"Yes; you have played the mischief telling me. Look you, Mr. Wailes: one invariable rule in business is, 'No secrets from your partner.' Do you understand?"

"No, sir," said Trump, slightly bewildered.

"I mean to say that you are a partner in the house of Browler Brothers; that is, unless you have other views—"

"Other views! Mr. Grippe, I won't accept this! You overrate this little matter because the amount is large. Please let it rest a week or two—"

"Not an hour!" said the banker, stamping his sound foot vehemently. "Don't you see how feeble I am? The least thing knocks me up, and your opposition will bring on a fine attack, no doubt. If you refuse to do as I say—I'll—I'll quit business! Here, I'll give you an eighth of the profits. It is more than I got at first; and you may draw a hundred pounds a month for the next three years. You must take charge of everything."

"Mr. Grippe, my inexperience—"

"Hang your inexperience! Get out! Ring the bell! James, drive Mr. Wailes home. Don't run another wheel off! Come tell me when the horses are ready. Inexperience! My dear boy, you will comfort my declining years. The cares of that bank are killing me. Inexperience! When you find your experience at fault, you can just draw a pistol, you murdering young vagabond! Get out, I say! Don't answer me. Shake hands. You're a trump, you young villain! Get out; I am going into another spasm!"

"Oh, Mr. Grippe!" said Wailes, with tears in his eyes, "you cannot conceal your kindness by attacks of asthma! I am not worthy of this generous dealing. I will serve you as devotedly as I can, in whatever capacity you please."

"All right. First I want the exact description of that interview with Blauvelt. You must write it down, word for word; do it to-night. Ah! my boy," he continued, his eyes twinkling, "I know something. Do you remember you said there was a *young* woman? Ah! I know. Well. With twelve hundred pounds a year you can hunt up the young woman. I'll help you, you dog."

"Alas!" said Wailes, "it is too late, too late!"

"Too late?" said Grippe, pale with rage, "too late? Get out, you miserable, inconstant rascal! Too late? It shall never be too late. I'll turn Guy Fawkes and blow up Halidon before it shall be too late. Do you suppose I will let the labors and plans of twenty years all be blown away by a young booby's sigh? There's the carriage; get out with you! Here! Shake hands again. Never say die, boy. Too late! If I was not dying with asthma, I'd die laughing at you. Too late, indeed! Are you going or not? I'll throw this chair at you if you don't get out, by George!"

CHAPTER XXXIX.

A DISAGREEMENT.

Within the week the new partner was formally inducted, and Mr. Grippe postponed asthma until the wheels of commerce and banking were revolving smoothly, bearing Trumpley on to fortune. He worried that amiable young gentleman, nearly to death by turning all manner of business over to him without warning, and requiring instant decisions upon matters involving large outlays, chuckling with high enjoyment over the careworn expression of Trumpley's pleasant countenance.

Two days after the junior was inaugurated, Chunk ushered Mr. Radcliffe Merton into Mr. Wailes' room.

"Hillo, Trump!" said he, vivaciously, "you have taken a step since we parted."

"Yes," said Wailes; "rather unexpectedly to me. When did you come back? I lost you in Calais."

"Last night. That is, I was in London yesterday. I have a financial matter on hand, and want a banker. You shall have your first commission from me. Mr. Grippe refused to discuss matters, and referred me to you."

"Indeed! Business, is it? State your case, sir, I am all attention."

"It is a plain case, Trump," answered Merton, confidently. "I have gone rather heavily into some shares, the Dorado mine, and I require a loan of a few thousands upon them. Here are the certificates. You see the allotment payment is acknowledged, five pounds a share, and the second five pounds will be due in a week. I have not quite enough tin on hand, and shall need perhaps three thousand. Perfectly safe, you see. The certificates are for a thousand shares, representing five thousand paid in. You had better go in for some, Trump. I can get you a few at original price; they are selling at fifteen shillings advance, you know."

"Did you mention this to Mr. Grippe?" said Wailes.

"No. He got asthmatic, and said you would do quite as well. In fact he said he had turned over all that part of the business to you."

"Well, Rad," said Trumpley, reluctantly, "I am sorry I cannot make this loan. We have declined these shares before."

"What!" said Radcliffe; "you don't mean to deny me, surely? Does all our friendship count for nothing with you?"

"Business, Rad," answered Wailes; "I am dealing with you as I would with a stranger. I would not lend a stranger a pound a share on this security. I distrust the whole thing. Sell out, Rad. You say there is a premium of fifteen shillings; sell out and stay out."

"You are — demented!" retorted Merton, flushing up; "when this second payment is made the shares will sell for fifteen pounds. I have examined all through it; it is good. I am sure of a good profit if I get this second payment made."

"I am sorry I have no money of my own, Rad," said Wailes; "though if I had I could not help you. One of the conditions of the partnership forbids loans, even of private means, without my partner's consent."

"I should not expect much from your private means," said Radcliffe, rudely; "but you will not be very successful as a banker, I fancy, if you turn away every gentleman with landed estates who applies for accommodation. My own bill at two months ought to be good for three thousand pounds." •

"We do not lend money upon land," said Trump, quietly; "if you desire to made that sort of negotiation, there is Mr. Solomons—"

"Many thanks. Really, I did not think your head could be turned so easily! Of course your sudden advancement is calculated to induce conceit, but to set up your judgment of values against able London financiers, who have invested in these shares, is absurd."

"Why not apply to some of them for the loan you want?" replied Wailes. "We do not deal in that description of security here; that is all. Besides, Rad, you are not a customer of the bank, and it would be a violation of an established rule to lend you, even upon consols. It is far more absurd for you to lose your temper, when you know I am obliged to decline this transaction."

"Uncle Matt is a customer, I think," said Radcliffe; "but I also think he will seek some other connection. Of course I shall mention this matter to him. Mr. Grippe has had a prosperous career thus far, it is said, but he has made one unfortunate move lately. It is the first step backward. Out of temper! Not I; but it is rather annoying to have to go back to London because Browler Brothers happens to be a one-horse institution. How Tyrrell will laugh when I tell him of this interview!"

"Better not tell him then, Rad," said Wailes, quietly. "It is a bad indication for Mr. Tyrrell to laugh."

"What do you mean?" said Merton, fiercely.

"Nothing. Don't speak so loudly, please; Mr. Grippe's door is open."

"What the devil do I care—"

"Well, perhaps he would laugh too. Pooh! Rad Merton, don't be ass enough to fume and bluster with me! You are making yourself ridiculous."

"And you are making—"

"Stop! Don't you know that we cannot quarrel? Have the goodness to walk once or twice around the square. Go down to the cathedral and come back again; then I will hear what you have to say. I am in earnest. See, here are five or six foreign letters, and the mail will close in an hour. Pray excuse me just sixty minutes."

Radcliffe put on his hat and walked out. As he pulled the door after him with a bang, Mr. Grippe put his head in at the other door, nodded like a toy mandarin thirteen times, and then withdrew. Mr. Wailes thought this was a very strange proceeding, but dived incontinently into the foreign correspondence and cleared his desk. In sixty-one minutes after his departure Mr. Merton reappeared. The walk had not done him much good. His eyes were rather more catlike than usual, but he was cool and polished.

"I come back, Mr. Wailes," he said, politely, "to ask you when it would be convenient for you to vacate Rose Cottage."

"This evening," answered Trump.

"That is kind. I should like it done this morning; but no matter. I would also say that the familiar terms that have existed so long between us had better be modified somewhat. A great banker is hardly a fit associate for a plain country gentleman. Moreover, there is a popular notion among gentlemen that banking is a sort of trade, and one's caste is affected more or less by one's associates."

"Yes," replied Wailes, with his mother's crisp accents, "you will have to relinquish Mr. Blauvelt also, I fear."

"Therefore," continued Merton, repressing his anger, "let us be better strangers henceforth. You have taken to this Yankee Clinton, or Stratton, anyhow —"

"And you to Blauvelt," put in Trump.

"And Mr. Clinton cannot move in the same circle —"

"With Messrs. Blauvelt and Tyrrell? No!"

"Will Mr. Wailes please step in my room?" said Mr. Grippe, suddenly appearing. "Pray excuse me, Mr. Merton."

"I am just going, sir," replied Radcliffe. "Good morning, gentlemen. I hope Browler Brothers will be as successful as I wish them to be. Good-morning."

Mr. Grippe caught Trump's arm, and hobbled over to his chair. He had a "turn" coming on, and he coughed and sneezed between words.

"You're a nice banker, you dog! Ugh! ugh! To turn off a customer with landed estates, you blockhead! Atsche! And your old friend too. And to decline Dorado shares, you booby, with fifteen shillings profit in them, and Mr. Tyrrell behind them! Ah, you cold-blooded murdering young rascal! How many revolvers have you on your person? None! Get out, you vagabond! Atsche! I am sorry I can't raise your salary, confound you! You're a trump, by George!"

BOOK IV.—ROUGE-ET-NOIR AT BADEN.

CHAPTER XL.

MAISON ROUGE.

Three times at least in the foregoing Books the author has been obliged to close a chapter abruptly, and he hopes the reader will remember the places and accept the present effort to repair the damage. The first time was at the end of Chapter VI. in the First Book, where the Reverend Edward Grahame announced that he had a story to tell. That story will be duly recounted with sundry accessories in the following pages. The second lapse occurred at the end of Chapter XXVI. in the Second Book, where a ghost was arrested, and then quietly vanished from the story. In the present book she shall reappear and account for her conduct. The last break in the

narrative may be found at the conclusion of Chapter XXXV. in the Third Book, where Mr. Clinton cleared his throat for a recital that promised to be interesting, and where the story left him abruptly. This was done of malice aforethought, and his story strangled in the bud, simply because it was rather too soon for the revelations he was about to make. If the reader will be patient and read steadily on without skipping, he will in due time arrive at the last chapter in the last book, and somewhere in the history he will either find Mr. Clinton's story revealed by implication, or shall have it in detail. No more definite promise would be safe, as this gentleman is the most restless and unmanageable character thus far presented.

The Black Forest, which has been the scene of so many delightful blood-curdling legends, stretches down to the very outskirts of Baden, and on the edge of the forest a French marquis had erected a red-brick *château* near a hundred years ago. It was called *Maison Rouge*. The house had gained an evil reputation, partly on account of the wild lives of its owner and his descendants through two or three generations, and partly because the peasantry were prone to people such mansions with goblins when they were left untenanted by men and women for any prolonged period. Then there had been savage brawls there in the old time when gay nobles carried weapons in their belts, and half-a-dozen mounds back of the *château* were pointed out as the last resting-places of those who had been worsted in these quarrels. As a matter of course these were unquiet sleepers, reappearing upon anniversaries, and revenging themselves upon modern society by stalking through deserted chambers, exhibiting ghastly wounds in a very disagreeable manner. There was nothing attractive about the place, and it was left to owls, bats and goblins for long seasons, repulsive within and without.

Near a quarter of a century before Trumpley Wailes found the violets in Merton's Brook, *Maison Rouge* was swept and garnished, and occupied by an English gentleman and his wife. They were evidently in their honeymoon, and were overflowing with happiness. The gentleman was Mr. Harold Trumpley, who had been an annual visitor at Baden for several years, and was therefore familiar with the localities. It was in accordance with his character to select this house, both because of its loneliness and its bad reputation, as he had always been morose and solitary in his habits, and was apparently incapable of fear. The goblins would find their match if they encountered him.

The house was supplied as if for a siege — quantities of provisions; quantities of wines and all other appliances of housekeeping. For a month or two the couple seemed to be content with each other's society; but as Baden filled up with visitors, they gradually came out of their seclusion and mingled with the gay company in the town. Then there came a young clergyman and his invalid wife, who was the sister of Mrs. Trumpley, and they also took up their residence at *Maison Rouge*. Then there came Captain Merton, a rollicking young sailor, and being an old acquaintance and friend of the ladies, partook of the hospitalities of Mr. Trumpley's house. He had a chamber there always ready for occupation, and he had apart-

ments also at the Hotel d'Angleterre, and he flitted between the two places as the whim seized him.

The Reverend Mr. Grahame and his wife were really the only regular occupants of Maison Rouge after the Baden season fairly set in. Mr. Trumpley was a constant attendant at the "tables," where various games were in progress, and where large sums changed hands night after night. Mrs. Trumpley, young and pretty, found many acquaintances among the English visitors. So they also took apartments at the hotel and visited their own house occasionally. Mrs. Grahame was regular in her application to the healing baths, but was never seen at the play-rooms frequented by all the rest of the population. Her husband drove her into town each day in Trumpley's pony-carriage, returning by daylight to Maison Rouge, and leading a very rational life, while his wife gradually improved in health.

Then there came a new sensation with the arrival of Miss Radcliffe, a dashing young English heiress, under charge of an antiquated companion, half-duenna and half-governess. The extent of her fortune could not be accurately ascertained, but it was evidently large enough to make her very attractive to all the impecunious dangles at the watering-place. She would have been positively pretty also but for a peculiarity in the flare of her eyebrows, which gave a feline expression to her face, especially when in one of her "little tempers," which was the name her duenna gave to tolerably frequent ebullitions of passion which she reserved for their private intercourse.

Then there came Monsieur Lamont, a banker from Marseilles. He was one of those smooth-faced Frenchmen that are ever young and blooming. He was affable and polite, spoke English with a charming accent, gambled at rouge-et-noir, and made a succession of small winnings. Once and again he partook of the profuse hospitality of Maison Rouge, and with the assurance of a connoisseur pronounced the red Burgundy there dispensed, the most magnificent wine in Europe. There was a goodly quantity in the cellars, and Monsieur Lamont was so emphatic in his praises that Mr. Trumpley decided to bottle the larger portion of it and ship it to his English home. The banker volunteered to superintend this delicate operation. Everything depended upon the care bestowed in the selection of bottles, corks and wax. Day after day he watched the progress of this important work, lest the precious fluid should by accident moisten the plebeian throats of the workmen. At last it was finished, the wine packed in cases and consigned to Halidon. Monsieur Lamont vowed that he would tear himself away from the entanglements of business, and drink the health of Monsieur and Madame Trumpley beneath their own roof-tree, some time in the coming winter. A case or two was consigned to Reverend Edward Grahame, London; and it may as well be recorded here that every drop of this portion found its way into the gin-scalded gullets of sick paupers in Blackfriars. Had Monsieur Lamont known of this terrible waste, he would have torn out his glossy black hair by the handful, which desperate act would have enured to the profit of the wig-makers of Marseilles who were favored with the banker's patronage.

Besides his devotion to Maison Rouge, mansion and wine, Monsieur Lamont had a reason for prolonging his stay. There had arrived at the Hotel d'Angleterre a sickly young Englishman, who pestered the banker with his attentions. This was Mr. Anthony Grippe, from Gloucester, sorely afflicted with asthma, and flying to Monsieur Lamont for sympathy twenty times a day. While the latter remained at Maison Rouge he was secure, as Mr. Grippe was not favored with the entrée to that establishment. But as soon as he returned to Baden the pale-faced Englishman fell upon him, and stuck by him like his shadow. When Lamont was making his little venture at rouge-et-noir, Mr. Grippe was at his elbow, noting down his nightly gains as methodically as if he had been engaged to keep an accurate account of them, and deploring the occasional losses, or "changes of luck," as heartily as if he had been personally interested.

These are the people, selected out of the multitudes that populated Baden and its vicinity, in whom the reader is requested to take some slight interest. It is probable that the experiences of novel-readers are as various as the classes of novels that have afflicted modern society; but it is also probable that all readers object to retrospects. If the narrative has been made interesting up to the point where these backward leaps are taken, it is a constructive fraud in the author if he fails to invest the "previous history" with interest also. And if, on the other hand (alas!), the reader has been wearily counting the pages and longing for the *denouement*, the writer who can awaken new interest in old stories under such unhappy circumstances, may take a high place in the ranks of fiction-makers.

It may be objected that this back-history should have been recorded first, and then the story would have sailed to the haven of Finis on an even keel. But this would be against all precedent. The opening chapters must needs be made sufficiently stirring to catch the reluctant attention of readers. Then there must needs be occasional breaks—a sort of "to be continued"—to fire the flagging zeal of the yawning public. There must needs be some mysterious influence, known only to the narrator, but cropping out now and then, which can only be revealed in a retrospect. Because if the action of the drama were commonplace, and the events followed in orderly sequence, the most gigantic intellect would certainly be drowned in slumber before the story were half told.

Proceed tranquilly then, gentle reader. All these people have been presented to you in the earlier chapters; and be comforted to know that they all, excepting one or two, shall either depart this life within the limits of this Book, or pass out of this history, which is about the same thing.

CHAPTER XLI.

L'ABIME NOIR.

At the breakfast table at Maison Rouge assembled Mrs. Trumpley, Mrs. Grahame, and the Reverend Edward. Mr. Trumpley was in town. Of late he has been spending a night there occasionally, while his wife remained at the suburban residence. Mr. Grahame has been

hinting at the necessity for his return to Blackfriars, seconded by his wife, whose health is restored in great measure ; and Mrs. Trumpley foregoes the frivolities of Baden for the sake of her sister's society. This morning there are letters, sent out from town by Mr. Trumpley, and each one of the trio finds matter of absorbing interest in the correspondence.

First : Mrs. Grahame has a letter from America ; four pages closely written.

"It is from Mabel, Dora," she said ; "she is in Virginia. Mr. Stratton has bought a plantation there. Where is Virginia, Mr. Grahame?"

"It is somewhere in America," answered her husband. "I don't remember the exact locality. Not far from New York, I fancy. You know Sir Walter Raleigh discovered it, and named it in honor of Queen Bess. Tobacco grows there."

"She says the country is beautiful," continued Mrs. Grahame, after receiving this choice morsel of geography, history, and botany, "but rather wild."

"Of course," said Mr. Grahame ; "Indians, no doubt. The Powhatsans or Passawottomies, or something. I think they are half-civilised though. Still it must be uncomfortable to have such fellows about."

"Mabel has a son, Dora. His name is De Witt. Oh, if poor Papa had only lived till this time, he would have forgotten all his anger and would have forgiven Mabel! My dear," she continued, addressing her husband, "I have never told you all about Mabel's marriage. Papa quarrelled with Uncle Clinton, who is our mother's brother, and he ceased his visits to our house. But Mabel was always his favorite, and Papa allowed her to spend the winter in New York with him, and she there met Mr. Stratton and became engaged to him. There was a great deal of angry correspondence between Uncle Clinton and Papa on the subject, as there was really no possible objection to Mr. Stratton excepting his American birth. But Papa finally yielded, upon condition that Mr. Clinton should make some sort of settlement giving Mabel his property at his death. I don't understand all the legal points, but after Mabel was married there was a fiercer quarrel than ever, and Mr. Stratton took sides with Uncle Clinton, and poor Mabel adhered to her husband. We left Canada shortly afterwards, and Papa forbade us to mention our sister's name to him. We have had letters from her regularly since Papa's death, and we have discovered that Mr. Clinton's settlement in some way bound Papa to leave *his* property to Mabel too. That is the reason that Beechwood is in chancery."

"That could hardly be," said Mr. Grahame ; "your father could not make a contract in America that would bind property afterwards bought in England."

"There is something in the title-deed to Beechwood," said Dora, "that confirms the agreement. What else does Mabel say, Daisy?"

"She says their nearest neighbor is three miles distant. Mr. Stratton is devoted to farming, and they are very happy. She fills two pages with arguments to induce me to go to America and live with her. Shall we go, Mr. Grahame?"

"Not immediately, my dear," answered her husband; "but my letter contains a very urgent invitation to Blackfriars. We must go to-morrow, I think."

"We will all go at the end of the week," said Mrs. Trumpley; "Mr. Trumpley promised me yesterday. I have not read my letter yet."

She rose from the table as she spoke, and moved over to the window-seat. Half hidden behind the curtain she broke the seal, humming the refrain of a song. Mr. Grahame and his wife remained at the table discussing the contents of their letters. They did not notice the cessation of the song; and while they were still intent upon their plans for the return to Blackfriars, Mrs. Trumpley read her letter. It was anonymous.

"If Mrs. Trumpley," it ran, "will take the trouble to send or go to Châlons, she will discover perhaps the secret of Mr. Trumpley's interest in that town. In La Rue Saint Jean, number four, she will find a lady living in great retirement, who receives regular remittances from Mr. Trumpley, and who claims from him the honor of bearing his name."

That was all.

Leaving Mr. Grahame and her sister, Dora went quietly out of the breakfast-room. Entering her chamber and locking the door, she took out the villainous note and read it again, pondering each word.

Châlons! They had spent a week there, just before coming to Baden. During the week her husband was absent from her an hour each day, and she remembered that he evaded her questions when she inquired with a bride's petulance where he went and whom he found in the quaint town to attract him away from her. He seemed oppressed with some care and anxiety, and put her off with the explanation that he had unpleasant business to transact which did not concern her, and which would only annoy her if she knew all its details. Somehow she had so profound a confidence in the innate nobleness of Trumpley's nature, though he was rugged and wilful, that the vague charge of villainy in the note did not impress her particularly. But she was incensed at the thought that some color was given to the insinuation by her husband's persistent refusal to tell the nature of his "unpleasant business."

What was to be done? Should she tell Daisy? Never! Should she wait Mr. Trumpley's return and lay the anonymous communication before him? Certainly. That was precisely the thing to do; and in the meantime she would resolutely banish the whole subject from her thoughts. Harold Trumpley, cold, morose, repulsive in manner and unattractive in person, was still a gentleman, incapable of deceit or falsehood.

She unlocked her jewel-case, placed the note therein, and relocking it, went down stairs and rejoined Daisy and Mr. Grahame. They were equipping themselves for a walk.

"Come, Dora," said her sister, "we are waiting for you. Here is your hat."

"Where are you going?" said Dora.

"To L'Abîme Noir. We want your guidance. Marie has told us so many tales of its horrors that we are dying of curiosity to see it."

"You will not need a guide," said Dora. "Take the forest-road, and climb the hill on the right where the road divides."

"Oh, come with us," said Daisy; "we will not go without you. Do you suppose we would leave you alone here?"

"What has Marie told you?" said Mrs. Trumpley, as she donned hat and mantle. "I am afraid of hobgoblins."

"Not by daylight, surely," replied Mr. Grahame.

"They are not dangerous," added Daisy, gaily. "They are merely the ghosts of former residents of Maison Rouge, and of some of their victims. It is the scenery that I desire to see. Marie says it is superbly gloomy. Is the walk long?"

"Very short," answered her sister. "The chasm is only half a mile distant; but the hill is steep."

"We are good climbers," said Mrs. Grahame. "Are you ready? Come along. You may have Mr. Grahame's other arm."

On the road the thick trees shut out the sunlight, and the ascent of the rocky hill was rough and toilsome. The summit was a plateau surrounded by a border of gloomy trees, enclosing a space of two or three acres; and across this area a rift ran, opened in the rock probably by some natural convulsion in the past ages. There was no vegetable growth near the chasm, which was only a few yards wide, but of unknown depth. Mr. Grahame threw a pebble against the opposite side, and they could hear it bounding back and forth in the ragged fissure several seconds after it was lost to sight. The surface of the rock was smooth and level where they stood, and also on the opposite side of the opening, the jagged edges corresponding each with the other very accurately. There were places where a man might leap across from one side to the other, and at either end of the rift the strata seemed to run together, closing the dismal abyss and shutting it up in its unique horror. There were no signs of human habitation in sight, and all the surroundings were desolate and forbidding. The road wound round the base of the hill, and there were few that knew of the curious chasm that cared to examine its wonders. This was many years ago. No doubt the more modern votaries of science have explored its depths, accounted for its origin, and exploded the many fables that hung about it in that distant day.

"Harold brought me here," said Mrs. Trumpley, "two weeks ago. He was highly amused at my horror. He has spent many days here, he says, when he desired to get away from human society, as he was secure from interruption or intrusion. Indeed he fills his pockets with cigars and comes out here still, whenever he falls into one of his solitary moods."

"Which is seldom," said Mr. Grahame.

"Yes. He has only been here a few times. Since the hotels have filled up he likes Baden better."

"It would not do for a pic-nic," said Mrs. Grahame; "the hill is too hard to climb."

"And there is no grass," said her husband.

"I don't think any one could be jolly here," said Mrs. Trumpley. "The clock-makers who live on the road a little beyond the hill have numberless stories of this locality. There is one they tell of a young

English gentleman who lost all his fortune at the gaming-table in Baden some years ago. He was engaged to be married, and his fiancée, who was a German baroness, sat by him, betting with him, and lost largely also. They came out here the same night and threw themselves into the Black Abyss. He left a note, saying he had been betting on Rouge without success, and would try Noir. This is the latest horror."

"If they went over here," said Mr. Grahame, looking into the dark rift, "they encountered a dozen deaths before they reached the bottom. Look down, Daisy."

"Not I!" replied his wife. "Come away! Come away, Dora! What are you thinking of, standing there on the brink of destruction? Let us go back."

Dora was thinking that the Black Abyss would be the proper place in which to hide her mortification and end her dismal existence, if there should ever happen to be a truth in her history corresponding with the anonymous lie about Châlons.

CHAPTER XLII.

DORA'S JOURNEY.

The day passed without other events of importance. Dinner-time arrived; the meal was delayed a little, but Mr. Trumpley did not appear. Dora read her note again when she retired, and decided more emphatically that it was a fraud. At breakfast the next morning Captain Merton presented himself at Maison Rouge in time to partake of the morning meal. He brought a letter for Mrs. Trumpley.

"I told Trumpley I would be postman this morning," he said, "as I was going to drive out anyhow. I was longing for some of your tea."

"Why did you not bring him with you?" asked Mrs. Grahame. "We have not seen him for two days."

"Oh, he's off; went in the early train. The letter will explain, no doubt. Ah, this tea is nectar. Mrs. Trumpley, if my ship is ordered to China I will bring you a chest of the best the Flowery Land will furnish. We English don't get the best; the Russian fellows monopolise it, they say."

While he was uttering this speech, he was furtively watching Dora reading her letter; and she, conscious of his scrutiny, preserved her composed exterior, though the color left her cheeks as she read. The note was short.

"*Dear Wife*.—I am called suddenly away to Châlons, but expect to return to-morrow. I am disappointed, as I expected to come to you this morning; but this business is urgent. The enclosed note came last night, too late to send to you. It is probably a milliner's bill, however. If so, do not distress yourself about the amount, as I was lucky last night and won enough money to redeem Halidon.

"Your affectionate husband,

"HAROLD TRUMPLEY."

Mrs. Trumpley put the "milliner's bill" in her pocket unopened. It occurred to her that Captain Merton was watching her to see what effect that might produce, and the blood came back to her pale cheeks and brow. There was a sympathising tone in his voice in the next sentence that was highly offensive.

"Mr. Trumpley should have a good excuse for leaving such society," he said; "I mean for his railway excursion. He had a good excuse for staying in Baden last night; he won about twenty thousand pounds."

"Twenty thousand pounds!" said Mr. Grahame.

"At least. I saw him exchange a lot of gold for bills on the Bank of France. He carried them off with him to Châlons. One more cup of tea, Mrs. Trumpley. He took the early train; he will be at Châlons by noon. In fact we were up all night. Lamont won a lot too."

The gallant captain rattled on in this style until breakfast was over; then the gentlemen adjourned to the smoking-room, and in their absence Dora examined her "milliner's bill." It was written on scented paper, and was very interesting. It was like the note of the previous day in being anonymous, but differing in that this was evidently feminine in caligraphy, if not in matter and style.

"If your husband, as he calls himself, is as suspicious as he is treacherous, you will not receive this note. He will get an invitation to Châlons to-day from Madame 'Hamet,' as *she* calls herself, and he will be apt to accept it. Madame 'Hamet' resides at Number Four Rue St. Jean. No doubt you will think Mr. Trumpley the soul of honor, and no doubt Madame 'Hamet' holds the same opinion. But nothing is easier than to confirm yourself in this well-placed confidence by going yourself to Châlons and making a friendly call upon Madame. I am obliged to send this intelligence by post under cover to Mr. Trumpley. If he should break the seal and possess himself of the contents, he will only add one more wrong to the many he has done to you; but if not, and if you receive this intact, it will be quite a providential intimation to you to look after your interests in person. The only motive the writer has is to unmask a deceiver."

Mrs. Trumpley took this entertaining note to her chamber and compared it with the former communication upon the same subject. They were not the work of the same hand; they were unlike in everything except in unmistakable hostility to Harold Trumpley. With the infallible and swift intuition of her sex, Dora divined that Captain Merton knew the character of this last missive, and probably of the first also. She would know certainly when she met him. Locking up the two notes, she returned to the ground-floor, and finding Daisy in the drawing-room, entered into vivacious conversation with her upon a dozen indifferent topics; and when Captain Merton appeared at last, his quick, eager glance at her face confirmed her in her suspicion.

And now for the motive.

Well, first of all, Captain Merton had offered his hand and heart to Dora a few months ago, and had been rejected. While pleading for

a favorable response he had referred to Trumpley as a known rival, and dwelt upon his moroseness, his erratic habits, his disregard of all the conventional laws of the time; and in his anger when she coldly dismissed him (it was at Halidon, where she was visiting), he had sneeringly wished her joy in her conquest of the savage that owned the estate.

And when they met again at Baden he had impudently referred to his "withered hopes," and was silenced with considerable difficulty, and only by her haughty refusal to listen. There was something very disgusting in his languishing looks, and just now there was a shade of sympathy in his tones that offended her highly.

"Does Mr. Trumpley say when he will return?" he asked, taking a chair near her.

"Really, I did not notice," she replied, indifferently. "Shall I get his letter for you? I left it up-stairs," and she swept by him and left the room. This was a little too much for the gallant sailor. He sat awhile where she left him, and presently heard her voice above carolling a song. He said something to Mrs. Grahame about an "engagement with Lamont," took his hat and walked out upon the drive. As he climbed up into his trap and gathered up the reins, the chorus of her song came floating out of the window:

"Sing tira, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!"

Captain Merton gave his horse a savage cut with the whip, and vanished down the road in a cloud of dust.

Mrs. Trumpley threw herself upon the lounge, her hilarious song ending in a flood of tears.

At noon she came down, equipped for walking. She was going to Baden. Mr. Trumpley had his rooms at the Hotel d'Angleterre. She would meet him if the afternoon train brought him. Marie would walk in with her; they would return to-morrow in the pony-carriage. Mr. and Mrs. Grahame must keep house during her absence.

The train came, but no Trumpley. She dined in her room. No other train until next morning. There was one for Châlons, leaving at ten o'clock. She put on her hat, threw a thick veil over it, walked down to the station, procured her ticket, and was leaving Baden behind her before she was fully conscious of her acts or intentions. Halfway to Châlons a down train passed, and she thought that her husband was perhaps a passenger on it entered her mind; but she was confused and flighty, and the thought passed with the swift train. Perhaps some magnetic influence had suggested it, as he really was there.

At Châlons it was raining — a regular torrent. She heeded it not, but passing out into the street, accosted a woman who was gazing at the crowd of passengers.

"Number four, Rue Saint Jean," she said, putting a franc in the woman's hand.

"Oui, Madame. Allons!" replied the other, looking at the careworn countenance of the half-demented lady with genuine sympathy.

The rain lashed the pavements, drenching Dora in five minutes. She only knew that her temples throbbed less painfully while the storm beat upon her, and she walked on in a sort of stupor, trying to think of something to say when she reached her destination.

"Number four, Madame," said her guide, stopping at last. "Will Madame enter? Ah, the door opens."

An old sister of charity coming out, struggling with an umbrella that refused to expand. She glanced at Dora incuriously as she brushed by her. A second sister was in the passage, and being bulky, she was impassable.

"Madame Hamet?" said Dora.

"Ah, yes," said the fat sister, moving aside; "au seconde, the first door."

Dora ascended the stairs, and opening the door at the landing, she entered the chamber. It was imperatively necessary to collect her thoughts now. She laid aside her dripping bonnet and shawl, and looked curiously around the room. The window-shades were down and the room darkened. A bed in the corner, and some one upon it. She approached softly. Sleeping?

A pale-faced woman with black eyebrows and black hair. Her eyes were closed; so quietly sleeping that Dora could not hear her respirations. She drew nearer, and her thoughts became gradually more coherent as she looked at the cold face of the dead woman. The rigid figure, the smooth bed-furniture, the white ribbon under the chin, the thin nostril, so waxlike and transparent. Dead!

She walked down stairs, and out of the house. No purpose now but to move on. She had left her bonnet and shawl, but knew it not. There was a cape to her dress, and she put it over her head. Somehow she found the station.

"Paris?" said a porter, as she entered.

"Yes."

"Quickly, if Madame pleases; the train departs in two minutes. The office is here. Ticket! Paris!" and looking doubtfully at Dora, added, "First class! Sixteen francs, if Madame pleases. The change. Ah, merci! This way. Madame has the carriage all to herself."

Perfectly mad now, and yet with enough method in her madness to preserve a composed exterior. She reached Paris, and getting a voiture, was driven to another station; obtained a ticket for London. How she passed through the various impediments in her way she never knew, but when she landed at Dover her beautiful hair was streaked with gray.

GLIMPSES OF OLD-TIME PAGEANTRY.

NOTHING strikes the reader of history so much as the picturesqueness of mediæval life as compared with our own sober and commonplace existence. Pageantry and display were apparently as meat and drink to our forefathers. The taste for barbaric splendor, as we somewhat lightly call it in our puritanical day, seems to have been the last thing to disappear before the breath of modern progress. The Renaissance adopted it, and grafted classical pageants on the Gothic stock. As tournaments and chivalry went out of fashion, shows and peaceful processions took their place. The transition from one epoch to the other was very gradual, and therefore scarcely perceptible, but the courtiers who still called themselves knights were unconsciously lowering the old hardy ideal of chivalry when they gave up deeds for words, and sat gazing at shows in which their fathers would have taken a prominent share. But whatever moral reflections are suggested by the different phases of magnificence which one after the other amused Europe until the outbreak of the French Revolution, these phases themselves are, artistically speaking, worthy of note. Men brought up among living pictures could not fail to have a livelier understanding of art as a whole than we can pretend to have at the present day. They had less to do, more leisure to plan, patronise and admire public shows; they never considered art as a work, a mission, a "talent" of which they had to render an account to their lord; they looked on all things from a low and a material point of view, seldom troubled themselves about the responsibility or spirituality of art, and gave little thought to symbolism: in a word, they were Pagans, with the simplicity, the superstitions and the purely physical instincts of Pagans; yet they were as a mass artists in all but the higher sense of the word.

To begin with the commonest elements of picturesqueness: the dress of former ages, at least from the fourteenth to the seventeenth centuries, was full of color and of magnificence. Silk and velvet, robes embroidered with jewels, cloth of gold and silver, costly lace, swords and daggers with delicate tracery of gold on the blade and a blaze of diamonds on the hilt, such were the component parts of the dress of the nobles and wealthy citizens. The frequent recurrence in all countries of sumptuary laws proves the natural tendency of all classes to rival each other in costliness of array. Both men and women indifferently wore those stuffs of which even women in our day think twice before they buy them. We read of Philip II.'s wife, Mary of Portugal, wearing a dress of "cloth of silver embroidered with flowers of gold, and a Castilian mantle, or *capa*, of violet velvet figured with gold, and a hat of the same materials surmounted by a white and azure plume." Here we have magnificence indeed, but to our modern notions also a slight solecism in good taste, as azure and

violet form a scarcely permissible mixture. Philip II. of Spain, at his second marriage, wore a dress quite as gorgeous, "white satin and cloth of gold thickly powdered with pearls and precious stones;" while his bride, Mary of England, was decked in a robe of the same materials, "studded and fringed with diamonds of inestimable price." But very unlike what we should choose for the complement of a bridal costume, she also wore bright red slippers and a mantle of black velvet. Philip's third queen, Isabella of France, had "besides a rare display of jewels . . . robes that cost three or four hundred crowns each," a large sum for that time, and besides this she rarely wore the same dress twice. Don John of Austria appeared at Naples just before the battle of Lepanto in a dress of "white velvet and cloth of gold, with a crimson scarf floating loosely over his breast, and snow-white plumes drooping from his cap and mingling with the yellow curls that fell in profusion over his shoulders." But splendor was by no means confined to royalty. The great vassals of the crown often outdid their sovereign. The Duke of Medina-Sidonia, grandee of Spain, fitted up his palace at Badajoz for the reception of the same Mary of Portugal whom we have mentioned above, and this is part of the inventory: "The hangings were of cloth of gold; the couches, the sideboards, and some of the other furniture, of burnished silver." He had a sumptuous litter, borne by mules *shod with gold*. The members of the Duke's private band, among whom were several Indians brought over by Christopher Columbus, all wore on their breasts broad silver escutcheons, on which were emblazoned the arms of the Guzmans (the name of the Duke's family). The young queen's saddle, whether or not provided by this munificent grandee, was of silver, probably not solid however, but composed of plates of silver overlaying the foundation of the saddle. Queen Isabella of Castile rode a mule whose housings of velvet embroidered with gold reached down to the ground, and the queen of Charles of Anjou made her solemn entrance into Naples in a chariot covered with blue velvet sprinkled with golden fleur-de-lys. The sideboard of the Duke of Albuquerque, a Spanish grandee, who died about the middle of the seventeenth century, was mounted by forty silver ladders, and when he died, six weeks were required to make out the inventory of his gold and silver vessels alone: so says Dunlop in his "Memoirs of Spain during the Reigns of Philip IV. and Charles III." Another instance of this kind of display was the wedding banquet of Queen Mary of England in the episcopal palace at Winchester, at which not only was the royal table covered with golden dishes, but "a spacious buffet, rising to the height of eight stages or shelves, and filled with a profusion of gold and silver vessels, somewhat ostentatiously displayed the magnificence of the prelate or his sovereign."* But, adds the historian, "this ostentation was rather Spanish than English," and if we look over the inventories and valuations of goods in the fifteenth century in England we shall readily believe this. Hallam quotes several, and says that silver plate was very rare in the houses of the gentry, and was hardly ever used for the table. The rich citizens of Lon-

* Philip II. Prescott.

don and the foreign merchants resident there were much better supplied. "John Port," probably a merchant, says Hallam, "had plate that was valued at £94," and when we come to think that £100 a year in those days was an ample fortune, and represented fully ten times as much according to our rates, this amount of silver seems princely. Whitaker's *History of Craven* gives two inventories, in which all the plate mentioned amounts in one case to "sixteen spoons, a few goblets and ale-pots," and in the other to a "service of silver plate," but the possessors were both merchants. We shall have occasion to consult these inventories again when we come to the question of household furniture, and the contrast presented between modern and mediæval accommodation.

Dante, in his *Divina Commedia*, laments the good old times of Spartan simplicity, and speaks of men who were content to wear leather, while women would not be ashamed of their natural skin, and would scorn to use paint and cosmetics. In the fourteenth century this was certainly no longer the case, and although there were numberless restrictive laws, even the lesser nobility managed to evade them and clothe themselves in costly stuffs. We read of Laura, the beloved of Petrarch, that she "wore on her head a silver coronet, and tied up her hair with knots of jewels," and also that on some grand public occasion she appeared magnificently dressed, and with "silk gloves brocaded with gold"—a rare ornament, for in that year, 1344, and for a long time after, silk was so scarce in Provence and Languedoc that it fetched a price almost equal to its weight in gold. It was considered a fit gift to offer to kings and queens. Petrarch has also immortalised two rich dresses of Laura's, the one of "purple, edged with azure and embroidered with roses, the other enriched with gold and jewels." In the first he compares Laura to the phoenix, which ancient naturalists described with purple feathers and a blue tail strewn over with roses. "Some," says he, "place this bird in the mountains of Arabia; but it is flown to our climate." (*Life of Petrarch.*)

Italy rivalled Spain in magnificence. The Duke d'Urbino had a palace which was reputed, says the Count de Castiglione, a courtly historian of the sixteenth century, the most beautiful in Italy. The apartments, he says, were adorned with silver vases, hangings of silk and cloth of gold, antique statues and busts both in marble and bronze, pictures by Pietro della Francesca and of Giovanni Santi, Raphael's father. The great lords and merchants affected semi-royal state, and formed households in which numberless retainers lived a reckless and jovial life, wearing their master's liveries, eating his bread, and doing his bidding in the most unhesitating way. In those days personal independence was not accounted a virtue, and was quite an exceptional thing. The famous artist Benvenuto Cellini, an epitome of his age, possessed at least this rare quality; but then his supremacy in art made the exercise of it safer to him than it might have been to men of greater moral sense but lesser outward renown. The Spanish nobles had households of fabulous extent, and it was common for them to have besides menials, several hundred gentlemen and sons of gentlemen in their train. Toward the latter

end of the fifteenth century Galeazzo Sforza, Duke of Milan, went in state to Florence, and took with him an escort of a hundred men-at-arms and five hundred soldiers, besides his retinue of fifty running footmen dressed in silk and velvet, *two thousand* gentlemen and body-servants, five hundred couples of hounds and an infinite number of falcons, of course with their keepers and falconers. This festal progress cost him two hundred thousand golden ducats, probably equivalent to six or seven hundred thousand dollars. The pomp and number of Wolsey's household were marvellous. On one occasion he is expressly said to be attended by "twelve hundred gentlemen." But this was in those days only a luxury equivalent to the possession of so many noble coursers in one's stables, with their caparisons, their jewelled saddles and silver bits. The great Cardinal's treasures of plate were marvellous. When he fell from his royal master's favor, he caused all his wealth to be exposed, in order to conciliate Henry VIII. by the magnificence of the spoils which he could offer him. The lists include immense quantities of rich stuffs, silks and velvets of all colors, costly furs, rich copes and other ecclesiastical vestures. The walls of the great gallery at Whitehall, where these treasures were displayed, were hung with cloth of gold and silver, and webs of a valuable stuff named *baudykin* from the looms of Damascus, and with tapestry representing Scriptural subjects or stories from the old romances of chivalry. The gilt chamber and the council-chamber adjoining the gallery were both filled with plate, in which gold and silver vessels were set with pearls^a and precious stones; and these articles of luxury were so abundant that *basketfuls of costly plate* of designs which had long gone out of fashion were *stowed away under the tables*. (*History of the Reformation*, vol. v., D'Aubigné.)

Lucrezia Borgia, Duchess of Ferrara, once entered Rome on horseback with a train of two hundred ladies, each attended by a cavalier, all superbly dressed and mounted on horses of great beauty. Every visit of an illustrious personage, of an ambassador, of a great general or of a royal representative, was made the pretext of a show, which Taine in his *Philosophie de l'Art en Italie* calls a "magnificent parade of actors who are quite in earnest." There were wedding pageants, funereal pageants, warlike pageants, religious pageants, mythological and classical pageants, even comic pageants. We have the remains of some of this in the races of riderless horses on the last day of the Carnival in Rome, in the "Mardi Gras" procession in Paris, and lately a superbly revived edition in the Carnival-shows in New Orleans. Wild beasts were pressed into the service. Lorenzo de' Medici, for instance, wishing to represent the triumph of Camillus, sends to Rome for an elephant, but the Pope, whose property the elephant was, had lent him to another prince, and begs Lorenzo to be satisfied instead with a panther and two leopards. This same Lorenzo, at once the richest banker, the first magistrate of Florence, the avowed patron of art and letters, and the most enterprising merchant of his day, did not think it beneath him to walk the streets of his city at the head of the masques, and for this he was not ridiculed, but extolled and beloved by the people. Three hundred horsemen and three hundred men on foot often issued from the gates of

his palace toward nightfall, and threaded the streets by torchlight till early dawn. Dispersing themselves in the various quarters of Florence, they would escort companies of musicians, formed of ten, twelve, or fifteen men, who sang little poems composed specially for the occasion, *Canti Carnavaleschi*. Many of these were of Lorenzo's own composition, and were invariably dedicated to the praises of love and pleasure. Of course they are utterly pagan in sentiment; and it is worth while to reflect *en passant* that the great political powers which in the sixteenth century undertook, with virtuous horror, to put down "heresy," were sunk, in the meanwhile, in the voluptuous pleasures of a cultivated but undisguised heathenism. The sense of one of these characteristic little poems is given in the following translation. The title is "Bacchus and Ariadne":

"Youth is fair, but fleeting. Let him who would be happy, seize enjoyment on the wing. To-morrow is but an uncertain day.

"Bacchus and Ariadne are both young and loving. Time passes and deceives us, but in the meanwhile *they* are happy.

"These nymphs and dryads are making merry together. Let him who would be happy, seize enjoyment on the wing. To-morrow is but an uncertain day.

"See these little satyrs, in love with the nymphs, have laid a hundred snares for them in the woods, while warmed by Bacchus they dance and leap, waiting for the nymphs. Let him who would be happy, seize enjoyment on the wing. To-morrow is but an uncertain day.

"Fair ladies and young lovers, sing to Bacchus and to Love! Sing and dance and play the lute, open your heart to love-sweetness; banish all sorrow and care. Let him who would be happy, seize enjoyment on the wing. To-morrow is but an uncertain day.

"Youth is fair, but fair and fleeting."

The choruses were sung by men and women representing the various guilds, the gold-weavers, the shoemakers, the tanners, &c. Some of these were masked and disguised, aping Spanish muleteers, mountain shepherds and sturdy beggars, &c. But it was for the mere fun and enjoyment of the thing that they played and sang, for, unlike our modern minstrels and actors, they were not poor and sad people hired to wear fine clothes that did not belong to them, and perform mummeries coldly criticised by the audience before which they were played. As a specimen of the spontaneous Florentine festivities we will quote the description given by Taine of one among a score of those that took place yearly, and in which prelates, princes, corporations and guilds rivalled each other in ingenuity. This was a masque given by Lorenzo de' Medici, who was at the head of the "Company of the Broncone," and who, unwilling to be eclipsed by the "Diamond Company," applied to Jacopo Nardi, "a noble and learned gentleman of Florence," to organise a pageant consisting of six emblematical and mythological cars or chariots.

"The first chariot, drawn by two oxen dressed with green garlands, represented the age of Saturn and Janus. In it were seated Saturn with his scythe, and Janus bearing the keys of the Temple of Peace. At their feet was a painting of Fury in chains, and of other subjects

relating to Saturn. The chariot was escorted by twelve shepherds dressed in skins, shod with Grecian sandals, and crowned with wreaths of leaves. They carried baskets of greenery, and were mounted on horses whose saddles were composed of tiger or lion skins with gilt claws, strapped on with gilt ropes. The stirrups were shaped like rams' or dogs' heads, and the bridles were made of silver chains and garlands of leaves intertwined. Each shepherd was followed by four attendants on foot dressed in the same style, but less elaborately, and bearing resinous torches in the likeness of pine-branches. Next came a chariot drawn by four oxen covered with costly housings. Their horns were gilt and wreathed with garlands of flowers. Numa Pompilius, second king of Rome, sat aloft on this chariot, surrounded by the Sibylline Books, the sacerdotal ornaments and the golden implements for sacrifices. Six Roman priests rode behind on splendid mules richly caparisoned. The priests wore veils embroidered with gold and silver leaves, and white togas with a broad gold fringe. One held in his hands a golden perfume-box, another a golden vase or knife, or some such symbol, and each was attended by priests of a lower grade bearing antique candelabra. The third car, drawn by magnificent horses and painted by Pontormo, a famous Florentine artist, was occupied by Manlius Torquatus, the Roman consul to whose wise administration after the first Punic war the Republic owed much of its prosperity. In front of the chariot rode twelve senators, their horses covered with cloth of gold, and themselves attended by numberless lictors bearing the fasces and axes with which every one is familiar, as the symbols of Roman law.

"Four buffaloes of the Campagna, but so skilfully disguised as to represent elephants, drew the next chariot, on which Julius Cæsar was enthroned. On its sides Pontormo had painted scenes in the life of the great conqueror. Twelve Roman 'equites,' richly armed with gilt weapons, and bearing spears supported on the thigh, rode beside the chariot, accompanied by torch-bearers whose lights were shaped so as to resemble trophies.

"The fifth chariot was drawn by winged horses or griffins, plentifully gilt, and tenanted by Cæsar Augustus. Twelve poets mounted on beautiful horses and crowned with laurel, accompanied the Emperor whose reign they had immortalised. Their names were written in gold letters on gay-colored scarfs, which they wore wrapped round them.

"The sixth chariot, also painted by Pontormo, and drawn by eight snow-white heifers splendidly caparisoned, bore the Emperor Trajan. Twelve learned jurists, wrapped in long, majestic togas, rode before him, while a number of scribes and copyists carried books, tablets, and torches. Then came the climax of the show, a chariot, in the decoration of which the painter Pontormo and the sculptor Bandinelli had vied to outdo each other — and themselves. It represented the Triumph of the Golden Age, and was adorned with several statues in *alto-rilievo*, those of the four cardinal virtues among the number. On the raised centre of the chariot was poised an immense gilt globe, on which lay stretched a corpse in rusty iron armor. From the side of

the corpse issued a child, naked and *entirely gilt over*, representing the resurrection of the Golden from the ruin of the Iron Age. The dry laurel-branch, just sprouting out afresh, symbolised the same idea, though many pretended that it only alluded to Lorenzo de' Medici." "I am bound to add," says the chronicler from whom Taine has drawn this gorgeous description, "that the child who had been gilt for this occasion died shortly after from the effects of the operation, for which he had received ten crowns." There is no reason to suppose that in that age of careless and magnificent living there was any undue compunction felt on the subject of this accident.

But Flanders and the adjacent states of Burgundy were not eclipsed by these courtly Florentine and Roman masques. The Burgundian court had long been noted for its magnificence, which Charles V. afterwards engrafted on the singular, though more stately—not to say stiffer—court of Spain. In fact this became a grievance to the Spaniards, inasmuch as it touched their pockets and also offended their nationalism. Philip II., though studiously sober in his own attire, and by no means given to extravagance in any other item, kept up such a household as gave rise to serious remonstrances on the part of the Cortes, enslaved as they were in his time. He would abate none of his own splendor, but issued minute sumptuary laws, which affected the wearing apparel of almost every class. Another reason for this short-sighted legislation was the absurd fear of the Spanish government of losing by the natural interchange of trade, as well as by the useless display of costly clothes, some part of the gold and silver from the New World, which had just begun to dazzle the eyes of the nation. The exportation of the precious metals was forbidden, as well as the use of them in plating copper and other substances, and especially in embroidering, fringing and otherwise adorning the dress of the nobles and rich citizens. Prescott says of this *pragmatic*, issued in 1563, that "as a state-paper it has certainly a novel aspect, going at great length into such minute specifications of wearing apparel that it would seem to have been devised by a committee of tailors and milliners rather than of grave legislators." In a petition presented by the Cortes ten years later, tailors were specially denounced as "unprofitable persons occupied with needle-work like women, instead of tilling the ground or serving his Majesty in the wars like men."

To return to those northern countries which in wealth, taste and civilisation vied so successfully with the polished Italian cities. Of all countries beyond the Alps the Netherlands least deserved the epithet of barbarous, so often launched by Italians against the hardier Germanic races. Antwerp, Ghent, Bruges, Brussels were in constant competition with each other both in commerce and in art. Bruges was the great centre in the fifteenth century and Antwerp in the sixteenth. The merchants of the latter city rivalled the nobles of other lands in the splendor of their dress and domestic establishments. "Something of the same sort," says a modern historian, "showed itself in the middle classes, and even in those of humbler condition there was a comfort approaching to luxury in their households which attracted the notice of an Italian writer of the sixteenth century."

Not only were the women good practical housekeepers, but in Holland especially they were quite capable of attending to business affairs. They were discreet and modest, despite the great degree of liberty which they enjoyed. This contrast with his own countrywomen must have struck Guicciardini, the historian above alluded to. The domestic comfort which he notices was also an improvement on the habits of his own land, where such needs were lost sight of in the artistic splendor of the great palaces. Taine remarks that a petty tradesman of our day would hardly inhabit one of the palaces of the Italian Renaissance, and that the most modest lodging, or even the porter's room in a good Parisian house with its warm stove and leather arm-chair, is far more comfortable than the princely dwelling of Leo X. or Julius II. There were draughts in those marble galleries and vast saloons; the seats, modelled with lions' heads and dancing satyrs, were a miracle of art it is true, but they were also uncommonly hard, and when there were windows they frequently let in as much air as they kept out. But Italy was a land of princes; and where commerce was exercised by nobles, as it was in Venice, Genoa, and Florence, it seemed to lose its usual levelling tendency and its aptitude to improve the condition of the masses, in order to become only a new source of wealth to the higher classes. In the Netherlands things were otherwise: the nobles left commerce to the burghers, perhaps disdaining it as an unknighly occupation, and the consequence was that the merchants rapidly rose to the practical rank of princes and soon treated with their feudal suzerains on equal terms. Any one with energy and perseverance might step into this powerful body of commercial lords, and thus the love of comfort, and even of luxury, was developed in all classes. Education was more wide-spread among the people than it was in France, Italy, Spain, or England; even the peasants could read and write, and the burghers' sons were almost invariably brought up at the great universities of Paris, Louvain, or Padua. The citizens of Antwerp, like their neighbors, were always ready to give gorgeous welcome to their sovereigns, and display their wealth if not their loyalty. Meteren gives an account of the "joyous entrance" which Antwerp arranged for Philip II. before he had forced its people to renounce their allegiance by his unparalleled cruelties. A cavalcade of the magistrates and notable burghers, "all attired in cramoisy velvet," attended by lackeys in splendid liveries, and followed by 4000 citizen-soldiers in full uniform, went forth from the gates to receive him. Twenty-eight triumphal arches, which alone, says the thrifty chronicler, cost 26,000 Carolus gulden (probably almost as much in dollars, but representing in those days at least three times as much), were erected in the different streets and squares. But allegorical displays were the special *forte* of the Netherlanders. At the reception of the Duc d'Anjou in Antwerp in 1582, besides the gaily-bannered fleet in the harbor, the twenty thousand burgher-troops surrounding the tapestried platform on which stood the magistrates, the members of the Brabant estates, the Prince of Orange and others, besides the Hanseatic merchants in ancient German attire, the English merchants in long velvet cassocks, the heralds in quaint costume, the city functionaries in black

mantles and gold chains, all marching in procession under splendid emblematical banners, there was the "stupendous allegory" at the gate of St. Joris. The Duke of Anjou himself was clad in cloth of gold and mounted on a white Barbary charger. The cavalcade reined up at the gate, where a huge gilded car crowded with emblematical personages barred the way. Religion in "red satin," holding the Gospel in her hand, was supported by Justice "in orange velvet," armed with blade and beam. Prudence and Fortitude embraced each other, near a column enwreathed by serpents "with their tails in their ears, to typify deafness to flattery," while Patriotism as a pelican, and Patience as a brooding hen, looked benignantly on the scene. The market-place, filled with waxen torches and blazing tar-barrels, was occupied by the giant Antigonous, the legendary founder of the city thirteen hundred years before the Christian era; the fabulous personage who used to throw the right hands of all dishonest or smuggling merchants into the Scheldt, from which circumstance some ingenious persons have derived the name of the city—"Hand-werpen," (*hand-throwing*) i. e. Antwerp! This gigantic individual, attired in a "surcoat of sky-blue" and holding a banner emblazoned with the arms of Spain, turned his head as the Duke entered the square, saluted the new sovereign, and then dropping the Spanish standard on the ground, raised aloft another bearing the arms of Anjou. The ceremonies of the reception lasted several days, and as the Netherlands were as fond of long orations as of allegorical pageants, the French Duke had to appear again in public and listen to speeches of pompousness and length unimaginable, delivered from a gorgeous platform "hung with sky-blue silk and carpeted with cloth of gold." This pageant was fully described, and illustrated with beautiful engravings, in a pamphlet by Bor, styled "*La joyeuse et magnifique entrée de Monseigneur François, Fils de France, Duc d'Anjou, etc.—en sa très renommée ville d'Anvers.*"

What is yet to strike one in these right royal welcomes and processions is, that many of them were organised in the breathing times between terrible battles, sieges, famines and persecutions. The love of the people of the Low Countries for such displays was unquenchable and quite as inherent in them as in the sprightlier people of Italy. Another point that we must not overlook either in Italy or in the Netherlands, that although the fascination of these shows was universal, yet their magnificence was often no index to the political feelings of the people. Conquerors were received with the same outward and conventional enthusiasm that was extended to patriots; a change of masters did not necessitate a change of pageantry. The "Virtues" smiled equally on the Duke of Alva and on William the Silent.

Brussels was celebrated for its allegorical shows, and it certainly had many occasions of displaying them. The first of May, 1577, witnessed the triumphal entry of Don John of Austria into the capital of Brabant. The victor of Lepanto rode in, escorted by thousands of burgher-troops and free companies of archers and musketeers, all arrayed in picturesque costume, attended by lords like the Duke of Aerschot, in crimson velvet and gold, followed by minstrels, poets and

orators, each declaiming after his fashion the deeds of the young hero. The guilds or clubs of Rhetoric, as they were called, played fantastic dramas on improvised stages, and troops of maidens came forward to crown Don John with laurel. The following January, the Archduke Matthias of Austria made his entrance into Brussels. This was the most brilliant of the three triumphal processions that Brussels had witnessed within nine months. The indefatigable chroniclers of Brabant did not let this occasion pass without a detailed and beautifully illustrated pamphlet, which has been preserved, in the library at the Hague. Motley in his "Dutch Republic" has given us an abstract of it. The Archduke, at the head of a cavalcade of lords and magistrates, entered by the gate of Louvain through a splendid arch "filled with an invisible band of musicians." The city chronicler, Houwaert, says of their strains that neither Orpheus on his harp, Apollo on his lyre, nor Pan on his lute (reed?) could have surpassed them. The representatives of the "nine nations" of Brussels met him, followed by a gorgeous retinue all bearing flaming torches. In spite of the season, the streets were strewn with flowers. On the *Grande Place*, always the central scene in Brussels whether for tournaments, comedies, or executions (as in the case of the Counts Egmont and Horn), the principal dramatic effects had been accumulated. The guilds of rhetoric had prepared no less than twenty-four theatres, where a series of magnificent *tableaux-vivants* were performed by the most beautiful young women of the city, dressed in brocades, embroideries and cloth of gold. In one theatre (probably a stage covered with canvas) stood Juno with her peacock, presenting the Archduke with the city of Brussels, a beautiful model of which she held in her hand. In another, Cybele gave him the keys, Reason presented him with a jewelled bridle, Hebe with a basket of choice flowers, Wisdom with a mirror and a law-book, Diligence with a pair of spurs, Constancy, Magnanimity, Prudence, &c., with a helmet, a corslet, a spear, and a shield. On one stage was Curtius, on horseback, about to plunge into the yawning chasm; and on six others were represented the principal scenes of the career of Scipio Africanus. As the day advanced the Archduke was allowed to retire to rest, but the festivities were not yet over. In the midst of the popular rejoicings, the dances and revelry of the citizens in the streets, there appeared in the darkness of the night a fiery dragon flying through the air. It poised for a time over the merry-makers in the Grande Place, and then burst with a terrific explosion, sending forth a thousand rockets and other fireworks in every direction. The next day the guild of rhetoric, known by its device "Mary with the Flower-Garland," performed an allegorical drama in the hall of the Hotel de Ville after the civic banquet given to the imperial guest. The play concluded by a charade performed by Quintus Curtius, Scipio Africanus, Alexander and Hannibal, who each complimented Matthias in at least a hundred rhymes, after which the guests were regaled with a marvellous dessert, consisting, says Houwaert, "of a richly triumphant banquet of confectionary, marmalade, and all kinds of *gentilleses* in sugar."

Twenty-two years before, the Brabantine capital had witnessed another royal pageant, but one more unusual than the welcoming of a

sovereign. It was the leave-taking of the mightiest emperor since Charlemagne, the abdication of Charles V. The ceremony took place in the palace devoted to the chapters of the order of the Golden Fleece, the noblest order of chivalry in the mediæval world. The walls were hung with a magnificent tapestry of arras representing the life and achievements of Gideon, and giving particular prominence to the miracle of the "fleece of wool" vouchsafed to that great champion, the patron of the Knights of the Fleece. The benches and seats were covered with tapestry, and upon these the members of the three councils, the deputies from the seventeen provinces, the magistrates of the city and the nobles of the court took their places. The civic uniforms of the Netherlands were celebrated for their beauty and taste. Archers and halberdiers guarded the doors, their glittering weapons and their rich dusky dresses contrasting well together. Indeed the beauty of their retainers' armor was a capital point of honor among the great captains of this age, and Brantôme enthusiastically describes the followers of the Duke of Alva, the Spanish and Italian veterans who up to that time had not known what it was to be defeated, as an army of princes. He says the privates wore engraved or gilded armor, and were equipped like captains. The musketeers especially bore themselves with such "agreeable and graceful arrogance" that they might have been mistaken for princes. Each was attended by his servant or esquire, who carried his piece for him, except in battle, and all were treated with extreme deference, as if they had been officers. Most of the names, both Flemish and Spanish, which have since become famous in history, were represented on the platform of that wonderful hall of the Golden Fleece at Brussels in 1555. In the centre of the platform was a splendid canopy, decorated with the arms of Burgundy, beneath which were placed three gilded arm-chairs. Beyond the decorations there was little that can strictly speaking be called pageantry on this unique occasion, but we have thought it worth mentioning as a contrast to those many welcomes which afford the larger part of triumphal shows in all countries.

Ghent was not behind her sister cities in magnificence. In 1540, Charles V. came to Ghent, and was received with the usual civic honors. His entrance lasted more than six hours. Four thousand lancers, one thousand archers, five thousand halberdiers and musketeers composed his body-guard. It must be remembered that he came, not as the father of his people, but as a stern judge and arbiter. Ghent had lately broken out in insurrection; nevertheless, says a citizen of Ghent, who has left an account of the matter, but who belonged to the imperial party, "the Emperor was received as if the God of Paradise had descended." The rich dresses of the lords spiritual and temporal delighted this unworthy and gossiping chronicler. It was marvellous to behold "the nobility and great richness of the princes and seignors, displayed as well in their beautiful furs, martens and sables, as in the great chains of fine gold which they wore twisted round their necks, and the pearls and precious stones in their bonnets and otherwise, which they displayed in great abundance. It was a *very triumphant thing* to see them thus richly dressed and accoutred." There was a melancholy, not to say shameful, reverse to

this magnificence. The next great public show was a bitter humiliation to the proud and public-spirited city. Charles had commanded that the citizens should humble themselves publicly before him, and had taken away all the privileges of which Ghent was so proud, besides exacting a heavy fine. A procession was accordingly organised, in which walked the senators in black mourning robes, thirty notable burghers, and the heads or deans of the guild of the weavers, also in black, and a hundred representatives of the various guilds in *their shirts with halters round their necks*. The Emperor and his sister, the Queen-Regent Mary of Hungary, sat high on a throne, surrounded by princes, prelates, nobles, archers and halberdiers in glittering costume. He wore his jewelled crown and held his sceptre in his hand. The humiliating farce was played by the prostrate burghers. The Emperor seemed to struggle with his feelings. His sister, at the appointed time, turned to him asking for mercy, and rebellious Ghent was "forgiven." *The sentence, however, was not remitted.*

William of Orange, in his younger days, and before he had crippled his resources by helping the cause of freedom in the Netherlands, was very magnificent and lavish in his tastes. He loved a joyous, luxurious, princely life ; banquets, masquerades, tournaments, the chase filled a great part of his time. His hospitality was almost kingly, and his household very numerous. Twenty-four noblemen and eighteen pages of gentle birth officiated regularly in his family. One day no less than twenty-eight cooks were dismissed for the purpose of diminishing the family expenses, and hardly a princely house in Germany but sent cooks to learn their business in his kitchen. From early morning till noon the breakfast-tables were spread with wines and luxurious viands in constant succession to all comers and at every moment. The dinner and supper were daily banquets for a multitude of guests. His falconers alone, after he had reduced their expense as much as possible, still cost him 1500 florins a year. But notwithstanding this unheard-of lavishness he still had enough to offer to his country in his later and more serious days, and his establishment at Delft, at the time of his assassination, was on a very moderate scale.

Like his opponent Philip II., William the Silent was married four times, and one of his marriages, his second, was celebrated with great splendor. It took place at Leipsic, and was attended by nearly a score of sovereign princes either in person or by proxy. There was a singular mixture of old customs and of recent departures from the ancient ceremonial, for the Prince was still nominally a Catholic, and his bride, Anna of Saxony, a Lutheran. For instance, the gilded bed with gold-embroidered curtains, and guarded by armed halberdiers, to which the parents of the bride publicly conducted her (a remnant of which usage survives in the *Fackeltanz* or torch-dance recently performed at an imperial wedding at Berlin), and the absence of the ecclesiastical forms of the Roman communion at the marriage itself, which, in deference to the Lutheran custom of that day, was performed by a plain minister, "the Superintendent Doctor Pfeffinger," in the great hall of the town-house. But despite this anomaly there was no lack of show and pageantry. Immediately after the wedding a choice banquet took place, the first course alone consisting of twenty-five

dishes. The Elector of Saxony's choir and other royal bands discoursed "the merriest and most ingenious music." Noblemen handed round the wine, water and napkins. A religious ceremony was also added the next morning, the procession consisting of separate companies of gentlemen, attended by a great number of "fifers, drummers, and trumpeters," and also "twelve counts wearing each a scarf of the Princess Anna's colors, with golden garlands on their heads and lighted torches in their hands." The church of St. Nicholas was magnificently decked in tapestry, and as the company entered a full orchestra performed several fine mottetts. There was an exhortation and benediction of the bridal pair, and they returned to the town-house to participate in the festivities of a tournament. This lasted three days, and formed good opportunity for knightly display, the armor being very magnificent, the banners varied, and the devices marvellously embroidered. Among other sports was the riding at the ring. The knights wore various strange garbs over their armor; some were disguised as hussars, some as miners, some as lansquenets; others as Tartars, pilgrims, fools, bird-catchers, hunters, monks, peasants, or Netherland cuirassiers, while each party was attended by several musicians similarly dressed. Count von Schwartzburg made his appearance in the lists, accompanied by "five remarkable giants of wonderful proportions, very ludicrous to behold, who performed all kinds of odd antics on horseback." The third evening was distinguished by "mummeries," or masquerades. The costumes were magnificent, "with gold and pearl embroidery," the dances merry and artistic, and the musicians very skilful. These "mummeries" had been brought by William of Orange from the Netherlands at the request of the Elector of Saxony, the bride's father, on the ground of the acknowledged superiority of the "Provinces" over Germany in this respect. This account Motley has put into English from entirely unpublished sources, chiefly German MSS. preserved in the Royal Dresden Archives.

Funerals were another occasion for great display in the Middle Ages and the Renaissance. We have seen even in our days of diminished stateliness very creditable attempts at impressive and artistic funeral ceremonies; the pomp of the Catholic ceremonial makes this less difficult in France, Spain, Italy, &c. But few pageants of this solemn kind can have been so impressive as the obsequies (or rather the commemorative *requiem*) in honor of Charles V. at Brussels in 1558. He died and was buried at Yuste, in Estremadura, and was afterwards laid in the vaults of the Escorial; but as his son was in Flanders at the time, the most solemn pageant took place there. The procession consisted of the principal clergy, the members of different religious houses with lighted tapers in their hands, the nobles and functionaries in mourning robes, the Knights of the Golden Fleece in the superb dress of their order, and three of the principal lords bearing respectively the imperial sceptre, the sword, and the crown and globe of the Empire. Philip II. came next, on foot, clad in a sable mantle and cowl, his train borne by one of the proudest Spanish nobles, his favorite, Ruy Gomez, Prince of Eboli. A conspicuous part of the procession was a long train of horses,

each lead by two gentlemen, and displaying on their splendid housings and the banners which they carried the devices and arms of the several States over which the Emperor had held sway. But behind them came a still more ingenious and beautiful structure, a stately galley, with its sides skilfully painted with battle-pieces denoting Charles's many victories, and its sails of black silk covered with inscriptions—letters of gold, commemorating the triumphs of the hero. Two hours elapsed before the funeral train entered the church of Ste. Gudule, called by a historian "the noblest monument of mediæval architecture in the Netherlands." In the nave stood a sort of chapel, built for the occasion. Its roof or canopy rested on four Ionic pillars "curiously wrought," and was surmounted by four crowns embroidered in gold. Within lay an empty sarcophagus covered with a pall of velvet, over which towered a crimson cross. The imperial insignia were deposited on the pall. Three thousand wax-tapers lighted up this catafalque. All the galleries were draped in black velvet and cloth of gold, and Philip's throne, raised on a platform opposite the emblematical chapel, was also covered with velvet. There was a peculiar appropriateness in this funeral pomp being held in this church, since it was here that the great Emperor had also often held the chapters of the Golden Fleece.

There was another ecclesiastical pageant, more appalling in its nature than any funeral ceremony, and yet in a terrible sense a funeral ceremony in itself. This was an *auto-da-fé* in Spain. It was as national a show as the merciless bull-fights, and like them was usually celebrated on a Sunday or some other festival. A notable *auto-da-fé* took place in Valladolid the year after Charles V.'s death, and was postponed for several months in order to make part of the welcome offered by the city to Philip II. on his arrival in his kingdom, whence he had been absent many years. It was an awful and gloomy solemnity, but neither tender women nor innocent, joyful children forbore to attend. The arrangements were made as if for some gay spectacle: troops in bright uniforms kept guard in the great square of St. Francis; a platform, covered with rich carpeting and filled with velvet seats, emblazoned with the arms of the "Holy Office," was raised at one end for the Grand Inquisitor and his colleagues, and near it the royal gallery, tapestried and gilt, where sat the King in his robes, his son Don Carlos, his nephew Alexander of Parma, his sister, the young Regent Juana, and a numerous retinue of nobles arrayed in their richest dress. In the grim procession from the palace of the Inquisition often walked the young children of the various schools of the city—a terrible contrast indeed—but they are not mentioned on this particular occasion. The subaltern agents of the Holy Office and several monks attended the condemned, who wore the hideous dress known as the *San-benito*, a loose yellow sack without sleeves, embroidered with black figures of devils and red ones of flames, the same horrible devices being worked on the conical pasteboard cap and the cloak which completed the dismal costume. Then followed a courtly throng of nobles, prelates, magistrates, judges, and mounted gentlemen, escorting the three Inquisitors, whose heralds bore the flag of crimson damask, embroidered with

the arms of the Holy Office and the portraits of the founders of the dread tribunal. A sermon called "The Sermon of the Faith" was then preached by some high dignitary of the Church, on this occasion by the Bishop of Zamora, after which an oath was administered to the King and nobles, as well as the people, to protect and uphold the Inquisition to the utmost of their power. Philip slowly rose from his seat, and while repeating the words of the oath in a loud and firm voice, impressively drew his sword from his scabbard and held it aloft before the multitude. The sentence of death was then read to the unhappy prisoners, but in every instance theatrically remitted on the spot to those who had promised beforehand to add to the impressive ceremony the lustre of a public recantation. However, although sixteen out of thirty thus escaped death on this occasion by this inglorious means, there were only two who actually underwent execution, as the remainder gave in at the foot of the stake. Contrary to the present popular idea of these gloomy pageants, the place of execution was separate from that of the public condemnation, and was called the *quemadero*, or burning-place. It belonged to the city, and was a little beyond the walls. The populace, and often the nobility, followed the victims to this place, but the execution did not form a part of the ceremony known as an *auto-da-fé*. After the sentence was delivered by the secretary of the Inquisition, the clergy chanted the psalm "Miserere," the whole assembly uniting in chorus. The scene was made as awful and impressive as possible, and the odium which even in that time might have clung to the real perpetrators of these judicial murders was skilfully shifted to the secular authority, by the public form of "relaxing" the victims to the civil magistrates and beseeching them to deal with them "in all kindness and mercy."

To turn from these dread festivities to more natural and innocent spectacles, let us go once more to bright Florence, where not only the princes, but the people have their ingenious and diversified mummeries. Vasari, in his *Lives of the Painters*, tells us of a society of artists called "of the Caldron," of which Andrea del Sarto was a member. There were never more than twelve members in this fantastic club; architects, engravers, musicians, &c., were eligible as well as painters. They were wont to give suppers to which each was bound to contribute a dish of his own invention; and if any dish was duplicated, the second comer paid a forfeit. One evening Gian Francesco Rustici invited his companions to sup in the interior of an immense caldron, from the bottom of which a tree rose up before their eyes, bearing on each branch a plate intended for each guest. His own gastronomic contribution was an immense pastry or pie in which is represented Jason boiling his father to renew his youth, the principal figures being two fat boiled capons shaped like men and flanked with all sorts of appetising condiments. Andrea del Sarto brought an octagonal temple with a pavement of meat-jelly so disposed as to look like mosaic, and eight porphyry columns, *i. e.* large and succulent sausages; the bases and capitals were of Parmesan cheese; the cornice consisted of sweet pastry, and the "tribune" (perhaps porch?) of soft bread-crumbs fashioned to look like sculpture. Within the temple stood a reading-desk of cold meat, with an open

missal of vermicelli, and musical notes formed of grains of pepper, while on each side was ranged a choir of roast partridges with open beaks, two fat pigeons for basses standing behind, and six ortolans for soprani. Another member of the joyous brotherhood presented a sucking pig so arranged as to counterfeit a country lass spinning while she tends her chickens, and another a large goose representing a locksmith at work.

Another company of artists, known as that of "The Trowel," performed masquerades as a supplement to their suppers. The guests would sup in fantastic garments, generally of the classical era, and then play mythological dramas such as the Rape of Proserpine, the Loves of Venus and Mars, the antics of Pan and his satyrs, or pseudo-classical comedies by contemporary authors, in which decency was invariably the only thing left unconsidered. One day the labors of the "Trowel" society were varied by the whimsical order of its president for all the members to appear dressed as masons with all the tools of their craft, and build up a miniature palace of cold meats, head, jellies, cakes and sugar-work. At a reception which the city of Florence gave to Pope Leo X. in 1515, all the great resident artists were called upon to give proofs of their ingenuity in decorating the Pope's native city. The chief object seems to have been to render Florence like Rome. Twelve triumphal arches were erected, not of the usual flimsy and flowery kind, but solid-looking structures, adorned with statuary and *bassi-rilievi*; obelisks, columns, &c., were also improvised, certainly with questionable taste, since they could only be of wood aping stone and marble. An octagonal temple was built in the Piazza de' Signori, and elsewhere the statue of a giant in simulated bronze was placed in a conspicuous position. The most noteworthy thing was a wooden façade fixed on the church of Santa-Maria del Fiore, and painted with wonderful skill by Andrea del Sarto. The famous architect Sansovino also adorned it with sculptures and *bassi-rilievi*, modelled from the designs of the Pope's father, the first-Lorenzo de' Medici, who had now been dead some time. On another of the great squares of the city the same artist had placed a horse (we are not told of what material) like that in front of the Capitol of Rome, and whose proportions drew the admiration of all beholders.

Venice was not behindhand in shows and wealth, but space fails us to give any detailed account of her pageants. The annual show of the Bridal with the Adriatic, and the various civil anniversaries which, added to the religious festivals, gave such ample opportunity for ingenious and picturesque display, are perhaps better known than other mediæval pageants, because so often described in the political history of Venice, and also illustrated by the brush of the gayest if not greatest painter of her school, Paul Veronese. The dress of her nobles was always regal, and from their connection with the East they drew habits of refined elegance unknown even to many of their fellow-countrymen of the mainland. In very early and comparatively rude times, in 1069, the wife of the Doge Domenico Silvio would never use plain water for washing, but substituted the richest and most fragrantly medicated preparations. Her rooms were so full of the scent of Oriental perfumes that people unaccustomed to such

odors fainted on entering, and the chronicler Sabellico, who records these details, adds with horror at such sinful indulgence that she actually used a gold fork at table, "refusing in the inordinate pride of her evil heart to use *her fingers* in eating." She was herself a Greek, and was probably ultra-sybarite, but two or three centuries later Venetian dames adopted this personal magnificence as an every-day thing. In consequence of this repeated sumptuary laws were passed; but when a plain dark cloak of native manufacture was imposed upon all citizens alike, the younger nobles evaded the law by wearing undergarments of great richness, doublets of gold and silver brocade, or rich flowered silk with costly lace edging, and on going abroad the cloak was so fashioned as to fall open and display this gorgeous vesture. The doges were bound to appear in great state on public occasions, and a vexatiously minute regulation even enjoined them to procure themselves at least one robe of cloth of gold within six months after their election. Their official dress resembled that of an Eastern Patriarch, and chains of gold and jewels wrought into their robes with Greek profusion, served to make their costume at least as splendid as that of the Burgundian sovereigns.

But no picture exists without its reverse, and the glittering pomp of which we have spoken was a strange contrast to the discomfort which reigned even in its midst, and especially to the rude manners of northern nations at the same time. Of the former we have had a specimen in Taine's shrewd remarks as to the relative comfort of a modern porter's lodge and the palaces of the Medici on the Este. Here is another instance related by Petrarch, on the occasion of his visit to the princely family of the Gonzagas, the lords of Mantua. They gave him a magnificent reception — rare meats, foreign wines, delicate cheer. Their welcome was cordial, hospitable and bountiful, but the supper was served in a damp hall, which flies and all sorts of insects had taken possession of; and to complete the distress, an army of frogs who had been drawn there by the good smell of the meats, came forth and stunned the company with an unexpected concert of dismal croakings. The guests were obliged to beat a retreat before the supper was ended. If common comfort and decency were so secondary in courtly Italy, the case was a thousand times worse in England, where wooden cups and platters often took the place of even tin or pewter plate. Pillows were considered as luxuries only fit for sick women, the beds of the middle classes were straw pallets with a good round log for a bolster, and some rough clothing or animals' skins for a counterpane. Hallam says: "It is a mistake to suppose that the English gentry were lodged in stately or even in well-sized houses. Generally speaking, their dwellings were as inferior to those of their descendants in capacity as they were in convenience." The most usual arrangement of rooms was, an entrance-passage running through the house (by no means like the stately saloon which bisected the Venetian palaces, and to which belonged those wonderful windows which are the most characteristic feature of Venetian architecture), a hall on one side, a parlor beyond, and one or two chambers above, and on the opposite side a kitchen, pantry and other offices. The outside was generally a heavy timber frame, the beams visible between

layers of mortar. Chimneys began to come into use in England in the fourteenth century, but few houses had them, except those of the higher nobility and some of the prelates. The *Vision of Piers Ploughman* speaks of a chamber with a chimney "in which rich men usually dined," but Hallam is inclined to doubt that the chimney was anything but a fire-pan; as also in the case of Bolton Abbey, the old account-book of which records a charge for making a chimney in the rectory-house. Glazed windows were reserved for churches and did not come into general use during the Middle Ages. They were considered as movable furniture and bore a high price, indeed as late as the reign of Elizabeth we read of the Earls of Northumberland leaving their home at Alnwick Castle and having their windows taken out of their frames and carefully laid by. The furniture of these dwellings was as rude as it was scanty. Of the plate we have already spoken. A gentleman's house containing three or four beds was extraordinarily well provided, and probably, says Hallam, few had more than two. The walls were bare, without wainscot or plaster; only the great lords had their rooms hung with arras and other moveable tapestries. The merchants, both native and foreign, were invariably better off than the gentry. A rich Venetian, settled in London in 1481, had a house in St. Botolph's Lane which boasted of no less than ten beds; glass windows are particularly noticed in the inventory, but no mention is made of chairs or tables, and no mirrors are spoken of. Yet Venice was at the head of this branch of glass-making. The inventory of Skipton Castle, the seat of the Earls of Cumberland, not at the same period, but a whole century later, in 1572, speaks of "eight beds" only, and none of the chambers contained either chairs, carpets or glasses. The dining-hall of most castles was strewn with straw and rushes not very often renewed, and only the dais or upper part where the lord's family ate was covered with a carpet or cloth. Another merchant, whom we have already mentioned, John Port, actually possessed five bedsteads in 1524, and a great deal of furniture for that time; his house was large for those days, and consisted of "a hall, parlor, buttery and kitchen, with two chambers, and one smaller, on the floor above; a napery or linen-room, and three garrets," besides a shop, which was probably detached. The shops of those days were generally small and stuffy, and most of the business was done outside, as Sir Walter Scott so graphically describes in *The Fortunes of Nigel*. There were of course some gentlemen who could show a little better stock than the generality, but this was an exception. In 1539, a knight, Sir Adrian Foskewe, had a parlor furnished with a wainscot, a table and a few chairs. The chambers above had two best beds, but there was only one servants' bed, the inferior servants sleeping on mattresses on the floor. The best rooms had curtains and window-shutters. The yeomen and cottagers were of course proportionately ill-lodged. Oaken "settles," that is benches, and low, three-legged stools were the common seats of the people, and in many counties, in Cheshire for instance, according to Whitaker and Harrison, chimneys were not used till 1656, the fire being in the midst of the house against a hob of clay.

Before the days of the Tudors the manners of the gentry were rough

but simple. They lived out of doors, and hunting and agriculture divided their time. They rarely left home, and, unless destined for the Church, their sons were seldom able to do more than write their own name. Talk of intellectual refinement, of philosophic research, of Greek manuscripts and Roman bronzes to these true-hearted but thick-headed men! They would have crossed themselves and shunned your dangerous society. Yet their peers in Italy were already wakening to other interests than those of war and animal appetites; they had already learnt to reverence poets and artists, and to seek learning for its own sake. But this civilisation, outwardly attractive and intrinsically good, was soon corrupted by a foolish fashion which turned progress into paganism. Greek art soon lured them to affect Greek principles, almost to counterfeit Greek religion; and even in the sermons of those courtly divines who in Italy led this half-classical, half-heathen renaissance, we find more allusions to Homer, Virgil, Cicero, than to Isaiah, David, St. Paul, or Christ. The tone of the literati became wholly pagan, indeed nothing strikes one more forcibly in the history of the Italian Renaissance. Those men who in the gardens of Fiesole and the palaces of the Lateran and the Vatican, seemed disciples of idealistic doctrines, refined followers of Plato, searchers after medals, inscriptions and manuscripts, were often wholly devoid of any moral sense. They were lawless, cruel, bloodthirsty and licentious; letters were a cloak for immorality and selfishness, and Taine judges rightly of that age when he calls it one of transition between the Middle Ages and modern times, between insufficient and over-refined culture, between the reign of bare instincts and that of ripe thought. "Man," he says, "was no longer merely a coarse, quarrelsome animal, whose only boast is that he can use his limbs with freedom and agility; but he was far from having become a pure intelligence or a gentle courtier, whose single faculty is to use his tongue or his brain. He partook of both natures. He indulged in long and passionate reveries, like a barbarian, but he was also ingeniously and delicately inquisitive like a civilised man. . . . he had appetites, but also refined preferences; he loved outward tangible things, but he looked to their form, he was critical as to their proportions, and these forms of art in their turn satisfied the vague instincts with which his heart was bursting."

Perhaps the majority of these men were of an even less complicated character than that for which Taine gives them credit. Luther, their contemporary, roundly calls them impious and profane, and the characteristic autobiography of one who seems to have been an embodiment of the thoughts and passions as well as the customs of the time, Benvenuto Cellini, certainly goes far to corroborate this accusation. They themselves gaily excused their unbelief in Scripture by the frank avowal that if they were to believe in it they would be the most miserable of men, since in every line they would find a condemnation of all that was most pleasant in their daily lives. Savonarola taxed the Florentines with leading "the life of swine, for it was spent either in bed, at table, or in the vilest retreats." Even the gentler and more polished spirits were pagan in form if not in sentiment. Similes relating to Minerva, the Muses, Apollo, &c., came

more naturally from their lips than allusions to the old poets, heroes and singers of Israel ; and in epitaphs especially, a very significant though slight indication of the tone of the literati of those days, the spirit of classical imitation is strongly marked. Even Petrarch, in reality a good Christian, and upon the whole a blameless man for his time, has the following epitaph upon a friend and spiritual director of his own, an austere man who had from the first dissuaded him from his poetic love for Laura :—" Here lies Father Denys, the flower of poets, the searcher of futurity, the glory of Italy. A faithful friend ; mild and amiable in society ; his soul and his countenance were always serene ; and notwithstanding the elevation of his mind and the lustre of his eloquence, he was always modest and condescending. Among the ancients he would have been a rare, among the moderns he was an unequalled character." To say the least, a strange epitaph for a Christian priest ; but even this was by far the least obtrusive sign of the heathen tendency of the age. To use a very homely simile, this mingled splendor, ultra-refinement and entire lack of moral responsibility which distinguished the fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, reminds one of the many-colored confusions of the kaleidoscope, with its brilliant combinations followed immediately by a chaotic reshifting of the elements into another and more gorgeous shape. Still the picturesque and lawless life of our forefathers cannot help but interest us, especially in those domestic details, which more than the grave chronicles of war or politics seem to make the past live and move before our eyes, and to establish between it and ourselves a link of common sympathy.

LADY BLANCHE MURPHY.

IN ARCADY.

"Et ego in Arcadia fui."

WANDERED a Child by a green-banked river,
 In a dim, low, shadow-strewn, sunset-land,
 Where the rushes bend and shimmer, and shiver
 Like a lute soft-struck by some angel-hand :
 Afar in the purple distance hung
 One large round star, and the moon was young —
 Young with that pale calm beauty that never
 Hath been worthily told by mortal tongue.

Wandered the Child with glad feet straying
 Carelessly on by the grass-grown way,
 And the moon led up with soft delaying
 The mystical meeting of night and day;
 And around and under and above
 The flickering light strange shadows wove,
 And afar in the heather the cushat was laying
 To his vexed mate's breast the balm of love.

Joyous his heart with a bright believing,
 The glad unquestioning faith of youth,
 But I thought that around him the wind was grieving,
 And the stars looked down with eyes of ruth;
 But the Child strayed on, and the Child strayed ever,
 And his feet kept time to the pulse of the river,
 Till the hands grew weary of garland-weaving,
 And even the glad heart flagged in sooth.

But he strayed on still where the August weather
 Gathered the day to its bounteous breast,
 Till I thought that the Child and the eve together
 Would fade from my view in the dusking west;
 And the sundew drooped, and the pimpernel
 Crept close to the gorse it loved so well;
 And the Child sang a song to the listening heather,
 Gloomed over with poppy and asphodel:—

“Great lazy butterflies, golden and amber,
 Where have you wandered away?
 Are you sleeping in twilight's dim odorous chamber
 After the sport of the day?
 Come, buzz around me and sprinkle the essence
 Of gold from your amorous wings;
 Breathe all around me the charm of your presence,
 And list to my spirit that sings —

A Song of the Flowers.

“Water-lilies, mix your white and yellow,
 Dancing to the music of the rills;
 Summer-sunshine, glory-charged and mellow,
 Pause a moment on the western hills.

“O'er these dales where purple crocus lieth
 Side by side with meadow-grasses lush,
 Pour' the magic of your smile that dieth
 Soon, too soon, into the twilight's hush.

"Swings the hare-bell now her fairy censer,
And the sunflower turns her to the west;
Seems it that her great heart glows intenser
Just before the darkness of her rest.

"And the bindweed lifts her sculptured chalice,
Filled with early dews for angel-lips,
Gleaming white like some rare elfin-palace
Through the glooming of the day's eclipse.

"From dark hollows where the saffron broodeth,
Lit by lamps of rare anemones;
O'er dim dales wherein the fox-glove hoodeth
Her unto herself in charmed ease;

"Where the shadows of the changeeful shallows
Waver like a woman's wayward will;
Where the fleur-de-luce amid the shallows
Bows its golden banners o'er the rill;

"Up from meadows where the orchids redden,
Still, ah still, O summer sunshine come!
Soon, too soon! these fleeting glories deaden;
Soon, too soon! these human lips are dumb.

"Great lazy butterflies, come from your hollows,
Come ere the dust and the drouth!
Say, will you fly away too like the swallows
Out through the gates of the south?
Come, with the gleam of the dying sun's splendor
And the day's latest smile in your wings,
Breathe all around me your witchery tender,
And list to my spirit that sings."

The feet of the singer waxed faint and weary,
And he laid him down on the grass to rest;
And one by one through the gloaming eerie
The stars looked out o'er the mountain's crest;
And a lullaby rung in the river's rush,
And the earth sunk down in a gentle hush,
And low in the heather-beds soft and cheery
The sky-lark slept in his downy nest.

And there to the Child came a wondrous vision,
And he seemed to stand where a valley lay,
Fairer than those famed fields Elysian,
Or the Fortunate Isles past the skirts of the day;

And around and about him everywhere
 The manifold glories of earth and air
 Seemed to have bloomed to a full fruition,
 And a form like his own form wandered there.

The Child was glad, and he strove to follow;
 But e'en as he gazed the vision died,
 Swift as the flight of summer-swallow
 Or a mist that passeth at morning-tide;
 And over his eyes swept another spell,
 And he saw a path over dale and dell—
 A rose-strewn path over hill and hollow,
 Where two went wandering side by side.

Slowly behind them faded the valley,
 Slowly before them rose the hills,
 And her steps no longer with sportive sally
 Danced to the songs of the babbling rills;
 And he paused not for lily nor rose,
 But moved straight on as one who knows
 That the eyes must not droop nor the footsteps dally
 In the solemn path wherein he goes.

Once again did the vision wither,
 And yet once more the vision grew,
 And the Child heard a voice that murmured, "Hither
 O child of earth, come up and view!"
 And he looked and saw an aged man
 Stand on a hillside, pale and wan
 As one who wandered he knew not whither,
 But that he must wander was all he knew.

Faded away were the festival-flowers,
 Barren and rugged the rocky path,
 And crowning the distance, the thunder-showers
 Shrouded his steps with shades of wrath;
 And the face that was turned to the cloudy peak
 Was weary and worn and wan and weak,
 And dreams of the long-lost amaranth bowers
 Shadowed the lips that dared not speak.

Then the heart of the Child was filled with wonder,
 And he said to the voice, "What mean these things?"
 And the earth and the waters grew troubled under,
 And he heard a sound as of angel-wings.
 And from mountain to river the echo ran,
 "Lo! 'tis thyself, thou child of man!"
 And a hand unseen rent the veil asunder,
 And he knew himself and his wayfarings.

And the soul of the Child cried out in sorrow,
"Ah, let me not live if life be such!"
And his face seemed a deeper grace to borrow,
For grief was there with her hallowing touch.
But the dream passed by, and the dreaming Child
Raised dim eyes from the sleep that beguiled,
And bathed in the beauty of dawn, the morrow
Peered through the crimsoning leaves and smiled.

And the soul of the morning passed into him,
And he rose and carolled a joyous song;
And the bees and the butterflies seemed to woo him
Once again as he strayed along.
The dream passed by, and the lovely flowers
Spread for his footsteps their charmed bowers,
And fairy messengers softly drew him
On in the path of the golden hours.

Never a thought of the wondrous vision!
Never a thought of the silent end!
And a silvery laugh of soft derision
Seemed with the ripple of leaves to blend;
And I mused to myself as I turned away,
Whether his feet would stand one day
At the end of the road in the fields Elysian—
Ah, soul of the dreamer, who can say?

BARTON GREY.

FANNY'S FORTUNE.

CHAPTER IV.—*Continued.*

THEY woke to a gray and quiet morning, but Austin would not suffer their departure. He sent a messenger on horseback to Mr. Drummond's to inform their friends that they were visiting him. He told them he would drive them over himself when the roads were a little dried, and so dismissed their driver, and bade them content themselves for a day or two with his bachelor housekeeping. The roads were really almost impassable for vehicles immediately after

such a storm, so the party readily agreed to remain at Poplar Hill, and the visit was as pleasant as unexpected. In the sunny afternoons they climbed to the old tower again, and it looked out on one of the fairest landscapes in the South Virginia mountains. They explored the large, old-fashioned house, and made tip-toe excursions out-of-doors to see the old barn and the not-wholly-neglected garden; and Austin had quite a good library. Fanny once took him to task for the lack of order and repair about the really fine old place.

"I am contented and comfortable here. The place just about supports itself as it is, and my little ready money goes for things I value more than a new garden railing or freshly-painted wall."

"But, Austin, really you must get married —"

"Not against my inclination, I trust?"

"But do you never feel inclined?"

"Seriously, never."

"Why?" she persisted.

"Well, except for you and one or two rare specimens of your sex, I have not much respect or liking for womankind," said Austin coolly. "I do not want any of these pretty country girls; they — they're not bad, or exactly unrefined, but they don't attract me at all; and as to a city girl who has been out one or two seasons, she may have pretty, delicate ways, and some education by a chance, but I don't want to win the young lady who has flirted with a dozen different men, all of whom have had a brush at the bloom of the peach, all of whom maybe will have kissed her at will before my turn came."

"Austin, for shame!" said Fanny, in downright indignation. "One would think that all refined and modest women had fled the earth. I know many young and pretty girls by whose freshness I would swear as freely as by that of a rose. You wrong yourself as well as women in doubting it."

"Show me the one — I mean a well-born woman, young and passably fair, be she rich or poor. Assure me that I shall be her first accepted lover and shall give her the first lover's kiss, and perhaps — But pshaw!" changing his tone, "why do I think of it? What is there in all this ruinous poor place of mine, this dear, forlorn old homestead, to attract any one? What could induce a lady to come here as my wife?"

"Yourself," said Fanny, curtly. "Why should you not attract love, Austin St. Andrew? Men worse in every way have been beloved. Try to have some happy belief in your kind, boy. Do you not need it, Austin, to make you happier?" she added, with a wistful glance.

"I may," he answered, quietly. "Let us dismiss the subject now."

"Have I offended you?"

"No, Aunt Fanny. I thank you for what I believe to be your sincere interest in me. You have ever been my friend."

"I have, truly. — Ernestine, are you absorbed in that book of engravings?"

"Not quite, for I have heard part of your conversation," was the answer.

"There was nothing you were not welcome to hear," said Austin, meeting her inquiring glance. He had known that she was listening

all along, and had covertly observed the pink tinge that deepened on the half-averted cheek and glowed in the dainty ear-tip as he spoke.

The next morning Austin's horses were fastened to a plain, four-seated vehicle, and the party set out. At about one o'clock the rugged road disclosed in one of its bendings Westlook farm, the house standing on a hillside and surrounded by trees. A large gnarled willow leaned over a steep bank, at the top of which a white fence ran to cut off the front yard. At the foot of this bank ran a sparkling stream, flowing fuller than its wont, and a little way down the stream was built the dairy, of stone and whitewashed. The large, comfortable outhouses, grouped a little distance from the dwelling-place, had fine trees growing about them also. There were distant fields standing full of corn; there were woodlands stretching away; and pasture lands with running water where the cattle were grazing; and oh! the glory of those strong mountains and of that great blue sky over all.

The great white gate was swung open by a little negro; the carriage stopped at the path before the house, and Ernestine Ainsleigh, lifted to the ground in the strong arms of her cousin Charlie Drummond, flew like a bird up the path to the arms of the "little mother" who awaited her.

CHAPTER V.

Charlie Drummond stood in the doorway talking with Fanny Greyson. He had been very shy of her at first; she rather daunted him. There seemed a grand air in her carelessness, an audacity in the very ease with which she made friends of his father and mother. She seemed too stately and handsome to be homelike; and Charlie, who was of too good birth and breeding to be really awkward and diffident, yet kept with his own people and observed the even tenor of his way, and was something abashed where he simply appeared indifferent. With George he was quite at ease. Perhaps he felt his own superiority to the tall and handsome but indolent and voluptuous guest; at any rate he ever treated him with easy but not familiar courtesy until the day George left. George had a sort of respect for the young farmer, so well-built and athletic, insensible to fatigue, strong and cool; while opposed to George's brilliant air, fluent tongue, and vicious experience, the other man had a cool understanding and manly self-respect, principles and habits pure and uncorrupted, and a manner winning from its sincerity and friendliness. The Drummonds, father and son, were the most popular men in the county; and Fanny, who was of sufficient discernment to see the admirable traits in both, was soon intimate with the hearty old gentleman and ready to like his son. Old Mr. Drummond owned hundreds of acres in this splendid mountain country, and his farm was his world. He was at home, and content among his cattle, his fields and woods, and seemed, as did his son, to love the very air of home. He was a fine specimen of the class of gentleman-farmers, gray-bearded but strong in health, full of humor, kindliness and gentleness to every breathing thing. Mrs. Drummond, with her kind, busy, cheery life, her face, beautiful even at her age — one scarcely knew whether from its fine features,

or its dignified, lovely, matronly expression — was a friend to be honored and remembered for all time ; to soften hearts, hard with watching the wickedness of the world ; to comfort hearts, however sick and sorrowful. And Fanny, who first won the regard of his father and mother, soon won Charlie too. His silence and scant attention may have piqued her perhaps, for it was her pride to have every one about her at ease with her ; at any rate one or two of the straight, steady looks from her full brown eyes, a frank appeal to his opinion now and then, and he was attracted to her side.

Fanny was twenty-four now, only a year younger than the young man who stood talking to her this summer morning. She had not yet put aside the mourning-dress she wore for her husband, and her black robe fitted her soft, full, supple figure well, falling about her in plain, soft sweeps and folds that were more graceful than any trickery of trimming could have been. Somehow, with her wide white brows, earnest, frank eyes and sweet mouth, she seemed a very lovely and satisfying thing to her companion — a woman to trust in, a woman to whom he naturally and easily told all his past life. He knew all of hers, knew of the wealth she now enjoyed and must lose if she marry again ; he felt, knowing all this, that he was very safe from falling in love with her, particularly as his taste in the matrimonial line did not incline towards widows ; and Fanny understood all this too, and so was free to talk to him and like him as much as she pleased.

They parted when Mrs. Ainsleigh finally appeared to take her usual morning drive with Charlie. She was a delicate, pale-faced little woman, with the sweetest hazel eyes and the softest cloud of hair in the world. Always unselfish, gentle, helpful, and bearing with silence and patience daily pain, this unexacting, dear "little mother" of Ernestine was the object of love and tenderness to all about her. It was fine to behold the gentle care, little light Ernestine's self bestowed on her delicate mother. She ran after her now down the steps, bringing the sun-umbrella, which Mrs. Ainsleigh had forgotten. Turning back into the house as Charlie drove off with her mother, Ernestine met George.

"We are to ride this morning," he reminds her. "What horse will you have?"

"The most spiritless animal to be found ; I am timid on horse-back."

"Then I'll take Black Bess and give you Brownie."

"And Cousin Fanny?"

"She won't ride this morning."

"Oh, then, I will not. It will be nicer to wait until we can all go together."

"We can go both now and at another time."

"No, not this morning," said Ernestine, leaving him abruptly. George knew her decision, and that he had himself to blame for teaching her to beware of him. Heaven only knows the savage feelings that wrought in him. By degrees a stinging, unsatisfied, restless sort of love for Ernestine had really been created in the heart of the man. He loved her with a queer, mad intensity that was new to this hero of *amours* ; he wanted her for his wife, he wanted her at once.

He longed for her love and trust, and his imperfect self-control had made him offend where he wished to please, so that now Ernestine avoided him. He was fiercely wretched for an hour or two, then he set out desperately to find her. She must pity him if she knew the strife in his soul ; she *would* pity him, dear beautiful little Ernestine ; she would yield at once.

He found her at last on a bench under the great gnarled willow that hung over the bank. She had rolled up her shawl to pillow her head, and lay on the bench fast asleep, with a book lying open on the grass beside her. A wicker-chair and an open work-box belonging to Fanny were under the willow also. Fanny had been with Ernestine then, would probably soon return. George stooped in haste, with a kiss. She started up, faced him, and anger undisguised flashed in her face.

It was the strangest and stormiest bit of a love-scene that the old willow had ever witnessed — her anger ; his apologies merging into a declaration of love for her, a declaration that caused her to turn on him with startled eyes and serio-comic mouth. Its earnestness was lost on her, and her clear and cruel laughter rewarded what she considered his absurdly lack-a-daisical words. He moved her somewhat finally, and though her answer was begun in a tone of quiet scorn, it faltered towards the close.

"No *gentleman*," she said, "but revered the lady he loved too well to treat her as you have long treated me. If ever I could have liked you, your deeds have put a bar now. I can never believe that you love me as I wish to be loved. You see I am treating seriously what I can scarce believe to be a serious speech. I am sorry if you suffer as you say you do, Mr. George. I should never have wished to cause you pain ; I wish you to be quite happy. You have all that I can give you — my best wishes for the future."

"Ernestine," said George, in an altered voice, "do you remember my 'beautiful lady' who died? Since her I have never wished to marry any woman save you, and now I lose you also. Be kind for once, since you know how you shut me into darkness. Give me, as you have done once only, a freely-given kiss — a parting kiss, only that."

"I think, Mr. George, you are insane — insane about wanting to kiss people," said Ernestine, quite simply. "It is impossible. Stand back and let me pass."

"Only one, Ernestine."

"*Will* you leave me!" She started to stamp her foot, saw his face, and changed her mind. She started to flee away. He caught her hands, but she leaned away from him, and with one long breath cried :

"Charlie! Oh, Charlie, Charlie!"

Her cousin was just driving through the gate with her mother. He looked around, caught sight of her at last leaning against the willow-trunk, and throwing the reins to the servant at the block, he ran across the grass to her. She was sobbing when he reached her. George had leaped the low fence, run down the low bank, digging his heels into the soil, jumped the brook, and disappeared.

Charlie took Ernestine and seated her beside him on the bench, soothing her sobs, and then asking what troubled her.

"I am afraid to tell you," she said, with her head on his coat-sleeve. "Will you promise not to hurt anybody or do anything rash or wrong?"

"You should trust *me*, Tiny, without promises," said Charlie, gravely. Ernestine nestled closer to his side and took his hand; she felt quite safe and happy with her cousin. Then she told him how George had annoyed her, of all their stormy acquaintance down to the last stormiest scene. "He treated me like a child, you know; was so patronising, and then all on a sudden to start up and swear he would die without me!" perorated Ernestine. Since Charlie did not speak, she lifted her head to look at him. There was a hard look in his face—his mouth compressed, and a fiery glint in his sober blue eyes. At first Ernestine thought that he was not much moved; a more searching look showed that he was striving hard for self-control. Suddenly he put her aside and rose.

"Don't cry any more, dear; he will never annoy you again."

"But, Charlie—oh, don't go!"

"I must; they need some directions at the barn."

"But, Charlie, don't touch him! He is Cousin Fanny's friend; and oh, he is as big and strong as you are, and if you were to quarrel—"

"Tiny, a man who behaves in that way is a coward; don't you know it? I shan't touch him; I shall order him to quit the place when I see him—that is all. If it wasn't for mother's sake though, I'd like to break—"

"Charlie, I don't like to see you savage; I don't like you to look so," said Ernestine, putting her hand on his arm. "It makes it so hard for women to ask men's care when they get violent and frighten them. I am afraid you are feeling a contempt for me too, because I haven't been able to take care of myself."

"Tiny, Tiny, that is not the way for you to speak to me. You know my love for you, and that it pleases me to care for you; and I am trying to show you that I am to be trusted. I am as cool as a cucumber."

Tiny looked in the frank, dear face, and lingeringly let his arm go.

George came in late to dinner, flushed as if with exercise, and observed that he had been taking a walk. He appeared at ease and in good spirits, but he never glanced towards Ernestine or Charlie, who sat together.

Mrs. Greyson sat buttoning her boots that afternoon. Ernestine was by the window with a book.

"Ernst—gracious! that new button has come off—George is going away."

"Where is he going?"

"He is going to the Springs. It's a little dull for him up here. I thought it would be. Throw me over my little work-box there by you; I must sew on this button."

"When will he start?"

"Early to-morrow—before we are up. We must say good-bye to-night. Have you any black silk coarser than this spool? Are you sorry he's going?"

"Here's some button-hole twist," said Ernestine, opening her neat little work-box and tossing over the article required.

"Thank you. Won't you miss George?"

"Very likely; he torments me enough."

Fanny laughed.

"He has always treated me as if I belonged to him," said Ernestine, flushing; "and if I belong to any man, it is not to him!"

"Ernst," said Mrs. Greyson suddenly, with her full brown eyes confronting the girl, "do you mean that you belong to any man at all? Are you in love—with your Cousin Charlie?"

"With Charlie? No, that I am not. The idea! But then I suppose I shall love somebody by-and-bye; and at any rate—do you remember how Mr. Austin talked that day?"

"About—oh, yes. But are you sure you cannot love George? There is a pique, a spite, a fancied dislike that is next of kin to love."

"But not this kind of dislike. He frightens and offends me. He seems so strong and cruel, I cannot endure to see him. I—I want him to go *away* from me!" cried Ernestine. A small book was lying in her lap; she tore it passionately in two and flung the parts away, turning white and trembling with one of her old rages. Fanny started up and caught her in her arms.

"I will give him a good round talking to, my dear, before I trust him with you again. Come," with a caress, "be quiet, little girl."

Ernestine sat down on the floor beside her cousin, who resumed her seat, the passionate fit over, and Fanny began again:

"Now tell me if that cousin of yours isn't at the bottom of this."

"Of what? Oh, Cousin Fanny, you are so foolish! Charlie and I are not a bit in love. You may ask him."

"He is a very fine fellow."

"When you first came I thought you seemed to laugh at him. You have no idea what a twinkle used to come into your eyes. Charlie don't show how nice he is at first glance."

"Ernst, I beg your pardon, and I know he don't; but it was his pants. They are so queer about the foot—chopped off; they don't fit, haven't any shape."

"Who cares? He has a much nicer foot than your precious nephew."

"Oh, very well; but then he combed his hair such a funny way."

"What then? He will fix it better if you ask him; and his hair is lovely—such a pretty curl in it, and such a soft brown color."

"He has a funny nose."

"Well, what of his forehead? Is that candid and noble? His eyes—are they good and beautiful? And his mouth—just sweet and fresh by itself without any great ragged moustache over it? Now, will you let his nose alone?"

"You can't say he's handsome," went on Fanny, with a sort of dancing light in her eyes. She either enjoyed finding fault with Charlie, or listening to his praises.

"I can!" answered Ernestine, with spirit. "His face is good-tempered and frank and sensible, and far above any prettinesses; and you know you said yourself that you had rarely seen a manlier looking fellow."

"Oh, granted; but that is not saying that he is perfection. He is countrified, Ernst; and you must own that he does tie his cravats awkwardly."

"I do not think you are very kind or polite to make fun of my own first cousin!" cried Ernestine, with rising color. "Nor can I appreciate that spirit which seeks for every blemish when the good is so worthy of respect and admiration."

Fanny laughed softly and pulled Ernestine's hair.

"Ernst, don't be so excited. I admire Mr. Drummond very sincerely, and I love to hear you defend him; therefore I tease you so. Come, get away and let me button my boots; I am going to walk with your uncle."

Fanny's round cheeks were warmly flushed and her eyes full of light. Ernestine thought her cousin looked remarkably well as she ran down stairs to join old Mr. Drummond in a walk over the farm.

George was seen no more until the evening, when he appeared gloomy and abstracted. Ernestine gave him no opportunity to speak to her, until at rather an early bed-time she rose, and on passing him said:

"Good-night and good-bye, Mr. George."

"*Au revoir*," he answered. They did not shake hands.

Moonlight—a glory of moonlight falling on the smooth brown hair, and filling the full brown eyes with softer light; moonlight on sloping, shapely shoulders and elastic figure—that soft, rounded figure which looks so perfect in the close black riding-habit. Mrs. Greyson stands on the steps tapping her foot lightly, and drawing the tip of her riding-whip through her fingers; she is a-spring with unwonted gaiety of heart.

A party of four, they are going for a moonlight ride. Ernestine is already mounted, and sits rather timidly on the back of Brownie, staidest of animals; her cavalier is also mounted and at her side, his hand is on her bridle, reassuring her by its firm hold that Brownie shall not start before the others are ready. The clear-cut face and erect shoulders, they are Austin St. Andrew's. He has come over on horseback to spend a day with them, but has been induced to lengthen his visit.

Charlie Drummond, standing beside Fanny and talking to her, leads her forward as a servant brings their horses to the block. Fanny is mounted in a moment, and Charlie springs to his saddle; they move off.

They ride in couples, naturally. Ernestine, under Austin's care, gained confidence after a little and urged her horse to greater speed; the whole party began to ride more swiftly, and presently they all swept away together, their flying shadows pursuing them down the road that lay so white beneath the moon.

On the brow of a steep descent they reined in. It was a damp

night, for Ernestine's hair fell long and half-uncurled about her waist; but the view was beautiful. All the mountains dark and silent, all the valleys full of white and floating mist; a little stream descending fast and far beside the road on its way from the height to the plain, was singing as it passed them and shining in the moonlight. The lovely, quiet stars, large and distinct, lit the clear places of the sky, and peeped through every filmy edge of the white clouds.

They all were silent. Fanny glanced aside at Charlie, presently. His face was a study; grave, with lips compressed, and that rare glint in his eyes, the far-away look that sometimes came there. This strong, sensible, vigorous young fellow had in him a rare tenderness of heart and a quick susceptibility to the beautiful in nature. Now when the restless horses moved, and after a long sigh they recovered their merry speech and rode on, Charlie looked lingeringly back.

"Isn't this country beautiful, anyhow?" he said, at last. "Who would not be contented to live here? I do not care if I never see a city again."

"It is very beautiful," said Fanny, "and your country is charming at all times; but there is something about a city's stir and bustle, in the throng of humanity, the very variety of faces, that has a charm for me."

"I rarely observe people closely unless they are near and dear to me," said Charlie; "but I love to watch the earth and the sky and the air; a still wood awes me more than a church, a sunset sermonises more eloquently than any preacher."

"We are so different," said Fanny, with half a sigh.

"That is often a bond in friendship," said Charlie, quickly. "You don't know how I admire your gift; that knowledge of human nature, that intuitive woman's tact that makes you read everybody and get on well with them. I could never come into a family as you into ours and make every one like me. It is not my gift to impress every one as you do."

"How can you deny that you are what you are, the most popular young man in the county?"

"These people have known me all my life," very simply; "I have done many of them good turns; I have had a long fair chance, but I do not know how to take people by storm."

"Do I?" arching her eyebrows; and then without waiting for an answer, she urged her horse and started off in a canter.

They conversed no more until they had made the circuit fixed on, and were on the homeward way. Then Charlie said:

"Mrs. Greyson, Tiny has been greatly improved by her last visit to you; haven't you noticed it?"

"She is growing more mature in every way," said Fanny. "Do you mean in beauty?"

"In all ways, but in her way of thinking particularly. She is not so cutting in her comments on people or so hasty in her judgments, and I think you have taught her."

"Thank you," said Fanny; "I am much older than Ernestine, and more worldly-wise. Loving me, Ernst is disposed to accept my opinions, and love is a great teacher to any one so affectionate. She

will always try to sympathise with those she loves, and so it does her good to form new ties and see new people. Mr. Drummond, do you know that you are remarkably tolerant, very much less dogmatic and self-conceited than very young gentlemen usually are?"

He laughed and looked a little confused, but Fanny's serious air set him at ease, and he replied:

"If I am tolerant — and I try to be — it is because my mother has taught me that it is right to be. I think no man who tries to do his duty to God or man should allow himself to be uncharitable."

"Charity is only even justice, if we knew it, sometimes," Fanny said.

"Ride on!" cried a gay voice behind them. Ernestine was riding up. They drew a little to one side, and Austin and Ernestine swept by, Ernst waving her hand and crying: "Am I not brave? I am learning how now!"

They made no attempt to overtake them until almost at home, when the willing horses briskly obeyed their urging, and they were riding fast when, as they passed a little thread-like brook that crossed the road, Fanny's horse slipped, and before one could think, the horse was on his knees and the lady dashed from the saddle. Charlie was on his feet in an instant, tossing his bridle over a road-side bush. Fanny rose slowly, and leaned on his arm for a moment. The horse regained his feet with one jerk at the bridle, and stood trembling violently, but unhurt.

"Are you safe?" asked Charlie of Fanny. "Are you bruised or hurt in any way?"

"Not much," with an involuntary wrinkle of pain between the white brows. "I have hurt my foot; let me sit down on this rock one minute. My forehead is cut, I believe," putting back the soft hair and speaking in her natural, quiet way. Charlie leaned over her and saw a small cut, how deep he could not judge, just in the edge of her hair. It was beginning to bleed fast.

"I must tie a handkerchief about your head," he said, taking his own from his pocket. "I hardly know what else to do."

"Wet mine first," she said, giving him her little handkerchief to dip in the stream; and then folding it over the wound, he put her hat back gently, and bound her head as tight as she could bear. She smiled up brightly at him when it was done.

"I feel very rowdyish," she said. "Do I look 'bunged-up'?"

"Decidedly. Are you able to ride now?"

"Quite; but how shall I mount? Pshaw! you can't hold all my weight in your hand — that's nonsense!"

"Try me." He offered the brown, strong hand, and after a moment's hesitation Fanny put her little foot in it, and — she hardly knew how — was on horseback again. He held the stirrup for her.

"I cannot put my foot in that," she said; "that one is hurt — it hurts dreadfully."

She was so pale that he said anxiously: "Can you stand the ride? Does it hurt very much?"

"Not unbearably," she returned bravely. And so he mounted, and they rode slowly on. The pain was very severe, and that last

half-mile seemed very long ; but Fanny talked on as brightly as she could until they reached Westlook again. Austin and Ernestine were laughing together in the parlor. Charlie lifted Fanny from her horse, and saw that she trembled violently.

"I must call mother," he said.

"No, do not disturb any one. Help me to go to my room quietly, that is all."

He obeyed, and seated her on a chair within her bedroom door, holding out his hand then for good-night. She gave him her hand, and he held it perhaps more firmly than he knew.

"Good-night! I hope you will rest well and be all right to-morrow. I hope we are to be only the better friends for this night's misadventure."

"Thank you. Good-night!"

The soft hand withdrew from his strong clasp and the door closed between them.

Mrs. Drummond came up in a moment at her son's summons, bringing court-plaster, liniments and arnica-tincture. Fanny jested at her "wounds and bruises," and meekly submitted to the doctoring. Her foot had been frightfully bruised, and for many days she had to keep on a sofa, days when Charlie hovered round her incessantly, read to her, entertained her, blamed himself and pitied her for her misfortune, and brought Fanny by his sorrowful speeches about it, one day, to saying :

"I am not so sorry, Mr. Drummond. You and I should never have been such friends as we are now but for this."

He looked straight at her for a moment, with a strange light in his eyes and compressed lips ; then he said suddenly :

"Whether it is a thing to be glad or sorry for, we *do* care something for each other, don't we? How I shall miss you when you go!" and he rose abruptly and walked away.

That night of the accident Ernestine and her cousin had had quite an animated conversation as they prepared to go to rest, and Ernestine declared afterwards that Fanny said her prayers twenty minutes that night.

"I didn't!" said Fanny. "I got to thinking so often I had to go back and begin again. I had to 'wrestle' before I could get myself to say any prayers at all ; my thoughts flew away so." Nevertheless, she fell very soundly and sweetly asleep before long ; her thoughts didn't trouble her much.

Charlie had gone to his room, and long leaned out of the window looking at the moon ; but then that was nothing uncommon, though he would not have willingly disclosed to any one his sentimental habit.

CHAPTER VI.

Standing in a long lighted hall in the Exchange Hotel, Richmond, one may recognise Charlie Drummond. It is in November, and he has escorted his Aunt Honora, his Cousin Ernestine, and Mrs. Greyson thus far on their route of departure. He is standing by their

door ; it is nine o'clock, and tired by travel, they have already said good-night to him, expecting to see him again next morning.

Rap! rap! sounds his knock at the door. Mrs. Greyson opens it. She has only laid aside her jewelry, while Ernestine and her mother have already betaken themselves to bed in the adjoining room.

"What is it?" Fanny asks.

"Come out a minute, I have something to tell you. I have just found out that I must leave an hour sooner than I thought in the morning, or be a day longer in reaching home, so I shall not see you in the morning again. Make my excuses to the others — express my regret at this abrupt departure. I am so sorry to leave you in this fashion. If I had not promised father positively — if I did not know that they can't get on well without me, I should go all the way, after all. But good-bye!" He held out his hand, and she gave him hers while saying:

"I ought not to urge you, and I will not. But will you certainly come to see us this winter? I shall be delighted to have you any number of weeks."

"If you will be glad to see me I will come when I can get off."

"I have never known you to break a promise ; you will keep this, then." A pause. "I am sorry to say good-bye — but — good-bye!"

He still held her hand, and now more closely. "Just say you'll keep a kind thought for a country friend."

"I shall have many. I have many pleasant memories of you and your mother and all of you. Now good-bye."

"I can't bear to say good-bye! Say something to make it softer ; it is so horrid."

Charlie fancied — or was it true? — that a mist came over those bright, soft eyes for one moment.

"Good-bye — Charlie," she said, very softly, disengaging her hand, and withdrawing into her room.

"*Fanny!*" he cried, springing towards the door as it closed. "*Fanny!*" he repeated, boldly, pleadingly, close to the door. But the door was shut, inexorably ; a bolt was drawn, and a voice said within, "Good-night ; go away ; good-bye."

Charlie waited one moment and then withdrew. He looked back as he quitted the hall. It was quiet and empty. A moment before flushed manhood and fairest womanhood had stood there, hand in hand, both hearts beating with a secret not to be spoken ; now he stood alone — and he had never felt himself so bitterly alone before ; — and Fanny?

The fire burned low in the grate, the gas burned dim in the next room where Ernestine and her mother slept the sleep of the just ; but Fanny sat alone, looking in the fire, and thinking.

"I don't love him," she reflected. "That is, yes I do ; I love him just about as Ernestine does — not a bit more passionately and selfishly. He is as nice as can be. He is a *man* — nothing weak or effeminate about him ; a pure and good man, or I never saw one. Of course I am fond of him ; but *love* him? Nonsense!

"He is all very well in his place ; every inch admirable and right ; but take him out of his place — and he is nowhere! I have my place

—my society, my dances and theatres, my elegant home, my money, my fashion and position — I would be nothing without them. Imagine me throwing away three hundreds of thousands of dollars to marry one man! I'd be the blindest doting mad thing alive!

"Let him stay where he is and be what he is; he is nothing to me. Let him marry, if he chooses; what is it to me? I will keep my own place. He would be the last man to ask me to leave it. He told Ernestine it would take more audacity than most men have for any one to address me; she had told him about the will. Thank Heaven, *every one* knows what the will is; no one can court me for money.

"Ah, dear old summer! I did not think I could ever be so happy again! I wonder if he does love me. I wonder if I had encouraged him more, if I had let him speak then, if he would have asked me to leave all for him, any way.

"He shall not ask me; he shall *not*! I will keep him for my friend as long as I live; he shan't fancy that I want more.

"Good-bye! It was a pleasant dream. One must wake some time. Heaven! how dreary the world is to waking eyes. I wish I could go to sleep again. Good-bye — Charlie."

She rose with one long sigh, put aside her musing fit, and made ready for bed. Sleep came laggingly that night; and day returned too soon to one who did not welcome it.

"What is the use of waking at all? Or of being alive?" she thought, impatiently. Then she sat up, and the verses ran through her head —

"The hope I dreamed of was a dream —
Was but a dream; and now I wake,
Exceeding comfortless, and worn and old,
For a dream's sake.
Life and the world and mine own self are changed,
For a dream's sake!"

The next week all her "set" were gathered to dance at Mrs. Greyson's party; and the beautiful, charming, prosperous woman who called the assembly together was the wonder and envy of all.

"What *hasn't* that woman?" sighed one of the beauties of the evening, as she reached home. "She has youth and beauty, intellect, endless wealth and charming manners — what hasn't she?"

"She hasn't a *heart*," was the rejoinder. "That woman never loved a thing in her life. She is charming; but she has never felt very deeply since she was born. She is a piece of clear ice, sparkling, radiant, wonderful to admire, without flaw or fault, but deadly cold."

How wise we are! How neatly some of us hit off our neighbors! Well done, indeed!

Fanny Greyson was feeling deeply in a strange way of late. She was deeply wretched, and that was all about it.

Brothers, and rivals in one house; this, tacitly, was the position of George and Austin St. Andrew; this, as all acknowledged in one way or another, save Austin himself.

"It is not in me to fall in love," he once said to Fanny, with his inflexible calmness. "I regard Miss Ernestine as one of the sweetest

little beings I ever knew, but I should never think of wanting her to marry me."

Fanny nodded and made no reply. "Go on, my fine demure gentleman," she thought; "be with my Ernst morning, noon and night, exert all your skill to keep her to yourself and out of reach of George's attentions; we'll see how long you'll keep your high mightiness!"

And Fanny let the game go as it would. She had long despaired of George's success with Ernestine, and she had ceased to regret his failure since some particulars of her nephew's life had come to her knowledge; so, without expressing to Austin the intentions she had once made known to George, her good will had been quietly transferred to the former.

Whatever Ernestine thought of this silent wooer of hers—for though Austin's attentions to her were unflagging, he spoke no word of love to her—she never talked about him. Her face of childish softness and delicacy was never turned away from him; there was a gentle, frank simplicity in her manner to him that was irresistibly winsome. Austin lengthened his visit weekly. He had never been known to leave home for so many weeks together since he had lived at the old place; and yet he had the audacity, or the blindness, to deny to Mrs. Greyson and to himself that it was Ernestine who kept him.

"He was attracted by Ernestine, he wanted to know her well, he liked to be with her; but the idea of a man of his age and disposition expecting a little creature like that to love him! He was no such fool. Ernestine was very tolerant of him as he was, but if he fell in love with her she would shrink away and be lost to him forever; and he was by no means in love with her."

"How can men be so blind?" mused Fanny uneasily, after Austin had made some such remarks to her. It was plain enough to Fanny that Austin's grave, delicate, yet persistent attentions to Ernestine had won her as nothing else could, and that now the most eager avowal could not come amiss.

Ernestine gave little time or consideration to any other lover, being much with the "little mother," whose quiet fading was very perceptible now; and when Fanny mentioned to Ernestine that Austin had announced that he must certainly leave them before the week closed, the way in which the news had been received had sent a new pang through Fanny's sore heart, troubled and sad as she was already.

She had come down to the library, where Austin sat in the twilight, and finding him alone, had broached the topic of Ernestine again, with the above result. She made him no answer for some time, and then said impatiently, "Well, all I have to say is that you puzzle me, Austin. If you do not love Ernestine, you will never love any one. You are like a fish out of water when she is out of your sight; you will never be happy anywhere where she is not. Your devotion to her is something remarkable for a man so cold as yourself, and your obstinacy in denying that you love her is unparalleled."

Austin's color rose a little as he sat gazing out of the window upon the dreary terraces. At last he said, "If I loved a woman I should feel it my duty to leave her. I could not make her happy."

"Austin," said Fanny, exasperated, "nothing could afford me the

satisfaction that the power to shake you well would give me. You are more provoking in your self-doubting than George in his self-confidence. I only wish you would tell Ernestine yourself next time that you are going away ; it was no pleasant job for me."

"What do you mean?"

"It is a condescension for you to ask a question. No, I don't mind at all if you get angry with me. I wish you could have seen her poor little pale face! An hour later I went to her room, and she was lying on her bed. She said she had a headache ; and she has a fever, moreover. Do you hear? She will not be down to-night, and I know she has just cried herself sick over you, ungrateful wretch! Austin, you have tried to make her love you as deliberately as ever man tried ; it's no shame to her if you have succeeded. I shall never tell her secret to a soul save you ; but I shall reproach you for it to my dying day."

"Aunt Fanny, I can't believe that Miss Ernestine wastes a jot of her love on me. If you will have it, listen : I am poor ; Mother tells me that Ernst is your heiress. Could I take her from you and wealth to that wretched place? What is there in me to love? I am full of faults ; and worst of all — and this stands between my love and me — I am no believer in the faith in which she has been reared. I should make her wretched if I declared this, and I could not marry her without telling her. I do not know what I believe in, Aunt Fanny ; I am all in the dark. My life is purposeless, aimless, gloomy ; there's nothing fixed and settled in me ; I could not make her happiness. Are you satisfied now?"

"No," said Fanny ; "you are a foolish man. Ernestine is just what you need. Her steady faith, her sweet purity and goodness will have their effect on you. Your mind will have no bad influence over hers, for she is prejudiced and narrow in some things, and love alone can teach her by its broad sympathies. As to the money question, that is ridiculous. That a share of your uncle's money should come to you is fair and natural. And what could all the wealth of the Indies do, were they hers, except to give her a gilded sorrow, if love was not hers? She likes your place ; she could be quite happy there with you. The city never suited her ; she was not born to love theatres, parties and gay society. A quiet home is her fit place. You have pleased her. Austin, you know" — a falter in the rapid utterance — "that she must soon stand without any close earthly ties, motherless as well as fatherless. Think of her, pity her, a little tender-hearted girl that loves you as no one else may love you as long as you live, and who is not likely ever to be a happy wife unless you make her so."

There was a deep silence. Austin lifted his grave face at last, a suspicious mist in his dark melancholy eyes. "Poor little thing! the thought of *her* being quite alone in the world, without that gentle mother of hers — I never considered before that I might be giving her closer ties to earth. If she really loves me, if it is true that she does, I am willing to marry her, Aunt Fanny."

"May I preserve my patience!" said Fanny. "I won't have my darling married out of pity. You stoop, actually stoop, and as care-

lessly as if to pick up a glove! You are willing — you condescend. Heavens!”

“You do not know — you do not understand,” said Austin, much moved. “I love her so, I am so afraid to fail. It is nerving myself to a great effort when I resolve to attempt where I am not sure of succeeding; and I cannot be sure that I shall make her happy. I had rather cut off my right hand than ask that child to love me, after telling her all my faults, my darkness, my wretched disposition; and yet I will ask her, and yet I love her as I love no human being on earth. Can’t you comprehend? Can’t you see what a happiness I should grasp for myself — what a risk I should make *her* incur?”

“Oh, Austin!” said Fanny, between laughing and crying, “you are so queer! Ask her, in Heaven’s name, and have it over! When will you do it?”

“The next time I see her alone,” he answered resolutely.

“That won’t be before to-morrow, even if she comes down then. Do something to cheer her up to-night.”

Austin gave a violent blush. “Might I send her a bouquet, do you think?” he asked.

“Of course you might, you dear old goose! You have thought of something at last. Go in the greenhouse and get a pretty little one, and send it up by a servant. I want to feign perfect ignorance of the whole affair.”

About an hour later Austin, with an air of desperate effort, signed his name to a note, and gave the note and an exquisite little bouquet to a servant to carry up to Ernestine. These were the words of the note:

“My dear Miss Ernestine:— I am very sorry to hear that you feel too unwell to come down stairs to-night. I want very much to see you; I have something to say to you, for which I beg beforehand all your patience and charity. Please accept these flowers, and let them remind you of me since I cannot see you to-night.

“Your most faithful friend,

“AUSTIN ST. ANDREW.”

Austin waited in much perturbation until the servant came down again.

“What did she say, Kate?”

“She — oh, she said ‘Thank you!’ Sir.”

It was after breakfast the next morning, and Ernestine was sitting on a little stool before the parlor-fire, while Fanny idled about the room until the sound of Austin’s step was heard in the hall, when she walked out of the room to meet him. “Go in there and speak out like a man; she is all alone,” she whispered.

Austin was thoroughly nervous already. This sort of demand for prompt action discomposed him still more; nevertheless he entered the room, and closing the door, went over and sat down in a chair by Ernestine.

“Are you quite well to-day, Miss Ernestine?” he asked, bending

over her and taking one of her little trembling hands in his, which was almost as unsteady, while with desperate courage he first touched and then stroked the golden hair that floated over her shoulders. Ernestine dropped her cheek on his knee at the first touch of that friendly hand, whose caress had no terror in it; and his trembling fingers smoothed and smoothed her hair long before he could make the effort to speak to her.

It was full three hours later that Fanny, who had been talking long with "Cousin Honora," invaded the parlor, filled with the vain imagination that the lovers had had quite time enough to get tired of each other. She never was told what had passed; but there sat Austin on the sofa, with Ernestine at his side. He had an arm around her, and her head rested on his shoulder in the most natural way in the world. She had been crying, but he had evidently smoothed and settled matters at last; and as he had her chin in one of his hands and was about to kiss her, he persisted in his intention in the most shameless way, in spite of Fanny's approach, and then called "Come in!" very coolly as she beat a retreat. It is needless to say that Fanny did not accept the invitation, but went back to Cousin Honora with the news that their darling's keeping was in the hands of the man they all trusted.

The first thing Fanny did in the way of preparing for the wedding was to inform her quondam favorite George of the situation, and to sign him a check for a large amount, in order that his disappointment might be forgotten in the pleasures of a European trip. He grumbled, took the money, reluctantly consented to his mother's eager wish to accompany him, thanked his aunt half-graciously, and prepared to go.

Fanny, with this burden rolled off her conscience, wrote next to the Drummonds to invite them to visit her, and to remain until after the marriage of their little Ernestine. Mrs. Ainsleigh wrote also; and so one gray winter's evening Charlie Drummond, the mountain glow on his cheeks and the frosty sparkle in his clear blue eyes, came across the threshold of Mrs. Greyson's house. It was some time before the wedding. His father and mother could leave home only a few days, and would come down later just to witness the ceremony.

With his same old gentle manner Charlie devoted himself mainly to his Aunt Honora. Fanny was always here, there, now in one spot and then in another; but she was not so absorbed in Ernestine's affairs that she failed to throw every opportunity for enjoyment in Charlie's way, and to let him know that she particularly desired to make his visit a pleasant one.

He thought her a little changed. In the few restful moments in which she sat and talked with him, there seemed to him a certain pathetic cadence in the ring of her voice; the big brown eyes looked so troubled sometimes, and a little line of "worry" gathered between the white brows. He was troubled always after talking to her; a wistful look was in his eyes as he observed her outgoings and comings-in. Both of them said in their hearts that these meetings meant only anguish to both; that their lives were to be forever in contrast to the happy loving lives of the two lovers in the house; yet "only for

a little while," pleaded the traitor in both hearts. Wait until the wedding is over, and we part hands as they join theirs for ever. Fanny looks forward to the same dreary splendor and moneyed emptiness; Charlie thinks he will be glad at her presence this little while, and that he has strength to bear the after-pain.

Fanny is alone in the library one morning, when Charlie's brisk step came through the hall, and he paused in the doorway.

"Here you are! May I come in, muddy as I am?" and he tapped his riding-whip against his knee. His dark pants were indeed plentifully spattered with mud. "I want to say what a glorious ride I have had. I never mounted a horse I liked better than this one of yours."

"Come in, of course. So you have really enjoyed it?"

"Oh, immensely! I feel at home on horseback," he answered, hastily.

"And you are contented only at home: I have not known how to make the city attractive to you."

Charlie caught the disappointed cadence in Fanny's voice, and regretted his hasty speech. "I have enjoyed my visit more than you know," he said. "It will be hard for me to go home this time—for the first time in my life." He advanced towards her as he spoke, and looked at her earnestly. "All my happiness used to be there. I used to love the mere liberty, the activity, the hard work which gave zest to my moments of idleness. All the horses and colts, the cows, the sheep, the dogs know and love me; the woods and fields and skies seemed full of blessings to me; my life was sensible, serene, content. You know how I lived: how plainly, contrasted with your elegance and luxury—yet how happily. Things are changed now."

"How changed?" asked Fanny, a rich rose-color in her cheeks.

"There is something I want," said he, with the glint in his blue eyes and the firm look coming to his mouth—the firm look with which Charlie always faced trouble: "one thing that I want which will not let my old pleasure feel complete. It is something very far beyond me, very beautiful, very sweet. I shall not try for it; I have no right to it; I must do without it."

She turned a little away, and looked down in the fire glowing in the low grate. "You will have a better life in the future than I," she said. "But then you and every one else give me credit for being satisfied with my life. You speak to me always as if I had a soul small enough to be content with gaiety and admiration and city society—fit for nothing else. Oh, I revel in pretty dresses! My soul satisfieth itself in a fine carriage and pair; happiness remaineth with three-inch carpets, with rosewood and silver and gold, with jewels and lace! If I had an immortal soul and a womanly heart I might care for other things; but I am only a butterfly—I can appreciate nothing better than this!"

The color flamed up in Fanny's cheeks. She looked very handsome, but she felt ridiculous. She had surprised herself with this burst of petulance; she felt a burning contempt for her own weakness. "I just wanted to assure you," she resumed, with a lame apology to cover her confusion, "that nothing in people's surroundings can

please them unless they have a contented mind. You and I must learn to give over wishing for the unattainable, and be satisfied with the course of life which falls to our lot."

She turned and crossed the room, but Charlie faced her at the door with a resolved look. Two very pale faces confronted each other in silence for a moment. There was a look in his eyes Fanny could not bear; her lip suddenly trembled, and her face changed its whole expression. She lifted one hand — she did not touch him, but she seemed to wave him aside, and she fled past him to her own room.

There, half an hour later, Charlie sent her a letter. Something had roused him; he had dared wooing her at last.

And what was life without love? Could anything reconcile her to parting with the only man she thoroughly respected and cared for; the only man whose comings and goings mattered to her, whose step rejoiced her, whose hand-clasp thrilled her through and through? Or could she think "the world well lost" for him, and adventure a simpler, nobler life than the old one, giving to George and Austin their share of the estate, and taking for it all, Charlie? Was she to step down from her proud estate and cleave to one man only? A strange joy thrilled through the sweet woman's heart, that heart that had kept tender and true so long.

She had opened her door, had taken three steps down the hall, when Charlie came to meet her. With a struggle Fanny lifted her long lashes and looked her best and latest lover in the face, her answer shining in her eyes.

H. HARDY.

ARMAND DE PONTMARTIN.

THE pleasure derived from reading good books is similar to that of personal association with the writers. The man appears in his work — if not always, at least almost always. It is only the *dii majores* of literature, Homer, Shakspeare, and a very few others, who seem to have no personal connection with what they write, and hide their individuality behind an impenetrable veil. It is nearly impossible to arrive at any distinct idea of the character of the Greek poet from reading the Iliad, and Shakspeare completely disappears in the crowd of immensely varied and sharply contrasted personages of his plays. But with the makers of books in general, the style is the man. The writer reveals surely, sometimes on every page, his peculiar

individuality ; so that having read the books you know the authors, and either shrink from them as human beings of repulsive and unsympathetic traits, or are warmly attracted toward them as toward the noble and engaging characters of one's personal acquaintance.

Count Armand de Pontmartin, the able and penetrating critic of modern French society and literature, is an instance, and a very striking one, of this personality of a writer in his works, and of the pleasure derived from reading the printed thoughts of a scholar and a *gentleman*. Allow the use of that old-fashioned word which the world looks but coldly on in this democratic age. In the multitude of makers of books, articles, essays, sketches, stories and dramas, who jostle each other in the race for fame or cash, it is not every one who indicates his possession of the delicate and attractive traits which constitute this character. With the good as the bad, the well-bred as the vulgar, the person accustomed to the society of honorable people and the "Bohemian" addicted to low association and discreditable living, the style still expresses the man, and the author is in his writing. Is it a human being of pure life and character who writes? You can see the fact in his pages. Is it a vulgar pretender, an adventurer without self-respect or honor? That is as plain in his book. There may occur here and there an apparent exception to this rule, and a man of bad character may successfully dissimulate and appear what he is not. But the limit to this faculty of acting a part is soon reached. The genuinely pure page can only be written by the genuinely pure man. If the book you read reflects a sensitive honor, an exquisite sense of decorum, and the *prisca fides* in morals and manners ; if you say to yourself during the perusal : "This volume excites respectable sentiments, honorable views, commendable feelings, and prompts to virtue and the practice of all things that are pure, honest and of good report,"—be sure in that event that the author himself is thus decorous, honorable, pure, and writes himself in his book.

M. de Pontmartin impresses you, everywhere in his works, with this high opinion of his personal character, and the contrast between himself and the greater number of the prominent writers of modern France is striking indeed. No class of authors ever more thoroughly revealed themselves in their productions. Consider for a moment the works of the poets and romance-writers, more especially, of the last generation in France. These books reflect perfectly the characters of the men who wrote them—as these men reflected in themselves the peculiar epoch, 1830 and the years following, in which they figured. They suddenly appeared in the midst of a literary tempest—a veritable hurricane as of the tropics. French literature all at once broke violently away from the fetters of classicism which had long bound it. Revolting from the reserve and dignity of Racine and Corneille, it ran riot in a new direction, and wandered in paths very dubious and zigzag indeed. The movement was a sort of vertigo : its advocates dignity it with the more flattering term, a *renaissance*. If it were a new birth, the birth resulted in something resembling a monster, though a vigorous and striking monster. The seething blood of a sudden and violent reaction filled all brains, as the sap rushes up in trees with the abrupt coming of spring. Old theories and precepts were thrown

to the winds, and the whole literary mind of France seemed to grow dizzy and lose its equilibrium. Virtue was confounded with vice, respect for the *bienséances* of life was lost sight of, and the boundaries between good and bad taste were everywhere thrown down, the writers asserting boldly that they did not write books to be read by girls at boarding-schools, and that where they met with any exhibition whatever of human passions they had the right to paint these passions as they found them. The result of this theory of letters was soon seen. The writers who led in the new revolution were men of unquestionable ability, but they had grown dizzy, for the most part led lives which would scarcely bear close inspection, and their mental and moral idiosyncrasies were revealed in their books. The early dramas of the great genius, Victor Hugo, were remarkable for the repulsive choice of subjects, as in his *Le Roi S'Amuse*, *Lucretia Borgia*, and other plays, where he seems to prefer the revolting, and delight in showing flowers of ideal virtue growing in dunghills; and a great crowd of writers with similarly warped tastes followed him. Dumas in his *Antony*, *Don Juan de Marana*, and many other plays, treated shocking subjects, and drew pictures equally offensive to morals and religion; and although this vigorous writer, perforce of his gay temper, kind heart, and virile healthfulness of character, afterwards emerged from this bad atmosphere and wrote books of an entirely different description, his first essays were as objectionable as those of his co-mates. Hugo and Dumas led only; they were followed and abetted by a long list of writers, whose productions came to be classed under the comprehensive title of "The Literature of Desperation." By Soulié, whose wild fancy seemed to burn him up, and send him staggering dizzily through such artistic monstrosities as the *Memoirs of the Devil* and *Eight Days at the Château*. By Balzac, the morbid, corrupting and powerful master of realism, from the perusal of whose books you rise with an uneasy sense of moral contamination. By Alfred de Musset, whose great genius did not prevent his *Child of the Age* from being one of the most terrible and hopeless gospels of unfaith in God and man alike ever written. By Eugene Sue, whose mental atmosphere was heavy with the sickly perfume of disreputable opinions, and whose private life was fully in accord with his absence of moral convictions and his disbelief in marriage and religion. By George Sand, whose wonderful imagination and exquisite style were in like manner placed at the orders of infidelity in religion, impurity in the marriage relation, communism, socialism, and, in a word, all that ought not to be and cannot be believed in by right thinkers and respectable people. By Baudelaire, the half-crazed poet of incontestable powers, whose *Flowers of Evil* would have crushed all the hopes of humanity if they had not begun by arousing an inexpressible sentiment of disgust, as in his revolting *Une Charogne*. By the younger Dumas, the historian of the demi-monde, who reproduced in the most exaggerated form Hugo's virtuous monsters and respectable sinners; and by M. Sardou, whose comedies ridicule everything that men ought to respect. By Rénan and Sainte-Beuve even, men of an altogether different type from those above-mentioned, but belonging to the new school of thinkers in this, that they made themselves more or less directly

the laborious if covert advocates of the absurdity of Christian faith, bringing to the task minds characterised by immensely active, inquisitive and exhaustive critical genius. And these eminent, often remarkable, writers each brought his contribution to the new philosophy of life and literature, impressing his personality on all that he wrote, and doing what was in his power to warp the sentiments and opinions of his generation. For nearly a quarter of a century this literary simoom swept over France, and extended even to every country in Europe; and it was only after it had spent its first fury in a measure that men began to see what ravages it had caused. There was then a partial reaction. Everybody felt that it was time for some order to be infused into this moral chaos, that a new school should arise to lead the world back to purer sentiments and the old respect for religion, for morals, and for decency. Works of fiction accordingly began to appear, depending for their interest no longer upon pictures of virtuous courtesans, unfaithful wives possessed of angelic attractions, and monsters whom the world was called upon to admire as models of ideal excellence. The public taste returned in some measure to pure subjects, and the work of the novelists was assisted by the writers of essays. The *Causerie*, or familiar talk on men, books, opinions, history and philosophy, grew suddenly more popular than it had ever been before, and the writers of these articles in the journals where everybody read them bore a very important part in bringing the public back to right reason in morals and religion.

Among this latter class M. de Pontmartin probably holds at this moment the most eminent rank, and his writings are an admirable example, as I have said, of personality in books. He may be called a voluminous writer, considering the character of his work. His critical essays upon every species of topic, light, grave, gay, serious, now solid and philosophic, then full of epigrammatic point and what the French sum up in the untranslatable word *esprit*, fill at present about twenty volumes, and the author is still industriously engaged in contributing similar matter to the *Gazette de France*, one of the oldest and most influential of the Paris journals. The volumes are variously styled *Causeries Littéraires*, and *Nouvelles* and *Dernières Littéraires*; *Causeries du Samedi*, *Nouvelles* and *Dernières*; *Semaines Littéraires*, *Nouvelles* and *Dernières*; and *Nouveaux Samedis*—the continuations of each series seeming to indicate the popularity of the essays. In addition to these writings M. de Pontmartin is the author of about a dozen novels, *Les Jeudis de Madame Charbonneau*, the *Memoires d'un Notaire*, *Or et Clinquant*, &c., being perhaps the most popular. These stories are striking and exhibit very considerable power. *Entre Chien et Loup* may be called a remarkable book, from the dreamy, or as the author says, *crepuscular* imagination it displays; and *Purquoi je reste à la Campagne* is full of dramatic vigor as well as exceedingly interesting. The number of writers, however, competent to produce interesting short fictions is much larger than the number competent to write essays such as the *Causeries Littéraires*, and in the comments I shall make upon the works of M. de Pontmartin I shall confine myself to the latter, which are not only conspicuous examples of the author's force and elegance, but more fully perhaps than his works of fiction reflect his individuality.

Sainte-Beuve, the famous contemporary of Pontmartin and his greatest rival in the *Causerie*, has justly observed that this individuality of a writer is the first great point which a critic should examine. In one of his later *Causerie* this celebrated essayist digresses from the subject he is treating, to set forth his views upon the true theory of literary criticism, and declares that what always interests him most in regard to a new work, is to ascertain *who and what the author is*, under what conditions his intellect has been developed ; in a word, his origin, surroundings, and character, as deducible from these. This theory seems sound, and Pontmartin is a strong example of the extent to which an author's works take their coloring from his origin, training and associates. He is by birth one of the old French *noblesse*, and throughout his early manhood was thrown almost exclusively with a highly cultivated class, the Legitimists of the Faubourg Saint Germain. Living for a part of the year only at Paris, he seems to have spent the greater part of his time at his château near Avignon in the south of France, where we are told he rejoices in his splendid avenue of old horse-chestnuts, and ranks with the class which in England would be called the "gentry." Sprung thus from an aristocratic race, he is an ardent royalist. Although living the life of a man of the world, in contact with the "fast" and dissipated society of perhaps the most irreligious capital of Europe, he has retained, as his works show, profound religious convictions and an almost passionate attachment to his church. His favorite subject is the ancient glory of the church, and the paramount claim of religious faith on all rational human beings. His code of morals may indeed be summed up in a single precept: "Love God and honor the king"—the divine system being set forth, according to his views, in the tenets of his church, and the only true French royalty resting in the legitimate dynasty of the Bourbons. On these points M. de Pontmartin gives forth no uncertain sound and his tone never wavers. His views and opinions on other subjects are declared by his dangerous and bitter critic, M. Sainte-Beuve, to be far more unsettled, and in fact not settled at all ; which seems, however, to be a very extreme statement, due in large measure to personal dislike.

The estimate of Pontmartin by Sainte-Beuve is worth examining. It is always well to hear what a man's rivals and enemies say of him; what they concede must be justly his due, and may be safely set down to his credit. The two writers seem to have had an old feud with each other, envenomed during later years by Sainte-Beuve's adherence to Napoleon III., the pet antipathy of his opponent. The original source, however, of this antagonism was no doubt the radical difference between the characters of the two men, who, treating from different points of view the same subjects in politics and literature, naturally came into collision. Sainte-Beuve was cold and a little cynical in his organisation ; Pontmartin was ardent, impulsive, and satirical rather than cynical. Sainte-Beuve was a free-thinker, latterly a covert infidel, as his essays on Rénan, Goethe, &c., show ; while Pontmartin was an ardent believer. Other points of difference were added, but it is only necessary to mention one—the question of the claims of the Second Empire upon the respect of the French people.

The one writer hated and despised the Empire, the other vigorously upheld it. Napoleon III. was the object of Pontmartin's bitterest denunciation, and Sainte-Beuve declared him the safest and best of rulers for France under all the circumstances. The rejoinder was, in substance: "You say that *to be made a senator*: you are selling yourself!" So these two vigorous rivals cordially disliked each other, and were ever exchanging pen-thrusts in the public journals.

"Let us relax a little," says M. Sainte-Beuve, with a satirical smile apparently on his lips as he writes, "and speak of M. de Pontmartin. It is not a difficult subject. I have had for some time an affair to settle with him. I do not reopen the quarrel, but it is difficult to avoid speaking of a writer who makes the public read him, and whom we meet at every moment. I should like to do so in a spirit of perfect impartiality; for this impartiality, even this neutrality, which M. de Pontmartin has so often made a subject of reproach to me, has become, I acknowledge, one of my greatest intellectual pleasures. If it is a dilettantism, I confess that I am subject to it. To say nothing, even of the writers opposed to us, except that which their judicious friends already think and are forced to admit, this is my greatest ambition." The critic then proceeds, in accordance with his habit, to speak of his opponent personally — of his origin, social position, and the circumstances contributing to his intellectual development, and character as a man of letters. I somewhat condense M. Sainte-Beuve's text:

"M. de Pontmartin," he says, "belongs to the literary generation immediately succeeding our own, and this generation has been the first to make us perceive that we are no longer very young. He is of the same age and was born in the same year as Alfred de Musset (1811). He was eighteen when we were twenty-five. He is from Comtat. He studied or finished his studies at the College of St. Louis in Paris. He was cousin-german on the mother's side to a young man equally distinguished, Henry de Cambis — dead too soon, before his worthy father the Marquis de Cambis. . . . After the Revolution of 1830, M. de Pontmartin returned to pass some years in his region of Avignon before coming to seek a literary reputation in Paris. . . . When I saw him arrive in Paris and prepare to make his first critical essays in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, he was no longer in his early youth, was witty, amiable, affable, not at all intolerant, although tinctured with legitimacy. His pen was facile, distinguished, elegant, of that flowing elegance which does not take time to go very deep, but which suffices for summing up the characteristics of the majority of contemporary works. . . . It was the Revolution of February that gave the mind and what may be called the talent of M. de Pontmartin an impulse and decided direction. It conferred upon him his baptism, and launched him in literature and political criticism. . . . Is he a critic in the just and severe meaning of the term? I deny it. To be a critic is to subject everything to examination, both ideas and events, and even texts; it is to proceed in nothing according to preconceived views and enthusiasm. After this simple definition of criticism, to ask oneself if M. de Pontmartin has fulfilled the requisite conditions is to have already answered the question. The fact is, he

is too much at the mercy of the general drift of his opinions ; or when this drift abandons him, he is too much at the mercy of his author. He does not react against him, he does not resist him. On the greater number of subjects relating to past epochs he has made no previous, original, personal studies, and he starts from the data furnished by the book itself which he is examining ; he does not control them. . . . I could not say less on the subject of the defects and omissions of M. de Pontmartin as a critic without being false to myself. I come now with pleasure to his merits. They are obvious at once, without necessary connection with his grand theories, and spring from the very individuality of the writer. He is what is called a man of parts. The beginning of his articles are for the most part happy ; his pen has vivacity. Upon a large number of modern subjects he preserves a moderation of judgment very pleasant and satisfactory. When he speaks of what he is well acquainted with, and does not feel himself obliged to anathematise in the name of a principle, he is very agreeable. Scattered by the way are a number of things excellently said ; these escape him and resemble sallies. He has gaiety mixed with mockery. His mind, very prompt, very acute, possesses a great activity in reading, a great facility for assimilation. I fancy him entering a drawing-room ; a new book has just appeared, nobody has yet read it. He is asked what he thinks of it, what he has to say of it ; and he describes it, analyses it with vivacity, grace, a vein of malice. He glances at it, and does not dwell upon it. M. de Pontmartin is not precisely a critic, and I have said why ; but he is an amiable talker and literary chronicler after the fashion of good society and the drawing-room. . . . What separates him and myself is the different idea we have of the source of excellence in a portrait. He wishes it embellished, ennobled, from the point of view of the public character of the person, and with the illusions of perspective ; all that detracts from this is mere detail and gossip. I believe on the contrary that when you can, and when the model has been before you for a sufficient time, you should make the portrait as accurate as possible to the original, the most studied and really natural — to put in the warts, the moles on the face, all that characterises the actual physiognomy, and show the naked flesh under the drapery, and very folds and wrapping of the mantle. I should follow in this the schools of England and Holland. I believe that life-likeness is thus secured, and true greatness loses nothing. . . . My very sincere conclusion in regard to the talent of M. de Pontmartin, taking a general view of it — in spite of all these criticisms to which I see myself compelled, having to fight him fact to fact, and finding myself reduced to the defensive — is that he has distinction, elegance, that he is a man of parts, and of delicate parts, only requiring a better training and more firmness of judgment and character to rise above convention, and attain the true human measurement without which there is no great or true taste."

These biographical and critical comments on Pontmartin, by the most famous of contemporary critics, will afford a general idea of the individual, and cannot be set down at least to friendly exaggeration. It seems that both the author and his friends were not dissatisfied with

the portrait ; the subject of it is said, in fact, to have declared that he had never before been estimated so impartially. But the philosophic moderation of M. Sainte-Beuve gives way after a little while to sudden heat. He returns to Pontmartin in a discussion of the last-published work of the author, the *Feudis de Madame Charbonneau*, and on this occasion, to use an expressive phrase, handles his adversary without gloves. Here are two or three paragraphs from the criticism :

"I thought," says M. Sainte-Beuve, "that I was done for some time with M. de Pontmartin. I had written upon him and his works, a few months before, an elaborate article, almost a study. It was serious, severe in its sincerity, and the praise only came after the blame. He had had the good taste to appear satisfied, all things considered, and I had been touched by a proceeding so unusual. But I was out of my reckoning, and at the moment when I thought I had made up my opinion and my views upon a talent and a mind fully formed, this mind changed its direction and displayed itself under an entirely new aspect. . . . M. de Pontmartin introduces a complete revolution even into his manner. From being an aristocratic critic, a defender of the high doctrines of society, the avowed chevalier of the throne and the altar, he has become a satirical pamphleteer, an author of *Guêpes*, the mouthpiece of reckless truths and malicious details ; the laurels of Alphonse Karr have prevented him from sleeping, and behold the angel of light become just like the rest of us, and, according to my way of thinking, a great deal worse."

Having struck the key-note of his criticism in this sharp style, M. Sainte-Beuve proceeds to dissect with extreme severity the work before him, charging M. de Pontmartin with printing private conversations and making fun of his guests ; with boasting of his family, his income, his ancestral chestnut-trees, and with having *descended* in more senses than one from the Crusaders. These charges we must decline taking on the testimony of M. Sainte-Beuve. He exhibits entirely too much personal resentment to be a safe witness, and toward the end of the article the *animus* of the critic fully appears. It seems that M. de Pontmartin has included M. Sainte-Beuve in his list of satirical portraits, describing him as an accomplished "distiller of poison in phials of perfume, so that the perfume becomes venomous and the poison delicious." Worse still, M. de Pontmartin charges his adversary with "passing his time in collecting a number of offensive and defensive arms, in order to overwhelm those he loves to-day and may hate to-morrow ; those whom he detests at present, and would like to avenge himself upon hereafter." *Hinc illa ira!* "It is of me that M. de Pontmartin speaks in these amiable terms!" exclaims the exasperated M. Sainte-Beuve ; "and all who have read his book have complimented me on being one of the best treated of my literary companions. And I, flattered as I must be by the thousand compliments and blandishments addressed to me, by way of compensation, in many places, but more solicitous, I avow, to be an honest man than to pass for a person of taste, I tell him in so many words, in reply to these strange phrases that have just been read, and which directly and outrageously attack my character : 'Do you know, sir, if you were not a thoughtless person who do not weigh your words, you would be a calumniator?'"

Enough of these literary fencing-matches between the two eminent critics. They have not been dwelt upon as amusing instances of the "quarrels of authors," but as serving to show what a very famous critic and a very bitter opponent thought of M. de Pontmartin. It is unnecessary to repeat that Sainte-Beuve, even conceding his general calmness and impartiality, was scarcely a fair judge of the merits of his adversary. Human nature still remains human nature, and we must not go to the author of the *Nouveaux Lundis* for a truthful likeness of the author of the *Causeries Littéraires*, or a fair and full estimate of his abilities as a writer. Let us consider these briefly, endeavoring to measure and characterise M. de Pontmartin. His brilliant intellect entitles him to this attention, and his position in letters, whether justly his due or not, renders him personally a subject of interest.

What the general reader is apt to be first impressed with in M. de Pontmartin's style is its animation, richness of coloring, and remarkable command of the most forcible and expressive words of the language in which he writes. One of the merits attributed to Victor Hugo is the extent of his literary vocabulary, the number of words he habitually employs. A similar merit belongs to the vocabulary of Pontmartin; and his style may be characterised in general terms as vigorous, ample, flexible, highly-colored, and adapted to arrest attention. An amusing instance of the tendency in authors to value most literary traits which they do not possess, is found in M. de Pontmartin's declared preference for a wholly different species of composition. In his notice of a new volume by Théophile Gautier, famous for the picturesqueness of his style, Pontmartin says: "I so much the more desire not to be unjust to M. Gautier, since if I could ever aspire to any rôle in literature, it would be to one diametrically contrary to his own. For a fine and delicate thought, for a true sentiment, for an attentive and penetrating analysis of the *tenuities* of the human heart, for a psychological study, opening for me a new conception of passions and characters, the whole in a style gray, and even a little Jansenistic, I would give all the pearls and rubies which the materialistic school sets in the chiselled gold of its metaphors." As an instance of this *gray*, that is subdued and unmetaphorical style of writing, take the following paragraph, in which M. de Pontmartin speaks of the fate of the nobility in the French Revolution:

"What reader," he exclaims, "can forget what became of these existences beginning so brilliantly, and lose sight of this terrible denouement, which approaches with a rapid step, and is going to engulf in a fold of its great winding-sheet the good and the bad, the innocent and the guilty, the serious and the frivolous, masters and servants, defenders and enemies, victims and executioners? What thought, however careless it may be, can turn away from this immense tragedy, this bloody sea, towards which, along these last paths still carpeted with grass and flowers, a whole generation, a whole age, a whole world precipitates itself? I well know that it is only necessary to set foot in the past to strike against tombs, and that history is only one vast necropolis; but here the necropolis is peopled with young and beautiful figures which do not seem made for it; the tombs open before

their time and devour their prey, still shuddering from the embrace of life; the heads are separated from the bodies; the breasts allow a wave of unquenchable blood to escape from their gaping wounds: here death brings together all ages, confounds both sexes, levels all ranks, associates crime with innocence, and substitutes for the hierarchies of the society which it breaks to pieces the pell-mell of its formidable and sinister equality."

Such a style is certainly not gray or Jansenistic. The appropriate adjectives would be animated, highly-colored, passionate. The writer is not a Jansenist in the least; nor is there any gray tint whatever in his pictures. He is an ardent royalist, with a passionate aversion for what he denounces in the very next sentence as "that pest of the modern world called the Revolution"; his blood boils as he recalls the miseries of his order; his imagination kindles, he sees the brilliant court of Louis XVI. sporting on a carpet of *grass and flowers*, drawing near a *bloody sea*, about to be engulfed in a great *winding-sheet*; and the tombs against which you *strike your foot* devour their prey *still shuddering from the embrace of life*. These striking phrases certainly bear a strong resemblance to "the chiselled gold of metaphor" which M. de Pontmartin denounces in the "materialistic school" of Gautier. The reader will decide for himself whether composition so vivid and admirable is not better than gray writing.

The rôle in literature of M. de Pontmartin is in part the precise opposite of what he admires in others. He is vivid, eloquent, imaginative, with the kindling fancy of the poet, and his pulse is anything but chill and unimpressible. He *has*, however, everywhere in his books *fine and delicate thought, true sentiment, penetrating analysis* and vivid *conception of passions and characters*. Of him it may be said, with justice, that in writing his books "he builded better than he knew."

Passing from the writer's style to his choice of subjects — always indicative of the drift of an author's character — he has evidently a fondness for what the French call *la polémique*. His literary criticism is searching and severe; he has strong preferences, and equally strong antipathies. It is only justice to add that the latter seem based upon principle rather than personal hostility. His bitter antagonism to Balzac, Hugo, Sainte-Beuve and others does not appear to spring from any private griefs against them, but from his utter aversion for the literary or political systems of the writers. The key-note of his indignant criticism of Balzac is, "Your writings are morbid, revolting, corrupting, and serve only to poison the minds of pure and innocent readers." To Victor Hugo he seems to say, "Your wild dreams confuse vice and virtue until no one sees the difference between them: in your novels your persistent aim is to envenom the masses against the higher classes, and induce the *prolétaires* to break out into acts of bloody violence against good citizens and property-holders." To Sainte-Beuve his bitter reproach is, "You have no convictions, no principles; you are an infidel, an atheist, a slippery friend, a covert foe, a time-server, a supporter of the usurper Napoleon III. because he has invited you to the Tuileries and made you a Senator."* We may regard these opinions as we please, agreeing to or dissenting

* It is not intended in this page to quote the words of M. de Pontmartin.

from their justice, but they are evidently held conscientiously by M. de Pontmartin, and it seems unjust to attribute them to personal dislike on private grounds.

It is difficult to make extracts from these brilliant critical articles in a paper so brief as the present. The writer returns again and again to his subjects, presenting these authors under new phases, and dwelling at length and with great detail upon their mental and moral idiosyncrasies. To make brief extracts from these extended criticisms is, to use a time-honored illustration, like bringing a brick as a specimen of a building. A few paragraphs will, however, be quoted from the articles upon each of these writers — Balzac, Hugo, and Sainte-Beuve. Of the former, M. de Balzac, Pontmartin says :

“Are you a lover? If you have chosen your ideal prudently, if you preserve in love all the delicacies of the soul and of the heart, do not go to Balzac! He will cunningly rob you of your charming illusions; he will murmur in your ears sly secrets which are, for women, what the worm is to the flower, a stain to the ermine, a careless finger to the nervously sensitive person; he will hold up before you a mysterious mirror wherein you will see the object of your worship, by insensible gradations, lose her virginal physiognomy and change from a lily to a tuberosé. Have you reached the decline of life? Distrust this singular advocate of absolutism, who pleases only atheists; for he robs faith of its divine source, marriage of its dignity, youth of its innocence, old age of its modesty, and sadness of its refuges. He will inspire you with remorse, not because you have failed to do all the good you could, but because you have not *lived*, have not enjoyed, have sacrificed to foolish scruples your part or your place in the great banquet of life, where success, cunning, vice and force sit down to regale themselves at the expense of poverty, weakness and virtue. Are you disposed to complain of the injustice of men, of the errors of government? Do not read Balzac. Far from consoling you in the name of those immortal ideas which say to us, ‘Adore the hand which lifted you up and dashes you down!’ he exalts so madly the individual sense, the pride of the creature, that this pride having nothing but itself to devour, will add its fevers and tortures to the bitterness of your regrets. Do you love to forget your sorrows in the calmness and silence of the country? Oh! no Balzac! There is no genius so unsusceptible to the balsamic influences of rural life. He will thrust into your rustic dreams all the nightmares of civilisation. . . . In each countryman you employ, or listen to, or assist, he will point you to an enemy, more cunning, crafty, corrupted and dangerous than the usurers, pettifoggers, policemen, sharpers and jail-birds of the *Human Comedy*.”

Such is a brief extract from M. de Pontmartin’s notice of Balzac, whose works he dissects elaborately in paper after paper, everywhere denouncing them and stigmatising the writer as the great disenchanter of the age. A similar difficulty of making concise extracts occurs in the case of the notices of Victor Hugo. The articles upon him are long, elaborate, exhaustive, and deal with this great and many-sided genius in all his phases. The general characterisation of Hugo’s *morale* is, we think, in the main just; it is less certain that his full intellectual rank

is accorded to him. It is true that M. de Pontmartin acknowledges in so many words the colossal faculties of Hugo; declares that, in the productions of his extreme old age his bitterest detractors can find no symptoms "of lassitude, of feebleness or decline," and speaks of certain passages in terms of very high eulogy. But the qualification always accompanies the praise, the light has its shadow. Speaking of the scene in "The Man Who Laughs" where the *orc* sets out on her voyage, the critic writes: "In the nocturnal tumult of this furtive and rapid embarkation the *comprachicos* abandon a child. This child will be the hero of the book. Here he is wandering, alone, through space, with no guide; in him and around him, the darkness; the cold which redoubles, the path which disappears, the storm and the snow. There are marvellous effects here, pages of the great poet and the great artist, which one would admire still more if they did not bristle with improbabilities touching on the impossible, and if one did not purchase them at the price of interminably spun-out pages, irritating minutiae and technical details, accumulated until the perusal ends in headache. The meeting at the gibbet, the skeleton's struggle with the crows, the woman's footprint in the snow, the dead body half covered by the white shroud, on which weeps and stirs a living creature, a child at the breast, which the other child rescues and bears away — *all that is in Victor Hugo's third manner, which is not his best, but of which you cannot deny the incredible power.*" The critic then proceeds to say that the informing spirit of "The Man Who Laughs," as of Hugo's writings generally, is a spirit of *hate*; that everywhere in them one may see the writer's desire to inflame the hostility of classes. He concludes his criticism by a phrase or two of great bitterness, addressed directly to Hugo: "If you undergo the reaction to which I refer, take care! It will be terrible. . . . Pushed to their last consequences, your philosophy is nothingness, your religion is blasphemy, your justice is insult, your morals are evil, your politics are chaos, and your literature is delirium!"

A single paragraph in reference to M. Sainte-Beuve is all for which I have space. This remarkable writer is elaborately criticised in the *Causeries*; the extract made is, however, from a brief article rapidly summing up his personal characteristics, after his death. It will be found somewhat curious, and to present a new view of the man who was regarded by the public as the perfect type of philosophic calmness and impartiality.

"He was not happy," says M. de Pontmartin, "for there is no happiness without love, and one cannot love anything when one believes in nothing. In his youth he nourished secret irritations against those whose successes in gallantry or otherwise were more brilliant than his own. In his old age he had starts, crises, stampings of fury, whenever any one was tempted to make him expiate the tardy favors of fortune by recriminations, hisses or epigrams. Hence the deposit of sour temper which you will find if you search closely in his finest pages, something resembling that *acedia* which he attributes to the cloister, and which one can carry also into the world when one is dissatisfied with others and not very well satisfied with himself. Long hates, mysterious lassitudes, desires too long mortified and

gratified too late, an immense irascibility of taste, of nerves, of organs, of the epidermis; the whole served, too well served, by an incomparable sagacity, his sight becoming surer and more piercing as he sees more and more the evil in place of the good;—there is, not the whole of Sainte-Beuve—we will never have the whole—but a little of Sainte-Beuve." This is bitter enough, and will shock the admirers of the man of brilliant intellect but cold heart who is the subject of the criticism. The picture may be over-colored and the shadows unduly deepened, but we must say that M. Sainte-Beuve under all his apparent moderation and philosophic calmness, has always seemed to us not to be entirely *genuine*. His genius for criticism is incontestable; he embraces a subject however comprehensive at a single glance in all its minute details. He praises often, rarely denounces; but the praise seems hollow, and a little invective showing the presence of more feeling would be almost a relief in the famous M. Sainte-Beuve.

The passages above quoted will afford some idea of the serious phase of M. de Pontmartin's intellect. This intellect, however, is many-sided; the individuality of the man is made up of many apparently conflicting traits. He is as gay and genial in other pages as he is bitter in these. The merciless critic gives way to the laughing man of the world, the genial appreciator of poesy and art, and the master of witty persiflage and badinage. It is easy to see from many pages of the *Causeries* that M. de Pontmartin has as much of the light grace of letters as of the serious power; and that the wit, elegance, affability and distinction attributed to him by his opponent are as genuine as his tendency towards invective. An excellent instance of this gay wit may be seen in his article on Dr. Véron's *Memoires*, in which that famous old Jack-of-all-trades is painted as weary of his uniform success as a stock-jobber, a politician, an opera manager, and a speculator, in each of which departments of activity his "fortune increases a million and his cravat a story in height." So one fine morning Dr. Véron exclaims—on the authority of M. de Pontmartin—"Let me see, what glory is still wanting? I begin to grow tired of the fame of a great capitalist—my character of the man of luck bores me to that extent that I would throw my ring into the Seine if I were not certain to find it again in a carp or smelt at the Café de Paris. The repute of a Lovelace has its charms, but also its dangers; that of the grand seigneur will come later, and for that matter I should not know what to do with it in our age of equality. Why not try to win the glories of authorship—I, who have seen so much, been thrown in contact with so many personages; protected statesmen and ballet-girls; dined with ministers; amused myself with ambassadors; supped with actresses; observed with my left eye the life of the theatre, and with my right eye the theatre of life? Come! courage! to work! *Quo non ascendam?*" So the work is written, and M. de Pontmartin describes ironically his vivid anticipations: "The *Memoires of M. Véron*!—we whispered in a low voice—Ah! what new anecdotes we are going to have! what apocryphal scandals! what piquant indiscretions, what unpublished chapters, what enormities—biographical,

literary, theatrical, commercial, political, fashionable, medical, gastronomical, artistic and *galante*! So we shut the door, put the shade on our lamp, and opened the work with that bizarre emotion which is the savor and the perfume of forbidden fruit; prepared to smile internally and blush externally at the passages too curious, too new, too audacious; and the eye fell on *revelations* like the following: 'Napoleon gained the battle of Austerlitz, but he lost that of Waterloo. I chance to have heard some words of his which I believe I am the first to publish. In the Egyptian campaign he said to his soldiers, pointing them to the Pyramids, 'From the height of these monuments forty centuries behold you.' Later, at Sainte Helena, he said, 'In forty years France will be Republican or Cossack.' . . . My private relations with public men have put me in possession of details in reference to M. de Talleyrand to the present time unknown. He had been Bishop of Autun; he was full of wit, but limped a little. One day when he was worried by a creditor, who insisted that he should tell him when he would pay him, he coldly replied, 'You are very inquisitive!' . . . A great deal has been written on the Restoration and the Hundred Days, but what is not known—I surprised a statesman into making the avowal—is that Napoleon passed the time between the first Restoration and the Hundred Days at the Isle of Elba, and that he was only sent to St. Helena after 1815. . . . Jules Janin is a writer of great elegance, and Prosper Mérimée an incomparable romance-writer. It is I who discovered them, and I profit by the occasion to record a fact, my acquaintance with which I owe to peculiar circumstances, that Mérimée wrote *The Etruscan Vase*, and that Janin about 1830 was entrusted with the department of theatrical criticism in the *Journal des Débats*. 'Behold,' laughs M. de Pontmartin, "some of the novelties, audacities, paradoxes, indiscretions, confidences, delicate and unexpected emotions, starts of curiosity, highly excited and satisfied too, which we meet with in these Memoirs! . . . The great misfortune of M. Véron is that a set of hasty people have for forty years been in concert to deflower his subjects. . . . If we did not have about five or six hundred works, more or less long, detailed, personal, indiscreet, serious, instructive, and amusing, on the events and personages treated by M. Véron, his Memoirs would be very interesting. It is thus a question of date only, and not of talent. Like Louis XIV. he can say, 'The question is, who was the first to say it?'"

The above extracts and comments will serve, we hope, to convey a general idea, at least, of the force, point, satirical vigor and "malicious" irony of the style of M. de Pontmartin. He deserves a more extended notice, since more than one prominent trait of his genius remains untouched. Space fails, however, and I must refer the reader to his *Causeries*, which contain scarcely an uninteresting page. The author, as I have said, has produced to the present time about twenty volumes in this department of writing, and continues actively engaged in his favorite work. Like Victor Hugo, he seems to acquire vigor from age, and to write at sixty-three with more grace, ease and power than when he began his career. The few personal notices embraced in the passages from Sainte-Beuve are sufficient to indicate his origin,

character, and present habits and surroundings. A nobleman of the fine old French stock, reared amid aristocratic circles, and pursuing his literary work rather from that inner impulse which moves and controls every true child of the pen, than for pecuniary profit, he lives tranquilly at his estate of "Les Angles," near Avignon, with its avenue of great chestnut-trees, a rural seigneur; visits Paris, spending a considerable portion of his time there, and ranks, probably, as the greatest survivor of the eminent group of critics who, during the last quarter of a century, have illustrated French literature.

J. ESTEN COOKE.

GOËL.

SHE was lying in the oriel window of a spacious room,
 Partly reading, partly dreaming; I sat farther in the gloom.
 Morning sunlight, entering the half-closed shutters, o'er her strayed:
 It was very meet—for her the sunlight, and for me the shade.
 Sudden said she, slow upraising from the book her dreamy eyes,
 "You know all new-fangled things: pray, what is *goël*, Master Wise?"
 "Not 'new-fangled'—Saxon, *gealew*," I had said, with learnèd air;
 But my lips were mute, I only watched the glory on her hair:
 And then stealing softly to her window: "Goël? It is this—"
 (And I touched the golden tresses) "Would it tarnish with a kiss?"

Ah! the oriel window hath been darkened many and many a day,
 And the dreamy eyes are closed, the head is resting far away;
 Yet I never pass the silent house I do not think the word,
 Do not see the sweet lips parting, and my heart is strangely stirred.
 Do you think the story lacks a link? Nay, let the rest pass by;
 More there is in almost every page perchance than meets the eye.
 Yet I own a restless longing where my darling is to be,
 With the long, soft, *goël* tresses safe enfolding her and me.

HUGH LYND SAY.

THEATRICALS IN SAUK.

SAUK, a brisk, lively little city, with several railroad connections and a good business, was quite capable of supporting one theatre, and did so. But when it came to have two houses, rivals, one must needs eat the other up, under penalty of starving itself, and so the war of the Montagues and the Capulets began in Sauk. The process by which there came about two theatres in Sauk was analogous to what the naturalists are used to call fissiparous growth, in which a crack begins in a body and widens continually until the body is cleft in two and each goes off by itself, an independent affair. The old Sauk Theatre, parent of the two rivals, was a prosperous and popular concern, and though not rigidly devoted to high art — which has not as yet made much progress in Sauk — was much liked by stars of less than Alpha magnitude. It seated twelve hundred right comfortably, and was quite well appointed. The proprietors and managers, Medybemps and Wibbald, were fast friends, “like to a double cherry,”

“Two lovely berries moulded on one stem,”

though to call them lovely is, I confess it, hyperbole.

They were both actors, comedians, and could both sing right well, old Krank Medybemps having a harsh, effective bass voice, and Tom Wibbald a soft, pleasing tenor of moderate scope, but with a certain unctuous suggestiveness about it that had all the flavor of after-dinner minstrelsy. So far their resemblance extended, but no farther. Krank was small, weazened, gray, wrinkled, fifty years old, with heavy eyebrows, a prodigious Jewish nose, a humped shoulder, and a very bad temper. He was an actor *incompris* — great at certain exceptional forms of eccentric comedy, his ambition ran towards serious parts and tragic instances. He had been hissed more often than applauded, and he was sour and envious. At the same time he had a certain sort of genius all his own, and a sense of the dignity of his profession which never abandoned him. Tom Wibbald, on the other hand, was a stout, rosy, jovial fellow, with merry eyes, shiny cheeks, and curly brown hair; always joking and laughing, full of boisterous health and animal spirits, great at Indian-club exercise, easy, disposed to conciliate, without a spark of dignity on any occasion, but concealing a good deal of the fox under his careless insouciant manner. His professional aspirations were registered entirely by the box-office thermometer — what paid, he wanted to play.

This was probably the rock upon which the split began. Medybemps wanted to do the creditable; Wibbald would hear of nothing except the profitable. Tom sought to put money in his pocket; Krank, to “elevate the drama.” In a genial way, Tom poked a good deal of fun at his partner’s quixotism. In his savage way, Krank, while liking Tom immensely, despised his mercenary views of things. Some of their good-natured friends began to carry to each the re-

marks the other had made about him, and an estrangement began, marked only, however, by an increasing politeness in the terms of their intercourse. Krank loved Tom too well, perhaps, to be willing to part with him; while Tom had too exalted an opinion of his valuable franchise in the joint proprietorship of the "Sauk Varieties" to be willing to do anything that might imperil it.

However, a breach had begun, and such a breach is seldom mended. In this case, events tended to widen it rapidly and bring things to a sudden rupture. Krank wrote a play — a *divertissement*, such as he thought would be attractive to the public of Sauk, while bringing out all the talents of the company — a medley of brisk action, song, dance, &c. The piece was cast and rehearsed, its production announced, and its attractions extensively billed.

Wibbald had no great opinion of his partner's dramatic resources, and here he was probably right. He objected to the play also, and wanted Medybemps to insert a sensational scene or two; but the latter refused, and the rehearsals went on. Wibbald made no more objections, seemed to enter heartily into the preparations for making a success of the new piece, and privately fired off an endless volley of wit and satire about the effort and its author. The most of this somehow got to Krank's ears in an exaggerated form, and some of the most flippant and stinging jokes crept into the Sauk newspapers, creating much amusement, but really adding to the chances of the play, for people are apt to want to see that which is much written about. This made it probable that Wibbald was privy to these squibs; Medybemps, at any rate, thought so, and by the time the first night came he was worked up into a fury of rage against mankind in general and Tom Wibbald in particular. There were several passages-at-arms in the interval between the last dress rehearsal and the performance, in which Krank's sharp tongue cut so deeply that Tom at last was perceived to get angry, and the affair had progressed so far that, by the time the curtain rose upon the first act of the *divertissement* the partner-managers had ceased to speak to one another except on professional business, and when they did so, snapped out the most commonplace remarks with the spitefulness of a brace of terriers snarling over one bone.

The house was full enough to put even angry managers in a good humor, and all went off nicely until the finale of the third act was reached, when what the reporters style "an incident not down in the bills" occurred. This finale, which Medybemps had calculated upon to bring down the house and win him great applause, was in the nature of a duet between him and Wibbald, bass and tenor. It was meant to be a sort of amoebean ode, a quarrel followed by a reconciliation, the alternation of bass and tenor remonstrance, objurgation and boisterous protest, toning down finally into a duo of harmonious agreement and mutual consideration. Krank and Tom seemed to feel rather sheepishly the ludicrous appositeness of their situation; but the former, artist before man, sang his opening part faithfully amid much applause. Wibbald, as if inspired by a week's pent-up rage, responded so earnestly, and withal so boisterously, that he not only brought the house down, but kindled the fires of Krank's wrath

by the pointed personality of his manner. Krank responded in kind, and now, to the delight and it must be confessed some little to the mystification of the audience, who had never known their favorites to act so well and could not know that they were not acting at all, the quarrel in music became a quarrel in earnest, and the duet lapsed into a duel. Both were seriously angry, and the actors at the wings, prompter and all, forgetting their duties, stood like spectators watching a prize-fight.

The denouement of the unexpected interlude came soon. While the actors, singing with all their fury, were shaking their fists at one another, Wibbald's face purpled through all his paint and Krank's eyes flashing and his mouth foaming, Tom garbled the text, and improvised a verse, which had no reference to the play whatever, but must be confessed very pat to the impromptu comedy in which he and his partner were acting:

"Of all the Kranks that wound the gods
A-groaning 'gainst the daylight,
The rustiest Krank, by very long odds,
Is poor old Krank, the playwright."

The house roared with laughter. The next minute Krank had Wibbald by the throat; a second later Tom had Krank's head in chancery, and the drop was rung down while Krank's eyes were being blacked terribly, and the audience frantically calling for an encore of the best scene in the play.

But the curtain stayed down, and, in fact, never rose again in the Sauk Theatre, for the next morning that delightful place of amusement was where Krank's head had been the night before, in chancery, the partnership dissolved, and the partners incurable enemies and rivals. They went to law with *acharnement*, and each at the same time hastened to start another theatre. After a long and exhausting litigation the old Sauk theatre was sold at auction, and converted into a hall of the Young Men's Christian Association, while Medybemps became manager of the Sauk Opera House and Wibbald manager of the Sauk Olympic.

The Opera House and the Olympic both opened the new season with good companies, and what even the most exigent play-goers of Sauk admitted to be very strong attractions. The papers were kept in good humor with long advertisements very "fat"; and the champion bill-stickers of the place, after exhausting street-corners and fences of lots, ran races to see which could plaster up most barn-doors in the vicinage with gigantic posters. For several weeks, while the novelty lasted, both houses were kept full and both managers made money. When, however, the audiences settled down again into the regular average theatre-loving public of Sauk, there were plenty of empty seats both in the Olympic and the Opera House, and now the war began in earnest, for it had become a question of existence.

Krank, always aiming at art, engaged a succession of prominent "stars." These filled his house indeed, but consumed all his profits, their charges being higher than the size of his theatre, the prices and the quality of his audiences permitted. Wibbald, on the other hand,

gave more of what is known as the "variety" character to his performances, and as soon as Krank's leading stars ceased to move in the Opera House orbit, the tide of custom flowed in a strong stream to the other house.

Matters continued about in this way for two seasons, at the end of which Krank and Wibbald hated one another more vindictively than ever, for both found that they had lost money, and each realised that he must break up the other's house before he could expect a steady flow of profits into his own. Krank, under the influence of his disappointments, had grown sour, morose, black-humored, brooding morbidly and secretly over the injuries he conceived his rival to have done him. Wibbald had lost some flesh and appeared older, but recognised the need to seem as genial, pleasant and amiable as ever, to keep up his personal popularity.

For the coming season Krank announced a new and original attraction of an extraordinary character, and it was evident that his preparations were many and costly. He had in fact dramatised a popular novel of considerable force, and made a leading and striking part of one of those eccentric characters in which his acknowledged excellence best displayed itself. There was in this play a very effective scene of the sort called "realistic." Krank is a faithful old clerk employed in the counting-house of an eminent firm, where his eccentricities are pardoned on account of his usefulness and his past services. Krank's son, a little "wild," is employed also by the firm as entry-clerk, but has received warning that his desk is in peril unless he ceases his dissipation. The youth is really not bad, but Krank does not understand how to manage boys, and he and his son cannot get along somehow. The old clerk, however, is honest and faithful, and watches with the fidelity of a dog over his employers' interests. He discovers that some of the firm's money has been embezzled or stolen, and while pursuing his investigations, fancies he has detected his own son in the very act of robbery. Frantic with rage and shame he deals the youth a blow which leaves him senseless; and then thinking he has murdered his son, a robber, the old clerk, fairly insane, rushes into the counting-house and sets the place on fire, determined to destroy at once the evidences of his son's crime and his own at the same time that he destroys his own life. From this melodramatic situation the scene deftly shifts to the outside of the building, already on fire, shows the son staggering out, his gradual return to consciousness as the flames spread, and finally his thrilling rescue of his father from an upper window, &c., &c.

The play was well put on, and Krank Medybemps acted so well that he drew crowded houses and left the Olympic almost deserted. Wibbald had made no particular announcements for the new season, but was observed to say, with a peculiar smile, that he would soon be ready with something "to trump old Krank's trick." In fine, in about two weeks there began to be whispers in Sauk that the Olympic would soon produce a new burlesque of the most atrociously funny description, and simultaneously the town was flooded with posters containing simply the mysterious legend: "I GO HIM ONE BETTER!" Wibbald's company were very secret and close about the character of the new

burlesque, but expressed their conviction that it would take the town by storm.

The new play came out in due course, and was found to be a clever burlesque of Medybemps' play now running at the other house, full of fun and stocked with "hits." The chief feature of the piece, however, and what made it so cruel, was that Wibbald had somehow picked up an actor who when "made up" for the stage was almost a fac-simile of old Krank. Wibbald, who knew Krank completely, had fitted this man with all his phrases, all his ways and odd turns and eccentricities, so that when the caricature was put upon the stage, the audience, after the first moment of doubt whether it were not Krank himself, shouted their approval and enjoyment of the joke. The piece drew largely for a week or so, but would perhaps not have lasted much longer of itself, nor have stood wear and tear so well as Krank's own play, had it not been for Medybemps' unhappy temper. He went to see the piece, which he learned from the newspapers and common report "took him off" so perfectly, and entertained a crowded house by his utter incapacity to control his rage and indignation. Rising in his seat in front of the house at one of the most happy hits of his counterfeit presentment, foaming with fury and unable to articulate for very wrath, old Krank shook his fists at the caricature and looked murder. The counterfeit Krank, full of the humor of the occasion, imitated the old actor's gestures and manner so precisely, yet so extravagantly, that the audience were almost beside themselves with laughter; and Krank, after attempting to climb to the stage, and being prevented by the musicians in the orchestra, ran hatless from the house like a man under demoniacal possession. This or something like it was what Wibbald had coolly and cruelly calculated upon in getting up his travesty. He did not expect the piece to run long by its own weight, but he knew Krank's foibles well, and was very sure that the burlesque would gain more through Krank's extravagance than its own deserts.

Next night Krank's piece at the Opera House, which had given place the night before to a performance by some star, was announced for performance, but was not played, it was said, because the manager was ill. A large audience gathered at the Olympic, attracted as much by the hope that the scene of the night before would be repeated, as by aught else in connection with the play. Krank, however, did not make his appearance, and the burlesque went off rather tamely. A day or two later Medybemps entered suit against Wibbald for grossly libelling him in caricaturing his appearance in a certain stage-play, &c., and applied to the court for an injunction restraining Wibbald from continuing to make him ridiculous. All this was just what Wibbald desired and had prepared for. The more notoriety he could gain for his play the longer it would run, and the more money he would make out of it. He resisted the injunction in court, and made a comedy in the awful temple of justice which came nigh being peremptorily fatal to all Krank's chances for redress by casting him into jail for contempt of court. In substantiating his reasons why the injunction should not lie against his client, Wibbald's lawyer contended that the actor who took the chief part in the burlesque

could not help his looks, nor be punished because of his undeniably close resemblance to the plaintiff. To give effect to his words he pointed to the actor, who, sitting behind Krank, and cunningly like him even in dress, was imitating Krank's eager attention to the case and his uncouth demonstrations of personal feeling. There was an explosion of laughter all over the court-room, in which the judges themselves could not help but join. Krank turned suddenly, saw his double, and with clenched fists sprang after the actor, who, terrified at his menacing aspect, fled incontinently. Krank pursued, the bailiffs shouted "silence," and the court was thrown into confusion, until the caricaturist had escaped from the room and Krank been taken into custody for contempt. His offence, however, was condoned after a sharp reprimand, while the petition for an injunction was dismissed, and Krank went home the most infuriated person in Sauk.

Krank's "double," who seemed to be a timid sort of person, now had the old manager put under heavy bonds to keep the peace towards him. Krank fancied this was done at Wibbald's suggestion, and he made an assault upon Tom in the corridor of a hotel, striking him heavily with a cane. Wibbald, enraged and smarting, closed with the old man, threw him, and inflicted such severe punishment that Medybemps had to go to bed and send for a surgeon.

During his confinement to bed there was a suspension of hostilities, and this was followed by a promise of entire peace. The surgeon who was in attendance upon Medybemps called to see Tom Wibbald, and seriously represented to him that his patient's sanity was in peril, and a longer continuance of the persecutions Wibbald had subjected him to would certainly end in driving him mad. Wibbald was at heart a good-natured man, and he had some lingering vestige of fondness for his old partner besides a well-founded respect. In addition to all this, the surgeon is said to have brought Wibbald a note from Medybemps' daughter Azalia, a young lady for whom he was often suspected to entertain feelings which the hostilities with her father did not allow him to express. Miss Azalia besought Tom to spare her afflicted father and withdraw the offensive play, and she would be ever grateful.

Wibbald, touched with something like remorse, did this and more also. He came out in the newspapers with a card announcing the permanent withdrawal of "I go you one better" from the boards, and expressing his regret that he had done anything to give offence—he confessed he had—to his former partner, whom he sincerely respected and esteemed, and so forth. There was perhaps a little stroke of policy in all this, for the surgeon had told him old Krank was quite ill, but at bottom it was good nature which prompted Tom. He showed this by going to Medybemps' house, seeing the surgeon and Miss Azalia, and asking for an interview with Krank himself. At first the old man utterly refused this, then, with a sudden change of manner and an indescribable look, told his daughter to "ask Tom up."

Wibbald found him still in bed, bandaged and plastered, and propped up by pillows. Tom quickly approached the bed and said,

"Old friend, I'm sorry for this. I'm ashamed of my part in it. There's my hand on it—let bygones be bygones. Be my friend again—I'll make amends."

Krank gazed at Tom from out his bushy eye-brows, and at the extended hand, gazed so long that Tom felt uncomfortable and uneasy. At last Krank took a cold hand from under the bed-clothes and placed it in Tom's.

"Wibbald," said he, speaking slowly, and in a sepulchral sort of tone that was not natural to him, "Wibbald, I never injured you in all our long intercourse, nor since. You have injured me. You have held me up to ridicule and laughter. You have beaten and wounded me." Then, abruptly changing his tone, he said: "There's my hand—I forgive you—let bygones be bygones, as you say.—Azalia, give me my medicine."

After a brief and unimportant conversation the interview ceased, and Wibbald retired, while Medybemps withdrew into his own sombre meditations.

For some time after this, relations of the most distinguished courtesy subsisted between the rival houses and their managers. Tom fell into a way of visiting Medybemps' house right often, and it was reported he was paying a great deal of attention to Miss Azalia. Krank used to drop in at the Olympic quite frequently, in a quiet way, made himself familiar with the house from the box-office to the paint-bridge, and showed a kindly interest in all the affairs of Tom's theatre, which was fairly prosperous, while the Opera House was generally thought to have gone behind so much that it no longer paid expenses.

After a few months it became known that Miss Azalia was to marry Tom Wibbald, and, when that happy event should arrive, old Krank would give up his management of the Opera House and accept a good engagement elsewhere, thus leaving to his son-in-law a clear field. The day for the wedding had been fixed, and was less than a fortnight off, when all Sauk was startled by the news of an attempt to assassinate Tom Wibbald, the popular manager. The attempt just failed of complete success, but Tom was so severely wounded with a ball in the shoulder that the marriage had to be put off. He had been attacked at midnight one dark night while returning from a visit to his affianced, by a very large man, who had attempted to stab him with a dirk, and when after resisting the first assault Tom turned and fled for his life, the assassin pursued and fired three shots at him, one of which, as described, took effect in his shoulder. Tom could not recognise his assailant, and as he did not know of any one who might have reason for such an assault upon him, the affair was wrapped in mystery.

Krank was very assiduous in his attentions to Tom while he was suffering from his wound, and made himself serviceable by looking closely and intelligently after the affairs of the Olympic. Tom was considerably sobered by his injury, lost a great deal of his joviality and fun, and even after he got about again seemed ill-at-ease and troubled. He offered no reward for the assassin's apprehension, but employed a detective of some repute from a neighboring city, with

whom he was observed to have a good many consultations. Several persons were arrested, but soon discharged again, and the affair was presently forgotten except by the principals.

After Tom came out, a day was again fixed for the wedding, and there was only a month to elapse before it was to take place. Medybemps also announced that in three weeks he would finally close the Opera House, the last performance to be that of his play with the realistic scene already described, and the especial occasion a grand complimentary subscription benefit extended by the citizens of Sauk to the retiring manager, Krank Medybemps. No efforts were spared to make this quite an ovation. The rival house was closed for the night, a poet of Sauk had written an "address," which the leading lady was to deliver, and the employés of the Opera House had purchased a handsome chronometer watch and intended to present it to their old manager. Surely Old Krank Medybemps ought to be happy on this one night at least.

Tom Wibbald had secured one of the best boxes in the house, but Miss Azalia was unfortunately not coming; she had been nervous and low for some days, and did not feel well enough to be present. Tom, however, was there *en grande tenue*, delighted to see such a fine house and distinguished audience, for all the notabilities of Sauk were in the house. Just as the curtain rose Tom was pulled from behind, and found his friend the detective, with whom he had some minutes of very earnest conversation, after which the detective went out. The play was very handsomely performed, and it was noticed upon all hands that old Krank acted with surprising vigor and intensity, so much so as to win by force more than the applause which the well-disposed audience were eager to accord to him.

In the midst of the counting-room scene, at the moment when it was his cue to strike down his son, old Medybemps hurled the actor playing that part off at the wing, suddenly turned, crossed the stage abruptly, and came close to the stage-box where Tom Wibbald was sitting in full view of the audience. His face was a sight of horror, filled with demoniac fury and insane exultation, rage and madness struggling for mastery in every distorted feature. Tom drew back appalled; it was all so sudden. The audience, half-rising, watched breathless, not understanding anything.

"You!" hissed Krank, and every word he spoke was distinctly audible all over the house, "you! you! My shot failed, my hireling did not kill, but I am still revenged for all! You have beat me, cheated me, humbled me, ruined me! You took my money, my good name, my honor, my daughter; but I am revenged! Revenged! Know, dog, that your theatre is in ashes this minute, your mistress is dying, and you—"

He drew a dagger and rushed towards Tom, leaping into the box and striking furiously. This time the audience were not deceived as to the real terrors of the occasion. They rose tumultuously, with shrieks and confusion of hands and feet; but Tom Wibbald's clarion voice compelled them again to breathless silence. He had wrested the dagger from the maniac's hand, and holding him with his knees firmly against the parapet of the box, shouted:

"Ladies and gentlemen! This unhappy maniac is in my charge. I will take care of him. Go out at once, and quietly, but speedily. In his mad frenzy this poor man has set fire to his own theatre, and it is already burning. There is only time for you to escape."

In five minutes more the Opera House was empty; in half-an-hour it was a smouldering ruin. Tom Wibbald bore the struggling Medybemps from the flames and gave him into safe keeping. Then he flew to assure Azalia of his safety, and himself that she was safe.

Old Krank had grown mad by nursing his hatred. A word let drop in his daughter's presence made her suspect that he had hired the unknown assassin to attack Wibbald. The detective easily found means to worm his secret from the demented man. It was agents furnished by him whom Krank had hired to burn Wibbald's theatre on that eventful night, and it was with poison bought for him by the detective that he had attempted to destroy his daughter's life. He had been closely watched all that evening, but still with a maniac's cunning had managed to secrete the dagger and to set fire to the theatre under the stage.

Tom Wibbald still monopolises theatricals in Sauk. He has a happy home; and a feeble, harmless, white-haired old man, who is somewhat imbecile, nurses the children, and tells them keckling old stories that might be vastly funny, but have somehow lost their point in the telling. People call him Old Krank Medybemps, and say he was a great actor once.

EDWARD SPENCER.

MY MAN FRIDAY.

IT was Saturday afternoon, and there was the usual gathering at Percetti's store. The neighbors were laying in their weekly supply of groceries: flour and sugar in infinitesimal quantities, and tobacco and whiskey *ad libitum*. There was drinking and smoking and quarrelling and swearing; and through it all Percetti bowed and smiled, and served his customers with true Minorcan politeness. I was not much given to frequenting Percetti's *shebang* on Saturday afternoons, but on this occasion I was obliged to go there, for one of my necessities—smoking tobacco—was running low, and I was afraid it would not hold out till Monday. My neighbors greeted me with flattering cordiality; the most intoxicated of them all reiterated that he was "hap-hap-happy, oh! so happy to see me"; but I did not care to linger among them, and making my way to the counter I

speedily completed my purchase and took leave. As I was quitting the store I noticed for the first time a seedy-looking stranger, who was perched upon an empty barrel, smoking a pipe and casting quick glances in every direction. The man had an unkempt look and a not very prepossessing expression of countenance, but he was strikingly handsome, and I paused half-a-minute to look at him while pretending to examine a pair of Batchelor's brogans. Although he was dressed very much like the other occupants of Percetti's store, I could see that he was among them but not of them. He was evidently a stranger in a strange land.

"Who is he?" asked I of one of the loiterers around the door.

"God Almighty *may* know," was the reply, "but nobody else does. He has been hanging around Percetti's all the afternoon, and aint said nothin' to nobody."

As I had nothing to say in reply to this satisfactory piece of information, I walked on to the place where my horse was fastened, and was unhitching the animal when I perceived that the stranger had followed me. I waited for him to come up, and then said interrogatively: "Well?"

"I have come to ask you for work," said the stranger.

"What can you do?" asked I.

"Anything," was the reply.

"What mought be your name?" asked I, making use of the popular idiom.

"It mought be Larry Hodges," replied the stranger.

I looked at the man. There was nothing of the *Hodges* in his appearance, but then appearances are often deceptive, and after all what's in a name?

"Well, Larry," said I, "could you help a fellow clear up a piece of new ground?"

Larry expressed a willingness to consign his soul to instant and eternal perdition if he were not the best clearer of new ground in all East Florida; and he looked so very much in earnest, and withal so big and strong, that I engaged him on the spot.

"Come early Monday morning," I was beginning, when he interrupted me with a whistle.

"Monday morning? I'll be starved to death by Monday morning!" exclaimed he. "I haven't a nickel in my pocket, and I *can't* live on coonty and cabbage-palmetto. Stranger, I reckon I am the poorest man in East Florida. I may say that I am *sublimely* poor, and if I don't get a square meal pretty soon I feel that I shall be up to something desperate."

"Come on, my friend," said I; "it does me good to see a man who is poorer than myself; so come straight home with me, and if you don't get a square meal, it will be because you are too lazy to help me cook it."

My ranche was about three miles from Percetti's, and the road to it lay partly over pine-barren and partly through hummock. I was about to mount my horse, when I glanced at the weary and waysore stranger, and changed my mind. "Larry," said I, "just get on the outside of this horse and make tracks for my shebang. There is

only one road, so you can't possibly lose your way. You will find some cold venison in the cupboard: pitch into it, and make yourself at home. I may be making a fool of myself in sending you off on my horse, but I will risk it this time."

It was rough walking through the deep sand and over the palmetto roots on the pine-barren, and the recent rains had left the hummock land in a deplorably muddy condition; but I trudged along uncomplainingly, for I had taken a fancy to Larry, and I thought how he must enjoy his ride on the best horse in the county.

I had lived for several years all alone with my glory, for the unlooked-for termination of the war had left me in a condition too impecunious to allow me to indulge in any thoughts of matrimony. I had therefore left civilisation behind me, and cast my lot among the cattle-drovers of East Florida, hoping thereby to better my fortunes. This state of exile was not altogether unpleasant to me; for having spent four years in the cavalry, I had become somewhat of a centaur in my habits, and never felt perfectly at home except on horseback. There was not much companionship in that benighted country, but I managed to keep a supply of new publications on hand, and kept up with the political times by taking about a dozen newspapers. Once in a while I had a visit from some friend in search of a new location, but generally I had my ranche to myself; which I was not sorry for, for the sylvan scenes by which I was surrounded were peopled with habitants so little in keeping with themselves that I often found myself repeating the lines of the hymn,—

"Every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile."

When I reached home I found Larry lounging in my easiest chair, smoking his pipe. He had stabled my horse very carefully, but there his labors had ceased.

"Did you find your way to the venison?" asked I.

"No; I didn't care about spoiling my appetite for supper," replied Larry lazily, as he watched me kindle a fire in the cooking-stove.

He superintended the cooking of that supper with unceasing vigilance, but did not once offer his assistance. "He is a fraud," thought I, "but I will not tell him so to-night." However, the next morning I changed my mind about him, for by the time I was well awake he had breakfast ready for us.

"I think I have done pretty well for the first attempt," said he. "I learned how to cook last night from watching you."

"The mischief you did!" exclaimed I. "Why, Larry, you are a culinary genius!"

In the course of the next few days I discovered that Larry was not only a culinary, but a universal genius. My only objection to him was that he went at everything with too much energy, and threw my very moderate style of laboring completely in the shade. I was asked a number of questions in regard to his antecedents, but as I had asked none myself, I was unable to answer them. Those among my neighbors who were sufficiently advanced in *belles lettres* to be familiar with Robinson Crusoe, congratulated me upon my good luck

in possessing such an efficient Man Friday, and many were the attempts made to entice him away from me, but Larry would not listen to them.

"You took my fancy from the first," said he to me. "You are none too handsome, and when you have on your deer-skin shirt and raw-hide boots, I can't say that I consider you genteelly dressed; but when you came into Percetti's that afternoon, I noticed that you did not drink with anybody, did not higgie about the price of the tobacco, and did not say a single cuss-word, whereupon, thinks I to myself, if I have to nigger it for anybody, he is my man."

"Larry," said I gravely, "are you not a gentleman?"

"What in thunder put such an idiotic notion in your head?" asked Larry.

"A great many things. For instance, your hands."

"My hands! What is the matter with them?"

"They are white and soft, and suggestive of kid-gloves. And then you often speak grammatically, and the other day you got half-way through a quotation from Horace before you remembered yourself. Old Uncle Hiram, too, who works at the mill, remarked to me yesterday that you were 'a heap more like dem gemmen who used to come in dere carriages to his old marster's house in Souf Caliny, than dese here poor buckrah people.' Old Hiram is a very observant person, and he has been a particular favorite of mine ever since he told me that he knew the first time he laid eyes on me that I was a college-bred man. But to return to our muttons, if the question is not an impertinent one, are you not a gentleman?"

"Yes," said Larry, "I am, or rather I *was*. I was the adopted son of a rich old uncle, who squandered money on me for a number of years, and then suddenly disinherited me."

"For what, if I may be so inquisitive?" asked I.

"Because I objected to going into mercantile business; but principally because I wouldn't marry a one-eyed heiress. We had a row about it, and then I went down town and got tight, in which condition I drank my sweetheart's health in a public saloon, with her confounded brother standing in full hearing. She raised hail calamity about it next day when I went to tell her good-bye; returned my ring, and demanded her photograph. When I told her what had happened to me, she began to show symptoms of coming round, but she had riled me so by that time that I wouldn't meet her advances, and I left the house in a huff. After that there wasn't anything to work for, so I have been drifting with the tide ever since, living from hand to mouth, and not knowing one day what I was going to do the next. I have heard that my aged relative wishes to make it up, but I have got into such a habit of roving that somehow I don't feel much like settling down into respectability, and besides I hear that my sweetheart is going to throw herself away on another fellow."

"Did you send back that photograph?" asked I.

"No; I told her I had lost it. Of course she didn't believe me, but she pretended she did, and said nothing more about the matter, so I brought it off with me. Here it is."

And Larry took from his satchel a pocket Bible, from between the

leaves of which he drew forth the photograph of a pretty, saucy-looking girl, dressed in the height of fashion, whose general appearance bore unmistakable evidence that she belonged to those fortunate lilies of the field who toil not neither do they spin.

"A very nice-looking girl, Larry," said I; "but what the mischief do you want with the picture of another fellow's wife?"

Larry muttered something which didn't sound pious, and throwing my gun over his shoulder, marched away into the woods. I leaned back in my chair and smoked lazily, thinking of Larry and his affairs, particularly that of his heart. I was musing on these things when I beheld a vision — a lady on horseback, riding along the old Indian trail which ran immediately in front of my ranche.

"Do I sleep? Do I dream?" exclaimed I, as I removed my pipe and rubbed my eyes. But by the time I had settled this point the fair equestrian was out of sight. The animal she rode had a familiar look to me, it closely resembled my neighbor Dupont's roan pony; and then it flashed across my mind that Hiram had told me that Mr. Dupont had some "quality folks" staying with him, some folks who had come up the river on the last boat, and had a sick lady among them, who was always a-coughin'. Mr. Dupont, whose residence actually boasted of four rooms, often had quality folks at his house, invalids who came to try the lung-healing climate of East Florida; but as my "store clothes" were now quite out of fashion, I did not give myself the pleasure of calling on them, and therefore Hiram's news had made little impression on me. But I liked the way that girl sat on her pony, and I kept on thinking about her that day as I worked on my fish-net. The next morning I was on the watch for her, and I was not disappointed; but what was my surprise when she alighted at my door and quietly walked up the front steps? Larry was cutting wood in the back-yard, so I received her by myself.

"Dog tied?" asked she, adopting the vernacular greeting.

"Dog's tied," rejoined I; "that is, there isn't any dog at all."

"Well, that's a blessing," returned she. "Do you know what I have come for?"

"I cannot imagine."

"Eggs."

"I am sorry, but I have none on hand."

"Oh, what a story! When there is such a cackling going on in the back-yard that I can hardly hear myself think!"

"I admit there are hens, and they sometimes bring up families; but I never could find their nests."

"Let me go and look for them. I am death on finding nests, and I am perfectly desperate about eggs, for my sick sister-in-law thinks she can eat them. I was out all day yesterday prospecting, and I saw more signs of poultry here than anywhere else. Mrs. Dupont has only got one hen, and she is on the retired list. May I go?"

"Certainly, if you don't mind walking through a bachelor's establishment."

"I dote on bachelors' establishments; they are so delightfully free from anything like stiffness in their arrangements."

So saying, the young lady followed me without hesitation into the

one apartment which was my parlor, dining-room, sleeping-room and kitchen, and paused a moment to comment on my fixtures.

"I like to see pistols and prayer-books in such pleasant juxtaposition," said she, glancing at my book-shelf; "it reminds me of the millennial lion and lamb lying down together. And I think the centre-table is such a nice place to keep one's boots! Shakspeare, Tennyson, and Monte Christo all in one chair! Why, you are the most literary person I have found in all this country! If I were you I would —"

Here the young lady's suggestion was cut short by the entrance of Larry with an armful of wood. The lady gazed at the gentleman, and the gentleman gazed at the lady in open-eyed wonderment, while I felt as if I should like to introduce them if I only knew the name of either.

"Mr. Howard!" exclaimed the young lady, at length finding a voice.

Larry's only reply to this was as dignified a bow as could be made under such undignified circumstances, and then throwing down the wood with a crash, that gentleman made an unceremonious exit in front, while the lady led the way to the back-yard.

"You are acquainted with Mr.—Mr.—?" said I.

"Mr. Who?" asked the lady.

"Mr. Hodges."

"That is not his name. Those are beautiful fowls of yours; are they the common kind or imported?"

Our search for eggs was successful. Two nests were discovered under the wood-pile; one under a lantana-bush, and one in a brush-heap. My visitor filled the tiny basket she carried, and then with some hesitation and a huge blush asked the price of them.

"They are yours by right of discovery," said I. "If you had not captured them, they would have been carried off by opossums and other *varmint*; or if preserved from that fate, would in a more developed state play the very mischief with my geraniums and young vegetables. So you see you are doing me a service."

"I cannot exactly see that," returned the young lady; "but I am very much obliged to you nevertheless. Is there any way to get back to my pony without going through the house?"

"Yes, if you will wait for me to pull the fence down."

"Oh, if there is only a fence in the way I can easily dispose of *that*."

But climbing a fence with a long riding-skirt on and a basket of eggs in one's hand is more easily said than done. The young lady, after tottering awhile on the top rail, missed her footing in making the descent, and after one agonising cry, "Save my eggs!" was about to fall, when Larry appeared on the other side of the fence and caught her in his arms.

"Thank you, Louis—I mean Mr. Howard!" exclaimed she; "you have saved me from some smashed eggs, and perhaps a sprained ankle. No, thank you, I would rather mount by myself. Good morning, gentlemen." And the young lady rode away with a much greater display of dignity than had characterised her egg-hunt in the back-yard.

"I suppose that's *her*," said I.

"That's her," echoed Larry. "I wonder what the mischief she is doing in these parts?"

"Come for health," said I; "sick sister-in-law. Don't be vain enough to suppose she came down here to scare *you* up."

"Sister-in-law? Oh, I remember; that confounded prig who ruined me with my girl did have a cadaverous-looking wife."

"What is the name?" asked I.

"Legare. My sweetheart's name is Rosamond Legare. Not half so pretty a name as Rosamond Howard; but I don't see how she is ever going to make the alteration."

"Neither do I," was my candid and unflattering response, whereupon my Man Friday turned on his heel, shouldered a gun, and silently stalked away into the hummock. He was scarcely out of sight when another visitor made his appearance, a tall, solemn-looking individual, who introduced himself as Mr. Legare, in a manner which said that my requiring such an introduction argued myself unknown, and then proceeded with his business, which was to borrow or buy a gun. He was looking over my miscellaneous assortment of firearms, and prosing about them in a manner that convinced me that he knew rather less about guns than a Brahmin, when whom should I see approaching from the woods but Miss Legare and my Man Friday. I uttered an exclamation which caused my visitor to look up.

"Why, that is my sister!" observed he, with a slight approach to excitement; "but who can that be with her?"

"Mr. Larry Hodges," said I; "more familiarly known as my Man Friday."

"He very much resembles an individual I used to know"—so Mr. Legare was commencing, when the fair Rosamond rushed up the steps, and interrupted him by exclaiming "Eureka!"

"What do you mean, and where is the animal you were riding?" asked her brother, slowly and precisely, all the while viewing Larry with a critic's eye.

"I mean that I have found the much-advertised-for Mr. Howard; and as for the pony, I suppose he is either gone home or irrecoverably lost, strayed or stolen by this time. I jumped down to gather some flowers, and the vile little mustang wouldn't let me get up any more, but just winked at me and galloped away. I tried to find my way home on foot, but in following a cow-path I lost myself completely, and would have *stayed* lost if Mr. Howard had not made his appearance, like a guardian angel, and rescued me from mosquitoes and starvation."

"Do guardian angels wear blue homespun shirts and russet brogans in *your* country?" asked I.

"No, but I thought Florida angels might be different," returned Miss Legare, slightly blushing, for her brother was regarding her with a fixed stare. At length that gentleman removed his eyes from his sister and took a second inventory of Larry, who, exceedingly ragged and slightly dirty, was nevertheless looking extremely like an aristocrat, and not in the least discomposed by the other's gaze.

"You *are* Mr. Howard then?" said Mr. Legare at length.

"I am nobody else," replied Larry.

"I am surprised that you have made no response to your uncle's numerous appeals through the newspapers."

"I am going to," said Larry, giving Miss Legare a look which made that young lady's red cheeks redder than ever; and when the brother and sister after a few parting civilities had walked away together, my Man Friday gave me immediate warning. "I must go home straight away, and have the fatted calf killed, and all that sort of thing," said he, "for Rosamond and I had a long talk out yonder sitting together on a log, and we have been forgiving one another and fixing up things generally. The one-eyed heiress is married, so I may arise and go unto my uncle in perfect safety."

"Well," said I, sighing, "I congratulate you with all my heart and soul, for a rich old uncle is a great convenience, and your girl is a stunner and no mistake; but your gain is my eternal loss. For, all blarney out of the question, it is a piece of my usual bad luck, these people finding you out and depriving me of my Man Friday."

CAROLINE MARSDALE.

THE DEATH OF CLEOPATRA.

Give me my robe, put on my crown;
I have immortal longing in me now.—SHAKESPEARE.

O ANTONY, the soul of my desire!
My pulses thrill again with all the bliss
Of love's eternal ecstasy of fire
That kindled with thy first impassioned kiss.
I know thy spirit cometh now to chide me
That mine still lingers when it should be free
From thy base foe, whose minions would deride me
For losing all that I have lost for thee.

Flow on, O mighty Nile, through endless ages
To tell the world of Cleopatra's fall,
And write the story in historic pages
Of how she answered to her hero's call.

"Give me my robe, put on my queenly crown,"
My death shall give these Romans all the lie:
O Antony! my love and thy renown
Shall show the world how Egypt's queen should die!

The Death of Cleopatra.

I feel "immortal longings" in me throng;
I hear a voice no other ears can hear—
Ah, sweeter than the Nile-bird's fabled song
Its accents fall upon my listening ear!
Husband, I come! Thy kingdom now is mine;
I yield to Cæsar and false Rome my own,
But ne'er to Rome what, Antony, is thine—
The heart that here has been a hero's throne.

Hasten, O Iras, with thy fatal basket,
For this I give thee earth's last kindly kiss;
This bosom was of love the tender casket,
The happy home of my dead husband's bliss.
Here where I place this type of woman's fall,
Of human passion, and of wisdom dead,
Has oft reclined—the chosen place of all—
My Antony's, my husband's regal head.

O desecration! there his lips have pressed,
There—there, foul asp, where now thy fell fangs cling;
Thus human passion comes to woman's breast,
Leaving behind it nothing but its sting.
I die, I die! Like it the poison courses
Through artery and every branching vein,
Chasing my life from all its hidden sources
With a strange ecstasy of thrilling pain.

Farewell, false world! Farewell, beloved earth!
Compose me, Charmian, as a queen should lie;
Adjust my robe, my crown. My royal birth
Shall teach me now, great Isis, how to die.
Charmian, I cannot speak, the light grows dim;
My senses fail, my speech grows strangely dumb:
O happy death to die at last for him!
O husband! Antony! I come! I come!

APPLETON OAKSMITH, of Carteret.

REVIEWS.

A Winter in Russia. From the French of Théophile Gautier. By M. M. Ripley. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

IN the days of the present writer's infancy there was a pleasing parable current in juvenile literature, by Mrs. Barbauld, we believe, the suggestive title of which was "Eyes and No Eyes," recounting how an intelligent youth returning from a walk which his companion had found barren of interest, is full of wonder and delight at the marvels and the beauties he has seen by the simple process of looking. M. Gautier, in this very entertaining book, perpetually reminds us of the perspicacious Tommy: his eyes are always open, he sees everything, and tells us about everything he sees. Though more of a traveller than Parisian literary men usually are, he still retains much of the Parisian's wonder at the strange world that lies outside of France. That milkmaids in Berlin carry their pails dependent from a yoke; that the omnibuses in Hamburg are flesh-colored; that in St. Petersburg the signs are lettered in three languages—these are phenomena that fill him with delightful amazement. In Russia he is astonished that the winter is not colder, and when it gets colder he is astonished that it is so cold. Add to this that he makes no pretence of making his book instructive by solid information about which he does not care a straw; that he only delights in seeing and in telling what he sees, and that in the most charming, vivacious, unaffected style; and that everything passes around him as a wonderful drama in a wonderful picture-gallery—our readers may judge for themselves how entertaining this book is.

We can only make room for one extract: a description of races on the frozen surface of the Neva.

On the day which I am describing, the sky had not that keen intense color which it assumes when the cold reaches zero. An immense canopy of cloud of a very soft and fine pearl-gray, holding snow suspended, hung over the city, and seemed to rest upon the towers and spires as upon pillars of gold. This quiet and neutral tint set off to unusual advantage the buildings with their delicate coloring relieved by fillets of silvery snow. In front we saw across the river, looking like a valley half filled by avalanches, the columns of red granite ornamented with prows of ships, which stand near the classic Exchange. At the point of the island which divides the Neva into two streams, the needle of the fortress raised its aspiring golden point, rendered yet more vivid by the gray tint of the sky. . . .

The track is a kind of lengthened ellipse: the sledges do not start abreast, but are stationed at equal intervals, these intervals diminishing or increasing according to the speed of the horses. Two sledges take their position in front of the stands, and two others at the extremities of the ellipse, awaiting the signal of departure. Sometimes a man on horseback gallops at the side of the horse in harness, to stimulate him through rivalry to the utmost exertion. The horse in the sledge only trots, but his pace is sometimes so rapid that the other can hardly keep up with him, and once under good headway, abandons him to his own impulse. Many drivers, sure of their animals, scorn to employ this resource, and make the race alone. Any horse who breaks into a gallop loses his chance if he makes more than six bounds before being brought back to the prescribed gait.

It is wonderful to see these splendid creatures, for whom wild prices are often paid, spin along over the level ice, which, swept clear of snow, is like a belt of dull-colored glass. The vapor comes from their scarlet nostrils in long jets; their flanks are bathed in a kind of mist, and their tails seem powdered with diamond dust. . . . The drivers, leaning backward, strain the reins with their utmost strength; for horses so powerful as these having only a light weight behind them, and not allowed to break into a gallop, require to be restrained rather than urged; and they find, too, in this tension a point of support which allows them to abandon themselves to their headlong pace. . . .

At the race which I am describing a very picturesque incident occurred. A mujik—from Vladimir, it was said—who had come into the city bringing wood or frozen provisions, stood looking on from the height of the rustic troika. He was clad in the usual greasy touloupe, with an old matted fur cap, and felt boots white with hard service: a beard unkempt and lustreless bristled upon his chin. He had a team of three little horses, dishevelled, wild-looking, shaggy as bears, frightfully filthy, with icicles hanging underneath them, carrying their heads low, and biting at the snow heaped up in masses on the river. A douga like a Gothic window, painted with glaring colors in stripes and zigzags, was the part of the equipage on which most care had been bestowed—doubtless was the work of the mujik's own hatchet.

This wild and primitive equipage offered the strongest possible contrast to the luxurious sledges, the triumphant troikas, and all the other elegant vehicles which stood drawn up along the edge of the track. More than one laughing glance ridiculed the humble troika; and, to tell the truth, in this brilliant scene it had much the same effect as a spot of wheel-grease on an ermine mantle.

But the little horses, whose hair was all matted with frozen sweat, looked out scornfully through their stiffened, shaggy fore-locks at the high-bred animals that seemed to shrink away from contact with them, for animals, like the rest of us, feel a contempt for poverty. A gleam of fire shone in their sombre eyes, and they struck the ice with the small shoes attached to their slender, sinewy legs, bearded like an eagle's quills.

The mujik, standing upon the seat, contemplated the course, without appearing in the least surprised by the prowess of the horses. Now and then, even, a faint smile gleamed below the frozen crystals of his mustache, his gray eyes sparkled, and he seemed to say, "We, too, could do as much."

Taking a sudden resolve, he entered the lists to try his luck. The three little unlicked bears shook their heads proudly, as if they understood that they were to maintain the honor of the poor horse of the steppes, and without being urged, they went off at such a pace that everybody else on the track began to take the alarm: they went like the wind, with their little slender limbs; and they carried off the victory from all the others, thoroughbreds of English race, barbs, and Orlov horses, by a minute and some seconds! The mujik had not presumed too much upon his rustic steeds.

The prize was adjudged to him, a magnificent piece of chased silver by Vaillant, the most fashionable goldsmith in St. Petersburg. This triumph excited a noisy enthusiasm among the crowd usually so silent and so calm.

As the conqueror came off, he was surrounded by amateurs proposing to buy his three horses: they went so far as to offer him three thousand rubles apiece, an enormous sum for beasts and man both. To his credit be it said, the mujik persistently refused. He wrapped his piece of silver in a fragment of old cloth, climbed upon his troika, and went back as he came, not willing at any price to part from the good little creatures who had made him for the moment the lion of St. Petersburg.

As we have had several quarrels with translators lately, it is due to Mr. Ripley to say that his version is as clear and spirited as could be desired.

A Free Lance in the Field of Life and Letters. By William Cleaver Wilkinson.. New York: Albert Mason.

THERE is so little real literary criticism in this country—at least so little in proportion to the need for it—that we can not pass with but

slight notice a work like the present, in which the author has brought scholarship, insight, delicate feeling, to a close and conscientious study of his subject, and so arrives at conclusions which, whether they agree or disagree with popular opinion, are distinctively his own and deserve consideration. Such work is by no means to be slighted : on the contrary we wish we had more of it ; for thorough, discriminating, and independent criticism, founded on genuine culture, is in this day the great desideratum of American literature.

The paper on George Eliot's novels, as it is the first, is perhaps the best in the book. Conceding at the outset, as is quite right, that novelist's intellectual eminence, he proceeds to analyse the peculiar qualities, literary and ethical, on which it is founded, and thus to arrive at an understanding of the writer herself, her mental and moral constitution, and her personal views of the great problems affecting human life and destiny. For these questions always force themselves upon us when we meet with a mind of original powers, moving in a self-determined path ; as for those that run in grooves, we know where to place them.

The chief problem that presents itself arises from the peculiar attitude of George Eliot towards the Christian religion. She has drawn, with surpassing skill and penetration, the portraits of several deeply religious persons, even of some in whom the religious element was the absorbing motive of life : she has drawn them tenderly, almost lovingly : was this from religious sympathy with spirituality, or artistic feeling for character ? Mr. Wilkinson answers,—

To such a mind [that of an unprejudiced critic] it was sufficiently clear that the writer of *Adam Bede* had had the penetration to perceive that the phenomena of religious experience in human hearts presented a vein of material for the novelist which no novelist had yet turned to any adequate account. Either as being herself, through the conditions of her own situation in life, exceptionally well qualified to work this vein, or, it may be, possessing unconsciously a certain Shakspearean capacity of universal knowledge without universal experience, George Eliot had introduced the religious element into her novel, because, apart from its inherent attractions for the moral earnestness that was natural to her, she felt the artist's instinct of its adaptedness to help her [to] produce her effects. It was further clear that she had the genuine artist's conscience to be judicially fair, or else, what served as well, the genuine artist's tact to be effectively faithful in her use of her religious material. Her reproduction of the Christian religious experience, as far, at least, as respected its forms of outward expression — and farther, of course, was impossible — wanted nothing of being exquisitely true to the rarest reality. The most mystically-minded evangelical Christian might find his finest moods of devotion reflected in the prayers and the discourses and the conversations of Dinah, the lovely Methodist preacher, who is the real heroine of *Adam Bede*. Nothing, not divinely inspired, in history or in fiction, could well surpass the sweet, the heavenly beauty of Dinah's life. But side by side with this beautiful life, a life wholesomely and not morbidly beautiful, represented as believed by the liver of it to be a life drawn directly from a hidden spring in the heart of Christ, yet so represented that the writer is not once committed outright as either adhering or not adhering herself to that transcendent belief — side by side with a life like this, nay, in immediate contact with it day after day, without being affected by it, a life how different — Lisbeth's — an utterly sordid, earth-bound, carnal life, goes on in the undisturbedly complacent portraiture of the impartial author, who never forgets the artist in the fellow-being to betray the slightest vicarious moral concern that a human soul should thus prove unheeding, and miss to know the day of its heavenly visitation. It is not that — [what the critic here means is, that the indication of unreligiousness in the author's mind, is not] this contrast is not true to the occurrences of actual life. It is that no yearning emotion, no Pauline travail of spirit is elicited from the

writer in witnessing the tragedy that she creates. There is, perhaps, manifest a certain tender relenting on her part—a gentle, half-stoical despair that relieves itself with a laugh of Democritus. . . . In short, with respect to the fortunes of the life beyond life, not Shakspeare himself could be more supremely neutral, not the Epicurean Jove more serenely indifferent, as a creator administering for the beings of his creation.

True, every word, and as exactly expressed as it is keenly observed. For in George Eliot's intellectual character the master-trait is not art, but science. She has the genius of science. To study the workings of the human heart and mind in their most diverse phases and their most secret operations; to detect movements of thought and feeling so delicate as scarcely to be known to the subject of her study; to divine the deepest-hidden springs of character from the slightest outward manifestation, and to reproduce these in language—to do this is her passion, her power, and her supreme delight. Consummate artist she is not, for she will at any time sacrifice the artistic effect, the form, the proportion, for the sake of indulging her power. And therefore it is that she studies Lisbeth as she studies Dinah, Mrs. Poyser as Romola, just as the naturalist studies with equal ardor the unsightly centipede and the radiant butterfly. Our critic intimates that he would wish it otherwise. We can not echo the wish.

From the scientific spirit, of which the most characteristic note is its exact fidelity to truth, comes George Eliot's extreme realism. She is "realistic in the extremest sense that is strictly consistent with art. [Even more so, perhaps.] A true artist she is, but she will not idealise. We miss in her representations of human life precisely the light that *never was* on sea or land. The light in her novels is still the light that is, that always was, and that always will be."

Not that she is without sympathy, deep and tender, but it is sympathy rather for the race than the individual. Her finest characters end mostly in failure, failure foredoomed and inevitable, and she feels intensely the pitifulness of it; but it is not pity for the individual Maggie or Dorothea, but rather for the misery that such is the common lot of high aims and noble endeavors. Her heart is at variance with her head. Her philosophy and philosophers teach her that the individual, who is nothing, must be sacrificed to the race, which is everything; and that he should feel a pride and happiness in being the victim. This they call the religion of Humanity. She makes no open protest; but the coloring of all her work clearly shows how sad she feels it all to be.

Here again our critic would have her otherwise—not we. It is like wishing that Rembrandt had more of the open-air brightness of Paul Veronese. But Mr. Wilkinson goes further, and expresses energetically his wish, his ardent hope, that George Eliot may become a professing Christian. This is doubtless very creditable to his heart, but it is quite outside of literary criticism. If he felt constrained to exhort her on religious matters, he should have made a private personal appeal by letter, not appended his exhortation to a published essay on her novels. It is the critic's business to understand not only the work, but the workman, not to undertake to make him other than he is. The scientific law is assuredly stringent upon him, however it may be upon the novelist. The novelist constructs char-

acter; the critic finds and interprets it. He must show us what it is: we do not ask him what he would like it to be. And this is not only a departure from legitimate criticism, but it is an offence against good taste and good manners. It is evident that George Eliot has given religious questions deep and long thought; and whatever conclusions she may have reached, have not been lightly accepted. Mr. Wilkinson may regret that they differ from his own; but to warn or to exhort under these circumstances is an interference which, even if privately done, could only be justified by intimate personal friendship, or by pastoral duty.

Of the three papers on Mr. Lowell's writings we are not qualified to form a judgment, from lack of acquaintance with that author. So far as the critic supports his particular judgments by citations, they seem to be well borne out.

With the works of Mr. Bryant, which he next considers, we are more familiar, and again we are happy to find ourselves in accord with the critic in placing this poet far above those who are usually considered his compeers. There is, throughout all Bryant's poetry, not only sweetness, tenderness, harmony, but an ideality and a uniform *nobleness* of thought that we fail to find in those. He never writes without worthy motive; and we can fancy the reputation which judicious puffery is sure to secure for the pourer-forth of melodious platitudes and jingling commonplaces would have small value in his sight. He has not filled big volumes with easy rhymes, but he has given us his most precious thoughts, finished with his utmost care. He has the true poetic conscience—the pride, the humility and the patience of genius. There have been poets who have soared to greater heights, but none who have given us work in its way more perfect.

We are sorry to part from a writer in whom we have found so much to like, with a word of disapprobation, but his paper or "The U. S. Christian Commission" forces it from us. What was the original occasion of its composition, we can not tell. We are not aware that a public dinner was ever given the chief promoters of that enterprise; but if there was, this might very well have been a laudatory address to be delivered after the wine had flowed pretty freely, and when no one was in the mood for criticising either statements or expressions very narrowly. Certainly, its rhapsodical style, its rhetorical extravagance, its offensive familiarity in the introduction of sacred names and allusions, form a strange contrast with the moderation and general good taste of Mr. Wilkinson's critical writings.

Assuredly, if the Christian Commission had confined itself to its original idea, that of diffusing religious knowledge and extending Christian influence among the soldiers in the field, no one (except perhaps General Sherman) would have wished it other than success, or could now give it anything but praise. But this would not serve political purposes, nor cause the influx of "an annual revenue reckoned by hundreds of thousands of dollars." It was found that it could be made a mighty engine for increasing the excitement in the North, and importing a more vindictive and implacable spirit into the war, by turning the war into a crusade. Mr. Wilkinson tells us, with entire candor, though with exuberant rhetoric:—

No wise Christian patriot could wish to fan the flame which had begun to rage. It did not need to be fanned. It wrapped the globe and kindled to the sky already. But while there was no Christian reason for heightening the excitement, there was every Christian reason for deepening it. Those might, who would, build bonfires. Christians preferred to blow their breath on the red heart of the anthracite. They wanted to see the tinder-flash of patriotism fixed in the anthracite glow of religion. It takes long to ignite a Pennsylvania coal-mine; but once ignited, it burns centrally and inextinguishably. Christians wanted to see an American patriotism of that sort. They wanted to see it find its fuel in religion, among the measures and strata of eternity.

We suppose, despite the bombast, the simple meaning of this is plain enough.

In this aim the Christian Commission no doubt succeeded. They did pile "the anthracite of religion" on the bonfires of patriotism and other things, thus heating the furnace of wrath and hate much hotter than before, to the great augmentation of their revenue, no doubt. But another result, Mr. Wilkinson tells us, was accomplished by it, for which we confess we were not prepared. The Commission enabled the North to show the world "the unparalleled spectacle of *war without the demoralisation of war.*" [The italics are his.] What a comfort the reflection should be to the people of the Valley of Virginia, of Georgia from Atlanta to Savannah, the inhabitants of Columbia — that the saturnalia of cruelty, rapine and bestiality which they witnessed were strictly moral proceedings; but that they might have seen horrors indeed had not the North, by virtue of the exertions of the Christian Commission, been able to show them "war without the demoralisation of war."

We advance for ourselves no such claim. We do not pretend to have exhibited any such "unparalleled spectacle." There was demoralisation enough among us, no doubt; but our men were led by officers who sternly checked it, instead of encouraging. Our men were led by a Lee, a Jackson, a Polk, and a Sydney Johnston; not by a Sherman, a Sheridan, a Hunter, or a Butler. It may be that the Christian Commission did what it could to prevent demoralisation. If so, all honor to it for the attempt; but the effect was about equal to that of a handful of salt thrown into the Putrid Sea. W. H. B.

THE GREEN TABLE.

IT is always a profitable, and sometimes a pleasing task, either for individuals or communities, to look back over their past history, and compare it with the present. Particularly is it profitable when situations or emergencies resembling those of the present are seen to have arisen in the

past, and the manner of dealing with them then may be compared with the manner of dealing with them now. To those who are sufficiently conservative not to consider old things and old principles despicable because they are old, such a retrospect is usually fraught with that keen inward satisfaction which we always feel when our cherished views receive additional confirmation ; while the lover of "progress," that is of change, can exultingly point to them as landmarks by which to measure out the distance since travelled, in an upward or downward direction.

Now the Louisiana case is one in which we can make a comparison of this kind. For the uprising of a community—or so large a part of a community as to be beyond the control of the ordinary processes of law—the interposition of the military, and the invocation of the Federal arm, are not altogether without precedent in this country.* We are alluding to the "Whiskey Insurrection" in Pennsylvania in 1794. It is true that as regards the circumstances, the resemblance halts in many important respects: in the latter case it was not an uprising of the entire body of respectable citizens to throw off a pretended government that had been thrust on them by fraud and force, nor was its object the establishment of a peaceful, organised, and constitutional government ; it was merely an outbreak to resist a law which raised the price of whiskey ; and the appeal to the Federal authorities was duly made by the Governor of the State. But the mode and spirit of dealing with it by President Washington and the General charged by him with the duty of restoring order, are the points to which we wish the comparison to apply.

When the Government of Pennsylvania had for more than three years tried every means of conciliation, short of direct submission, and had even changed the act to render it less objectionable, and notwithstanding this had seen the disaffection increase to open and general insurrection, beyond the power of the State authorities to control, it finally, in the last resort, appealed to the Federal power. President Washington then sent a deputation consisting of three gentlemen of high official position, accompanied by commissioners appointed (at Washington's request) by Governor Mifflin, to offer the insurgents "a general amnesty, on the sole condition of submission to the laws."

The insurgents, however, proving intractable, force was resorted to, and troops were sent under General Henry Lee, to compel their submission. Yet so carefully did Washington guard against any violation by the military of the principles of free government, that he wrote to General Lee, while on his march,—“There is but one point on which I think it proper to add a special recommendation ; it is this : that every officer and soldier will constantly bear in mind that he comes to support the laws ; and it would be peculiarly unbecoming in him to be in any way the infractor of them. That the essential principles of free government confine the province of the military, when called forth on such occasions, to these two objects: first, to combat and subdue all who may be found in arms in opposition to the national will and authority ; second, to aid and support the civil magistrate in bringing the offenders to justice. The dispensation of this justice belongs to the civil magistrate ; and let it ever be our pride and our glory to leave this sacred trust there unviolated.”

So entirely were these views in accord with those of General Lee, that the latter (then Governor of Virginia) refused to take any steps toward securing the person of the most violent ringleader, then a fugitive, on the ground that “the dignity of the laws was vindicated by his flight from them ; and that he could never countenance a proposal which had for its object the hunting of an American citizen to death.”

If the public will compare this action and these sentiments of Washington and Lee in 1794 with those of the present President and his subordinate, placing act by act, and word by word, and consider what the differ-

ence betokens, they will find therein matter for very grave reflection, if the principles of free government have still any value in their eyes.

That a Washington should be jealous of any invasion of civil liberty, and a Lee refuse to countenance "the hunting of an American citizen to death," while a Sheridan wants the people of a State declared banditti, to be dealt with as Carrier dealt with the Vendéans, and a Grant signifies emphatic approval—these are mere differences of personal character which need not surprise us; but if the people of the United States, in whose hands rests the power to check or confirm, acquiesce in such action, or confine their disapproval to protests in the form of resolutions—then we may mark the date as a turning-point in the history of our country.

In the small but picturesque village of Kaulquappenheim, in Lower Saxony, there dwelt near the close of the fifteenth century, a poor and pious basket-maker. And one morning it befel that he finished a great basket on which he had spent much pains, and when it was done he heaved a sigh and said to his wife, "Wife, say 'Thank heaven the basket is done!'" "I shall do no such thing," answered the wife. "And why not? it is a pious speech." "Oh, as for that," she answered, "I am thankful enough the basket is done, for you have made as much pother over it as if it were a dozen; what I won't stand is being *ordered* to give thanks for you, as if I were a lanzknecht to say my prayers at the word of command." "Then you won't say it?" "No!" Without further words the basket-maker took a split of tough oak, such as he made handles of, and administered a sound chastisement to his contumacious spouse.

No sooner was she released from his hands, than she went to the village justice, or *vogt*, and laid a complaint against her husband; but she got small comfort at his hands, for he rebuked her for refusing to do what was so eminently pious and proper, and commanded her to go back to her husband and humbly ask his pardon—which we trust she did.

At dinner that day, the *vogt* related the circumstance to his wife, without mentioning his own action, and asked her if she ever in her life heard an instance of more ridiculous and unreasonable obstinacy. "Unreasonable indeed," said the lady; "but I think his cruelty was far worse than his obstinacy." "*His!* Why it is the wife's obstinacy I am speaking of." "The wife's! She did nothing but what was right; but her husband was an obstinate pighead [*schweinskopf*] to insist on her thanking heaven for him, and a cruel wretch to beat her for refusing." "But St. Paul says, Wives, obey your husbands; and St. Peter says, Husbands, correct your wives when they be froward, chastening the body for the soul's sake." "I don't care what they said," replied the lady, whose feelings began to get the upper hand of her discretion; "she did just right, and I would have done the same in her place; and if you say he was right you are as bad as he is." "Hark ye, Madam," said the *vogt*, now justly exasperated, "I see we have got to decide who is the master in this house, and by the help of St. Peter I intend to be. Let me hear you say again that the woman was right, and I shall give you a lesson that you will not soon forget, I promise you." "I say again, the woman was right, and racks and thumbscrews will not make me say otherwise; and as for your threats, they are just the kind of argument that suits a great brainless brute." At this the good *vogt's* patience gave way, and reaching down a riding-whip, he gave his perverse lady a sound but paternal correction, to convince her of her error.

While this was going on, the lady's maid was peeping through the chink of the door, and when the scene was over, she ran to tell her sweetheart, the groom. "Was there ever such a pair of fools as our master and mistress, to quarrel about a basket-maker and his wife?" "Yes, it is a foolish

business," replied Hans, "but really, Liese, I don't see that our master could well have done otherwise, when our mistress called him a brute to his face. If he had put up with that, he might as well have tied her apron-string round his neck for the rest of his life. I am sorry our mistress was beaten : but she has brought it on herself, don't you see?" "No I don't see ; and I say she was right, and in her place I would have done just the same." "And I suppose in the place of the basket-maker's wife you would have done just the same?" "Yes, I would!" "Then I say that in our master's place, or in the basket-maker's place, I would have done as they did!" "And I say that the basket-maker is a brute and our master a brute, and you are the greatest brute of the three!" At this the excellent Hans invoked his patron saint, St. Nepomuk of Prague, and had recourse to the ultimate argument of his predecessors. Thus by reason of the wicked perversity of one woman, calamity was plucked down upon three.

We commenced this story with a distinct idea of a very edifying moral to be brought in at the close, but somehow it seems to have escaped us.

If there is any doubt about the moral of the story we have told above, there can be none about that of the one we are going to relate. All our readers remember that in the twelfth century, and under the Swabian emperors, the literature of South Germany burst into a splendid development which has never been equalled by that of North Germany until almost our own time. It would seem to be in a sort of spite at this preëminence that the North Germans have always fixed upon the Swabians as the butts of their jokes and satirical stories.

The story goes that St. Peter, during his earthly pilgrimage, was once upon a journey when a Swabian met him, and not knowing the saint, desired to be his companion. The saint consented, and they travelled on pleasantly together. After awhile the road led them between two villages, in both of which the bells were ringing. "Why do the bells ring?" asked the Swabian. "In the village to the right they are ringing for a wedding, and in the other for a funeral," replied the saint. "Then do thou go to the funeral, and I will go to the wedding, and whatever we bring thence we will share between us." The saint assented, and they went their several ways, appointing a place to meet.

The simple Swabian humbly approached the wedding party, and offered his services, so they set him to pouring out wine and waiting on the company, and when the feast was over, filled his wallet with scraps and gave him a kreutzer, with which he departed, very well content. The saint went among the throng of mourners, took the dead man by the hand, and at his word the corpse arose. The people then seeing that they had a saint among them, did reverence to him, and at his departure pressed upon him a purse with a hundred guilders. So when the two travellers met again, the Swabian with much ostentation unloaded his wallet and displayed his kreutzer, saying "I warrant me you have had no such luck as I ; but no matter, we will share the food like brothers." "It is but just," said the saint, and emptied out his purse of guilders. The Swabian quick as lightning threw his kreutzer on the pile, crying, "Common stock ! common stock ! share and share alike." The good saint agreed, and they divided the money.

"But," said St. Peter, "we will not now eat these scraps ; not from pride, but because they were given as alms, and we have no claim to them. Take them to the next village and give them to the poor, and take also this guilder, bring us a lamb and kill it and cook it against I come."

So the Swabian took the money, and did as he was told. And while the lamb was boiling the liver kept rising to the top, so after the Swabian

had thrust it down several times, appetite overcame him, and he took it out and ate it. So when the saint came, and the supper was on the table, the saint looked for the liver but could not find it. "Where is the liver?" he asked. The Swabian vowed and protested that the lamb had none, and the good saint let it pass.

On the next morning as they were proceeding on their way, they again heard the bells ringing for a wedding and a funeral. But the Swabian, who had learned from the saint how he had earned the guilders, insisted that he should go to the funeral this time, and the saint to the wedding. And entering the village, he thrust himself among the mourners, crying out to them to set down the bier, and he would bring the dead to life if they would give him a hundred guilders. But all his efforts were of no avail: the corpse moved out, and the people in their rage dragged him to the nearest gallows, and were for hanging him out of hand. At the critical moment, while he was standing on the ladder with the rope round his neck, the saint pressed through the crowd and going up to the criminal said, "I will save your life if you will tell me who took the liver." "Potztausend!" said the Swabian, "let me die in peace. I told you the lamb had no liver." "Wretched man," said the saint, "will you die with a lie in your mouth? Confess that you ate the liver." "Good people," shrieked the Swabian, "hang me quick, hang me quick, and do not let this fellow embitter my last moments with his lambs and his livers." "Stop!" said the saint, in a tone of authority. "This man is a sinner, but he was my companion. If I raise the dead man, will you set him free?" "Gladly," answered the people. So the saint brought the dead man to life, and the people set the Swabian free, and escorted both to the gates with much reverence, and gave the saint the guilders the Swabian had asked for.

Now as they went their way, the good saint was considering how he could get his companion to confess his lie, seeing that the fear of death, and even of perdition, had no effect upon him. At last he bethought himself of a plan. He sat down under a tree, and making his companion sit by him, took out all the money he had about him, and began dividing it into three portions. "Why is this?" asked the Swabian. "I am going to part from you," said the saint. "I can not be always saving you from the gallows." "But why *three* portions?" asked the Swabian. "One portion is for me, one for you, and one for whoever ate the lamb's liver." "All right!" cried the Swabian greedily clutching two shares, "then both these are mine, for I ate the lamb's liver!"

morning's camp. Before they had gone a quarter of a mile, however, they came suddenly in contact with the force of Confederates approaching from that direction, and every man surrendered.

A number of citizens, at the beginning of the fight, stationed themselves in an alley near the battle-ground, and were excited witnesses of the whole affray. When the last charge was made, one of the Confederates dashed clear through the enemy's line, and came at full speed up the alley past the little group. "Halt, you d——d Rebbil!" shouted a Unionist, thinking his party were victorious and that this was the beginning of a retreat—"halt, or I'll fire!" The soldier stopped, and probably supposing he had ridden into a nest of bushwhackers, flung up his sword and hands with a sharp oath. "I surrender," he said; "I give in. Don't shoot!" The next moment with one quick, sharp glance he took in the whole situation. Instantly his sword flashed, and uttering a yell, he charged straight upon the group. Without waiting to "fold their tents," these Arabs "silently glided away." Never was rout more complete. The valiant Unionist was armed, but that horrible, blood-thirsty yell was too much for him; he dropped his pistol and ran.

In this little battle Stuart lost two of his bravest officers, and had ten of his men badly wounded. The Federals also lost two men killed; fifteen were wounded, and a hundred and twenty-four captured. The dead of both sides were decently buried in our cemetery, where even to this day lie the two Confederates in well-kept and flower-trimmed graves. Two neat marble headstones, purchased by our citizens, mark the spot and tell the story of their deaths.

At half-past three o'clock in the afternoon the main body of Stuart's command entered the town. The General being aware of the close proximity of Sedgwick's corps—and he was probably the only one in his army or in the city who had this knowledge—did not permit his men to halt, and all the rest of that day and far into the night they kept pouring through the streets. Some of the regiments marched by in silence, others sang familiar ballads as they moved along. A few riotously disposed shrieked, whistled and cheered. The flags were nearly all folded, the bugles made no sound, the orders were few and short, and there was an entire lack of that pomp and pageantry which all expected to see in an army. It was very evident that the men meant "business," and not play. Although four thousand men comprised the whole command, each of its regiments seemed that numerous to a novice. Most of the men kept up their usual company and regiment formation, and were as particular about their alignment as though on review; but there were also many stragglers, and these filled the sidewalks on both sides of the street. The men in the ranks generally had but little to say to our citizens, but the stragglers never tired of talking to any who approached them, and kept up a running fire of comment upon everything that seemed to strike them as being in anywise peculiar.

"Look there, Bill, I say!" said one, with a great grin on his face; "did you ever, now? I swan if they don't call that thing a farm-wagon up here!"

"Devilishest people ever I see," said Bill; "stick their houses

plum on the street, and have their lawns in front of their stables instead of before their dwellings. Build their wagons so big the horses can't pull 'em, and never think of plantin' a decent tree."

Some dismounted, and hitching their horses to the most convenient posts, sauntered along by two and threes, intruding their noses into all the stores, prying into back-yards and cellars, peeping on tip-toe into the windows of dwellings, and occasionally venturing into a kitchen to purchase something to eat. Averse to discipline, eccentric in their habits, entertaining a profound contempt for everything that they did not consider "up to snuff," always straggling out of ranks, and yet when the battle came on, the very first in the fight.

Horses were in demand. Many of the men were mounted upon mules, and these received orders to secure for themselves a remount by impressing animals from the citizens. This was done, and friend was not known from foe in the process. "Why, that's *my* horse that fellow's on!" suddenly, in one instance, cried an old residenter of some sixty years, whose face a moment before had been beaming with gratification at the apparent success of the Southern cause. "That's my horse!" and he made a decisive bolt into the street and grabbed the bridle-rein. "Don't take him; he's mine, and I'm a Southern sympathiser, you know!"

"The devil you are! You jest git out now, or I'll mash your head," was the soldier's reply, as he whirled his sabre around in frightful proximity to the old man's head. "You're a purty sympathiser, you are!—to want me to *walk* into battle. You're a old cuss, that's what!" and putting spurs to the horse, he ended the dispute by disappearing in the ranks.

By twelve o'clock that night all the soldiers had passed through except a few stragglers, who still lingered in hopes of refilling their haversacks. Stuart himself came into town about four o'clock, and was greeted with hearty cheers whenever he was recognised. He rode to the house of a friend, where he remained until a late hour, welcoming with a smile and a shake of the hand the many ladies and gentlemen who called upon him. He seemed to have a heavy load of care on his mind, and whilst at tea it was noticed that, though at times full of spirits, he occasionally grew abstracted and thoughtful. When questioned as to the intention of the movements then in progress he replied evasively, and merely assured the anxious inquirers that he believed a battle would soon be fought which would make sure the independence of the South. "General," asked his host, privately after tea, "General, have you no doubt of victory in the struggle you spoke of?" "None at all" was the reply. "I have unlimited confidence in our men, and I know that if they are given the ghost of a chance they are sure to win." His eye flashed as he said this, and he spoke as a man to whom failure was not even a possibility. The evening was spent in delightful conversation, and when towards midnight the General arose and announced that he must take his leave, a feeling of sorrow pervaded every breast. When he made his appearance upon the street, late as it was, a large crowd had gathered and were awaiting him. To the three hearty cheers with which he was greeted, he made answer with a bow; then mounting his horse he

galloped rapidly away. Thus passed away in wild excitement, turmoil and bloody strife, the first two days of this week of war. All knew now that some great change in the "situation of affairs" was taking place. Many imagined that the North was already conquered; but few or none ever dreamed that two immense armies were rapidly gathering near us, and would soon be contending in a mighty conflict, the result of which would affect the whole world.

When General Meade, still on his march northward, became aware that Lee was concentrating his forces east of the mountain to meet him, he proceeded to select a favorable position for battle, and chose for this purpose the line of Pipe Creek. Accordingly the Second Corps under Hancock was ordered to Taneytown; the Twelfth Corps to Hanover; the Eleventh and First under Reynolds to Gettysburg; and the Sixth under Sedgwick to Manchester, in the rear of Pipe Creek. On his way thither Sedgwick was within a few miles of Westminster at the very time Stuart was passing through. The commander of the Sixth was ignorant of this fact, however; and it is probable that no one, either soldier or citizen, knew of it except General Stuart.

On the morning of the 30th Westminster had resumed some of its former quiet; the soldiers had nearly all gone, and it was thought we had seen the last of them. The dead of the battle were made ready for burial, and preparations begun by a few of the kind-hearted for the care of the wounded. One badly wounded Confederate was lying at a house where, although treated kindly, he could not obtain articles necessary for his comfort; it was therefore deemed advisable to remove him. By leaning on a friendly arm he was enabled to walk, and had proceeded as far as the Washington road — the battle-ground of the day before — when he stopped to look about him. Attracted by his appearance, a crowd quickly gathered around him with eager inquiries about his wound. Suddenly, in the midst of the conversation, his soldier's ear caught the sound of coming cavalry. "Take me away from here," said he; "there's some Yanks coming." Soon the sound of horses' feet became distinct to all, and a few willing hands sought to remove the poor fellow out of the way; but it was found impossible to do so in time on account of his wound, and he was left to his fate, all expecting him to be shot down at sight by the coming troops.* The brave fellow now turned and stood perfectly still, anxiously watching the road. He showed no sign of alarm or fear, but calm, cool and defiant, he looked the very impersonation of lion-hearted courage. Presently over the crest of the hill dashed a body of cavalry. The soldier's eye brightened in a moment and he uttered a feeble shout. They wore the gray uniform, and over them floated, battle-stained and torn into shreds, the glorious stars and bars. "Confederate soldiers, by Jove!" said some one. "Three cheers!" "Hip, hip, hooroar! hooroar! hooroar!" The horsemen came on at a fast gallop, and as they dashed past and saw their wounded comrade feebly waving his cap they took up the shout: "Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! Tiger-r-r-yah! whoop!" They

*His name was William B. Somers, of Virginia. He was captured after this incident and sent to Baltimore.

were two companies of Stuart's men sent back to reconnoitre, and brought the intelligence that Sedgwick's corps was close behind. Hardly had they disappeared at one end of the town when Gregg's cavalry came in at the other. These were followed in turn by the long lines of infantry of the Sixth Corps. All day long these men kept pouring through town, marching out the York road towards their appointed position at Manchester. Their officers hurried them along, as though they were in the greatest haste, and permitted no straggling. When the sun went down on the 30th, the town was once more clear of soldiers, and our citizens had witnessed another day of war.

Westminster was now made the base of supplies for the Federal army, and early on the morning of the 1st of July long trains of cars began to arrive from Baltimore laden with provisions and ammunition. These were distributed among the miles of wagons that had made their appearance during the night, and were sent off to the different parts of the line. So numerous were these wagons that the country for a great distance around was black with them, and yet miles of them were continually going and coming. Long trains would come in from a weary drive, go into encampment, rest, reload and start off again, followed by others continually going through the same process. This continual driving to and fro, aided by the rain that fell heavily and unceasingly, made our streets literally a sea of mud, through which the poor mules floundered and splashed with their heavy loads in a manner wonderful to see. The teamsters were the worst part of the army, and seemed to have no more of the "human" in them than was possessed by the mules they drove. They invariably selected for their encampment the best and most convenient wheat-field, and tearing down the fences for fuel to cook their own suppers, turned the mules into the wheat for theirs. Thus in a short time they converted the surrounding country, which but a little while before with its ripened grain-fields looked like a golden sea, into an ocean of mud.

It was on the morning of this day, the 1st of July, that General Reynolds by marching into Gettysburg brought on the great battle at that place. Until noon he was successful, but victory was quickly changed to disaster by the arrival of Ewell's splendid corps at one o'clock. Through all that afternoon the Federals were steadily pressed back, and when night came it found them defeated and dispirited encamped on Cemetery Ridge, far in the rear of their original position.

General Meade arrived in Taneytown at three o'clock, and ordered Hancock to Gettysburg to ascertain what was going on there and to select a good position for giving battle. Hancock immediately galloped to the front, and his experienced eye took in at a glance the splendid position which Reynolds' men had accidentally as it were taken up. He was in Taneytown again early that night with his report to Meade, and that officer at once sent out orders to all his troops to march immediately upon Gettysburg.

Lee also rapidly concentrated his army upon that place, and confident of success in the morning, desisted from the attempt that was being made that night to drive the Federals from the ridge. It was

owing to this mistake, for mistake it certainly was, that he lost the battle. All that night the Federals pressed forward, and when morning dawned Lee had before him, occupying an impregnable position, nearly the whole Army of the Potomac. Sedgwick did not receive his orders until far in the night, but when he did get them he delayed not a moment, and soon the long lines of his men were marching through our streets on their way to the front. He marched all that night. Through the whole of the next day we could hear the boom, boom of cannon far away towards Gettysburg, and knew that a terrible battle was being fought ; but being ignorant of the presence of the Army of the Potomac, we thought that Sedgwick alone was fighting it. The reports that were circulated on the street, though vague enough, were sufficient to give all "Union" men every disquiet. Sedgwick, weakened by his night's march, had been repulsed early in the morning, and was now fighting and slowly retreating on Westminister. He intended to intrench himself near town and again give battle. He had lost heavily, and now had but ten thousand men left him. With these he had to resist the hundred thousand who had broken into the State under Lee. Under Lee ! What warrior was there, however famous and skilful, that could fight at odds with him ? They heard all these things and trembled. Sedgwick might resist until he perished at his post, but swarms of Confederates would pass over his dead men into our city, and then woe to all Unionists whom they found ! Alarm and confusion once more prevailed. The merchants closed their stores, and the citizens generally flocked again into the streets. The noise of the battle and the rattle of the ammunition-trains kept up all day, but no news could be obtained from the front. At evening, however, a report became current that the Army of the Potomac was really engaged with Lee, and had won a great victory. The truth of this seemed to be established later on, for ambulances began to come in laden with Confederate wounded, and presently convoys of prisoners arrived. But early the next morning the boom of cannon was again heard, and it continued without intermission throughout the whole day.

The prisoners from time to time brought in were a great "curiosity" to all, and large crowds were continually gathered around these brave but unfortunate men. A vacant lot formed their temporary prison, around which sentries were stationed with loaded muskets. Within this pen the scene was certainly a very painful one. Not less than a thousand men, in motley, ragged costumes, with long hair and lean, wild, haggard faces, were gathered in groups or in pairs about the ground. They stared around at the spectators in silence ; and most of them seemed to be weary and hungry, while all were quiet and depressed. Some were wrapped in blankets of rag-carpet, and others were bare-footed and nearly naked. Others again were without either hats or jackets, and their heads were bound with handkerchiefs. Some appeared in red shirts ; some in stiff woollen hats ; some were attired in shreds and patches of cloth, and a few wore the soiled garments of citizen gentlemen ; but the mass adhered to homespun suits of gray, or "butternut," and the coarse blue kersey common to slaves. Occasionally might be seen red zouave breeches

and leggings, blue Federal caps, Federal coats, and Federal blouses ; but these were the spoils of war, and had been captured from Federal magazines. Most of the men lay on the bare ground ; others chatted nervously amongst themselves, as if doubtful of their future treatment, and all looked anxious but undismayed. Though captured, none were *conquered*, and it was a source of continual wonder to many that men could suffer as these evidently had, and yet remain so brave and so true to their cause. "Can it be that these ragamuffins are the men who have so often whipped the splendid Army of the Potomac?" asked a Unionist, amazement spread all over his face. Yes, undoubtedly, these are the very men. Looking only at the surface it did appear surprising ; but down deeper than that were these facts : these men were fighting for a cause, for home, wives, children, country, while their opponents were generally mercenaries, conscripts. In such a conflict splendid arms and bountiful equipment make no great difference : the one was sure to overcome the other in fair battle, even if only armed with corn-stalks. It was only when hunger and disease had done to them what no army in the world could have done, that these ragged, shoeless patriots were conquered. On the evening of the 3d the prisoners were placed on a long train of cars and sent off to Baltimore.

When our citizens arose the next morning, the morning of the 4th, a great change had taken place. The sound of cannon was no longer heard ; no soldiers lounged about the street ; the continuous rattle of long trains of cars had entirely ceased, and the noisy, shouting teamsters, with their struggling little mules and heavy rumbling wagons, had nearly all disappeared. By ten o'clock every vestige of the army had vanished, and our week of war was evidently at an end. But how had it ended?—that was now the all-absorbing question. Who had been the victors in the great battle? No one knew. The armies had appeared as suddenly as a summer-storm, and as suddenly vanished—no one knew how or whither. When the regular passenger-train drew up at the station in the evening it brought with it the newspapers from Baltimore, and all conjectures were speedily set at rest.

All day long, on the 3d, while we in Westminster were listening in dread to the fearful sounds of the battle, the lines of the dauntless old Army of Virginia were being hurled in masses upon the Federals. The guns which were heard here had been ploughing up their ranks, and comrades falling, and the resolute survivors closing in. At three o'clock, the attack of the Confederates, repeated and resisted as bravely as it was made, slackened its fury—they were preparing for a final onset. It came at last ; the columns of Longstreet, twenty thousand strong, marched up Little Round Top, at length and at once to sweep the Federals from the height which they had maintained so long and in spite of all. Unscared by the thunder of the artillery which hurled death from the Federal line, the gray rolling column pressed on and up the hill. It almost reached the top when it began to waver and falter ; then it stopped, still facing the shot. At last, fresh troops rushed from the post so nearly won, and Longstreet was compelled to turn. In another day both armies had marched miles

away towards the Potomac ; the battle of Gettysburg was fought and lost, and our "week of war" already become an "old, old story."

Westminster, Md.

I. EVERETT PEARSON.

[The following is one of the many valuable papers which have been contributed to the archives of the SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY, by the accomplished gentleman who directed so skilfully the artillery of the old First Corps, and is so competent to speak on the subject of this paper.—J. W. J., Sec.]

CONFEDERATE ARTILLERY SERVICE.

By General E. P. Alexander, late Chief of Artillery of Longstreet's Corps, A. N. V.

As the Confederate artillery labored throughout the war under disadvantages which have scarcely been known outside of its own ranks, and which can hardly be fully appreciated except by those who have served with that arm, I have thought it better to give in this form a connected account of the difficulties encountered, and the gradual improvements made in this branch of the service.

The drawbacks upon its efficiency at the beginning of the war were very serious, and came both from its organisation and from its equipment. The faults of its organisation were recognised, and gradually overcome, within eighteen months. The deficiencies of equipment, the result of causes many of which were beyond control, continued with but partial mitigation to the end of the war. The batteries were generally composed of but four guns, which is not an economical arrangement ; but as no objection was made to it, either at army headquarters or at the War Department, and as the scarcity both of horses and ordnance equipment made it difficult to get, and more so to maintain a six-gun battery, it resulted in but few six-gun batteries being put in the field, and nearly every one of these was eventually reduced to four guns.

During the first year of the war each brigade of infantry had a battery attached, which was under the orders of the brigade-commander ; while the remaining batteries with the army were organised into one or more regiments, or battalions, under the command of the Chief of Artillery on the staff of the Commanding General.

The infantry at this period was organised in divisions, the commanding officer of which each had, or was supposed to have, on his staff a chief of artillery, who was to exercise a general supervision over the brigade-batteries of the division.

This organisation was very inefficient, for the following reasons. The brigade-batteries depended for their rations, forage, and all supplies, upon the brigade-staff, and received from brigade-head-

quarters all orders, and thus acquired an independence of the division chief of artillery, which was often fostered by the brigadier-generals resenting any interference with parts of their commands by a junior officer, which resulted in taking from the Chief of Artillery the feeling of entire responsibility which every officer should feel for the condition and action of his command. In action the brigadier could not give proper supervision both to his infantry and artillery; and the chief of artillery with the best intentions could himself manage the batteries but inefficiently, as they were so scattered in position along the line of battle. Now it is well known that for artillery to produce its legitimate effects its fire should be concentrated; and it is plain that under the above organisation there could be but little concentration of batteries, except by bringing in the general reserve, which was commanded by the Chief of Artillery of the army. This body, however, not being in intimate relations with the infantry, who always develop the situation, and being invariably put on the march either behind the infantry commands or on some road to itself, was never promptly available on an emergency. Indeed, if the history of the general reserve artillery during its entire existence be investigated, it will be found that although excellent in material, and comparatively so in equipment, the service that it rendered was greatly disproportionate to its strength. It resulted, therefore, that although the numerical strength of the Confederate artillery was as great in the first year of the war as ever afterwards, its weight in the scale of actual conflict is never seen to affect the result, until the second battle of Manassas. For instance, during the Seven Days' battles around Richmond, General Lee's artillery numbered about three hundred guns (nearly four guns to every thousand men), ninety-eight of these being in the general reserve; but in the history of the fighting this powerful organisation has only left the faintest traces of its existence. Now the wretched character of the ammunition which filled its chests may well be charged with many of the shortcomings; but an examination of the official reports of the battles will show, that scattered, and either uncommanded or too much commanded, as it was, there was an entire absence of that *ensemble* of action necessary to the efficiency of all arms, but peculiarly so to the artillery; and that when fought at all, it was put in only in inefficient dribbles. I select two or three examples where the most important consequences were involved.

On the morning of the 30th of June, 1862, General Jackson, leading four divisions in pursuit, struck the enemy's rear-guard at White Oak Swamp about 9.30 A. M., and decided to force the crossing with artillery. It was 1.45 P. M. before twenty-eight guns could be concentrated and opened.* The only battery of the enemy in sight was at once driven off, but in a short while eighteen guns were opened in reply from behind a wood, and a brisk contest was maintained until dark, when the enemy withdrew, having kept Jackson's whole force out of the critical action fought by Longstreet and A. P. Hill late in the afternoon at Frazier's Farm. The superior ammunition and guns of the enemy made this contest about an equal one; but even had the

* Official Report of Colonel Crutchfield. *Reports of Army of Northern Virginia*, p. 525.

Confederate equipment fully equalled the Federal, the odds were by no means sufficient to warrant expectation of any very speedy and decisive result. At one thousand yards' range a well-manned artillery can hold its ground for a long time against double its force of ordinary field-guns, especially if the ground affords the least cover. In this case the distance was fully a thousand yards, and a very dense wood entirely concealed each party from the other's view. All the firing was therefore at random, and the damage sustained was trifling on each side, if we except the disabling of one gun in the Federal battery exposed to view at the commencement of the affair. If it was deemed impossible to use the infantry to force a crossing, at least seventy-five guns (that number might have easily been had) should have been crowded in the Confederate line to hope to accomplish anything by such a random fire.

At the same time that this affair was going on, General Huger's division, numbering about eleven thousand muskets, and accompanied by thirty-seven guns, while pressing down the Charles City road was checked about two miles from Frazier's Farm, where Longstreet and Hill were already engaged, by a "powerful battery of rifled guns" posted on high open ground. General Huger says, "General Mahone advanced a battery of artillery (Moorman's), and a sharp artillery fire was kept up for some time. The enemy's fire was very severe, and we had many men killed and wounded." General Mahone says, "*Two pieces* of Moorman's battery were put in position and opened fire on his position, which was returned by the enemy with energy and effect." Colonel Cutts, who commanded seven guns attached to another brigade in the division, says, "About three o'clock I was ordered forward with my batteries and arrived promptly on the ground, but was not ordered into the artillery duel then going on." Evidently an artillery force inefficiently handled is worse than none at all, for in each of these cases infantry alone could easily have cleared the way and allowed these heavy columns to take in flank and rear the force with which Longstreet and Hill were fighting so desperately. The contrast between the results accomplished by the artillery forces of the two armies is very striking in these two instances, and is even more so in the battle of Malvern Hill, which it is well known was decided by the powerful artillery concentrated by the enemy. General Lee had designed that a very heavy artillery fire should precede the infantry attack, and ample time (from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M.) had been allowed for all dispositions to be made. The execution of this design is best described by General D. H. Hill in his official report: "Instead of ordering up one or two hundred pieces of artillery to play on the Yankees, a single battery (Moorman's) was ordered up and knocked to pieces in a few moments. One or two others shared the same fate of being beaten in detail. Not knowing how to act under these circumstances, I wrote to Gen. Jackson that the firing from our batteries was of the most farcical character." Comment is unnecessary.

The serious defects of the artillery organisation were, however, not entirely unappreciated, even before the experience of the Seven Days. On the 22d of June General Lee had issued an order which would

have materially improved its condition, had there been time for its operation to become effective. It did not do away with the institution of the brigade-batteries, but its tendency was encouraging toward the formation of one battalion of the artillery in each division by imposing specific duties and responsibilities on the chiefs of artillery of the divisions, who before existed and acted only at the discretion of their division-commanders, and were often charged with the additional duties of chief of ordnance. Under the influence of this order and the experience of the battles, the brigade-batteries, though not abolished by order, were during the summer gradually done away with and absorbed into division-battalions, numbering from three to six batteries each, and commanded by the division chief. These battalions first appeared on the field as such at Second Manassas, and the service rendered by them there (particularly by one under Colonel S. D. Lee) is notorious. It was no less efficient either at Sharpsburg and Fredericksburg, and the utility of the organisation being now proven, it was no longer left to division-commanders to effect (in some divisions it had even yet been but partially done owing to a lack of field-officers of artillery), but it was formally adopted by order, and general orders from the War Department directed a similar organisation in all the armies of the Confederacy.* General Lee's order effecting this organisation was issued on the 15th of February 1863. It divided the artillery of each of his two army corps into six battalions, all of which were to be entirely under the command of the chief of artillery of the corps, and the whole force to be superintended by and to report to the Chief of Artillery of the army, who also personally commanded a small reserve of two battalions. In the Second Corps four of these battalions numbered four batteries each, one numbered five, and one six. In the First Corps five battalions numbered four batteries each, and one six. The two battalions of the general reserve numbered three each. This organisation was well tested in the battle of Chancellorsville, where in spite of the difficulties of the Wilderness the coöperation of the artillery with the infantry was never excelled in promptness and vigor. When the Third Army Corps (A. P. Hill's) was formed, in June 1863, the general reserve was broken up, and its two battalions, with one from each of the other corps and a newly organised battalion, were transferred to it, so that at the commencement of the Gettysburg campaign each of the three corps (composed of three divisions of infantry each) had with it five battalions of artillery averaging eighteen guns each.† In the Second and Third Corps a chief of artillery was appointed at once to the exclusive command of the whole force, but in the First Corps no regular appointment of a chief was made until the spring of 1864, the ranking battalion-commander present meanwhile bearing the title and assuming only the office responsibilities of the entire command. This arrangement was inconvenient and objectionable,

* This was the intent of ¶ 2 Gen. Order No. 7, Adjutant-General's Office, Richmond, Jan. 19, 1863, though the language is ill-chosen, viz.: "Hereafter, all field-artillery belonging to any separate army will be parked together under the direction of the general or other chief officer of artillery having control of the same, to be distributed when required according to the judgment of the commanding general of such army."

† In Longstreet's corps one battalion carried twenty-six guns, three carried eighteen each, and one carried but twelve; total, ninety-two.

as it took away the feeling of *entire* responsibility from the Chief of Artillery for the condition and action of any more than his own battalion.

This organisation was maintained until the close of the war, and fuller experience with it only developed its merits and suggested no practical improvements. A theoretical drawback, perhaps, existed in the fact that the chief of artillery of each corps really had two independent commanders, namely, his corps commander and the army chief of artillery, between whom there might arise conflict of orders. The objection would be very material if the chief of artillery should be considered like the chief of cavalry as the actual commander of that arm; but it vanishes entirely when he is regarded simply as a staff-officer of the commanding general's charged with the supervision of that rather peculiar branch of the service, and only giving orders through the corps commander, except in matters of mere routine and report. The original orders directing the organisation were not explicit upon this point, but common-sense and circumstances soon gave the proper turn to the matter, and not the slightest discord ever occurred.

When first organised, the battalion suffered for lack of field or staff officers, owing to the fact that they were not organisations authorised by law, and consequently no appointments could be made for them. Field-officers of artillery were indeed authorised by Congress at the rate of a brigadier-general to every eighty guns, a colonel to every forty, a lieutenant-colonel to every twenty-five, and a major to every twelve, which should have amply supplied officers of these grades. The promotions, however, were either never made in full, or else the officers appointed were sent to other duties, for during the whole of 1863 the majority of the battalions had but one field-officer, which was often insufficient. The staff-officers for the battalions and for the chiefs of artillery were provided generally by details from the batteries, which, though somewhat detrimental to the latter, operated well enough, except for quartermaster and commissary duties, for which bonded officers of these departments are absolutely required. Supernumerary officers of these and of the medical departments were, however, gradually collected, and the battalions being then organised and supplied exactly as regiments, everything worked smoothly. It was at one time attempted to furnish all quartermaster, commissary and ordnance supplies through officers of these departments attached to the staff of the Chief of Artillery of the army, but the system was found so inconvenient that it was soon abandoned, and these supplies were drawn through the same channels by which the infantry of each corps were supplied. Each battalion organised from the united resources of its batteries a "forge train," under control of the ordnance officer, which was ample for all blacksmithing and harness repairs, and more economical and efficient than when each battery had to depend only on itself. No ordnance-wagons accompanied the battalions, the total supply of reserve ammunition being concentrated into one train under the ordnance-officer on the staff of the chief of artillery of the corps. These trains never exceeded one wagon to three guns, which was sufficient when within a day's march of a

depot of supplies, but compelled the greatest saving in the use of ammunition when on active campaigns. Indeed, the limited resources of the Confederacy, the scarcity of skilled workmen and workshops, and the enormous consumption, kept the supply of ammunition always low. The Ordnance Department in Richmond were never able to accumulate any reserve worth mentioning even in the intervals between campaigns, and during active operations the Army of Northern Virginia lived, as it were, from hand to mouth. The great majority of the batteries took the field without having ever fired a round in practice, and passed through the war without aiming a gun at any target but the enemy. The order "save your ammunition" was reiterated on every battle-field, and many an awful pounding had to be borne in silence from the Yankee guns while every shot was reserved for their infantry.

The scarcity of ammunition was, however, the least difficulty connected with it, for its quality was the greatest incubus under which the artillery labored. When the war commenced a small amount of smooth-bore ammunition was on hand in the Southern arsenals, which was of good quality, and was used in the early affairs and issued to the batteries first put in the field. This ammunition was all put up with the Bormann fuse, and this fuse being adopted by the Confederate Ordnance Department, a factory was established for its manufacture. Large quantities of ammunition fitted with these fuses were sent to the field in the summer of 1861, and complaints of its bad quality were immediately made. Careful tests being made of it, it was found that fully four-fifths of the shell exploded prematurely, and very many of them in the gun. The machinery for their manufacture was overhauled, and a fresh supply made and sent to the field, where the old ones were removed and the new were substituted, but no improvement was discernible. The trouble was found to be in the hermetical sealing of the under-side of the horse-shoe channel containing the fuse composition. Although this was seemingly accomplished at the factory, the shock of the discharge would unseat the horse-shoe-shaped plug which closed this channel, and allow the flame from the composition to reach the charge of the shell without burning around to the magazine of the fuse. Attempts were made to correct the evil by the use of white-lead, putty and leather under the fuse, and in the winter of 1861 these correctives were applied to every shell in the army with considerable but not universal success. Repeated attempts were made to improve the manufacture, but they accomplished nothing, and until after the battle of Chancellorsville the Bormann fuse continued in use, and premature explosions of shell were so frequent that the artillery could only be used over the heads of the infantry with such danger and demoralisation to the latter that it was seldom attempted. Earnest requests were made of the Ordnance Department to substitute for the Bormann fuse the common paper-fuses, to be cut to the required length and fixed on the field, as being not only more economical and more certain, but as allowing, what is often very desirable, a greater range than five seconds, which is the limit of the Bormann fuse. These requests, repeated and urged in January 1863 on the strength of casualties

occurring from our own guns among the infantry in front during the battle of Fredericksburg, were at length successful in accomplishing the substitution. The ammunition already on hand, however, could not be exchanged, and its imperfections affected the fire even at Gettysburg. The paper-fuse was found to answer admirably, and no further complaints of ammunition ever came from the smooth-bores.

The difficulties which beset the rifled guns and their ammunition were, however, even greater than those under which the smooth-bores suffered so long, and they were never so happily solved. With the exception of a single battery of six ten-pounder Parrott rifles and one or two imported Blakely guns, the Confederates possessed no rifled field-pieces at the commencement of the war. Several foundries, however, undertook their manufacture at an early day, under the direction of the ordnance departments of Confederate or State governments, and soon turned out a number, generally of three inches calibre, and with five or seven grooves. They were all adapted to the same ammunition, but were not of uniform length or shape, and varied in weight from a thousand to twelve hundred pounds. Several of these guns were used at the first battle of Manassas, and three of them were engaged in the celebrated "artillery duel" at Blackburn's Ford on the 18th of July 1861. The projectiles furnished for them at that time were of two kinds, known as the Burton and the Archer, both of which were expected to receive the rotary motion from a leaden ring or sabot which the discharge forced into the grooves. They differed about two pounds in weight, and the charges for them differed three ounces; but as the latter could not be easily distinguished from each other, they were used indiscriminately. In the excitement of the battle these projectiles were supposed to possess superior accuracy and effect to the Parrott projectiles used by the enemy, and very favorable reports were made of them, and their manufacture was increased. It was some months before cooler occasions exposed the error and the utter worthlessness of the projectiles. They never took the grooves, and consequently their range was less than that of the smooth-bores, and their inaccuracy was excessive, and in addition to this not one shell in twenty exploded.* Their manufacture was discontinued early in 1862, and a new projectile, having a saucer-shaped copper sabot attached by bolts after the shell was cast, was substituted for it.† This shell was a slight improvement on Burton's and Archer's, as it sometimes took the grooves and then its flight was excellent. It failed, however, about three times out of four from breaking its connection with the copper sabot, and it very frequently exploded in the gun; while of those which flew correctly, not one-fourth exploded at all. It may readily be imagined that practice with them was very uncertain, even at a fixed target whose distance was known, and against an enemy in the field its moral

* The writer speaks from personal observation of many careful experiments.

† This shell, called the Mullane or Tennessee shell, was the invention of Dr. Read of Tuscaloosa, Ala., the well-known inventor of what are usually but improperly called Parrott shell. Parrott made the best guns adapted to these shell, and the gun properly goes by his name, but Dr. Read's invention of the shell cannot be questioned. His first patent was granted Oct. 28, 1856, and specifies cupped cylinders fastened on to the shell by screws, rivets, &c. A patent was refused the Mullane shell by the Confederate Patent Office, on the ground that it was anticipated by this patent of Dr. Read. The modifications and improvements on this shell, described further on, also all fell under Dr. Read's patent.

effect was its only value. Attempts were made to insure the ignition of the fuse by filing notches in the copper sabot to allow the flame of the discharge to pass, but they did not succeed. This was the condition of the three-inch rifled guns during the whole of 1862, and these projectiles were used also in the beautiful U. S. "three-inch Ordnance Rifles," of which about forty were captured during the year. In 1863 several improvements were attempted in the method of attaching the copper to the shell, and the saucer-shaped sabot was finally exchanged for a band or ring of copper, cast around the base of the shell, which form was continued until the close of the war. It considerably resembled the heavy Parrott projectiles, and was the best field rifle-shell the Confederates ever made, but was always liable to explode in the gun, to "tumble," or not to explode at all. The last defect was partially corrected by the use of "McAvoy's Fuse Igniter," a very simple and ingenious little contrivance attached to the fuse when loading, and later by fuses with strands of quick-match for "priming." The first two defects were very serious and of very frequent occurrence, not only with the three-inch rifles, but still more so with the Parrott guns. The "tumbling" was due to imperfect connection between the copper ring and the shell, which in its turn was due to the inferior quality of iron necessarily used (the best iron was saved for gun-metal), to unskilled workmen, and to the fact that the demand greatly exceeded the supply, and even those which a careful inspection would have condemned were better than none.

The causes of the premature explosions were never fully understood. They were generally attributed to defects in the casting, which either allowed the flame of the discharge to enter the shell, or by weakening the shell caused it to crush under the shock of the discharge and the "twist" given by the grooves of the gun. This explanation was doubtless correct in many individual cases, but there are certain facts which seem to point to other causes, and most prominent among them is the fact that the Parrott projectiles exploded in the gun much more frequently than the three-inch projectiles. Now the Parrott projectile is longer and of less diameter than the three-inch, and it is thicker and stronger at the base, and therefore more capable of withstanding the strains of the discharge, and it ought, therefore, to explode less frequently in the gun than the three-inch if the above causes were all that tended to produce premature explosion. Another possible cause of explosion has however been suggested, which this very shape of the Parrott shell makes more effective, that cause being the effect of the discharge, and the rapid and sudden rotation of the shell on its axis, upon the cylinder of powder within the shell. Violent compression and friction of this powder against the sides of the shell are certainly produced, and the compression is more violent in the Parrott than in the three-inch shell, on account of its greater length, and more so in either than in the round shell of the smooth bore. If shell which have been fired and failed to explode are opened, the charge is invariably found to have lost its granular character, and to be packed in hard, dusty lumps, which are often erroneously supposed to result from the charge having once been wet and then dried. Now it is very seldom that the charges of shell

ever get wet, and if they do, it is certain that they would not dry in years, and it is known that many accidents have occurred where men have been careless in handling shells with this apparently damp and caked powder within them. This grinding up and caking of the powder from its own inertia resisting the impetus of the discharge, takes place in all shells, but in cylindrical shells it is greater than in spherical, and the friction of a very violent rotation is added, and the heat thus generated is probably the cause of many explosions. The fact that these explosions sometimes took place, not within the gun but a few yards beyond it, would seem to indicate that the heat of the friction due to the rotation of the shell (which is developed a moment later than the heat due to the compression) must sometimes be added to the latter to cause ignition. Premature explosions among the enemy's guns were apparently rare, which might seem to disprove this theory, were there no grounds of reconciliation to it. These grounds may be found, however, in the fact that the majority of the Yankee projectiles were shrapnel, in which the charge of powder is extremely small, so small in fact that it was by no means uncommon to see it all find vent through the fuse-hole without exploding the shell. As the weight of the charge diminishes, of course the compression and friction due to it diminish also, and premature explosions become less frequent or cease. The Confederates never used rifle-shrapnel at all (except what they captured), as lead could not be spared for its manufacture. The Parrott shell, therefore, of which the enemy used comparatively very few, was the only projectile common to the two services, and affords the only ground for a comparison of results. In the Federal service the Parrott gun was the most common, and the favorite rifle at the commencement of the war, and it was tried under the most favorable circumstances, yet it very soon seemed to lose favor, and at the close of the war it was comparatively rarely seen in the light batteries in the field. Premature explosions were complained of with it, but not at all to the same extent as in the Confederate service, and the maker, Mr. Parrott, attributed them to the causes explained above, and he claims partially or entirely to have corrected them by coating the interior of his shells with a bituminous mastic, giving a smooth and polished surface. In the Confederate service, where the iron necessarily used for the shells was very inferior, the workmen unskilled and hurried, and the inspection not rigid, the results would have caused the abandonment of the gun entirely had it been possible to procure others. The step had long been desired in Longstreet's corps, and means of accomplishing it were nearly completed when the evacuation of Richmond took place. They were to have been replaced with iron twenty-four-pounder howitzers, which had been designed of a light model, weighing only twelve hundred pounds, and were in process of manufacture.*

* The Confederates used a great number of iron "Napoleons," or light twelve-pounder gun, weighing about 1,240 pounds, nearly the same as the bronze Napoleon. They were "banded" like the Parrott rifle, and were in no respect inferior to the bronze light twelve-pounders. As a field-piece, however, the writer has never appreciated the great excellence of this gun. It has no advantage over a twelve-pounder howitzer, which is five hundred pounds lighter, except that it can throw so id shot; with rifled guns on every field, smooth-bores to fire solid shot are useless, and they should therefore be specially adapted to firing shell shrapnel and canister only. It is wasteful, therefore, to put twelve hundred pounds of metal into a gun which only carries twelve pounds of canister or shrapnel, when

As a single illustration of the extent to which these defects of the Parrott projectiles sometimes went: at the siege of Knoxville, Captain Parker's battery of four captured Parrott rifles fired one hundred and twenty shell at the enemy's batteries and pontoon-bridge, of which only two failed to "tumble," or to burst prematurely. Of the most valuable kind of rifle ammunition, shrapnel, the Confederates made none, as stated above. Of the next most useful kind, percussion shell (invaluable for getting the range), none were to be had until the last year of the war. The fuse then used, Girardey's, was excellent, probably better than any of the enemy's patterns, and it possessed the peculiar excellence of being carried loose in the chest and applied to any shell at the moment it was needed, so that just as many shells could be made "percussion" as the gunner wished. This perfection of the fuse, however, was only reached during the fall of 1864, and before that period the percussion-shell required a fuse-plug specially adapted to the fuse as it was at first prepared, and the supply furnished was very small.

The scarcity and bad quality of our rifle-ammunition gave security to the enemy on many occasions where he could have been seriously annoyed, if not materially damaged. When Bragg invested Chattanooga, in October 1863, the Confederate guns with good ammunition could have reached every foot of Grant's crowded camps, and with an abundance of it could have made them untenable. The effort which was made only showed how much demoralisation and harm an effective shelling might have accomplished. In many other instances the Confederate artillery was much more amiable and forbearing by force of necessity than by nature, one illustration of which will be sufficient. At Bermuda Hundreds the enemy erected a signal-tower of open frame-work, about a hundred and twenty feet high, from the top of which the Confederate lines were impudently overlooked. What could be seen from it was very little, and it probably was never the cause of any harm; but as it was only 2500 yards from Confederate ground, the artillery were very anxious to demolish it, and preparations were made to do so. A thousand rounds of good percussion-shell would doubtless have accomplished it easily, but some experimental firing in preparation for the attempt showed so very great a proportion of defective shell that it was abandoned. On one or two occasions only the tower was shelled a little to drive down the lookout temporarily, which seemed to be easily accomplished.

A few of the favorite English rifled guns were brought through the blockade, and used in the Army of Northern Virginia, comprising the Clay, Whitworth, Blakely, and Armstrong shunt-patterns. The Clay gun was a breech-loader, and was called an improvement upon the breech-loading Armstrong, which being adopted and only manufactured for the English Government, could not be obtained. Its grooving and projectiles were very similar to the breech-loading Arm-

the same metal in shape of a howitzer will project *equally far and with greater accuracy* twenty-four pounds. The twenty-four-pounder howitzer may be made to weigh not over eleven hundred pounds with the improved metals of the present day; its projectiles are less deflected by an ordinary breeze than those of the Napoleon; its ricochets are more numerous and flatter, and both its physical and moral effects are far superior. The writer believes it to be the only gun which can hold its ground against the breech loading small-arms and single-rank lines of battle which will appear in our next war. The Napoleon he believes a humbug, which will then be exposed.

strong, and its breech-loading arrangements appeared simpler and of great strength. On trial, however, it failed in every particular. Every projectile fired "tumbled" and fell nearer the gun than the target, and at the seventh round the solid breech-piece was cracked through and the gun disabled.

One muzzle-loading six-pounder and six breech-loading twelve-pounder Whitworths were distributed through the army, and often rendered valuable service by their great range and accuracy. They fired solid shot almost exclusively; but they were perfectly reliable, and their projectiles never failed to fly in the most beautiful trajectory imaginable. Their breech-loading arrangements, however, often worked with difficulty, and every one of the six was at some time disabled by the breaking of some of its parts, but all were repaired again and kept in service. As a general field-piece its efficiency was impaired by its weight and the very cumbersome English carriage on which it was mounted, and while a few with an army may often be valuable, the United States three-inch rifle is much more generally serviceable with good ammunition. The Blakely guns were twelve-pounder rifles, muzzle-loaders, and fired very well with English ammunition ("built-up" shells with leaden bases), but with the Confederate substitute (which was made of proper calibre after the successive models of the three-inch shell already described) they experienced the same difficulties which attended this ammunition in all guns. The only advantage to be claimed for this gun is its lightness, but this was found to involve the very serious evil that no field-carriage could be made to withstand its recoil. It was continually splitting the trails or racking to pieces its carriages, though made of unusual strength and weight. Of the Armstrong shunt-guns, six were obtained just before the close of the war, and they were never tried in the field. They were muzzle-loaders, and nothing could exceed their accuracy and the perfection of their ammunition. Their heavy English carriages were more unwieldy than those of the American rifles, but taking all things into consideration, the guns are probably the most effective field-rifles ever made.

Besides these English rifles, a few captured James rifles (brass six-pounder smooth-bores, grooved to fire the James projectile), and some old iron four-pounders grooved, were tried in the field for a short while, but were found to be very poor, and as a multiplicity of calibres rendered the supplying of ammunition very difficult, they were soon turned in. In fact, the variety of calibres comprised in the artillery was throughout the war a very great inconvenience, and materially affected the efficiency of the ordnance-service both in the quantity of ammunition carried and the facility with which it was supplied. At the commencement of the war this variety was often almost ludicrously illustrated by single batteries of four guns containing three and four different calibres, and it was only after the battalions were well organised in the winter of 1862 that anything was done to simplify this matter.

The heavy guns which defended the James river against the enemy's fleet were principally the ordinary eight-inch and ten-inch columbiads,

and "Brooke's rifles" of six and four-tenths and seven inches calibre. These rifles only needed telescopic sights (which could not be made in the Confederacy) to be perfect arms of their class, their trajectories being more uniform than the sighting of the guns could be made by the eye. In addition to these rifles Captain Brooke also furnished some heavily banded smooth-bores of ten and eleven inches calibre, to fire wrought-iron balls with very high charges against the iron-clads, which would doubtless have been extremely effective at short ranges.

On several occasions during 1863 and 1864 where mortar-fire was desirable in the field, the twelve- and twenty-four-pounder howitzers were used for the purpose very successfully, by sinking the trails in trenches to give the elevation, while the axles were run up on inclined skids a few inches to lift the wheels from the ground and lessen the strain of the recoil. The skids would not be necessary where the desired range is less than four hundred yards. With them any charge may be used, and a range of a mile is easily obtained. During the siege of Petersburg a number of iron twelve- and twenty-four-pounder Cohorn mortars were made and rendered excellent service. Wooden mortars were also made and tried for short ranges, but even when they did not split, the ranges were so irregular that they could not be made useful.

In the location of batteries to defend lines of intrenchment, the campaign of 1864 gave the Confederate artillerists and engineers much experience, and a few of the deductions therefrom may not be out of place.

Embrasures for the protection of the guns and men became unpopular, and were considered very objectionable, except for the rare cases where guns are to be reserved entirely for a flank defence of important points. The objections to them are that they restrict the field of fire, and thus render it difficult to conform the defence to unforeseen attacks. They are liable to be choked by the enemy's shot, and can only be repaired with much exposure of the men, and they do not accomplish their intended object, the protection of the men and guns. Sharpshooters' balls coming obliquely through the embrasures, or glancing off the gun or carriage, and artillery projectiles piercing the angles of the cheeks, make the limits of the dangerous space in rear of the embrasures very vague, and men are often unnecessarily exposed and hit without being aware of their danger. The barbette-gun not only has a greater field of view, but is more rapidly made ready, can be concealed from view until wanted, can only be silenced by being hit, offers a less conspicuous mark than an embrasure, and can be worked with less exposure of the artillerists. To accomplish this, trenches were dug in front of the gun and on each side about a yard from the wheels, in which the artillerists stood while loading and manœuvring the gun, their heads being below the parapet, and only the hands of those ramming being exposed. The dangerous space was well defined and easy to be avoided, and only the head of the gunner while in the act of aiming was at all endangered. Mantlets for the gunners' protection while aiming were proposed, and some were constructed of thick oak-plank to rest upon

the axles and trunnions, and they were used to some extent. The material of which they were composed, however, prevented their general adoption; for wooden mantlets would cause the explosion of a percussion-shell if struck by one, and would themselves make dangerous splinters. Barbette-guns are more easily withdrawn from the enemy's view and fire, and yet kept ready for instant use, than embrasure-guns, which usually have very little spare room on their flanks, where alone they can find cover. This is of no little importance, as it enables a battery to endure the severest fire without injury and yet remain to meet an assaulting column upon a second's notice. It happened on several occasions in 1864 that the fire of sharpshooters two hundred yards off was so severe through the embrasures as to disable the carriages behind them in a few hours, there being no means of protecting the guns in the contracted limits of the hastily made works.

Magazines were never built except where the guns were exposed to a mortar-fire; dismounted limber-chests covered with tarpaulins being used instead without disadvantage. A very important adjunct to a battery, but one which was seldom properly made, or made at all, is a "lookout." The "looking out" is the most important part of the battery service, not only that no time may be lost on any appearance of the enemy, but that the aiming of the gunners may be superintended and corrected; and to insure its being well done it should be made as safe as possible. At least one lookout on each flank should be built for each battery, and no labor expended in making them safe and convenient will be thrown away.

Except in the siege of Petersburg the Confederates never built second lines of intrenchments in rear of the first, not from any doubt of their value, but because they never had the force to spare from the front line. Even when the second line at Petersburg was built it was principally intended as a means of covered communication which could not be otherwise obtained, and it was only occupied by a few guns in rear of the most exposed points of the first line, which were designed to check the enemy should he penetrate them. Where the ammunition is safe to be fired over the heads of the first line, it would doubtless be an excellent plan to put all of the rifled guns in detached batteries in rear of exposed points, where they would have an excellent effect in checking an enemy who should penetrate and either seek to advance or sweep down the lines. A striking instance of the effect of such batteries may be found in the battle of the Crater, at Petersburg, July 30th 1864, which is indeed about the only case where the Confederate lines ever had even detached batteries in rear of a point gotten possession of by the enemy. Flanner's battery in the Jerusalem plank-road five hundred yards directly in rear of the Crater, and Wright's, about the same distance towards the left, checked every effort of the enemy to advance upon Cemetery Hill according to his programme, or to move down the lines on either side of the Crater for some hours, and until an infantry force was collected to retake it. Each battery took in flank any advance upon the other, and the enemy was kept under shelter of the earth thrown up by the explosion. A somewhat similar position of batteries first checked

the Yankee advance after the capture of Fort Harrison, Sept. 29th 1864, and the Confederate assault on Fort Steadman on the 25th of March 1865 was discomfited in the same way. Indeed the Federal intrenchments very frequently comprised a second line of redoubts, if not of infantry parapet, in rear of the first, and its very moral effect often prevented attempts upon the first which promised well.

Let some of the statements of this article should be misunderstood to reflect in any way upon the Ordnance Bureau of the War Department, it is but just to close it, not only by disclaiming any such intention, but with the express statement that the energy, enterprise and intelligence which characterised the administration of this bureau were of the highest order, and that the results accomplished by it make a record of which its officers may well be proud. On assuming its duties at the commencement of the war, its admirable chief, General J. Gorgas, might well have hesitated at the task before him. The emergencies and demands of the war were already upon him, and the immense supplies which it became his duty to provide were of a character which the South had neither the factories nor the skilled workmen to produce. With scarcely a single assistant instructed in the very peculiar and technical details which are the first elements of an ordnance officer's attainments, and without even an office organisation for the transaction of business, the whole machinery of a department was to be organised, which, to illustrate with the history of a single article, should induce the formation of saltpetre from the atmosphere by slow chemical affinities; separate and refine it from impurities by most delicate processes; provide for it, and combine with sulphur and charcoal in the dangerous operations of the powder manufactory; transport it safely to the arsenal and put it up in safe and convenient cartridges; transport it to the field of battle, and have it at hand where the particular gun to which it is adapted shall receive it ready for use at the moment it is required. And in addition to these operations, the same department, to prevent waste and loss, and to know and anticipate the wants of the army, must institute a system of reports and accounts, which shall not only keep its chief informed of the supplies in the magazine of every gun and in the cartridge-box of every soldier in the whole Confederacy, but which shall trace every ounce of saltpetre in all of its various shapes, and hold to a rigid accountability every man who handles it from the moment that it is washed from the nitre-bed until it is given back to the atmosphere in a cloud of smoke upon the battle-field. With indefatigable energy General Gorgas formed and put in motion this whole machinery, selecting his important subordinates with such excellent judgment that the efficiency of the ordnance service was not only always equal to the demand upon it, but, in spite of continually increasing demands and decreasing resources (from the gradual loss of blockade-running facilities and of valuable territory), and in spite of serious interferences with the skilled labor of the arsenals and workshops by continued revocations of details, conscriptions, and turnings out of all employees for duty in the trenches, its efficiency continually increased, and all of its functions were faithfully performed as long as there was an army to need them. It is true that the Confederate

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THE ODD TRUMP.

BOOK IV.—ROUGE-ET-NOIR AT BADEN.

CHAPTER XLIII.

MR. GRIPPE'S LUCK.

ON the night before Dora's departure for Baden there had been some high play at the rouge-et-noir tables. The bank was out of luck. Mr. Trumpley won very largely, and Monsieur Lamont with more modest ventures also made large gains. Mr. Grippe sat by his side, noting down his winnings with affectionate earnestness. It was in the small hours when the players returned from the rooms. Mr. Trumpley exchanged his gold for large notes on the Bank of France and left for Châlons by the early train. Mr. Grippe followed Mr. Lamont to his room, and congratulated him warmly upon his success.

"I shall return to England, Mr. Lamont," he said, "in a day or two, and in the meantime we will arrange that little balance due Messrs. Browler Brothers."

"Ma foi!" answered the French banker, "it will be time enough to-morrow; at present"—and he yawned fearfully—"I am dying of fatigue."

"It will take three minutes only. See, I have made a statement of the account with interest estimated to this date. I did it while you were winning that last rouleau. Ah! Mr. Lamont, you were

courageous! Here is the sum-total in francs — sixty-two thousand five hundred and two, and eight centimes."

"The devil fly away with the eight centimes!" said Mr. Lamont impatiently. "I tell you I will make no settlement to-night."

Mr. Grippe became asthmatic; he lighted a cigarette and filled the apartment with the pleasant odor of stramonium.

"Do you know, my friend," said Mr. Lamont, with a grimace, "that your 'tabac' is villainous. Poof! the apartment will cease to be habitable; one cannot sleep amid such perfumes."

"I will go as soon as you pay me," replied Grippe. "Look you, Mr. Lamont, there is no time like the present. You won nearly two hundred thousand francs to-night, and the money is in your pocket. Pay me your debt and I will leave you."

"And if otherwise?" said Lamont, grimly.

"If I am not paid to-night I will cause you to be arrested in the morning. It pains me exceedingly, but my orders are stringent. I have delayed thus long, waiting for your luck, at your request."

Mr. Lamont counted out the money, received Mr. Grippe's acknowledgment, which he placed in his *escritoire*. As Grippe was retiring the Frenchman stopped him.

"It is said, Mr. Grippe," he began with charming politeness, "that the gentlemen of England are brave to a fault. It is so, is it not?"

"Cannot say, I'm sure," answered Grippe.

"Because," continued Mr. Lamont, "Mr. Grippe has displayed remarkable courage in this affair. Now I should be charmed to exchange pistol-shots with him as soon as daylight appears. I have a pair of excellent pistols in this case, and Mr. Grippe will have time to arrange for the remittance of his sixty-two thousand five hundred and two francs and eight centimes, in case of accident."

"You mean a duel?" said Grippe, aghast.

"Precisely. We will go to L'Abîme Noir at the dawn. I can find a couple of gallant gentlemen to accompany us. Or if Mr. Grippe would prefer the small-sword, the true weapon of gentlemen, I have those also."

Mr. Grippe lighted another cigarette. His breath came in spasms, and he was evidently on the verge of suffocation. So was Mr. Lamont, who threw open a window and leaned out gasping.

"You perceive how ill I am, Mr. Lamont," said Mr. Grippe between the paroxysms; "these attacks usually last two days. Will you have the kindness to postpone the affair until I—say until next week?"

"Without doubt, Mr. Grippe," answered the other.

"And I will retire, with your permission."

"Certainly, Mr. Grippe. Good repose."

Mr. Grippe gained his chamber, and locking himself in, he pushed the bedstead up against the door. Then he packed his portmanteau, and stretching himself upon the bed without undressing, slept the sleep of the just. He depended upon the asthma to wake him at six o'clock, which was train-time, but when he opened his eyes the sunlight illuminated his apartment. It was eight o'clock; no more trains until night.

He took a light breakfast in his room. Mr. Lamont sent a polite message inquiring as to his health. Many thanks — very ill.

At noon he saw the Frenchman handing a lady into a cabriolette, and getting in beside her, drove off. Mr. Grippe felt better, and ventured down stairs. He strolled into the playing-room, deserted at that hour. There had been some rouge-et-noir playing, and the croupier was at the table.

"Will Monsieur play?" he said, as Grippe approached.

"Ne comprenny par," answered Mr. Grippe.

"Ah!" said the croupier in English, "Monsieur does not speak French. Fortunately, I know a little English. Monsieur has not tried his luck — will he win a few Napoleons?"

A sudden desire to double the amount he had received from Mr. Lamont took possession of the young banker. Two thousand pounds! he could do everything with two thousand pounds. He laid five Napoleons on the table. There was a slight shuffling of the cards, and five more were placed beside them.

"Monsieur has won."

He won again and again; it was the easiest business in the world. He had forty Napoleons at his side, a glittering little pile. Why not finish it expeditiously? He took out a note for five hundred francs and placed it upon the red, with the forty Napoleons.

"Noir!"

"Indeed! Well, try the other color with a thousand."

"Rouge!"

He counted out ten thousand francs, registering a vow that he would quit when he won that, and would come to the accursed table no more.

"Noir!"

And so the game progressed. When he won, he had a few hundred francs at stake; when he lost, he had a few thousands. When he left the table at four o'clock the eight centimes was about all that remained of Mr. Lamont's payment.

Going back to his room, he set himself with dogged determination to a review of the situation. He had lost over two thousand pounds of the bank's money. He had as much as that at his credit on the books at home, so the firm would lose nothing; but he knew he was ruined hopelessly. He had not lost money only, but when he met Browler senior and told him of that three hours' work, he knew that he would be partner no longer, and he would have to begin life afresh, with no capital and with a stained name.

He got writing materials and began a letter to Browler Brothers, recounting the collection of the desperate debt and the loss of the money in a moment of insanity, under sudden temptation. It did not occur to him that he could make up a probable story of robbery or loss by some accident. Anthony Grippe robbed? Pooh!

He was a slow writer, and was still laboring on his confession when he heard the scream of the railway-engine. He looked at his watch. To his amazement he found it was ten o'clock. That was the train he intended to take. No matter.

In case "anything happened" there were some little matters he

would like to arrange. There would be a few hundred pounds over when he paid the bank the lost money; so he wrote a sort of last will and testament, which he enclosed in the letter to Browler Brothers. When he sealed his confession, addressed it, stamped it, he laid it on his table. The work was done, and it was three A. M. He thought he would take a walk.

Out in the air he felt revived. He had eaten nothing since breakfast; he would go into the play-room and get a glass of wine. Champagne was flowing there like water. A biscuit and a glass — and another. Then he heard an altercation in an ante-room, and recognised Mr. Lamont's voice. A little scuffle and a blow distinctly heard. Mr. Grippe did not like fighting, so he slipped out again.

Down the street and away from the glare of the lights: presently on the unpaved road and under the starlight. A lovely night for a quiet walk. The letter was written; also the last will and testament; he would take a good long walk.

Not many houses on this road. Half-a-mile from the hotel they ceased altogether. Positive country. How still and placid the stars look! so cold and indifferent, blinking in the heavens like ten thousand eyes. The odor of the trees is pleasant. This is a wild sort of country to be within gun-shot of Baden. Regular forest now, the road overshadowed by trees. Here is a hill and a path climbing it, deflecting from the road. Where does the path lead? Let us see.

Up and up. He sat down on a rock and rested. No asthma; perhaps champagne was a remedy. He had left some poetry in his private drawer in Gloucester: what ever possessed him to write it? If he had only burnt that nonsense before he left home he would be entirely happy.

Up again. And here is the top of the hill, and the stars again, as he emerges from the shadow of the trees. An open plateau with trees all around. What is this? Oh yes! he remembers. Lamont had told him of it: *L'Abime Noir*.

And now the crisis had come; for down that black abyss he was going. He chuckled as he recalled the little subterfuges he had been repeating as he walked, all to himself; for when he concluded that last will and testament, his purpose to find the Black Abyss and sound its depths was as clearly defined as possible.

The stars were obtrusive in their attentions; really, it would have been less unpleasant to have had pitch darkness. Then he might have fallen into the rift by accident. He looked over the edge and saw that the cleft sloped away from the perpendicular. The stars would be balked in five seconds after he took the leap.

Oh what a sorry termination of a history! Anthony Grippe, who had never known the force of a temptation to go astray in any of the paths that usually tempt young men. Drinking, gambling — why, he had no more stomach for such things than he had for murder.

Murder! When Mr. Lamont invited him to a little mutual murder he had some ado to refrain from laughter. To aim a pistol at another man and pull the trigger! Why, he would hardly do it to save his own life. But falling over that brink would be called self-murder.

Nobody would know it, however; and once done —

And then all those common doctrines relating to a future state came trooping into his mind. He caught himself twice repeating the Nicene Creed, every word of which seemed invested with new and startling emphasis.

"I believe in the resurrection of the dead, and the life everlasting."

He walked restlessly to and fro, debating a hundred questions in his mind. How would it do to go directly to Gloucester and tell the story to Mr. Browler senior; then to take what remained of his life's earnings and emigrate? Australia or America — he might begin afresh.

But it was so flagrant a breach of trust, to gamble away that money. He could never face Browler. Better face the dread realities at the bottom of the chasm. He knelt down on the rock and covered his face with his hands to shut out the starlight. There was also a faint streak in the eastern sky. When he looked up again a man stood before him.

"Grippe!"

He staggered to his feet and would have passed him, but he caught his arm and held him with a grasp of iron.

"What are you doing, madman? Another step, and you would be in the abyss."

"I know. Let me go, Mr. Trumpley. I am ruined. I have gambled in that infernal den and lost my partners' money."

"Pooh! don't be an ass. Money! How much have you lost?"

"Twenty-five hundred pounds."

"Bah! I've been looking for you. I went into your chamber and waited for you an hour; and not finding you I left written instructions for you in my portmanteau in your room. Here is the key. There are twenty-five thousand pounds in the portmanteau, which I desire you to invest. Your commission is ten per centum; take it out and repay your losses. Yonder comes the daylight — away with you! I shall have company here in a few minutes; go down the hill on the other side. You will reach Baden in time for the first train. Give me your hand, man. Good-bye! Don't go into the play-room; that is the true *Abîme Noir*."

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE ENCOUNTER.

Harold Trumpley had arrived at the Hotel d'Angleterre while Mr. Grippe was writing his last will and testament. He found his wife's maid Marie, who told him an incoherent story of Mrs. Trumpley's arrival and departure. The girl only knew that she had left in the train for Châlons; she had gone down to the station, having been dismissed for the night, to bid adieu to a sister going to Paris, and saw Madame enter the same train. Monsieur le Capitaine was at Maison Rouge in the morning, and would perhaps know.

Mr. Trumpley went to the play-room. After some search he found Captain Merton and M. Lamont in an ante-room. They had some broiled bones and champagne.

"Hillo, Trumpley!" said the Captain, hilariously. "Welcome! We will have in another bottle."

"Not for me," answered Mr. Trumpley; "I came to ask you if you know of my wife's departure for Châlons."

"Châlons!" said the sailor, with drunken gravity. "Well, well! Belay that and start afresh. So she went to Châlons! You see, Lamont, our friend here has a female acquaintance in Châlons—ha, ha!—a certain Madame Hamet. He slips away yesterday to visit her, and some kind friend informs Madame Trumpley, and she naturally gives chase."

"Who was the kind friend?" said Trumpley.

"How the devil should I know?" answered Merton, rudely.

"The kind friend lied. If you meet him, tell him from me that he is a liar and sneak."

"Belay again," said Merton. "You must take that back, Trumpley; the friend is a lady. She wrote a confidential note—"

"Yes; I found it. Also the other, not written by a lady, but by a cowardly thief who dared not sign his name. It is one lie in both notes."

"Do you know who wrote them?" said Merton, slightly sobered.

"I think I do," answered Trumpley, with stern emphasis.

"Then here is the answer!" said Merton, seizing his glass and dashing the wine in the scowling face of the other. In a moment he was caught by the throat, lifted from his chair, and after a shake that nearly dislocated his joints, was thrown in a heap on the floor. Lamont caught his arm as he rose.

"When will you answer this?" said Merton, gasping.

"When you will," replied Trumpley, coldly. "You had better get sober first. Lamont, take the brute out and pump on him. If he wants me—"

"Here and now!" said Merton, stamping violently.

"Pooh! The servants would have the house about our ears in two minutes. I shall be at L'Abîme Noir at daybreak. Lamont, have you pistols?"

"Truly, a superb pair. Helas! can we not reconcile this little difference? No? Impossible? Eh bien! The sword is so much more quiet; I have also a pair of faultless blades. What say you, Merton?"

"Mr. Trumpley has the selection. I know very little about the sword," said Captain Merton, sullenly.

"And I less," replied Trumpley. "Bring the pistols, Lamont. I will find a friend to accompany me. *Au revoir!*"

Three hours to spare. Mr. Trumpley filled several pages of letter paper, writing rapidly and without hesitation. When the task was completed, he sealed the packet and addressed it to Mr. Anthony Grippe. He took a large package of bank-notes from his breast, enclosed them in a separate envelope, and addressed it to the same person. Taking these in his hand, he passed through the corridor to Mr. Grippe's room, knocked, and receiving no answer, opened the door and entered. There was a light on the table, a portmanteau and a letter addressed to the bank at Gloucester. Mr. Grippe was not visible. Trumpley returned to his own apartment, and placing his packages in a small portmanteau, with his watch and seals, Dora's

jewel-case, which he found in a drawer of the cabinet, and from which he took the two anonymous notes, he locked the portmanteau and took it to Grippe's chamber, leaving it upon the table beside the other. He then put out Mr. Grippe's light and closed his door. One hour gone. A servant passed as he regained his own room, and Mr. Trumpley stopped him at the door.

"If I should not be here at seven o'clock, send Mrs. Trumpley's maid to Maison Rouge at that hour in the carriage. I will leave a note on the cabinet. Will you remember?"

"Without doubt, Monsieur."

Trumpley put some silver in his ready hand and dismissed him, and then wrote his final note:—

"Dear Sister Daisy:— Dora has gone to Châlons, and will probably be back to-morrow. I enclose two notes which I found here. They are lies; one written by Merton, the other by Miss Radcliffe. The former is a born liar; the latter has no cause for her malignant enmity except that I declined to make her mistress of Halidon. It pains me to write this of a woman, but it is true. I have a presentiment of impending calamity, and it has oppressed me for two days. A few hours hence it will be dispelled or confirmed. I go from this place to L'Abîme Noir. If I return, you will not receive this note. My executor will have full particulars of the Châlons business. Farewell.

"HAROLD TRUMPLEY."

It was after five o'clock when Mr. Trumpley climbed the hill of L'Abîme Noir, and a few minutes after Mr. Grippe disappeared below the crest of the hill on one side M. Lamont and Captain Merton appeared upon the other. The Captain was dressed in black, his coat buttoned up to the throat. M. Lamont had a pistol-case under his arm. They bowed ceremoniously to Trumpley, who quietly waited their approach.

"Monsieur Lamont," he said, "I regret that I have not been able to find a second. Will you do me the favor to arrange the preliminaries of this encounter?"

"Ma foi!" said the Frenchman, "this is terribly irregular, Monsieur. Suppose anything serious should occur to both of you gentlemen? I should be compromised. Permit me to return to Baden, and I will find an acquaintance who will kindly act for you."

"Very well, Monsieur," answered Trumpley. "Entrust your pistols to me during your absence; Captain Merton will wait with me."

"Lamont," said Merton, hoarsely, "don't be a fool! Load the weapons and place us."

"Eh bien! What is to be done? Do you not see—"

"Listen," said Trumpley; "I will show you the way from all difficulty. Load *one* pistol. Go down yonder out of sight and make the preparations. If Captain Merton does not object, he shall have the choice when you return."

"There is no surgeon—"

"No need of a surgeon; only one of us will be damaged, and he will be beyond surgical skill. It is not necessary that both should die."

"This is not a duel," said the Frenchman; "it is a murder."

"Pish!" answered Trumpley; "it is the only sensible method of settlement. I fought one duel with pistols, and I then swore that I would never fight another except in this manner. The earth is not large enough to hold me and Captain Merton both on its surface. Unless he objects to my proposal, five minutes will suffice to show which of us shall remain."

"Let it be so, Lamont," said Merton. "It is not usual, but if Mr. Trumpley had a friend here acting under his instructions, you would be compelled to acquiesce; the choice is with him."

Mr. Lamont bowed gravely and retired below the brow of the hill. The two enemies stood a little apart, silent and calm. The little streak of light in the eastern horizon had widened, and the fleecy clouds that hung over the pathway of the coming sun were flecked with orange-spots. The gloom of the dismal plateau was deepened as the light increased, and the ray that shot from the edge of the bright disk fell upon the pallid faces of the two men, and lent to them a ghastly expression that was hideous.

Mr. Lamont reappeared. He placed the case on the rock between them and raised the lid. The two pistols were side by side.

"I will now retire," said he, "to the shadow of the trees. When I reach them, I will turn and drop my handkerchief. You will have had time to select the weapons and cock them. When I regain my handkerchief, one of you will be dead."

And just as the sun wheeled above the horizon, flooding the earth with light, there was a sharp report on the verge of L'Abîme Noir, and Harold Trumpley leaped from the ground and fell dead, shot through the heart.

The Frenchman knelt down and turned the body over.

"This is a bad affair, Captain Merton," he said, sternly. "You English do not fight like human beings. We have no witness to prove the fairness of this encounter. I am ashamed of my part in it."

"Is he dead?" said Merton.

Lamont took up the hand of the dead man and withdrew the pistol from his relaxing grasp.

"Your bullet has gone through him — dead as Henri Quatre."

"What need of witnesses?" said Merton, brutally. "Let us throw him into the cleft."

"*Fi donc!*" replied Lamont. "Come away! Leave him where he lies. You and I will cross the frontier and let some one else tell the story. I am dumb on the subject henceforth. *Allons!*"

And when the banker was seated in his office in Marseilles, and the white wings of Captain Merton's ship were bearing him towards Malta, all Baden was ringing with the story of the English gentleman who had wandered away to the dismal hill, after winning fabulous sums from the bank, to be waylaid, robbed and murdered by some of the brigands who always flocked to the watering-place in the season. The body was carried to England to be laid in his ancestral tomb. Mr. and Mrs. Grahame followed shortly after, their departure being delayed by the lady's serious illness, caused by the terrible shock.

New arrivals at the Hotel d'Angleterre filled up the vacated rooms, and bringing new gossip with them from the busy world without, they speedily chased away the memory of Harold Trumpley and his party. Miss Radcliffe went to Geneva, thence to Italy, and when the winter came on she was at Naples, happening by a fortunate chance to find Captain Merton's ship there. Maison Rouge was once more turned over to the owls and bats. Mr. Grahame went to Châlons the day after the duel, and brought back to his distracted wife no tidings of Dora; and it was not until they were safe in the Blackfriars parsonage, and her health partially restored, that he told her the sequel of the Châlons story.

There had been a fire, sweeping away a dozen houses, and among them Number Four, Rue Saint Jean. A Sister of Charity, Sister Clementine, had been acquainted with the locality, and told of an English lady who had entered this house an hour before the fire. She had met her in the passage, seeking Madame Hamet, who had died two days before; but no one had seen this lady come out, and among the few articles saved from the flames were a bonnet and shawl, charred and ruined, but not beyond identification. And these relics Mr. Grahame took away with him, assured that the hapless owner of them had passed through the dark portals at the same hour that her husband met his death at L'Abîme Noir.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE WILL.

In the name of God, amen. I, Harold Trumpley, of Halidon, Gloucester, gentleman, being in sound mind, albeit in sore distress, do make this my only will and testament.

I give and bequeath to my dear wife, Dora Lennox Trumpley, all the property of which I die possessed, and that may be devised by will, subject to the conditions that follow:

Whereas my death, if it should occur to-day, will have been caused by certain events in my past history, it is needful that I relate those events herein, in order that my executor shall appreciate the nature of the obligations resting upon him as my representative.

Eight months ago I left Halidon greatly perplexed, owing to the condition of my estate, which had just been unfolded to me by my legal adviser, and also in doubt as to the success of long-cherished purposes and desires. I went to Paris, and finding acquaintances there, engaged in play night after night at the Strangers' Club. I played *ecarté* with some success, winning every night for a week. Among other losers was a Monsieur Hamet, who rose from the table one night saying that such continued success could not be accounted for, except upon the supposition that I knew the cards by their backs. I had won a few thousand francs from this gentleman. I demanded the instant retraction of this injurious and false charge, and as he persisted I invited him to the Bois du Boulogne. We met the next morning and fought with pistols, and it was my dire misfortune to kill him at the first fire. My second hurried me away

to Châlons, where I remained until the danger of arrest was over. While there, I learned that the widow of this gentleman lived there with an infant daughter. They were in poor circumstances ; he was a writer engaged upon one of the daily papers in Paris, and the family revenues ended with his life.

I had rooms in Châlons, at No. 4 Rue St. Jean, and Madame Hamet took the second floor of the same house. I frequently met the child in the passages, was attracted by her prattle, and was led by her to her mother's apartments, where I discovered her relationship to the man I had slain. It was clear that the support of this helpless family devolved upon me, and during the past eight months I have supplied their wants out of my scanty revenues. Two days ago I was suddenly summoned to Châlons by the announcement of Madame Hamet's approaching death. I arrived one hour before she died, and she confided the little Heloïse to my care with her latest breath.

I took the child away from the death-chamber, and gave her in charge of Madame Villaire, at the convent of Saint Jacques (where she is known as Sister Clementine). I paid her the needful expenses of the child's maintenance and education for five years. I made this large payment because I was oppressed with a presentiment of approaching death, which still clings to me.

I spoke of scanty revenues. Since my marriage I have heard from my solicitor, who assured me that my estate would bear no more encumbrance, and that he could furnish me with no more money. The last mortgage was created on the eve of my marriage, yielding me only two thousand pounds, all of which was expended except a hundred, with which I entered the play-room at Baden on Monday night last. I played wildly and recklessly, and won twenty-six thousand pounds. Out of this money I have paid my local bills at Baden and the expenses referred to at Châlons, and the remainder, twenty-five thousand pounds in notes on the Bank of England and the Bank of France, I herewith place in the hands of my executor.

The charges I put upon him relate first to the infant Heloïse. I desire that he shall go to Châlons immediately, see the child, confer with Madame Villaire, and make such arrangements as seem best to him for the future. While he lives, and while Heloïse lives, I charge him to be a father to her, as I would have been, and to see that she is reared a gentlewoman ; and if she should marry at proper age, to see that she is portioned as becomes a daughter of my house. My wife will approve of this arrangement, and will approve of my purpose to leave the twenty-five thousand pounds in the hands of my executor — *her* property, but subject to this charge.

The second charge relates to Halidon. After my death the mortgages will be foreclosed and the property will be sold. I desire my executor to purchase this estate, in the name of Dora Lennox Trumpley, should she be alive at the date of such sale ; and if not, to purchase it in his own name, holding it in trust for final disposal as follows :

Failing my wife, whose death alone can divert the inheritance from her, my sister, Edith Trumpley, is the natural inheritor of Halidon, and of all my estate. She has an annuity of five hundred pounds,

under my father's will, the principal of which reverts to Halidon and its owner at her death. This will, made by our father, Oswald Trumpley, is peculiar. Proud of his pure Saxon blood, he expressly provides that Halidon shall not pass to a female of the race, but may pass to her son, "if his father is of pure Saxon strain," and if this son take the name of Trumpley at his majority. In the absence of formal entail, my solicitor informs me, this provision could not be sustained; but the desire of my father thus clearly expressed, has with me all the force of a legal enactment. I therefore cannot bequeath Halidon to Edith, directly; but it is my will and desire that my executor shall hold this estate until the son of my sister shall attain his majority, being the son of a Saxon gentleman, and shall assume the name of his maternal grandfather, Oswald Trumpley, when my executor will place him in possession of my estate and its accretions.

These general directions also apply to the furniture at present in the house, and to all such movable property, such as carriages and the like, as may now pertain to the establishment. I desire and will that the general arrangement of the house and grounds shall not be changed, in so far as change may be avoided; that the deer in the park shall be cared for, and the adornment of the grounds which I have begun shall be continued and completed.

The record of my marriage will be found at the British Legation in Paris. I met my wife there unexpectedly, less than three months ago, and we came to Baden, after spending a week at Châlons. I have not communicated with any one in England, excepting my solicitor, and to him I said nothing of my marriage, as our correspondence related only to pecuniary arrangements.

I prefer that all the visible property standing in my name shall be sold under the various liens upon it, because I cannot enumerate my debts, and the law will thus liquidate all that are just. The money entrusted to my executor is intended to begin afresh the formation of an estate, to be inherited, first, by my wife, and second, by the son of my sister, without any possible claims to be contested.

But it is also necessary to provide for the failure of this second intention. Should there be no male heir born to Edith Trumpley, or should such an heir be born not of Saxon paternity, then my executor is hereby invested with all the rights herein conveyed, with no conditions or limitations excepting those relating to Heloïse.

And I name and appoint Mr. Anthony Grippe, banker, of Gloucester, England, at present in Baden, my sole executor; and I do cheerfully place all these trusts in his hands, relying confidently upon his known integrity; and I hereby give and bequeath to him ten per centum of the moneys conveyed as his commission for the faithful appropriation of the residue. And I will and devise that so much of those moneys as may remain in his hands after the purchase of Halidon shall be employed by him in his business, and such a proportion of the gains upon it as he shall decide to be just shall be added to the total transferred by him to the first and second inheritors herein-before described. If my wife shall survive me, and obtain possession of Halidon, as provided in this testament, then I desire my

executor to furnish her with her just proportion of such interest or profits until the maturity and marriage of Heloïse, as provided herein ; and after this event, I will and desire that she, Dora Lennox Trumpley, shall assume the absolute custody and control of all my estate.

The presentiment of evil under which I write this will and testament is not new to me, and hitherto some calamity has always followed these premonitions. This time the feeling is peculiarly portentous, and I feel a similar apprehension of impending evil threatening my wife. In so far as I am able, I earnestly pray that evil may be averted from her ; yet I make these additional provisions lest the presentiment should prove truer than my petitions.

Done at Baden-Baden this twenty-ninth day of August, in the year 1845. Witness my hand and seal.

HAROLD TRUMPLEY of Halidon.

Witnesses : JULES PREESET, Commissionaire.
ADOLPHE DUMAS.

Mr. Grippe read this document in the gray morning-light while the train from Baden was receding from that town at the rate of forty miles an hour, and before the first stopping-place was reached he had made some changes in his luggage.

The package of bank-notes he placed in the leg of his boot, the will in a pocket on the inside of his waistcoat, the watch and seals in the other boot-leg, carefully wrapped in various papers ; and he dropped Mr. Trumpley's portmanteau, now emptied, out the car-window when the train was crossing a stream. It was bound with heavy brass hoops, and he saw it turn over once and then disappear under the rushing waters. His carriage contained no other passengers, perhaps because he had indulged in a cigarette or two while waiting at the station, and the pleasant odor of stramonium did not attract the three or four voyagers who thrust their noses in at the door.

Arrived at Châlons, he promptly sought and found Sister Clementine, who fortunately understood English. He saw the child, bright and happy, totally unconscious of her bereavement ; and leaving his address with Madame Villaire, who seemed to be an authority at the convent, he arranged for monthly reports to be sent him at Gloucester, and formally assumed the charge of Heloïse and the direction of her future. The name of the banker impressed the ex-court lady, whose husband had signed himself "De la Villaire"—much more profoundly than that of Trumpley de Halidon. Such is life.

When all was done, he had time to catch the Paris train. Here he remained until the succeeding day, sleeping in his boots. On the following morning he deposited his money with Messrs. Delisle Frères, thereby reducing the apparent development of his calves materially. Twenty-five hundred pounds were placed to the credit of Browler Brothers, and twenty-two thousand five hundred to the credit of Anthony Grippe.

On the third day he was in Gloucester. Mr. Browler senior met him at the station ; he had a paper containing a tragic story. Mr.

Harold Trumpley had been murdered near Baden, and his wife, ministering to a sick woman at Châlons, had fallen asleep after a tiresome journey, and perished in the flames of a conflagration that had swept away half a street. Mr. Grippe could answer no questions, as he was momentarily strangling under an aggravated attack of asthma, which kept him abed nine days, at the end of which period people forgot he had been to Baden.

CHAPTER XLVI.

EXIT DORA.

Instead of getting out at the proper station, Dora left the railway-carriage at Cannon Street. It was early twilight, and the city streets were thronged. She was jostled by the hurrying crowds, and after passing St. Paul's churchyard, she turned down a quiet street and paused irresolute at a door-step. While she stood, the door opened and a woman came out.

"Lodgins, mum?" she said, looking curiously at the worn face. "Lodgins? First floor back vacant — ten shillin' a week. Will you look at the rooms?"

"Yes," replied Dora, promptly. "Can you get me some tea and a chop?"

"Surely; walk in, mum. 'Ere's the rooms. Commodious. You can see the river from the winder over this. Tea and a chop? Four-and-six, mum. Ah, furrin gold! Take off yer cloak, mum. Oh, only a cape. Will you wait, mum, for the tea? I'll be back in a jiffy."

"And bring a doctor," said Dora, as the woman was leaving; "something ails my head."

"All right, mum. There's a doctor at the corner; I'll 'ave him in a jiffy."

While she was gone Dora undressed rapidly. As she took off her stays, she noticed a little rent exposing the whalebone, and with a cunning smile on her face she thrust two or three Napoleons into the opening, leaving eight or nine in her purse. When the landlady returned, followed by a bald old gentleman with green goggles over his eyes, Dora was abed.

"What is your name?" said she.

"Mrs. 'Arris, mum."

"Well, Mrs. Harris, here is my purse; please take care of it for me. Doctor — are you the doctor?"

"Yes. Let me have your hand. So. You are fatigued. Where do you suffer?"

"My head. Can you give me something to make me sleep? I have not slept for three days. Ah me! shall I ever sleep again?"

"I shall give you a draught; Mrs. Harris will get it," answered the doctor. "Keep quiet as you can. We will be better to-morrow perhaps."

Mrs. Harris brought the draught and a cup of tea in due time; also a chop done to a turn.

"'Changed your furrin gold, mum," she began ; "sixteen shillin's. One week's rent, ten ; tea and chop, four-and-six ; bread and butter, sixpence. I 'ave the hodd shillin' in your purse, mum. Try to swaller a bite, mum. You'll pay the doctor for the draught. Take it now, mum? The 'andle is off the cup ; but you won't mind that. Can't eat your chop? Well, drink the tea, poor dear ! Which you 'avent told me your name, mum, if any one should call."

"Madame Hamet, Numero Quatre, Rue Saint Jean," said Dora, rousing herself with difficulty.

"Can't remember all that," muttered the landlady. "Will you 'ave anything more, mum?"

"No. Run out please, and take away the light."

Mrs. Harris retired to the kitchen, taking the untasted supper with her. While she munched the chop, she counted Dora's money and soliloquised.

"Nine furrin pieces and a shillin'," she said. "The doctor will 'ave to be paid ; I'll lay aside a couple for him. That leaves seven. She talks purty fair Hinglish. I must git a girl to wait on her, of course. That's another. And I'm worried so with her furrin ways and her sickness that I'll 'ave a spell myself. That's two more. Four furrin pieces won't go a great way if she is sick long. Must ask the doctor."

During the next four days and nights Dora struggled with death and the doctor. She had left Baden in vigorous health, and this fact saved her life. On the fifth morning Mrs. Harris found her propped up with the pillows, pale and languid, but evidently in her right mind. She had repeated the same sentence a hundred times in the four days, and nothing else: "Madame Hamet, Numero Quatre, Rue Saint Jean."

The doctor was with the landlady. Mrs. Trumpley was looking wistfully at the long tangled tresses of white hair that hung upon her neck and shoulders.

"It has turned white since I have been ill," she said. "How long have I been here?"

"Five days, Madam," answered the doctor. "We are better to-day ; the crisis was last night, Madam Hamet."

Dora looked at him steadily without replying.

"We need nourishment above everything. Can you take some gruel?"

"Yes."

"And some beef-tea?"

"Yes."

"And some port-wine? Mrs. Harris, I'll send the wine. Open the shutter, please. Ah, the light hurts your eyes."

"Yes. Can you get me glasses like yours?"

"The very thing. Mrs. Harris, send to the surgery in half-an-hour. I will leave the wine and the glasses—"

"And your bill, Doctor," said the patient. "Mrs. Harris, you have my purse."

"Yes, mum," replied the landlady, rather appalled by the sudden restoration of reason, and rather subdued by the quiet authority in Dora's manner. "'Ere it is, mum. I've 'ad to spend some—"

"No doubt, Mrs. Harris. Thank you. We will settle to-morrow. I feel almost able to go out. May I venture, Doctor?"

"Well, not to-day, Madam," replied the doctor; "we are not so strong as we think. When we can take — hum — say a beef-steak with relish — say to-morrow. We have had a severe attack; nothing but a strong constitution and the most watchful attendance and most prompt treatment of symptoms could have brought us through. Allow me," and he felt her pulse. "Ninety-one; a little febrile still, but the crisis is past. I think we can rely upon the *vis medicatrix* now. And the wine —"

"Will not beer do as well, Doctor? I do not like wine."

"Ah, well, perhaps," answered the doctor, relinquishing two shillings profit with a struggle; "if we think beer agrees with us better. Bass, Mrs. Harris."

In the evening Dora was up and dressed. Mrs. Harris had brought her a paper, and it contained the frightful story that Mr. Grippe had heard on his return to Gloucester, with some additions. Mr. Harold Trumpley of Halidon, Gloucester, had been waylaid and murdered near Baden, and his body had been brought across Channel and interred with the bones of his ancestors at Merton. His wife had died at Châlons, and her body had been consumed in the great fire described in a previous paper. Dora read this account twenty times, as if trying to fix the tragic events in her memory. There was a dull sensation in her mind less agonising than would have been possible had she not been more or less demented. The journey from Baden to London was like a troubled dream, in the midst of which the episode at Châlons, with the dead woman on the bed, the incessant sweep of the rain, and the forlorn horror of her own condition, betrayed and cast out, were the salient points. She dimly remembered her arrival at her lodgings, and the secretion of the few coins in her stays. The death of her husband seemed the natural accompaniment of the story, and the sense of bereavement was less acute than the sense of unspeakable injury and wrong done to her. The memory of her sister was apparently effaced entirely, and there gradually grew upon her a positive doubt of her own identity. She crept into bed at last without undressing, and once in the night she arose, and with her white hair streaming around her she paced the narrow chamber, somnambolic. Crazy, positively; yet retaining such semblance of reason that no one ignorant of her previous history would have suspected the aberration.

She was up early the next day. Mrs. Harris brought her a beef-steak and beer; her bodily health came back rapidly, and her appetite was ravenous. After breakfast she sat an hour or two poring over the paper again. She read and re-read the dismal paragraph, and finally tore off that side of the sheet and put it in her pocket. As she was folding the fragment, a word on the opposite side caught her eye. It was an advertisement:

"Wanted: A housekeeper, to take charge of Beechwood, near Gloucester, at present unoccupied. Apply, with references, to Mr. Codicil, Number Six, Old Court, City, at ten o'clock A. M."

When she had read this two or three times, laboring to fix the

locality of "Old Court" in her mind, she suddenly started up and went into the street. At the door she met Mrs. Harris.

"Lawks!" said that lady; "you come on me like a ghost! Are you going out? You 'ave no bonnet."

"Lend me yours," replied Dora, promptly.

"'Taint fit for the likes o' you," said the landlady, taking it off, however. Dora tied it on her head, and going to the corner, which was a cab-stand, entered one of the vehicles. The driver touched his hat as he closed the door.

"Number six, Old Court."

She paid the fare when the cabman let her out, and walked up the stone steps, glancing at the signs on the doors in the hall. A boy came out of one of the offices, and stared at her curiously.

"Where is Mr. Codicil's?" she asked.

"In 'ere, mum," answered the boy; "walk in, mum. He will be 'ere every minnit now. Take a seat, mum."

Left to herself, she began to arrange her thoughts. What should she say to Mr. Codicil? She took out the bit of paper and read the advertisement again. References!

And then by that mysterious faculty or instinct, or what you may please to call it, by which insane persons reach swift decisions, she emerged from the difficulty on the instant. She had noticed a stationer's shop adjoining Number six, and she quietly walked out of the office, down the steps and into the shop.

"A sheet of note-paper, please," she said to the shopman; "a pen and ink and envelope," and she laid a sixpence on the counter.

And when Mr. Codicil arrived, half-an-hour later, he found an old woman with green spectacles and a poke-bonnet waiting patiently in his office. She seemed to be deaf, but put a note in his hand, which he opened and read as follows:

"BEECHWOOD, *October 1st, 1844.*

"The bearer, Mrs. Hamet, is well known to me, and I confidently recommend her to any one needing a housekeeper, as eminently trustworthy and capable.

DORA LENNOX."

Mrs. Harris never saw the old poke-bonnet, and never received the pay for it directly; and though she referred to the loss of it so long as she remained above-ground as a heinous robbery, she probably had secured its value in her previous provisions against contingencies while she had custody of Dora's purse.

BOOK V.—SOME ODD TRICKS.

CHAPTER XLVII.

ANOTHER.

The Third Book in this history closed with the account of an interview between Mr. Wailes and Mr. Radcliffe Merton which was the reverse of friendly. There had been a growing coolness between these old friends, and their later intercourse had been marked by sundry cross-purposes, and the creation of sundry suspicions on either side. First of all, each had detected the other's admiration of Mabel; and the knowledge that each possessed of Mr. Clinton's rapid progress in that lady's favor did not modify their private antagonism. It was one of those cases in which a junction of forces against a common enemy was not to be thought of. The young men had discovered that they were predestined rivals at the Halidon dinner-table, only by intercepting glances, bold on one side and shy on the other. Next came the revelation to Trumpley that Mr. Merton was on good terms with Blauvelt, and Merton's discovery that Trump was silent and suspicious. Therefore, when Radcliffe failed in his financial scheme, the smouldering fires burst out, and a first-class quarrel ensued. It is very probable if Mabel had remained at Blackfriars, their old friendship would not have terminated so rudely. Radcliffe had learned to endure what he called Trump's "milk-soppishness," after many trials of his patience when Wailes steadfastly refused to join in his questionable adventures; and Wailes had learned to wink at Rad's numerous aberrations, under the delusion that he would be wiser when he grew older. But now the breach was positive and past the possibility of healing; their old relations could never be restored. A pair of gentle eyes had enlightened them both together.

Mr. Grippe came into Trumpley's office at three o'clock, with his hat on.

"Letters all gone?" he said.

"Yes, sir," answered Trump.

"Are you going to move to-morrow?"

"No, sir; this evening."

"Humph! you are prompt. Come on; I have to send the carriage to Merton this afternoon, and I will send you in it. Give me your arm, please; you can set me down at Halidon."

When Mr. Grippe got out, and the lodge-gates were out of sight, Wailes arranged in his mind the proceedings that would be necessary. To get out of Rose Cottage was the first thing, and to get out all the Wailes property was the next. The furniture belonged to the house. They had taken all their belongings in trunks a year or two ago when they arrived from the Continent. He would stop at Rose Cottage long enough to tell his mother of Rad's rudeness, and then go on to Merton and hire a van. They would go directly to Gloucester to the Royal Hotel, and find a permanent home to-morrow.

Arrived at the stile, James opened the carriage-door, and as Trump descended, that grave footman handed him a letter.

"For Missus Wailes, sir," said James. "I'm to wait for a hanswer."

"Are you going to the village, James?" answered Trump; "if so, I'll go with you in a minute."

"Dunno, sir. I foller your directions," said James; "Mr. Grippe said I would get my horders from you."

Wondering what this could mean, Trumpley crossed the stile and met his mother on the little lawn. She was snipping off some late roses for the dinner-table.

"Why, Trump," she said, advancing to meet him, "what is the matter? You are nearly two hours before your time."

"Nothing, Mother; only we have to move. Mr. Merton wants the Cottage."

"Mr. Merton?"

"Yes; Mr. Radcliffe Merton. I told him we would vacate it to-morrow, and he said he would like to have it this afternoon. Mr. Grippe was kind enough to send me down in his carriage. I will go to Merton and get a van, and come back in a cab. We can go to Gloucester easily before dark, and to-morrow we will find a house. I am sorry to take you away from your flowers, Mother; but it was not my fault."

Mrs. Wailes had the roses in a dainty little apron; she let go the corners as Trump spoke, and the flowers were scattered over the green lawn. She walked over them towards the house.

"Away with you, Trump!" she said; "you can tell me about it as we go. I will pack up while you are gone. Trump, agree with the man about the price; you are such a reckless vagabond! And you think you are rolling in wealth, with your twelve hundred a year. What letter is that?"

"Oh, I forgot it, Mother," answered Trump. "It is from Mr. Grippe, I suppose; James gave it to me at the stile. I'm off!"

"Stop, sir! Let us see what — Hey! it is quite an epistle. Let us sit down here and read. What a nice hand he writes! It is far better than yours, Trump."

Spreading the sheet out upon her lap, the good lady read:

"*Dear Madam* :— The late Mr. Trumpley entrusted me with certain moneys before his death, with written instructions, which may now be carried out. Your compliance with some provisions is needful; and one of these provisions is, that you shall reside at Halidon. Your apartments over the South Terrace have been carefully kept as you left them, and they now wait your return. I beg you to occupy them at once — this evening. I send the carriage for you, and the spring cart will be at Rose Cottage before you will have packed your trunks. Mr. Trumpley Wailes' room is also prepared, and his occupation of it is also a part of these instructions. At the proper time I will produce these documents, and hope to satisfy you that I have faithfully carried out your brother's wishes.

"I may add, that Mr. Radcliffe Merton's rather sudden notice to

vacate Rose Cottage had nothing whatever to do with the arrangement. I had prepared my household for your arrival before I left Halidon this morning.

"I have the honor to be, dear Madam,

"Very respectfully your obed't servant,

"ANTHONY GRIPPE."

Mother and son looked at each other in mute bewilderment.

"What does this mean, Trump?"

"What does this mean, Mother?"

And they glared at each other again.

"My son," said Mrs. Wailes, "you have not done well in concealing from me your real feelings."

"Concealing from you, Mother!" answered Trump, with a guilty blush; "what can you mean?"

"If you have known, or even suspected that Mr. Grippe was stark mad, you should have told me. You must have seen some symptoms of insanity before this proof arrived. What has he said to you?"

"Nothing about this; I am utterly at a loss to account for it. May I read the note? Thank you, ma'am. 'Mr. Trumpley Wailes' room!' I have no room; I can never have a room at Halidon."

"Has Mr. Grippe said anything about Mabel to you, sir?"

"No, ma'am—yes, ma'am—that is—I don't know. He said he would help me find some one. I told him it was too late—"

"Too late! What in the world do you mean, Trumpley?"

"I mean that Miss Grahame has already made her choice, or has allowed herself to be chosen by—by—another—"

"Another what? Another great booby! Another? You are as mad as Mr. Grippe. Another? Oh you precious simpleton! What have you said to her?"

"Not a word, Mother."

"Who is Another, Trump?"

"Mr. Clinton. It is all right, Mother. He is a gentleman; he has plenty of money; he is good-looking. I like him, and I am resolved to conquer the foolish repugnance I feel. He invited me to-day to begin my week at Beechwood to-night, and I accepted. I am going there, with your permission—"

"And I am going to Halidon. I will find out the bottom of this Another business before I sleep."

"Oh, Mother, I entreat you do not even hint to Miss Grahame that I have indulged in these foolish dreams! Please let events take their course; it was only a passing fancy—"

"If I did not know you were telling stories I'd knock you down, sir. Come, help me pack up—you infant! Another! Oh you wretch!"

Mr. Wailes followed her submissively. There was some very hasty packing done. Trump's portmanteau was put in the carriage, the spring-cart was laden with trunks and boxes, and they bade adieu to Rose Cottage by starlight. The keys were sent to Merton Park by Milly Galt, who blundered along the lane with her apron to her eyes. She also had a neat little note from Mrs. Wailes to Miss Lucy, in which she regretted that she had not sooner known Mr. Radcliffe's

wish to have the Cottage, and enclosing the rent up to the end of the quarter, and announcing the fact that she would be at Halidon, where she hoped to meet her and dear Sybil, with her compliments to the Squire, her love to Sybil, and was very affectionately hers, Edith Trumpley Wailes.

"It seems to me, Trump," quoth Mrs. Wailes, as they lost sight of Milly, "that Miss Lucy can detect a striking resemblance now between Mr. Radcliffe Merton and Another."

"Whom do you mean, Mother?"

"I mean that amiable quadruped from Berkshire that the Squire persists in showing to all his visitors, and that grunts with so much satisfaction when you fill his trough."

"Don't be too hard on Rad, Mother. He was in a great rage, and I am afraid I tantalised him. Poor Rad! he is eaten up with selfishness. I said some hard things to him, as he enraged me by his insolent tones. He was constantly implying that Mr. Grippe had made a mistake in clothing me with such powers, and that I was insufferably conceited on account of my sudden promotion."

"I hope you did not quarrel, Trump," said his mother.

"Oh no! Rad Merton will not quarrel with me very seriously."

"Why not?"

"Because he knows I can polish him off. We have tried the gloves and the foils to his entire satisfaction. I never knew Rad to engage in a contest where the result was doubtful."

"That remark will match my reference to the gentleman from Berkshire," said Mrs. Wailes. "Radcliffe is a scamp, Trumpley."

"Yes, a regular scamp."

"We will let him off now with no worse title. I hope you and he will be better strangers hereafter. You never saw his mother? Well, I will tell you a secret, Trump, which must go no farther. She is hateful!"

Mrs. Wailes said this so emphatically that the carriage stopped. They looked up, and found that the lodge-gates of Halidon were swinging open. Trump alighted and took his portmanteau.

"You will make my excuses to Mr. Grippe, Mother. A previous engagement, you know; Mr. Clinton invited me as I passed Beechwood this morning."

"I suppose I might say two previous engagements," whispered Mrs. Wailes; "Mr. Clinton's engagement to Another—or did you say there was an engagement?"

"I never asked, ma'am."

"Well, suppose you ask him to-night. Do, Trump, just to satisfy my curiosity."

"Not I, Mother."

"I suppose you will let me hear from you occasionally; and I suppose I may drop you a line occasionally from Halidon, that is if you take any interest in Halidon?"

"While you are there, Mother, I take great interest."

"And Another? Good-night, Trump. Come nearer, my son, and let me whisper. You poor goose, you milksop, you darling boy, don't be such a blockhead! There is no such thing in the wide world as Another; and if there were, I'd—poison him. Good-night."

A RICE-PLANTATION AS IT USED TO BE.

THE desolation of war, and of a peace which has been latent war, have so completely effaced the distinctive features of "Life on a Southern Plantation" as it used to be, that I feel sure a sketch from nature will not prove uninteresting, as the descriptions generally met with in popular tales are almost always too grandiloquent and unsatisfactory, when not absolutely untrue. Besides, the peculiarities of the cultivation of the great staple of South Carolina and its preparation for market are also but little known to many on whose table it forms a common dish.

On the banks of one of the noble rivers which flow past our loved City by the Sea lies our ancestral home, which for near three-fourths of a century has witnessed "the gathering of the clan" as merry Christmas-tide and the joyous spring-time in turn gave a few brief weeks to the school-boys and girls and dignified collegians. My great-grandmother was one of those brave old matrons of the Revolutionary War who, when at the fall of Charleston her husband and brothers, among forty of the most prominent citizens, were sent on the prison-ships to St. Augustine to be retained as hostages, accompanied them on board, cheering their drooping hearts at the parting moment; then in all the dark and trying hours which followed proved so staunch and uncompromising a rebel that, despairing of conquering her proud spirit, the petty tyrant who then held military sway banished her with her numerous family to Philadelphia, where she remained till her loved ones were released. She never saw her husband again, for when she arrived at Philadelphia she was met by a friend with the tidings of his death on board ship just after reaching that port. In after years she presided at her country-seat as lady of the manor, with such generous hospitality to her wide but closely united circle of children, step-children and grand-children, nieces and nephews, by whom her house was always filled, and lavished so much care and labor on the extensive pleasure-grounds which lay between the house and the fertile rice-fields beyond, often employing upon them alone ten or twelve "hands," as the negroes were called, that finally her property became seriously embarrassed, and in turn involved my grandfather. He was resting on the comfortable independence gained as one of the prominent lawyers of his native city, while his numerous sons were just graduating or studying at the most celebrated institutions of the times — Yale, Philadelphia Medical College, and others. All was freely given up to liquidate his mother's debts, and once more he turned to his profession. The habits of the aged are not easily changed, and the first shock over, the stately old lady soon returned to her former style of life, spending more than she made, living three-fourths of the year at the plantation, where she was "monarch of all she surveyed," then returning to the city in her coach and four (this being before steamboats were invented), while

her household retinue preceded her a few days in the plantation schooner, which was as much a part of the establishment as the carriage. Again did her debts overwhelm her, and this time a wealthy old bachelor-friend of the family bought and presented the old homestead to my grandmother, whose Christian fortitude under these and other severe trials had increased his admiration for her noble character. Thus when soon after, my father, having just graduated under the distinguished Dr. Rush, returned to his birth-place to take charge of the planting while awaiting practice among the families and negroes of the surrounding planters, he found no wealth at command; indeed, he himself was without a dollar. Years passed, and by prudence combined with careful observation and willingness to accept the ever-progressive truths of science, he became one of the most successful planters on the river, and in time, after marrying and purchasing a neighboring place, gave up practice and settled down on the old family home, which he owned at the time of which I am writing.

Along the edge of the river, where once dense swamps of cypress afforded hiding-places to the Indians, lay the rice-fields, protected from the adjacent waters by high banks, wide enough for a man on horseback, and pierced at intervals by wooden flood-gates or "trunks," by which the water could be admitted to the crop when needed. The fields were laid out in regular parallelograms, divided by deep but narrow ditches, which afforded thorough drainage. Other fields lay more inward on the borders of a small, deep creek, up which the schooner could run and drop anchor but a few yards from the large mill worked by water-power, where the rice was pounded and prepared for market. Near by on one hand was another large barn with mill attached. This worked by mules, threshed the grain or ground corn; and around lay the extensive barn-yard, with its surface almost as hard as a floor, and as clean. On the other side were the overseer's house and outbuildings, and at a little distance, in another group, the carpenter's, blacksmith's and cooper's shops, for all the barrels needed for sending the crop to market were made on the place. Truly it was a little world within itself. I had almost forgotten one item found quite advantageous in the government of that miniature world — a small house near the overseer's, divided into four narrow cells not much larger than a stateroom, where runaways, inveterate idlers and other delinquents were locked up in solitude for days at a time, or merely at night when the day's work was over, and it seldom failed of happy effect. A broad, firm wagon-road led through extensive corn-fields, past the negro-village, which merits a particular description in due time, to the dwelling-house. It was no "stately mansion with marble floors, and frescoed walls hung with copies from the old masters," &c., but a very unpretending frame-building on a brick basement, containing, besides large dining- and sitting-rooms and pantry, but seven chambers, the upper ones with roofs partially sloped. It boasted no architectural beauty, but its air of simple dignity and content was enhanced by the scores of years which had darkened its homely walls. The basement contained the store-rooms, where powder and shot, leather, hogsheads of molasses and other

such supplies were kept under the master's private key, while the mistress's was filled with barrels of pork and bacon and kits of salt fish, festooned with hams and sausages and the scores of other good things which supplied her bountiful table, their own herds, flocks and poultry-yards furnishing ample varieties of dainty fare; to which were added the canvas-back, teal, and English wild ducks, which, driven from the ice-bound North in dense flocks, found rich feeding-grounds on the large rice-field at the foot of the garden, which, flooded in winter, formed the mill-pond. As there were no places of purchase nearer than the city, thirty miles away, each planter was obliged to be dependent on his own resources. Either bank of the river was lined by places owned by gentlemen of equal birth and education, who possessed besides the extensive forests lying beyond, and as they were united in interest, effectually prevented the setting-up of any country-stores, those prolific sources of corruption and drunkenness. Still further to check the introduction of liquor, to which the negroes are much addicted, they were forbidden to trade with the steamboats which plied weekly up the river, their masters offering fair prices for their eggs and chickens, and supplying them in return, at wholesale prices, with good coffee, sugar, tobacco and homespun, or sending to town for the gay calicoes or bright chequered Madras kerchiefs used as turbans they might fancy instead.

But this digression has led me away from "the servants' hall," where the old gray-headed butler "Daddy Peter" held sway over three or four half-grown lads; "the dairy," opening from it, whose shelves were filled with the produce of half-a-dozen well-fed milch-cows, which kept us amply supplied with fresh butter and delicious "clabber" all winter, in spite of the large amount of milk consumed at table and in generous desserts; the "lumber-room," converted into a sleeping-place for the boys when the house was full, much to their delight, as it gave such capital opportunity for slipping out without disturbing others to join a "coon hunt" at night; and last among the "offices," included in the basement, was the large latticed wood-room, kept filled by a four-team wagon every few days heavily loaded with huge logs of well-seasoned oak, hickory and gum, with the rich lightwood so abundant in our forests. Every night two men were detailed from the field-hands to come up to the house and cut and split the wood in suitable lengths, a blazing lightwood fire lighting up the swarthy group who always gathered around into a "gypsy scene."

The furniture was as simple and old-fashioned as the house itself. The bedsteads, with slender posts of carved mahogany surmounted by snowy draperies of dimity, fringed and festooned in marvellous labyrinths, and the soft, restful feather-beds and wool mattresses, wooing the weary to slumber, were characteristic of the real comfort, so thoroughly unostentatious, which pervaded the whole house. Could the tiny black statuette of The Little Corporal which always stood before the long mantel-mirror, and the life-sized bust of our favorite, Sir Walter Scott, which stood on a tall pedestal in the corner, have but spoken, what romances might they not have revealed to us of the whispered vows they had heard exchanged in the large "lovers'

chairs" which stood on either side the sitting-room fire-place. Those chairs, just wide enough to afford a good excuse for an encircling arm around some "dear little cousin," were in my childhood my special winter-nooks, where I might generally be found curled up over a book; and though perhaps near a century old, one is still in daily use.

From the front porch swept broad brick steps, widening as they descended, and ending in low, flat-topped pillars on either side, which served as horse-blocks for the girls. My father told me that when he was quite young, returning late one afternoon from shooting, he found a black bear sitting quietly on one of the pillars. As his gun was empty, he stood for a few moments considering how best to get rid of his unwelcome guest, who meanwhile concluded his company did not seem acceptable, so rose with all the dignity Bruin is capable of, and walked away with sober step.

Immediately in front was a large circle of greensward, around which swept the carriage-way to the avenue of cedars, nearly a mile in length. On one side of this circle, and nearly overshadowing it, was the largest live-oak I have ever seen, eighteen feet in girth; the trunk, which in my father's boyhood was hollow, rose for about ten feet, then separated into four enormous branches, each a giant in itself. Truly it was a mighty monarch of the primeval forests, whose birth was lost in the records of a hoary antiquity. Where the branches parted, such broad, inviting seats were found, easily reached by a short ladder, that it was a famous play-house for the children with their dolls, and my favorite reading-room in the balmy spring-time, while the boys clambered like squirrels to the topmost boughs, moss-laden, which reared their heads far aloft. The great gnarled roots, spreading around for thirty-five feet, formed such comfortable arm-chairs with the aid of soft cushions, that there was the chosen bower of the older girls, whose nimble fingers were occupied with needlework, while their thoughts were entranced by *Kenilworth* and *Ivanhoe* and the other soul-stirring visions of olden-time conjured into life by "The Wizard of the North;" or anon "the bower" was converted into a kitchen, where merry maidens presided over the boiling and pulling of "molasses candy" into pale, golden-hued sticks fantastically twisted, while the boys in a nook on the other side prepared the charcoal used, as my father had taught them. A swing hung from one great branch, while another nearly swept the earth with its boughs, until my father, fearing some fierce storm might wrench apart the mighty mass and destroy it like its fellow which once stood opposite, was compelled to sacrifice it to the safety of the parent tree. That noble tree holds a prominent place in the memories of "auld lang syne," for many a moonlit night did we dance on the greensward at its feet, or play merry games in December as well as April, for in the Sunny South balmy days and nights which seemed fraught with the coming spring were common even at Christmas: but the blight which has fallen on our land seems to have affected even our climate; the vampires who are sucking its very life-blood appear to have brought with them some of the severity of their own frozen country.

On one side lay the long, low stable for mules and milch-cows; on the other, both at convenient distances but directly under the master's

eye, the carriage-house and horse-stable, containing besides a spirited pair for the lofty, high-box carriage, whose fashion had long since passed away, and my father's own riding-horse, a half-dozen others broken to the harness or saddle ; many of them, born on the place and given to the successive children, were freely allowed the youngsters, after old Tom, the coachman, had looked well to the girth and bridle. The boys, when they had scarce numbered their sixth year, commenced to ride alone, without stirrups, on a soft sheepskin strapped instead of a saddle in ancient Persian style.

The pleasure-grounds, once my great-grandmother's pride, fifteen acres in extent, lay back of the house, divided from the front lawn by low fences sweeping in graceful curves and lined with sweet old-fashioned flowers, the beautiful Persian lilac, odorous crab-apple, snowy-budded syringa, and homely "shrub," whose dark blossoms perfume the air when crushed ; the fragile fringe-tree peculiar to our Southern forests, the exquisite beauty of whose snowy tassels passes away like a floating cloud ; and the small, thick-clustering glossy leaves of the Cherokee rose almost hiding its numberless snowy buds ; with borders of buttercups, jonquils, snowdrops and violets, bounding the broad grass-plats of varied shapes which lay on three sides of the house. Tall, graceful elms, whose straight columns rose for twenty or thirty feet without a branch, then spread out long drooping boughs, grew on the borders of the grass-plats, beyond which broad walks led to what in earlier days had been a fish-pond. The centre walk was formed of the beautiful mock-orange, alternating with tall, spire-like Lombardy poplars. The left was entirely of pear-trees, of several varieties, some of them of great age, and bearing abundant supplies of luscious fruit ; that on the right, entirely of poplars and rose-bushes, led down to the cool spring which bubbled at the foot of the hill, most convenient to the strawberry beds, extending for about an acre. Here, when the berries were gathered, the girls often used to go to wash and stem them ; and when a servant brought cream and sugar, all gathered to enjoy the rosy fruit on "the mound" near by, whose top was encircled by seats affording a pretty view of the landing-place a half-mile away.

Have I lingered too long and lovingly over the surroundings to my early home, where every tree under whose shadow I used to play or among whose branches I climbed to find a leafy bower, seems a friend whose portrait is as distinct as that of my playmates ? I cannot pass by the stately twin magnolias, the only two on the place, which formed so striking and beautiful an object, especially when in spring their closely interlocked branches were crowned from lofty apex to where they swept the ground with magnificent blossoms, whose snowy petals seemed to glisten in contrast with the glossy, dark green leaves. Truly, that noble tree is worthy of its name, *Magnolia Grandiflora*. Nor can I forget the great pecan-trees, whose loaded boughs always afforded us such treasures when "the wintry winds" roared angrily. They were friends whose familiar faces were always most eagerly sought by the children each succeeding season. These "vignettes," if they fail to reproduce the whole, at least can give a faint idea of the real, healthy, invigorating sources of country happiness gathered into the compass of the well-named "pleasure-grounds."

Before we visit the negro village, let me call your attention to the lofty two-story brick building about a hundred yards from the dwelling, shaded by beautiful elms. It really looks more imposing than the latter, as if it "could a tale unfold" of bygone glories, though now descended in fortune; but a glance within either the laundry or the kitchen shows that ample as are their limits, the huge fireplaces, which recall those so oft described by Sir Walter Scott of ancient Saxon days, were never intended for other than their present purpose. There old "Maum Rachel," so renowned for her skill, held supreme sway over a half-dozen little scullions, while her own movements were guided by the old-fashioned brass sun-dial, placed on the grass-plot in front for her special behoof. Above, in glass-lighted, well-built rooms, each with a fire-place, lived the household retinue of nurses, maids, and men-servants, &c., with their children, nearly a score in number, the old butler keeping a general surveillance over the motley crew.

The Lovers' Walk, which led from the garden-gate to the little village beyond, was of young elms, whose inner branches were so closely interlaced that the sunshine scarcely flickered through, save to trace leafy sprays on the ground beneath, while the outer boughs drooped until those who sought that spot either to pace in solitary meditation or more commonly with some congenial spirit, were well nigh hidden from passing view. Maiden hands had planted and cherished the tender saplings in "auld lang syne," and together they had grown and budded into beauty, fair types of each other, until the softly waving leaflets had caught and kept the whispered vows so often heard beneath. Alas! this too is among the things that were; vandal hands have laid them low, grudging perchance the few yards of earth on either side thus taken from the surrounding corn-field.

Elms were so characteristic a feature of the care and cultivation bestowed on our old homestead that it might well have been named Elm Grove, for they were regularly planted on front of each row of negro-houses, which stood facing each other. These were all built alike of well-seasoned wood, and raised about two feet from the ground, with brick chimneys. Each had a good-sized hall or "common room" on the chimney side, the other half being divided into two sleeping-rooms with a loft above, reached by a ladder, this being the store-room and "lumber-room" for the household. Every Sunday afternoon when the weather was good my mother used to walk down to the negro-village, stopping at the different houses for a few kind words to the inmates, and nothing she could have said would have greater weight with those who were lazy and slovenly in person and house than to tell them that next time she would not enter their houses, as they were too dirty for her to visit. As children we ran in at all times to see and talk to them. In the rear of each negro-house was the fowl-house, for our negroes were not allowed to keep hogs, partly because of the uncleanly and therefore unhealthy surroundings involved, and partly because it would afford them additional temptation for their master's, under color of ownership. Cuffee and Sambo can rarely withstand a chance opportunity of securing fresh, juicy pork on the sly; it is more than their grease-loving palate can endure. So all such trials were removed from sight at least, the

master's being kept in the forest beyond the enclosed lands by one of the old Africans we had — all small, monkey-looking men, too old for any more active service than this, or basket-making by one who was lame and nearly blind. The tattooing across their breasts and wrinkled faces showed, they said, that they had been princes in their own country.

At the end of the village on one side lived old Adam, the venerable "driver," or foreman as he would now be called, quite an intelligent man, a few years younger than his master, and trained under the latter until he became almost as good a rice-planter, while his honesty and justice made him loved and respected among those he governed as deputy, and only feared by the wrong-doers ; indeed he was, I think, a favorable specimen of his class, and such confidence did my father repose in him, that for several years there was no overseer on the place even in summer when the family were necessarily away in their city home, though my father went up every fortnight and stayed for a week at his "pine-land" house in the village, about five miles off. As the malaria from the swamp-lands after nightfall is almost certain death to the white man, the planters rode or drove to their places after an early breakfast, so as to make their rounds of the fields after the dew was off, but before the sun attained meridian power, taking care to leave before sunset for the purer pine-land atmosphere. As years passed and my father's declining health prevented him from visiting the plantation so frequently in summer, he engaged a youth of nineteen or twenty to stay there, as "key-keeper" merely he said; the law requiring an overseer on any place from which the owner was absent six months at a time ; but the real trust was reposed in his faithful old servant. In those days no gentleman, nor even an educated man of the lower walks of life, unless in rare cases, would take the position of overseer, and they had to be drawn generally from a class of people who lived further in the interior, "poor buckra" as the negroes always called them, who had but little education beyond the three "R's."

But more of old Adam anon, while we return to the village and his opposite neighbor, the patriarch among the many aged negroes who spent their last days free from care and toil without ever fearing "the wolf at the door." Old Mathias at ninety years of age was an uncommonly fine-looking man, nearly six feet in height, broad-shouldered and remarkably erect ; no one who had seen him should a log of wood or a sack of grist and walk steadily down to his house with it, would ever have dreamed he was over fifty or sixty, save for his long staff and snow-white head and beard. He stood among four generations of descendants, many of whom were among those of best character on the place. In his early days he had shown himself quite unworthy of some important trust — driver, I think — and for years he was not allowed to live on the plantation, but was banished with his family to take charge of a large saw-mill about three miles off in the forest beyond. Negroes are eminently a social race, and this enforced retirement from the companionship of his equals must have had a salutary effect, for when I remember him he was well thought of, and indeed I did not learn of his temporary banishment for years after he

had passed away. I think he must at one time have been the gardener, for he seemed to know a great deal about the vegetable department, and almost daily was his tall figure seen wending its way there to superintend the coachman, whose leisure hours were devoted to its cultivation.

Beyond Mathias' house stood a large building, surmounted by a small cupola, which always bore its original name, the church, having been built that the parish clergyman, always an Episcopalian, might hold service there at regular intervals, Sunday afternoons or nights ; but the quiet, orderly, beautiful service of our church did not have sufficient attractions for their excitable natures, and when a Methodist chapel was built about two miles off on the high-road, they flocked to that whenever a travelling preacher was announced, and the spacious room gradually passed into use as the nursery, where all the little children of the laborers were taken care of during their mothers' absence at work ; and at their Christmas holidays, lighted by pine torches, they "danced till the broad daylight," and all day long if they wanted, for "mossa" paid the fiddler and furnished the pork and molasses, rice and potatoes, &c., with which they could keep Merry Christmas.

My father, after trying various plans in providing their daily rations, such as giving out a certain amount of meat and grain or potatoes according to the size of the family, by the week, and then by the day, and finding that the native indolence of many would send them to their work unprovided with proper food, because too lazy to grind their corn, or perhaps to get the necessary fuel, determined to have their meals regularly cooked and shared out hot to them. All reforms receive strenuous opposition among the ignorant and those for whose good especially intended, and this case was no exception. He then tried experiments to ascertain the quantity necessary for each individual, and found a quart of grain daily, either small rice or grist, and three pounds of meat weekly, amply sufficient. This was again divided, that each was furnished with his or her evening rations to be cooked as they pleased ; but breakfast and dinner were prepared and served out to them by the "plantation cook,"—the driver, whose horn had summoned them at sunrise, standing by to see that each received due amount. The small-rice, which is the "eye" or germinating point of the seed, and is the sweetest part, most planters sold, because it always brought a good price ; but the negroes were very fond of it, and my father therefore kept it for their use. For about two-thirds of the year this formed their staple article of food, alternating with hominy and sweet potatoes the rest of the time. The latter, which upon the other plantation, a few miles off, contained from some peculiarity of the soil a remarkable degree of saccharine matter, my father cultivated largely, because they were a prime article of food with his negroes, especially during the winter. Potatoes require great care to preserve them from rapid decay when in such large masses, and one of the things that would have immediately attracted a stranger's eye near the barnyard was the long, low earth-hut or potato-cellar, where every evening a smoking fire was made to dry the atmosphere. So deliciously sweet were these potatoes that I have

seen the water in which they were boiled for the "hands" eagerly drunk by the little negroes, as if it were molasses and water, as it seemed to be. The cook fearing they would be made sick, reported it to my father, who, after tasting it and finding how much saccharine matter it contained, gave orders to let them have it *ad libitum*. These little ones, of which there were about thirty or forty, were under charge of a lame woman, who cooked their meals, their rations always being separate from their parents', and took care of them while the mothers were at work, the elder ones acting as nurses and carrying the infants to the mothers when needful. The plantation nurse, who was also dairy-woman, had to keep an eye on them, report and take care of the sick. If any of the negroes were ill or had any contagious disease, they were removed to a roomy hospital in sight of, but apart from, the other houses; and as "mossa" was a doctor, they had the best medical attendance whenever needed; and the back-door of the dwelling-house was never locked, that he might be called upon at any hour of the night. He owned about one hundred negroes (we never called them *slaves*: that word was used by Northerners and foreigners, who never could and never will understand the bond of affection and interest which formerly connected us with our servants), of whom not more than forty-five were workers, the rest being children, old people, and the household staff with their numerous little ones. There were generally about four or six old or infirm ones, either lame or epileptic, who did little but take care of each other. One whom I especially remember was a hideous old cripple, blind of one eye, whose sole employment was weaving the broom-straw baskets used in carrying rice in the barnyard. He was like all the native Africans in our section, small and grotesque, a striking contrast to the dignified old Adam or Mathias, as if the latter were of a different race.

Our plantation contained but little over a hundred acres of swamp rice-land, and not quite seventy of upland, where corn, peas and potatoes were cultivated for home consumption. It was the habit everywhere to give the laborer a certain amount to hoe: a full-grown hand had a half-acre as "task" if the soil was light; if heavy, a quarter-acre, and the half-grown youths in like proportion, so that it depended chiefly on their industry at what hour they could "knock off" and return home, free for the rest of the evening to attend their own little patch, or fish or sleep, or anything they pleased but to leave the plantation; and many have I seen returning early in the afternoon, while others crept home lazily after dark. During the harvest and thrashing seasons they worked from sunrise to sunset, for no time could be lost then.

The preparation of the rice-fields by ploughing and hoeing commenced in February, when it was considered that the severe frosts of the preceding months had killed the seed dropped at harvest-time, which otherwise would spring up as "volunteer," and therefore inferior rice. The thick stubble of three or four inches was thoroughly ploughed in and hoed, and the narrow trenches for the seed laid on either side the late rows. The planting began about March 20th, when all fear of frost was generally over. One set of

hands "trenched," the sower and coverer, usually women, stepping quickly and regularly after. The seed, which was previously thoroughly blackened by a mixture of tar and soot in order to protect it against the voracity of the little May-birds (later in the year known as the delicious rice-bunting), is dropped thickly in the rows, and covered lightly with a rake made of a small piece of board. As each field is planted it is "flowed" very gently, so as not to sweep away the seed, and just deep enough to cover the soil and aid the seed in germinating. The rapacity of the little birds which flocked there in thousands was so great that if the golden grain had not been thus effectually concealed they would have harvested it immediately. After remaining on for several days, till the seed sprouts, the water is withdrawn to give sun and air to the tender shoots, which grow rapidly. In a few days the master's eyes is greeted with clearly-defined lines of softest emerald hue, four or five inches apart, extending on every side. When the grass-like shoots are about four inches in height the water is again turned on for the "long flow" of three or four weeks, and just before this is withdrawn, in the first week or two in May, the planter is obliged to send his family away, as the exhalations from the humid soil under our burning Southern sky are almost sure to produce the very dangerous type of fever peculiar to our lowlands, known amongst us simply as "country-fever." And yet it is the sweetest time of all the year; the balmy air is so laden with the perfume of the rose and the honeysuckle, the violet and the woodbine, and the emerald carpet so thickly starred with the tiny, gem-like forget-me-not, while the soft rustling overhead is answered by the murmur of the more distant pines, that it is almost impossible to persuade one's self that death lurks in that paradise. We used to go to the little village of C., about five miles away, built on a healthy ridge of pine-barren, which stretched for two or three hundred acres beyond the dense forest which lay opposite the plantation, forming indeed a portion of the same tract. The long, graceful draperies of gray moss which festoon our magnificent live-oaks, forming a marked feature of our woods, is also a sign of the humidity of the atmosphere, and it is only where no traces of its presence are to be found that it has been proved healthy for the delicately-organised white man during the sultry summer, and indeed until a killing or "black" frost has completely withered all vegetation. My father owned most of this ridge, and choosing a pleasant location for a simple cottage, determined when his neighbors wished to join him to arrange matters so that none but those who would be acceptable members of their little circle could obtain a residence there. All the planters were gentlemen, who met regularly at their club, while the elder ladies visited sociably, and the young people, during the holidays especially, revelled in dancing and riding parties, and "picnics" as they were called, at the club-house, being really country balls, where each matron vied in furnishing the handsome supper, and the gentlemen supplied the wine and music. Therefore to prevent any intruder or shopkeepers from opening temptation to the servants, no lots were sold, and houses could only be built by those to whom the owner chose to lease them for a long term. The

houses were all very simply built, generally of pine, and all the furniture was of the simplest kind, as most of those who went there looked upon their stay as a kind of maroon, flitting afterwards, like ourselves, to the city, or to Sullivan's Island and elsewhere, for a trip.

In the meantime the rice has been springing up rapidly under that "long flow," and the grass with it, so that it must be drawn off, for the latter to be carefully pulled up and the crop thoroughly hoed. Later, it is again flowed for a time, the length depending upon the season; if rainy, of course the river water is not so much needed; if very dry, and the ocean salts have strongly affected the latter, the rice must suffer, for the planter dares not offer such a poisonous draught to the "pride of his heart." Those who at such times, from the situation of their places, have either a natural or artificial "reserve" of fresh water with which to refresh the drooping stems, are blessed indeed. Once more is the crop thoroughly hoed and picked free from grass before the final "harvest flow" is put on, which remains until ten days before the sickle is to be put in, and this frequently has to be changed that the water may not become stale and thus deprive the grain of nutriment. The weight of the heavy heads of grain would bend the slender stems to the ground, closely as they are placed for mutual strength, were it not for the support of the water, just high enough to avoid the heavy ears, swaying gracefully with every passing breeze. It is at this time that are shown the skill and discretion of the planter and his driver, if he is fortunate to have such a good one as "old Adam." To watch the various fields carefully and ascertain the quality of the water in time, then catch the right tide to let the water gently off on one side and let it in on the other; to note the temperature, that the refreshing stream may not suddenly chill the tender plant, in these and a score of other ways did they aid nature by science.

The twentieth of August was the earliest day for beginning the harvest on that river, but the seasons caused variations of course. The sultry heat soon dried the long-soaked earth, and the reapers began their labor. Each dropped the handful he had grasped by itself, never stopping to bind, as the grain had to be cut in just such a stage as to secure its perfection; if allowed to become a trifle too matured before cutting it would "shell out" on the field and be lost, and if bound too fresh it would steam and spoil the quality. Thus the binders followed at a distance, giving the sunshine free play, and when the sheaves were bound they were piled around in tiny ricks of eight or ten, for further opportunity of thorough drying before removal next day to the barnyard, where they were formed into huge, house-shaped stacks with sloping roofs, arranged in regular rows like a village, only that the "streets" and intervening "lanes" were also in miniature. Looking down upon them from the great barn in the growing twilight, one might well fancy he gazed upon the crowded roofs of a suburbs of the poor, while the busy workers in the space below might well be taken for the dwellers.

The slow process of threshing out the rice by the old-fashioned flail was soon superseded by a machine worked by mules, which rapidly separated the grain from the straw; the latter was piled in great hills

in the barnyard, whence supplies were daily drawn for the horses and cattle, as all animals are fond of it. The grain is measured daily as threshed, and conveyed to the mill, where immense bins are prepared to receive the "rough rice." The first process it underwent was passing between mill-stones, placed in the upper story, to loosen the chaff. The mill was worked by water-power, and the lower story seemed filled with a net-work of broad bands, machinery, and six enormous iron-shod pestles to pound off the chaff. One of these wide leathern bands contained small tin scoops at regular intervals, which in revolving dipped into the bin, and thus conveyed the grain to the grind-stones above, returning empty, while the rice flowed down into another bin by a wooden trough. The mortars held not more than a half-bushel at a time, to insure thorough beating and no loss by flying out; these were filled by hand, and the mill started. To watch those ponderous masses of wood and iron, so regularly and ceaselessly uplifted in air, they appeared as resistless as fate, and many a time have I watched them with a weird, mute terror which fascinated me, that I should be compelled by some unseen force to thrust myself under their power and be instantaneously crushed out of existence. The fearful din only increased my fancy that it was a battle of giants, or Don Quixote's battle with the windmills, and thus even in the dusty rice-mill I found food for my vivid imagination. But as a man of powerful will often conquers his apparently inevitable fate by a vigorous watchful effort, thus were my giants frequently as suddenly arrested in mid-career, by a strong bar quickly thrust through an aperture a few feet from the butt, and into a similar opening in the neighboring pillar, each pestle being purposely adjusted separately in order to examine the grain or stir it to prevent it from becoming heated. When sufficiently pounded the grain then passed through several "screens," some of fine wire, others bolting-cloths of a peculiar fine silk material, to separate first the coarse, then finer chaff, and last the almost impalpable rice-flour, while also dividing the rice into "whole, middling, and small," the latter being the broken grains of various sizes. The last stage before putting it into barrels was "polishing," accomplished by rapidly revolving a cylinder covered with unshorn sheepskin in a felt-lined mortar; and here again great care must be taken not to affect the quality of the rice by overheating. From nineteen to twenty-one bushels of fine quality whole rice were required to fill a rice-barrel; the more broken the grain, or lighter in quality, took more. Whole rice when properly cooked will swell to nearly three times its original bulk, as was tested to the satisfaction of Napoleon I. when about to set off on his expedition to Egypt. He wished to ascertain what kind of food could be carried in smallest bulk yet afford greatest nutriment. He addressed himself to a gentleman from South Carolina then at his court as Minister Plenipotentiary U. S. The latter invited the General to accompany him to his hotel, where in their presence a certain amount of rice was measured, washed, cooked, and measured again by General P.'s negro man servant.

Rice can be prepared as food in eighteen or twenty different ways, to suit the delicate appetite of the invalid as well as the fastidious

taste of the connoisseur in the art of eating, besides being largely used in the arts.

I have truthfully pictured our home as it was. Now all is sadly changed. Industry and energy, without capital, and hampered by an inefficient, unsatisfactory system of labor, are striving to cultivate its rich soil, and we can only trust in God.

E. E. H.

MURDERERS' BAR.

I.—RIVER MINING.

THE American River flows near Sacramento into the Sacramento River, and its different forks spread through more than one-third of the mining region of the State. It begins in different parts of the summit of the Sierras, with little springs hidden away amid scenes of bewildering grandeur and beauty, trickles down in bright rills from glaciers, flows onward through undulating hills, unites in one broad stream upon a plain that blazed in winter and spring with a Californian splendor of vegetation, and rolls into the Sacramento River, in former days a sparkling, bright and clear stream, now a sluggish, dark and muddy slough. On the middle fork of this river our camp was pitched. It was a grand and sombre spot, with a sinister name. The bar we worked was called "Murderers' Bar." It was not so called when we went there, but took its name from a tragedy that happened during our stay.

The man who studies Californian nomenclature can easily satisfy his antiquarian curiosity. The legends connected with its names are handed down from one set of miners to another, which follow each others as waves of the sea, and almost as rapidly. There are also found in each camp fossils of an earlier epoch, who are patriarchs and Methuselahs to the new-comer. These are relics of the earliest settlers; they saw the first "chispa" extracted, and it bound them with a spell they could never after break; their hands helped to raise the first log in the first building, and they can not tear themselves from the place of which they saw the first beginnings. How they drifted away from their native places must always be a mystery, for now they seem like the thread-like rootlets in a stream, which have been caught by a drooping branch, to which they cling and twine more closely as the stream rushes more swiftly. Go ask old Slocum, for he is still there, a resident of "nigh on ter quarter of a century," why it

is called Murderers' Bar, and he is ready with his yarn. But his throat is dry ; he cannot tell you out here in the wind, if a breath stirs, nor in the sun, if the day is clear, nor in the rain, if the sky is overcast ; and so you will have to adjourn to the "saloon." Old Slocum seems to live and move and have his being for that saloon ; the whole duty of his life seems to be to watch the strangers who enter there, and then the gray-haired old man always gets a treat. He begins with :—"This, gentlemen, is Murderers' Bar ; thereby hangs a tale." He has caught the quotation from some traveller, and always uses it in his exordium. Before the old man can talk he must have in his hand a glass of whiskey, which he pours from the decanter himself, covering the tumbler with his brawny fist to hide the number of "fingers." No one notices the size of his drinks now. He seldom gets one, except when some one stands treat, and his gray hairs and shaking hand almost bespeak the treater's restraint. Yet old Slocum was a fine, athletic young man of twenty-five when he first stood on the Bar. He has seen it all ; seen it grow up in flush times, swept away, then gradually rise from its ruins, and again sink into almost nothing. We cannot help wondering what would become of old Slocum if anything should happen to the few houses remaining, especially the saloon. It was a sad day to him when a waterspout broke in the river above, and swept tents and saloon away, and human lives too. Slocum forgets them, but he remembers the big tent with its music and dancing, its chinking money and its tables loaded with dust.

Taking a drink of whiskey is a scientific operation with the old man. He first rolls out of one corner of his mouth an immense quid of tobacco, he then washes his mouth with a slight sip of water, which he spurts out with an air of disgust, then takes a moderate mouthful of old Bourbon, throws it against the roof of his mouth, and swallows it, while a glow of pleasure irradiates his whole visage. "Byes, this air meat and drink, dipend on the word of an old man ; it air the best in Californy, the best as has iver bin seen at Murderers'. Jinks"—to the bartender—"you is improving your lickier." Jinks don't seem to be much complimented ; but Slocum throws his head back, lets the remainder in the glass slowly trickle down his throat, and with a sigh rubs his epigastrium with his left hand as he deposits the glass in his right on the counter. Get Slocum in one of his yarns, and the listener is forced to pay for many such interruptions ; but he is a good judge of human nature, and knows intuitively how many "horns" his listener's pocket can stand, and though he loves to talk, yet graduates the dryness of his whistle to the disposition of his hearer. We will not inflict Slocum's tale on our hearers, though he was a prime actor in the tragedy which gave our Bar a name. We introduce him, for he was and is, and probably will be there, the oldest inhabitant should you ever visit the Bar, and when he leaves, carried away we hope as the poor man of the parable was, there will be no other oldest inhabitant, none who can say, "I was thar, boys—thar's no wipin' that out, sartin'."

Our company came to the Bar some time after that in which Slocum was. When the rains of winter were over, placer, or surface-

digging, was not available. The ground from which gold is extracted must be washed. The rains and snows were gone, the gulches did not afford water sufficient for the "rocker" or "long-tom," as the rude mining utensils of that day were called, so the miner was forced to seek places to work on the banks or in the beds of rivers. The rainless summers caused the miners to emigrate in great numbers, and hundreds came to our Bar and its vicinity. The proceeds of the winter's work were invested in planks, nails, shovels, picks, and "grub"; the foaming waters were to be diverted from their course, the accumulated alluvium beneath them was to be removed, sometimes to the depth of fifteen or twenty feet, and the deeper crevices to be explored. Months were often required before the first gleam of ore was seen, but when it was struck, sometimes a few days repaid the labor expended. Sometimes, perhaps most frequently, those few days demonstrated the fact that all was labor lost.

The Bar was at the foot of a high and steep mountain, and of very difficult access. It ran out from the mountain in the shape of a huge Q, making a bend which was forced by the configuration of the mountain on the opposite side into a circular form, the waters at one place being separated by a strip of land not more than thirty feet across. Gold had been discovered along the banks of the entire circle and in its centre. Some supposed the original course of the river had been straight, and all the gold would necessarily be found in the narrow strip, while others contended that the deposit of gold was from the mountain itself, and would be found along the course of the stream as it now was. The first-comers were allowed the benefit of the doubt. They were possessors of the thirty feet; and when the numbers of the miners had increased to such an extent that mining laws were necessary, they still continued in possession, while one hundred and fifty feet of the bend were also conceded to them: fifteen feet to each individual worker on the Bar. On consultation it was determined to join together in constructing a flume to convey the waters of the river across the thirty feet. This would enable the miners to have better access to their claims. To do this required a strong dam built some distance above, and a large flume through which the waters could flow. It was a great work; but there were at least one hundred and fifty men to do it, young, active, earnest and intelligent most of them, not generally accustomed to hard work, it is true, but with energy equal to any emergency. Such men undertake and accomplish where others debate about it. The engineering skill of many of the early miners was not great at first; they were forced to learn by experience; but some of the greatest engineering achievements in the early history of California were accomplished by men who were ignorant of the first principles of the science. Roads were constructed, bridges and dams built, rivers diverted from their courses, and structures reared by them in a manner of which the best engineering skill might be proud.

When the dam was built, the flume at work, and the bed of the stream exposed, there came another work, that of getting out the debris of rock, gravel, sand, that rested on the bed-rock. In some places all of this contained gold; and the sand, gravel and smaller

rocks were passed through the long-tom and sluices, but the larger rocks had to be lifted to the surface and stowed out of the way. Some weighed tons: these were to be worked around and under, so they might not interfere with the extraction of the metal. It required skill and brains as well as energy to prepare and work a river-mine; and when all had been expended and the golden harvest almost in the grasp, often a few hours destroyed the labors of months and the hopes of future years of wealth and ease. There were two of the most fascinating of all emotions daily, hourly called into action—hope and fear. The alternations of these, together with the high mental requirements of river-mining, exceeding any other system, made it the most attractive of the mining adventures. It was, to use Jim Andrews' expression, "almost as good as keards and twice as nateral."

II.—YOUNG SLOCUM.

When we first went to the Bar there were but few there. Two parties only, to one of which Slocum belonged; and these with our own made twenty-one persons; but the banks of the river proved tolerably rich, prospectors were continually arriving, and soon the Bar had two hundred and fifty claimants, while on smaller bars above and below many others were settling. A plateau about thirty feet above the Bar served as a spot to build the inevitable saloons, gambling-houses, boarding-houses, and blacksmith-shops, with here and there a shanty for a private residence. This settlement was the general resort of the miners when disengaged from their labors. The miners themselves were scattered under brush and canvas tents up and down the river, where wood and water could be easily obtained, and their tents presented a fine show glistening in the sun, while at night their camp-fires extending miles up the river gave it a most picturesque appearance.

The dam was soon built, the flume completed; a general jubilee was held, and the miners entered upon their work. Day after day the sounds of active life were heard: the stroke of the pick, the slush of the dirt from the shovel, the shout at finding a nugget, the laugh over some blunder of a companion, mingled with the sounds of the waters and the winds. Night after night arose the sounds of song and mirth, combined with the rattle of pans and kettles as they prepared their evening meal. Then came a time when a pipe was in every man's mouth, and a quiet fell on each camp. Memories became busy, voices grew husky, and the intense craving for some excitement with which to hide the faces of loved ones, who looked perhaps reproachfully at our long absence, or to drown their voices, or to quench unbidden sorrows, drove men from their own camps to the plateau on which stood the town. There were always excitement and bustle, especially at night; however tame and quiet it might be during the day, as the evening approached all was life and activity. The saloons, the boarding-houses, first thronged; then sounds of sweet music from the "Round Tent" invited the tired miner. There too was heard the laugh of women, some very fair, and cruel as the grave.

The gambling-saloons were the bane of mining life. Some tables were presided over by women whose whole education had been to entangle and ensnare men. The principal gambling-saloon was known as the "Round Tent," an immense rotunda of canvas. Within it was bright with an array of lamps and bottles, and around its sides were tables on which were spread all kinds of games of chance. Delicious music invited the unwary within its folds, and the chink of gold and *chispa* lured them on to ruin. There was abundance of money among the miners, and the gaming-tables nightly reaped rich harvests.

At first there were none but men and abandoned women in the town; but as the news of the richness of the mines spread, it attracted the attention of men of family, and a few moved upon the plateau and opened boarding-houses and hotels. Miners, tired of their own crude cooking, anxious to hear the tread of a woman, the rustle of a woman's garment, the music of a woman's voice, congregated there and made the vocation lucrative. Among those who settled on the plateau was a man by the name of Tainer. His family consisted of a wife, wife's sister, and three children. The wife was a real home body, plump, good-looking, and always busy. Tainer had some mules, and spent his time mostly on the road between Sacramento and Murderers' Bar, bringing goods for the stores and his own boarding-house, which was presided over by his wife, whose business capacity was equal to any emergency. The sister was a beauty; to us, who seldom gazed on a pretty woman with any claims to virtue, she seemed a lovely wonder. Tall and graceful in form, her small head, crowned with a profusion of golden hair, was carried with the grace and bearing of a queen. Her face in repose was calm, but when she spoke or sang, delicate waves of color mantled its pure white and followed the varying expression. To us she was at once a divinity, and before the stage that bore her to the Bar had rolled away, one-half the male population was madly in love; the other half had not seen her. But Miss Spencer knew well how to repress anything like familiarity on the part of her admirers, and they were all who were brought within the magic circle of her charms.

There was one exception, and that was Jim Andrews. But Jim hated women; he had no idea that virtue could reside in a female frame. "Boys," he said, after having seen her surrounded by her servile crowd,—“boys, thar's a mistake about that ar woman some-whar. She aint a devil entirely, but she aint no angel. Them gray eyes of her'n glitter like ice, but thar's fire behind. I don't go nary a red onto her.”

Young Slocum flared up at once. His face was fiery red, his voice rather husky and agitated. "Jim Andrews, don't you say a word about Miss Spencer, or I'll shoot you as I would a dog!" Slocum was no contemptible antagonist; he stood six feet two, strong-armed, strong-limbed, with a large, well-formed head covered with wavy masses of brown hair. His complexion was almost as pure and ruddy as that of Miss Spencer, and his flashing eye and heightened color did not deteriorate from his looks as with a long, firm stride he approached Jim Andrews.

Jim never moved. A half-amused, half-contemptuous expression flickered in his face as he steadily looked Slocum in the eyes, and said: "Sit down, Slocum—sit down and don't git agitated. You've took it bad, old boy—took it was nor I thought on; but ef I wurnt sech an old stoaker, I dunno but I'd sorter git stuck myself. She's jest like a gal I tuk a fancy onto myself; but them gray eyes gits me."

"Let's hear about it, Jim," chimed in a dozen voices, for they knew the only hope of avoiding a quarrel was to change the subject; and so Slocum was jostled away by the boys' apparent eagerness to get near enough to Jim to hear his story.

At first Slocum was disposed to resent the interference and visit his wrath on others, but Jim commenced by saying, "Slocum, I wur jest about as young as you, boy—not quite as good-looking *pre-haps*, and I tuk it jest about as bad as a feller could; but"—and here Jim made a long pause—"but we didn't git married, we didn't."

"No wonder," said Slocum, throwing a look of extreme disgust upon his opponent, and drawing himself up in rather a belligerent attitude.

"No wonder," echoed Andrews, in an absent way, looking at Slocum, but as if unconscious of his presence. "No wonder," he reiterated, as he sighed a sigh for the past.

"The story, Jim, the story!" shouted the fellows.

"Boys," said Jim, "I took it bad, very bad. She had a sorter red hair jest like that gal, looked jest as sweet; but, boys," and Jim got up, stretched his arms and legs out, and heaving a deep sigh—"but, boys, we didn't git married," and Jim strode out of the room.

Miss Nettie Spencer grew in the esteem of the boys on the Bar. There was once a slight suspicion that she was a "blue," for several times Miss Nettie was found with a pile of manuscript before her; but she so prettily and with such sweet confusion denied the impeachment of being an authoress, "only amusing herself" as she said. Miss Nettie too was somewhat of a philanthropist, and talked of visits to the sick, which somehow were never made, and actually made us Bar fellows stare with astonishment when she announced one Sunday she thought a Sunday School ought to be started. The only juvenile scholars would have been drawn from her sister's family; but Slocum declared he would be as gentle as a dove and as obedient as a lamb; and had Miss Nettie been in earnest the whole Bar would have been at Sunday School. It was refreshing to hear the moral lectures Miss Nettie could give; but as she did this only to a few "spoonies," who could only be attracted to her side by her "moral suasion," they did not do much good. Singular to say, Miss Nettie loved admiration; she loved to be courted, to be petted, to be adored. Her toilette was made with scrupulous care to enhance her natural charms, but this was done on moral grounds. She averred: "It was a duty to love the Beautiful. Even flowers, beautiful as they were, were lovelier when arranged with regard to harmony of colors; and why should not men and women adorn themselves, in order to lift their fellows to higher conceptions of the Immortal Beauty?" We all admired Miss Nettie, and her logic was convincing. "Biled" shirts were in demand; fine boots began to appear on the dealers' counters, alongside of mining "stogas," and the barber became the most popular man on

the Bar. Miss Nettie was above the thought of sordid gold. "What is it?" she was wont to say, as the finest *chispas* and nuggets were laid upon the altar of our devotion—"what is it? We cannot eat it; we cannot drink it. Oh, no, there is no truth in it; it cannot glow with feeling. It cannot sympathise with the sorrowful; it cannot be a friend. It is nothing;" and a sigh and sweet smile, and a soft glance of those wondrous gray eyes, would fill our hearts with rapture as we saw the "dross" deposited in the adorable's reticule; for, as despicable as gold was in her sight, somehow or other none of it ever came back that went to Miss Nettie for inspection.

If Miss Nettie had any faults, no one ever saw them but that old cynic Jim Andrews. In after-days it was said that once when she was alone for an hour with that heartless old rascal, she actually tried a flirtation with him. It is a fact that there was a queer look out of Jim's eyes for a day or so, which finally died out before he could say: "Goll darn the gal! ef you'd put a par o' pantaloons onto a par o' tongs, I believe she'd make eyes at it. Ef I wurnt sech an old stoaker she'd bring me down too." Add to all this the ripple of Miss Spencer's laugh was very musical, and the melody of her voice very great, and no wonder the Bar bowed as before a divinity. All were infatuated; but as young Slocum was generally pronounced the handsomest man on the Bar, and Miss Nettie once remarked "he had such splendid eyes," all seemed by one consent to feel he was the happy mortal on whom the smiles of our divinity should be bestowed.

III.—PETE VALLEY.

Sunday was always the miners' rest-day; no work in the mines on that day; but if it was their day of rest, it was the day of work for all others. The miners for miles up and down the river flocked to the Bar, where was the largest central camp or town to transact any business they might have on hand. Saturday afternoons were generally spent in washing out their shirts and socks, if their claims did not permit them to buy new ones weekly. After the shades of evening fell the proceeds of the week's work were divided. First the amount deemed necessary to pay for "grub" was put in a purse by itself, and the remainder was divided in equal portions to the partners. The "grub" of those days was much the same everywhere. Occasionally canned fruit or vegetables or oysters or meat found way to the tables of those who indulged epicurean tastes, but the standard dishes of the times were salt-pork, beans and flapjacks. The storekeepers were of course busy on Sunday. As a general thing all purchases of that character were made and paid for before anything else was done. The question next was how to spend the time, for they had nothing to do. It was this absence of occupation that made the gambling saloons such favorite places of resort. They did not commence operations, however, until a later hour in the day, seldom before the afternoon, and on Sundays not until ten or eleven. The visitors to the town lounged listlessly around, or sat on the benches or tables of the hotels and saloons engaged in conversation. They were generally young or middle-aged men; very seldom was one seen whose form or

features exhibited any indications of age. A finer-looking body of men was never seen together.

As they sat together one Sunday morning, a subject of deep interest seemed to engross them. They were all excited ; sharp, heated words were heard, fierce determination sat on every face. There was evidently trouble at the Bar.

The night before, two young men who cabined together above the town, whose weekly earnings had disappeared at the gaming-tables, and whose vision had been sharpened by their want of success, had detected one of the dealers in a sleight-of-hand trick, and with drawn pistols had compelled him to deal honestly. The effect was magical ; the betters began to win, the bank to lose. The betting had become excited, and before morning dawned the last cent on the table had disappeared into the pockets of the miners, several thousands of which had been won by the two young men, who at a late hour had started with their booty for home. They were accompanied some distance by friends, who one by one dropped off as they reached their own cabins or paths of divergence. Their way then led by a bridle-path through a dense mass of manzanita and grease-wood to an open space on which stood their cabin, near a spring of water. As they reached their home they had been murdered. One had evidently gone to the spring for water, the other had remained near the cabin waiting his return ; the former was found with his face almost touching the water, lying on his breast, the water-dipper grasped in his hand. At first it was hard to determine how he had been killed, until some one pointed out a black wound at the lower part of the neck behind. A surgeon pronounced that the neck had been dislocated by a single powerful blow. The other had evidently grappled with his assailant ; there were marks of a struggle near the cabin, but twelve wounds made with a small dirk showed the cause of death. It had been wielded with unusual strength, for in more than one place it had gone through the breast-bone ; and though the point was broken, it had been driven with such force through the shoulder that the strongest man there could not withdraw it. This victim held in his grasp a piece of gray flannel shirt such as the miners were in the habit of wearing at their daily occupation ; it was stained with blood. The dirk had never been seen before. The bodies had been rifled. The cabin had not been entered, for the nail-string which held down the latch was not removed, and a small quantity of gold-dust on the table remained by the scales, as they evidently had used them.

The discovery had been made that morning, and as each new-comer arrived the news was told him. There was something awful in the news. Life as a general thing was not held at such a rate in those days that a death made those strong men shrink or grow pale. The bowie-knife and revolver had made more than two victims in a day at the Bar, but this had been done in an open and fair fight ; the bodies had been duly buried, and the scenes of the fight had served as the topic of a day. But here was something to us awful indeed : a secret murder, and for a purpose which was almost unknown in those days — robbery. Who was safe ? Who would fall the next

victim? Here were evidences of a preconcerted plan to kill and rob, and by whom? Against whom should or could an accusation be made? Here were men from all parts of the world, engaged in one common pursuit, meeting as equals everywhere. Each knew the other by some appellative or nick-name at least, and yet among us was a secret robber and murderer, perhaps more than one. Men looked at each other suspiciously.

At first a suspicion fell upon the unlucky dealer of the night before, but was soon negatived by one who to us was above suspicion. "No, gentlemen, fortunately I can exonerate him. He was greatly vexed at his losses, but slept quietly in my room all night long after the Tent was closed." This was all we needed. The speaker was one who had been moving calmly among the excited crowd, listening to the details of the tragedy, and though evincing no excitement, yet showing the greatest anxiety for the capture of the guilty. There was an air of superiority in all this man did or said. His step was like a king's; his bearing as dignified and noble. He was about thirty-five years of age, nearly six feet in height, broad-shouldered and deep-chested, with a frame rather out of proportion below his chest, but this was observable only by a critic in those matters. He wore the finest black pantaloons, faultless boots, a dazzlingly white shirt and waistcoat, and an invisible-green coat, all fitting him to perfection. A costly diamond solitaire adorned his shirt-bosom, and another glittered in a ring on his finger. No one else out of the cities, few even there, paid any attention to dress, therefore he always drew the attention of the new-comer. His face was exceedingly handsome; brown hair surmounted a pale high forehead; his eyes were a mixture of blue and gray, in which there was a look of such determination that few cared to thwart his designs. The lines around his mouth were all strongly drawn, almost hard, yet there was something electrical in his smile; it was wonderful in its powers of fascination. There were few men who could resist his slightest effort to please. His mind was well stored with books and by travel with learning and incident; and though a man of but few words generally, yet when he began to talk, young men especially would gather around him in breathless interest. Many a kind and noble deed to the suffering and needy miners was told of him. No one asked of his liberality but it was bestowed bounteously; and often the victims of the Round Tent tables, when in despair at their losses, found themselves relieved often with words of good advice and appeals to their better feelings to abstain from gambling. Yet this man was Pete Valley, the presiding genius, the owner and ruler of the Round Tent, and the very prince of the gambling fraternity in that section. No one there had ever seen him draw a card or put a cent on the chances of a game; no one had seen him do ought to lead a man to the gambling-table. He spent his days wandering over the hills with his dog and gun, and never returned empty-handed. Sometimes in the evening he would be found walking around among the throngs in the Tent, with a kindly smile, often with a warning word to the novice at the business. No one who did not know him could have supposed he was anything more than a mere spectator of the scene. Saturday nights he was

there ; Sundays, from the early morning until late at night, he was always in sight, either in or near the Tent. He mingled freely with the miners. He never forgot a face, and his own would beam with pleasure as some one approached with whom in any interview he had had a good laugh. There was much indeed about Pete to attract men. His manliness stood high in the estimation of those who had known him since his settling at the Bar. He was possessed of remarkable physical strength and courage, and they had been always exercised in the cause of right and justice. His word was as good as gold ; there was not a merchant who hesitated one moment in lending him any sum of money for which he might apply, and he was always ready to help those who needed it. As owner and head of the Round Tent, he was called upon to settle disputes between the banks and betters, and this he did so impartially that, at the time we speak of, no one felt aggrieved at his decisions. At first several occasions had arisen where he had been compelled to use force to carry out his decisions. When so compelled, he had acted so promptly and courageously, with such evident self-control, that there were few who cared to resist, while the general verdict would have been in his favor.

An instance will illustrate. A young man had been a witness of a game of poker at one of the tables. A huge Irish ruffian, named Rod Giffins, had been playing heavily in the game, and having a good hand, felt disposed to call the bet of one of the parties ; but he lacked six ounces of the necessary sum. Turning to this young man, he borrowed the required amount, and lost it. Nothing was said about it for several days, when the lender was caught in something of the same fix, and seeing Rod, applied to him for the six ounces, but was contemptuously refused. A quarrel ensued, but was interrupted by the bystanders, and the lender was led away by his friends, swearing he would have his money or Rod's blood. Rod, conscious of his great strength and counting on the fears of his adversary, who was quite young and much smaller, affected unconcern. One night he commenced betting on a card, and winning, allowed the money to remain until eight ounces had accumulated. The young man was standing near watching the game, and as soon as he saw Rod was the winner, he quietly took off six ounces, and said, "That is what you owe me ; now I've got it," at the same time drawing a revolver. Rod sprang forward : the pistol was discharged, but missed its aim. A crowd of men carried the parties in opposite directions. The noise of a pistol-shot brought Pete from a small room, where he generally stayed during the night. A clear voice, "Boys, what's the matter ?" recalled the surging crowd to their senses, and the friends of both parties made their statements. Pete heard them attentively. "Well, Ward," said he, addressing the younger of the two, "you had no right to take up that money from the bank. The bank is responsible for it until it gets in the hands of the better ; so if you do not return it, the bank must make up the amount to Giffins." "Not so," said Ward, as he threw down the six ounces ; "I only wanted to get my money from that thief," glaring savagely at Rod. Rod made an effort to free himself from the hands of his friends at this speech, but was unable.

Pete turned to him and said: "Rod, you owed Ward that money as a debt of honor: unless it is paid you must never come to this house again." He handed the six ounces towards Giffins, who dashed aside the money and leaped towards Ward, but was stopped by the strong arm of the gambler: "Stop, my friend; my decision is final here." "Your decision, eh? What do I care for your decision, you little popinjay! Get out of my way, or I'll—" Endeavoring to push past Pete, he was again stopped by him, firmly. With an oath he raised his hand and aimed a blow with his burly fist at Pete. In an instant the giant was lying an apparently lifeless mass at the feet of his adversary. So sudden was the blow and so little discomposure did Pete exhibit an instant after, that for a moment the whole house was perfectly silent. His friends stooped down, and seeing Rod covered with blood from his mouth and nostrils, thought he had been struck with some weapon; but Pete, putting on one of his blandest and most captivating smiles, remarked: "He is not hurt much, boys. Just take him to the fresh air and wash his face in cold water, and he'll soon be better." A few minutes after, when the applications suggested were made, Rod, with a groggy, muddy feeling, recovered sufficiently to ask, "What's the matter, boys?" "Pete Vallelay struck you, Rod." "Pete struck me? Well, if Pete struck me, he might as well have been a streak of lightning." The next evening Ward was paid his six ounces. He and Rod had shaken hands and made friends; and Rod, with a piece of fresh beef plastered over one eye, was hard at a game of faro at one of the tables.

The personal prowess of Pete was alone sufficient to make him a hero then. His other good traits were not lost upon the miners of the camp; and to this day there are many who cherish the name of Pete Vallelay, and indulge in pleasant memories of his deeds, who have never yet been able to reconcile their admiration for the man with their abhorrence for his pursuits, and who never knew the sequel of his life. He had of late exerted his powers of fascination upon young Slocum, who, proud of the evident predilection of Vallelay, repaid it in kind; and when Pete that day declared among an excited crowd of miners that "he would give five thousand dollars to the man who could spot the murderers, and ten thousand if they were captured," Slocum pronounced Pete to be "a diamond of the first water."

"Yes," retorted Jim Andrews, who always differed from others about people—"yes, but I've hearn dimonds hev flaws, and a flaw spiles 'em entirely. Sum people do bad, but thair bad is onto the outside and can be polished off; but ef *he* does, hissen is in the innards."

"I don't think," said another, "there is anything very bad about Pete, except he keeps a gambling-house; and we all know he never refuses to help a poor fellow."

"Natur has done a heap fur Pete," returned Jim, "and Pete helps natur amazin', fur Pete knows how to hold his hosses well in hand; but when a man kin hold himself enough to live a lie, and lives it, thar aint much good to be got outen him but fur hisself." But Jim was a cynic, and though men loved to hear him talk in his sententious way, yet his forebodings, like Cassandra's, were little regarded.

IV.—A FUNERAL AT THE BAR.

Presiding at one of the tables in the Round Tent was a French woman, who had ever been a mystery to the dwellers on the Bar. There was a queenly beauty about her, a power of fascination, which had been liberally wielded in her vocation. Her large, dark, lustrous eyes had been active in attracting young men to the saloon, nor did she fail to use them with wonderful effect; yet beyond a certain point no liberty had been taken with their possessor. There had been many who had been lured to the loss of their all over and over again by those eyes; yet when they sought to force their attentions beyond the look of admiration, the utterances of flattery, the eye which had melted into such tenderness flashed with an angry fire, and the superb form was drawn up with an air that dismayed the boldest. Jim Andrews' criticism was, "Boys, she's a cross betwixt a antelope and a tigress. Nothing but a furrin woman who cum from whar tigers grow could look like that hell-cat." There was one being with whom her whole nature seemed to be changed; when Pete Vallelay was in the room, or where she was, there was a softening of the whole features, a radiance of the eye, and a suffusion of happiness that flashed over the face, that rendered her beautiful. In that look was mingled the radiance of a child's loveliness with the splendor of womanhood. Her eye would follow him wherever he went; it would sparkle and swim whenever he approached her table, and her whole frame would seem to sink into a supreme happiness when he stood at her side. "If ever woman loved a man, or a tiger her young uns, that air feminine goes her whole pile onto Pete, the dratted cuss!" said Jim Andrews, and the Bar concurred.

Madame Louise, for that was the name bestowed upon her by some historian on the Bar, could never abide one of Pete's favorites. Just in proportion as she detested young Slocum she seemed to like Jim Andrews. Jim would never put himself out for her; he called her names to her face; he even abused Pete before her; but no one seemed to enjoy his cynicism more, none more eager to hear his quaint comments on those brought under his notice; but even Jim found he did not dare to take a liberty of speech with her. There were rumors that she had once occupied a high social position in her native land, but fascinated by Vallelay, had forsaken all to follow the man she loved through the fortunes of a gambler and adventurer. It might well be credited; for notwithstanding the position she held, the scenes in which she was engaged, the fierceness which sometimes beamed from her eyes, even the harshness which her lips could sometimes utter, she had the indescribable yet unmistakable movement and air of a lady.

The excitement caused by the discovery of the murdered bodies culminated as the Sunday evening approached. The news had spread up and down the river; all who could leave their claims flocked to the scene to learn more. The Round Tent being the largest place in the town, was the scene of the greatest excitement; most of the other places were deserted. Even Tainer's house with its great attraction gradually yielded its guests to curiosity, and Slocum left his altar, at

the urgent desire of Miss Nettie, who "thought perhaps he might find where she could be of some service," and hastened down to the Tent where the subject was discussed. The two bodies were lying in a cabin near by. Thither the miners would come with bated breath and stealthy tread, and turn away with a sigh as they went to the Round Tent. Many schemes for the discovery of the murderer or murderers were discussed, in all of which Vallelay took a decided part. Some were for instantly starting to hunt the culprits. It was thought the money they had secured would be found upon them; but it was mostly in dust, and every cabin and miner had their share of that. The ground around which the tragedy occurred had been too much trampled to recognise any footsteps. It was at length suggested some one had seen the piece of flannel shirt in the hands of one of the parties; another had noticed how tightly he had clenched it several had tried to take it from his grasp, but none there had succeeded. "If we only find that," said Slocum, "perhaps it would lead to the detection of the culprit."

Pete had stood near, listening to the conversation, and joining in, seemingly anxious to discover a clue with the rest, until the conversation about the shirt began, when he became silent, though still interested. At Slocum's remark, he asked, turning to the crowd, "Has any one seen, or does any one know, the man that got the torn piece?" None replied; each looked at his neighbor, but none answered. Pete resumed. "I thought perhaps if we could get the piece, it might be of some service. But I don't know," he added, meditatively—"I don't know either, for anybody but a born fool would destroy the shirt the first thing." This dictum of Vallelay seemed conclusive, and the conversation went on.

Jim Andrews had remained a quiet spectator and listener. Some one appealed to him, at length, to know what they should do. The appeal was made more as a relief to the general gloom than anything else, for it was supposed even Jim's wisdom would fail here, but Jim's ready answer would not. "Wal, boys, that's an old sayin' my mother useter to git off: Murder will out; and I'm a believer onto it. That's suthin sartin, that when a man does wrong it follers him, and follers him—some day it tells onto him; and ef an old rag tells the tale, so be it. Mebbe that air old rag will find out the cussed feller yit." Jim was in a reclining position, with his hat drawn down, and his eyes apparently fixed on vacancy. When he spoke of the rag, he noticed a quick movement on the part of Pete as he turned towards him. There was a threatening flash in his half-inquiring eyes, which faded out in an instant as he saw the impassible and imperturbable manner and position of Jim, who seemed entirely unconscious of Pete's presence.

Jim's philosophising, or Jim's summing-up of the effect the rag's testimony might produce, joined to the lateness of the hour, dispersed the crowd. The hotels and spare bed-rooms of the town were well patronised that night, for even brave men shrink from the assassin's blow, and timid men were not inclined to brave unseen perils. The two men were buried the next day. The whole Bar and those in the vicinity were present. Two plain pine-coffins, borne by

the hands of their companions, contained the bodies. The graves were dug side by side beneath the shade of a grand old oak. The ceremonies were very simple indeed. When the coffins were lowered in the graves, those who stood near threw a sprig of cedar upon them, ground was shovelled in, and silently the crowd returned to the town. "Gentlemen," said Pete Vallelay that night, when a crowd assembled at the Tent, drawn by that mysterious influence which gathers men to the scene of any excitement long after that which produced it is over—"gentlemen, there was one thing that annoyed me exceedingly to-day. It was the fact that no prayer was uttered, no single word pronounced over two of our comrades who have gone to their long rest. But there is no clergyman in these parts, and it could not be helped, I suppose." Pete uttered a sentiment that every man at the funeral had felt, though few would have had the moral courage to utter it; for those things held most sacred in old communities were carelessly thrown aside then, and almost any allusion to religion was often answered with a sneer. Yet in the depths of men's breasts the effects of early education had not worn out, and their own hearts responded to Pete's words. The feeling in favor of the gambler grew; he was pronounced by those who heard him, "a decided brick."

Two of the prominent characters of the Bar had been accidentally thrown together at the grave that day—Pete Vallelay and Miss Spencer. By some chance they stood side by side, and when the evergreens were thrown, they both did so at the same moment, and their hands met in the act. Each threw a glance at the other. Pete bowed and murmured an apology. Miss Nettie blushed, her eye fell before his, and they separated. It was not much wonder they should recognise each other, for the Round Tent and Tainer's house were the centres of all the gossip of the miners. Each of these was a marked character, and each had heard much of the other.

V.—JIM AND SLOCUM FRIENDS.

In any other place than among a lot of miners in our early days, Miss Nettie would have been accused of having much of that attribute which characterises the descendants of Mother Eve—curiosity. No sooner had the Tainers been settled at the Bar, and she began to converse more freely with her visitors, than the name of Pete Vallelay was known to her. His appearance, manner, courage, manliness and "noble heart" had been the themes of general conversation. The devotion of Madame Louise had been occasionally spoken of. The curiosity of Miss Spencer had been greatly excited over the tales of Pete; she was constantly questioning her visitors, and kept poor Slocum continually answering questions concerning him and his doings. After the funeral little did she say about Pete, though always interested when he was talked about; but there was no end of questions about Madame Louise. She never seemed to tire of hearing her style of beauty, her bearing, her position at the Tent discussed. Once when she had Jim Andrews by himself, who with a half foolish air had, in the pursuit of his purpose of "developin' that air

woman," descanted with particular emphasis on the devotion of the Madame to the gambler, she asked with a forced air of nonchalance, "Well, does he love her, do you think?" that it made him say to himself after he had left, "Wal, I believe that air feminine don't care much as to the quality, but the quantity of fellers she gits; them eyes of her'n don't show much heart. As I take it, I sorter pity Slocum arter all, I do."

Things went on smoothly at the Bar; the excitement over the murder began to subside. The tacit understanding of the boys that Slocum and his divinity were to be one became a settled conviction, though she would coquette occasionally, and he get terribly moody. The gambling-tables were as well patronised as ever. The detection of the gamester's tricks by the two murdered men, however, had opened the eyes of other miners, and though the gains at the tables were still large, yet they met with heavy losses from the betting of those who watched and detected the slightest deviation from the usual manner of dealing the game.

The mines along the river, more especially at the large bar, had yielded largely. Many of the companies were getting nearer the hard rock, and the smaller crevices that had been worked had given a promise of immense yields in the lower and larger ones. Every man on the Bar stood on the tip-toe of expectation to secure a fortune from his claim. Few had saved any money, however. The habits of the miners were not frugal when the gold was obtained in such quantities; when its yield seemed to their excited imaginations so inexhaustible, they paid little attention to hoarding it as a general thing. Everything in the way of provisions was very high, and the gambling-tables kept a continual process of depletion among them. Of the few who did save, Slocum was one. His claim was good. Previous to the advent of the Tainers, his habits were the same as others — profuse in his expenditures; but now, while his generosity was undiminished, yet his devotion to Miss Spencer had kept him from vices which depleted his purse, and his eye was bent on a future of happiness with the one he loved, which, he confidentially said to one of his friends, "would not find a little cash inconvenient." Tainer had taken considerable sums to the city to deposit for him in one of the banks, and he had a large sum always at his disposal deposited in the miners' savings-bank — a hole in the ground.

One of his partners was named Bob Crampton. But few went by their patronymics in the mines; some peculiarity of speech, or movement, or eccentricity of character, or color of hair, or defect in feature, gave to each a cognomen. Old miners might live and work by each other in the same claims, and dwell in the same cabins for months, and know nothing of their companions, not even their names; and so of Bob Crampton. Some of those who knew him best only knew him by the *sobriquet* of Herc, a diminutive of Hercules, which had been given him from his displays of immense strength. His feats were wonderful. In the mine he would, unaided, lift great rocks and put them on one side, which two or three common men could not handle. When away from work, he would, on wagers, perform such wonderful feats of strength that finally he could not find any one to accept his

proffered bets, though they were incredible. Herc's abilities had all run to muscle—a simpler-minded, tenderer-hearted innocent could not be found. He was fond of drinking; but his blind rage and brute strength when excited by liquor had made him commit deeds of violence on those to whom he was attached, that he shunned the cup, as he did all vices but gambling; for that he had a passion as strong as death itself. He would work hard all the week; his partners shared equally with him at Saturday noon; from that moment nothing could induce Herc to leave the gambling-table until every cent was gone. He would sit up night after night, go without food or sustenance of any kind, his great frame trembling with excitement, until the last nugget or speck of gold-dust had been swept away, and then quietly leaving the table, would go to his work, performing double as much as any other man in the company, and wait his dividends at the end of the week, to begin the same process of losing.

But one Sunday night Herc was in luck. It had gradually penetrated his obtuse brain that his bad fortune might be probably attributed to foul play, and he determined to watch. Drawing his revolver from its sheath on his left hip, he announced to the dealer that things must be dealt on the fair. Herc had not an enemy in the world; even the dealer only laughed at the new conceit of Herc, and the betting began. It was at a faro-table, and his run of luck was extraordinary; every bet he made won. Herc that night seemed to be endowed with an extraordinary accession of mental power. Twice the dealer attempted to draw double cards; twice the strong arm of the giant forced the cards from his hand, showed him his attempt had been seen, and then gave him an admonitory shake. Herc had too many friends there for the dealer to attempt to use weapons; he was forced to deal squarely. Pile after pile of dust and coin were won by Herc. Others who were betting soon stopped and watched with interest the extraordinary scene—Herc winning. The sums played for at length grew enormous; then the dealer, though a great loser, limited the game. It was useless; Herc always won. At length the dealer, tired and chagrined with his ill-luck, forced to deal honestly by his quondam victim, yielded the last coin displayed on the table, and announced the bank was broken. It was long past midnight when the game ended. There was quite a number in the tent. Herc looked at the immense sum he had won. Nobody thought it would remain his another day, for they counted on his passion for gambling drawing him again to the tent, when it would all go; but Herc, sweeping the coin and dust indiscriminately into a bag which he had improvised from one of his canvas trousers-legs, quietly said, addressing some of his partners who had remained with him, "Boys, I've got enough here. You may have my claim; I'm going to start home to-morrow morning to see Mother," and started for the door. A quick glance passed between the dealer and Pete. The latter yawned, and started, as he said, for bed. The dealer began an animated discourse on the game and its consequences that night, offered to show the mysteries of the faro-box, and soon those within were engaged in examining the boxes and listening to an interesting account of wonderful runs of luck for and against the bank. It was

just about daylight when the party dispersed. The last words of Herc had not had any great effect on those who heard them; it was deemed an utter impossibility for him to have any money and refrain from the gambling-table. His partners went home and to work in their claims, and not finding Herc at either place, felt satisfied that he had returned to the town, intent on renewing the play at some other table; and even when they found he was not there, nor had been seen that day, the only surmise was that he had really been as good as his word and had started away with his gains. It was a standing joke on the dealer of that night that Herc had been too many for him in more ways than one. It might seem singular to one not acquainted with the habits of the miners that no more notice should be taken of this man's unceremonious departure, but such things were very frequent. Men came and went as they willed; they often forsook good claims for only hoped-for better ones, and with a feverish impatience would wander from place to place without object or design.

Herc's departure was generally attributed to the desire to escape the temptation to gamble. Pete first suggested the idea that the sum he had won was a great fortune to him, and he had determined to save it by a bold stroke. Jim Andrews was not so believing; he said but little, but those who knew him best could easily perceive he was dissatisfied with the explanation, but for some mysterious reason was willing to seem to coincide with the rest. Somehow or other of late he and Slocum were becoming more friendly; their claims were not far apart, and when we were not at work, the time was often spent in each other's brush-tents or cabins. Jim seemed intent on studying Slocum, and Slocum always found an attentive ear when he would expatiate on the beauty, grace, and accomplishments of his divinity. "She is faultless," said Slocum, in one of his bursts of enthusiasm one bright Sunday morning as they together plodded their way towards the town—"she is as faultless in mind as she is in person; as beautiful in all that adorns womanhood, as perfect in all the virtues that render a female lovely, as she is bright in complexion and symmetrical in form."

"Mebbe she is," was Jim's reply, "but human natur aint often perfect. Human natur, it 'pears to me, is about as full of bad as a bladder half-full of water, and acts jest the same way. Ef you squeeze the bad in one place it busts out in another, and a purty gal aint allers to be depended onto 'cause she is purty."

"Yes, but Nettie is an exception. Why, Jim, she's just as near an angel as she can be. What do you think? She asked me yesterday if I didn't think that if a noble-hearted man like Pete Vallelay was invited into good women's society, didn't I think he would reform and join a temperance society she talked of starting."

Jim laughed. "What good would it do Pete to jine a temp'rance society, I'd like to know? He never drinks, he don't."

This was a poser for Slocum, but he came to the rescue with, "But it showed the purity and goodness of her heart anyhow, didn't it?"

"Wal," said Jim, "it may be in the keards to reform Pete, but, Slocum, she aint the gal to do it. My advice to you is not to try it by taking Pete thar."

Their way led near Tainer's house. Before they reached it they heard a sweet voice singing away some song of old times. Both stopped to listen, for her voice was very musical, and the melody seemed to gush almost spontaneously from her lips. Slocum's eye brightened, and his step seemed prouder as they advanced, and soon the singer, with her beautiful head "sunning over with curls," met their vision, a dream of beauty. Slocum stopped at Tainer's to show his adored some curious chispas that had fallen to his share, as he told her, but which he had really bought for double their value. Slocum's chispas often found their way on this altar, and by some misadventure were never seen again. Jim wended his way to town, soliloquising: "Wal, my boy Slocum, you've done it! Thar's no use a-making you feel bad before the time comes. She's smilin' now, and, dod rot it! she is purty, thar's no wipin' that out—jest as purty as my Malvina Jane, and jest as lovin'—and you're jest as big a fool as I wur; but we didn't git married." And in the deep, dark woods through which he plodded alone he sighed, a long, deep sigh that shook his whole being, and a stray sunbeam trembling through the deep shade above fell on his prematurely gray locks and on his wrinkled forehead, and lit it up with something like a handsome expression, for the stern lines melted away, and a fond, loving look beamed out of his eye as he sighed and shook his head: "But we didn't git married."

[CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.]

WINTRY MUSIC.

I.

ALL the winds of my life are loose, in the darkness before the
dawning;
Cold is the earth, wild is the night, and low beats the heart that is
lonely:
The dimmest shadows and faintest lights will play through the room
till morning;
The red fire drops, white ashes pile up, and the brown twigs flare;
while I only
Hearken the song of the ghostly winds, that tell me of days departed.

II.

YOUTH.

Blow, O thou wind of March! toss the budding branches;
Send the wild cloud-shadows racing, racing swift and free;
Set the proud, tempestuous blood of daring youth to stirring—
Blow, O March wind! Sing, O March wind! Pipe thy boldest glee!

Power is abroad, invisible and mighty:
Brave the storm, seize the joy, youth is strong and sweet!
Chase thy fate and conquer; grasp thy wish and hold it;
Catch thy love and kiss her close; stay her flying feet!

Soft blows the March wind, fast falls the March rain;
Youth cannot conquer life; still will Fate say nay.
Hope is but a half immortal: young Hope fails and falters.
Die, O die, thou March wind wailing! Proud will, yield thy way!

III.

AGE.

Give me now the cold North wind, with the skies all starlight,
Clouds swept clear and air of winter, yet with heavens that glow;
Give no more the South wind dreamy, balmy with the sweetness
Of the faded flowers and loves that vanished long ago.
Give no more the West wind, breathing of old warfare;
Give no more the sharp East wind, remembering slight and foe.
Give me but the cold North wind, that steadily doth blow;
Or a quiet, a calm stillness with the falling snow.
I am old. My grave is ready. With the dawn I go.

HENRIETTA HARDY.

THE WATCH FOUND ON THE HEATH.

REMARKS ON SOME SUGGESTIONS TOWARDS A NEW NATURAL THEOLOGY.

PALEY'S famous watch has of late years been somewhat disrespectfully overlooked both by those who affirm and those who deny the proofs of personal intelligence in the phenomena of nature. Occasionally, however, some one stumbles on the venerable relic

lying face upward on the heath, picks it up gently, considers it attentively, and after winding it up, perhaps just to keep it going for the benefit of posterity, puts it back again. But now and then even at this day there is one who raises it admiringly to eye and ear, points out in the character of discoverer the wonderful analogy contained in its "little round," duly derives from its "works" the proof of contrivance in the works of nature, and offers to the world his special moral "improvement." Wonderful indeed, and, quite apart from natural theology, admirable and noteworthy, is the fragile piece of complex mechanism, in the centre of which the little steel serpent of time unwinds itself to the extent of its numbered hours as deliberately and uniformly as the great serpent of eternity in the immeasurable universe.

Some of the propounders of a new natural theology, in which the mechanical idea is made less prominent than in the old — and notably Professor Joseph Le Conte in his recent book on the relations of religion and science — have not been able altogether to dispense with the old familiar and convenient comparison. The argument for an intelligent Creator has somehow become inextricably connected with the little round object which Archdeacon Paley hurled at the atheist as David did his pebble against the blaspheming Philistine. In more respects than one it is a changed world since the time of Paley. Philosophy in the sense of metaphysics, and teleology as a branch of it, and the conflicting theories of causation, have shrunk and contracted their limits before the spreading domain of positive science. The questions they raised, if they still exist for the human mind, are no longer inspired with the real spirit of inquiry. The eye is inevitably directed elsewhere; it is irresistibly attracted to the field in which a new heaven and a new earth — new because so old — seem to be unfolding with ever-accumulating discoveries, in that immeasurably ancient, if not utterly dateless, world which geology opens to the mind *in* or *beyond* the six visional days from which the veils were successively withdrawn before the eyes of Moses. Hume's invariable conjunction of antecedents and consequents, Kant's synthetic judgments *à priori*, and all existing theories for or against causation, are willingly left where the former found and the latter left them — in the clouds. The great clock which represents Leibnitz's theory of the pre-arranged harmony has neither struck nor pointed the hour of discovery for any human mind during the last century. But Paley's little watch ticks on. It is in the old natural theology what the "embryo" is in the new anthropology, viz. the starting-point of reasoning and illustration, the nucleus around which the argument begins to revolve, with ever-increasing reach and wider sweep of associated truths and suggested analogies. Mr. Le Conte is right in using it and exhausting its significance; though in his laudable attempt to find bases, as far as possible, for the new natural theology in the reasonings and inferences of the old, he has perhaps pushed the analogy between mechanism and organism too far, and in one instance dangerously near the point of reactionary skepticism. This effort to conciliate and blend the old method with the new is often and sometimes painfully evident. It detracts however nothing from the legiti-

mate argument; and though we are constrained to put in the negative after the verb when he says, "Such a watch is the human body," it does not impair the force of the reasoning by which he shows that "such a watch is the solar system." Slight and faulty as is the inference relative to that wonderful organism the human body, that can be drawn from this little lifeless piece of mechanism, we admit all the force of the argument it contains for intelligence and design in the grand chronometer of the heavens—the time-piece, thus to speak, of eternity, of which the springs and wheels are the invisible forces of nature, and the dial-plate and signs our visible universe. The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork. Design is impressed on the *mécanique céleste* beyond the power of even skeptics to avoid the impression. Doubtless Goethe, as well as the archangel, speaks when in the introductory chorus of the *Faust* the latter describes the sun and his brother-spheres pursuing "ihre vorgeschriebene Reise." Nor was Shelley an atheist while translating the German into the hardly less noble English words:—

"The sun makes music, as of old,
Among the rival spheres of heaven,
On his *pre-destined* circle rolled
With thunder speed—"

There is something about the heavens so god-like that the *proofs* of design come before the mind rather as the visible appearance and direct perception of the Divine wisdom and power.

But out of the very conditions that make the evidence of contrivance as discovered in a watch inapplicable to the human body in several essential points, arises an argument for design higher and broader than any that can be possibly based on analogy. We do not necessarily deny the conclusions of other minds because we reject the processes by which they have been reached. The new natural theology is based, as will be seen, on a kind of evidence which presented itself to the mind of the students of Paley only in the form of difficulties and objections. To show what is meant, let us take the negative of the proposition agreed in by both Paley and Le Conte, and see how easy it is to prove "that such a watch is" *not* "the human body." The watch is a contrivance for use; no other purpose enters into its construction. It may be made ornamental, but ornament is not an end. There enters into it no useless part, or if there should be found connected with the mechanism such a part, its introduction would be simply a mistake on the part of the contriver. But in the human body, and the bodies of animals, there are parts confessedly useless. In the former there are certain muscles in a rudimentary condition which as they exist in the lower animals are useful, but are quite useless in man. There are also in each sex rudimentary organs which evidently, if considered with reference to any design for use, belong to the other. This to the old natural theology is an insuperable difficulty. "Useless organs in a contrivance for use" is a contradiction or blunder that no amount of mystery inherent in the subject, and no assumption of inscrutable wisdom, can make consistent with either human or divine intelligence.

The new natural theology, however, is equal to the occasion. To deal with such facts — irreconcilable with the old notion which limited design to use — is its special department. It arrives at the recognition of another law besides use, even though in use we include beauty, and consider it, as we justly may, a sufficient cause and coördinate end. It is the law of *order*, issuing in a preordained plan of structure, and taking in all the wide range of facts which lie at the basis of what is called the theory of evolution. Starting with the elementary structure consisting entirely of cells, we find changes, variations and improvements in the earliest and simplest forms, but no change of plan. Modifications of form in organic life may be conceived to have occurred in either one of two ways. As new functions arose, new elementary parts might be added to suit the increased wants of the animal as it passed from one stage of embryonic life to another, or from one series of natural history to a higher; or the cell and cell-structure might be simply modified and take on a new form adapted to a higher function and development of the same elementary organ. This is the actual process; and thus, to pursue the subject without any particular regard here or elsewhere as to whether the illustrations are my own or those of Professor Le Conte — thus a swimming-machine becomes a flying-machine; the fin of the fish in the bird becomes a wing. In the flipper of the seal it is both a swimming and crawling machine, and in the hand of man is a wonderful, manifoldly dexterous instrument — let us say, for the example is before me, a writing-machine. The same organ in a rudimentary state is enclosed in the horny hoof of the horse and the spongy foot of the camel. The fundamental mechanism, the plan of the machine, has never been abandoned. It has been expanded, contracted, developed, enveloped, exhibited, concealed, according to the exigencies of the function it was intended to subserve, the wants of the animal to which it belonged. Nor where the indicated structure exists even in a rudimentary state, and where it seems as if the plan might have been departed from with advantage in point of simplicity and unity, can it be certainly known that the part is useless. This admission is due to the old theology. It is useless in the developed and perfect organ where it appears as the mere possibility of use in an organ of different function, as the palm and fingers united in the wing of a bird or represented by the “splint-bones” in the leg of a horse. But might it not have had a previous structural use in some period of embryonic development, or in some stage of transition from a lower to a higher organisation? In saying, generally, that an organ is contrived for use under a law which admits of variation, but not of absolute departure from a preordained plan, do we not assume not only a use, but a necessity for the presence of the foresaid rudimentary part, considered with reference to the process by which the modification was effected? But for science it is useless, unless it is certainly known to be useful. And aside from the presence of useless parts, or of parts whose use cannot be ascertained, then are such wide differences between organism and mechanism as to make it impossible to give convincing force to any argument from the proofs of contrivance in the latter to the evi-

dence of design in the former. The former indeed involves the mechanical powers, but it is in connection with vital phenomena, which places an impassable gulf between a man and a machine. Human intelligence produces a watch, but it has never produced a living watch. Considering the human body as a watch, its previous existence indeed seems necessary to the existence of human intelligence. Again, the watch was made in parts and put together. The human body was from its very beginning, and at every stage of its existence from the embryo to the full-grown man, a *WHOLE*; no parts were introduced as occasion for them arose: they were all present at the inception, they all existed in the germ; the thing was an organism and not a machine; it was not contrived, it was created; it was not constructed, it grew. Food supplied the means of development, but no new organ or part, or relation of parts. The watch came (literally) from the hands of the watchmaker. The human body came (figuratively) from the hands of God. In the latter case, the proof of contrivance does not at first strike us; it is an afterthought. We see that the watch exists because it was made. We *reason* that the body was made because it exists. The one bears on its face the appearance of design; the other does not at first suggest design. The one is a manifest contrivance for use; the other — and here the new natural theology saves its *theism* — is an evidence of power. This power, sufficient for the effect, and necessarily conceived to be intelligent of it, is superhuman, and therefore is for the human mind supernatural, divine.

But what is creative power? To know, and be able to answer, were to possess the power. The nearest definition will be arrived at by carefully considering the nature and limitations of constructive power. The difference between the two kinds of power is measured by all the distance between a thing contrived, constructed, and growing only by addition of parts, and a thing self-evolved from an organic unity, growing by an inward law; in a sense *creating itself* out of the inorganic matter it assimilates. Man has contrived to hatch an egg; but to make an egg we conceive to be a task quite as much beyond his faculties as to create a world. He has not that kind of power. We can more easily conceive him, indeed, with enlarged faculties of the same kind which he now exhibits, constructing a world or a solar system, than producing the simple *leaf* that “furnishes the starting point of all life,” or elaborating that first cell in which his own life begins.

The inference of a true natural theology is not from the creation to the creator through the evidence of faculties like those possessed by man, but through the manifestation of power, not only infinitely superior to his, but entirely different from it in kind and diverse in its modes of operation.

With due deference to the received uses of language, we can not in reality conceive that God contrives anything at all. He causes, and causes intelligently, but does not contrive. The idea of contrivance implies the necessity of contriving, and so of more or less imperfection in the processes or defect in the material by means of which a given result was attained. It is therefore that when we once

enter the sphere of vital phenomena the apparent analogy between human contrivance and the proofs of design in nature become uncertain, if not unsafe, for the purposes of theology. To be good, the argument should be restrained within the bounds of the inorganic, or the mechanically, not vitally organised part of the universe. Wherever life is a factor there enters into one side of the analogy, however ingeniously stated, a term that has no equivalent and can find no expression in the other. The statement is a paradox reversed. The conditions are incompatible ; the solution is forced ; the equation is impossible.

In fine, human intelligence by a law of its constructive faculty strives always for immediate perfection. In any work it undertakes, gradations are not imposed upon it by a law ; it simply meets with obstructions, and must attain its end through a series of mistakes, corrections, improvements, which were no part of the original design. It does not proceed, therefore, at all like the Divine Intelligence, as its processes are revealed in the great time-spaces of the existing universe, which was itself born of what other universe or universes (eternity being given) who can tell? The processes of human invention are tentative and experimental. The gradations of divine creation are at every stage absolutely comprehensive of the whole — the design and work the means and the end,—just as in an organism the highest form was contained in the lowest, or as in mathematics the highest truths, the most intricate problems and ingenious formulas are contained in a few simple axioms and definitions.

The new natural theology, indicated in the recent work of Mr. Le Conte, has a great and noble field before it, but it must enter it untrammelled by the traditions and verbiage of the old systems. It must be as bold in its pursuit of science as faithful in its allegiance to religion. It is its province to see and point out their relations ; but not to force them into relations with each other. They can never in reality conflict, for the same reason that they can never absolutely coincide. They are in different planes — parallel planes at different heights. Or — and perhaps a better illustration — they are *symmetrical* magnitudes not admitting of their being laid one on another, nor of coinciding, notwithstanding their equality.

If spirit by the attributes of thought and sentiment is distinct from matter, then religion lies wholly within the sphere of the former, and science mainly in the domain of the latter. Their relations are intimate and their expressions harmonious up to the point claimed by the most refined materialism. But neither are religion and science or spirit and matter, at that point any more than at their remotest distance, actually or conceivably the same. The brain is not the mind, and my thought, which I now represent on this paper, is not “gray matter.”

“If there is any place,” says Mr. Le Conte, “where we might hope to bring together phenomena so distinct, so widely separated in their nature as those belonging to matter and those belonging to spirit, and show that they are really one, evidently that place is our human body, where we know both are exhibited. We trace sensation as a vibratory thrill, which is conveyed by the nerves from the external

world to the brain. We go further, and find that every phenomenon of thought, will, emotion, is connected with certain changes in the brain. We go still further, and find for every faculty of the mind a particular portion of the brain. We may hereafter find that there is a particular kind of molecular vibration corresponding to each kind of emotion or thought. We may find, as some have imagined, a right-handed gyration of molecules corresponding with *love*, and a left-handed gyration corresponding with *hate*. Suppose all this and much more than we can now imagine be traced. Are we any nearer the identification of matter and spirit? Is there any conceivable connection [material nexus] between these material changes and thought, will, emotion?"

There is here an impassable interval too fine and narrow to be measured in space; a gulf narrower than the bridge on which Islam passes from earth to paradise, but a gulf which cannot be crossed by consciousness from one side nor by sensation from the other.

Accepting the doctrine of correlation of forces as presented by Professor Le Conte himself, we arrive at the nearest possible evidence of identity between matter and spirit. We have the mineral kingdom, the vegetable kingdom, the animal kingdom, corresponding to three gradations of force, physical force, chemical force, and vital force. Physical force rises as it were into a higher plane, and is changed into chemical force; that in like manner into vital force, which ascending to the highest plane is changed into spiritual force. Now under this law of "conservation of energy," it is hard to see how spiritual force can hold any other relation to vital force than vital force holds to chemical force and that to physical force. The inference would seem to be plain: spiritual force is but transformed physical force. But analogy here, employed to better purpose than in the old natural theology, is the *deus ex machina* that helps us out. "As there are various degrees of organic, material individuality, the germ-cell, the egg, the embryo, the perfect offspring, and of these only the last is capable of independent life; so also there are various degrees of kinetic, spiritual individuality; but only the last term is capable of independent life. Therefore in the plant and animal we have spirit in embryo within the womb of Nature, unconscious, incapable of life. In man spirit came to birth, became capable of independent life. Thus man alone, of all the objects of nature, is the child of God."

He means I suppose the conscious child. Nor can one perceive why he might not be as truly an "independent life," a free spirit, a child of God, having attained that *status* through any series of elevations by evolution from lower forms of existence, than as if raised to it in a moment from the dust. This very theory of evolution, so far from being a stumbling-block to the apostle of the new natural theology, offers, under another head of his subject and in connection with geology, an insuperable barrier to the atheistic metaphysics of "the infinite series," and other forms of materialism. For it proves just what the old empirical school of skeptics, still best represented by Epicurus and Lucretius, denied, viz: that the world of organic forms *had* a beginning. The book of geology opens like that of Genesis, and that of palæontology like the Gospel of St. John, with the words "In

the beginning." Just so the nebular hypothesis, against which such an outcry was once raised, does in fact contradict the old atheistic cosmogony. As La Place read the book of the heavens, he found that its first sentence was that of Moses, "In the beginning."

The beginning implies in both cases something that had not a beginning ; for it involves the conception of *change*, and so of power ; in a word, the idea of God, or of something equal to God. A beginning of absolute existence there can not have been ; and not only does the beginning of any kind of existence as the world, the universe, necessarily carry with it the idea of something previously existing, but also of the continuation of that which is begun in subsequent forms, related to and dependent on that beginning.

In the six days of Moses we find a distinct record of evolution ; not of one species out of another, but an evolution of higher and still higher species out of the first structural design, or what Coleridge calls the typical idea, the original, creative plan of organic structure varied and adapted to infinite forms of life. Such evolution does not suppose the change of one species into another, or the production of species by variation through the influence of circumstances acting upon successive individuals. In other words, it does not imply the continuation of an identical organism through all the different stages of evolution. The structure of man is shadowed forth in the lowest vertebrate reptile furnished with limbs ; and the language of chemical symbolism gives, Professor Huxley will tell us, about the same expression for both. Now, as no one has ever witnessed the production of a new species, and from the very nature of things can never observe the actual transition of one species to another, it follows that such transition can at best be only a scientific presumption. It must always want the only basis of positive science, actual observation. However strong and plausible, it is a mere inference which can never by the exclusion of all other possible theories become scientifically conclusive. It is itself a theory, and a theory must always remain. As an inference from observed facts, its nature, if not its full strength, may be indicated by an illustration from another department of science. Take, for instance, the steam-engine. Its rudimentary *idea* — using that elastic word in a sense appropriate to the subject — is condensed steam acting on a piston, the alternating or reciprocating motion of which is turned by the first mechanical power into rotary motion. When we speak of the improvement of the steam-engine, no child even could suppose for a moment that we meant to say that one steam-engine or one kind of steam-engine was changed into another and better. In nature, the work, the *modus operandi* by which the same plan of structure is extended and adapted to a higher organisation, is hidden from us ; we only see results. But we have by observation a general idea of the way in which new and improved kinds of steam-engine are produced. Our observation positively excludes the notion of material evolution ; while the idea of mechanical evolution or the development of the first invention into new and more ingenious and useful kinds of steam-engine is readily apprehended. And why is it necessary to suppose that the human hand and arm, because evolved by some unknown agency from the original model or rudi-

mentary structure from which previously came the fin of the fish, the wing and arm of the bat, and the corresponding limbs of the quadruped, actually passed through these transformations, and was in connection with those animals successively the fin of the fish, the flipper of the seal — the bat we leave out as being unsymmetrical in the series — or the fore-arm of the monkey? Why any *more* necessary to suppose this — so long as we have never seen nor ever can see the actual transformation — than that the double-acting, condensing steam-engine of Watt was previously the engine of Hiero of Alexandria, which ingenious contrivance two thousand years ago condensed steam in a cylinder opening into a hollow movable ball, which by means of tubes inserted at right angles to its axis, with their ends bent in different directions, compelled the air itself to act as a piston, and with force enough to turn the ball?

In the world of nature the herb still bears seed after its kind (species), and the animal brings forth its young after its kind, and never after another kind, except, if it be an exception, in the case of a hybrid, itself cursed with barrenness by abhorrent nature. The interval between species must, by those who hold the gross if not degrading notion of *genetic* evolution, still be filled up by the imagination.

They may say that evolution in any other sense, lacking the substantial, material ligament of direct physical descent, is a purely ideal or even figurative evolution, of which every stage was a new creation, as much as every new steam-engine, though containing the same mechanical contrivance, is another and separate construction. Well, something new undoubtedly is produced in every evolution, or there would be nothing evolved; and as regards new creations, their own system cannot dispense with them without danger to the entire theory. If they should maintain that the germ-cells of all existing organisms appeared simultaneously, why is it that the ascidians and other low organisations are still in existence — oysters or tadpoles still? Why have they not got to be men like the rest of us? It is inconceivable that external conditions should have been so much more favorable to our own molluscous ancestors than to theirs as to leave them thus pitifully stranded, while their cotemporaries took the tide at flood which led them on even to the highest development of the hairy, arboreal animal — in man. But if the germ-cells of all living things, from man to mollusk, did not appear at once and together, but some at a later period of time than others, then what greater difficulty is there in conceiving that at each later production improved types appeared, with more highly developed adaptations suitable to a higher organisation?

Darwin suspects that man descended from the tadpole of a marine ascidian — that is one kind of evolution. Another kind of evolution, which is destined perhaps to form the basis of a new natural theology, indicates as boldly as the former that the structural relation of man to the lower animals is not arbitrary nor accidental. It does not admit that man descended from a tadpole, but it is ready to affirm that he *ascended* from it, if you will, through gradations with each of which, down to the lowest, he stands related, not by physical descent,

but by the fact that it was a step in the divine plan, which, perfected, placed him at the head of the physical creation. He is the consummation of a creative design, gradually evolved by means of a succession of organic beings—an evolution in which the identity of an individual being is not retained as in the development of the embryo, and of which the steps are not connected by human experience. That connection is still a secret of Nature, and as far from being positive science as Ovid's metamorphoses. It is possible that by a happy conjecture, supported by much minute observation, Darwin may have surprised her secret. But she has not confessed it; and it is the claim made in behalf of his theory for absolute scientific credence and acceptance that exposed it to be characterised, perhaps too harshly, by Agassiz as "a mere mire of assertions." To most of those who give attention to the subject it will continue to appear that the evolution in the case is not *out of* a first organism to a higher, and out of that to another, but the evolution of a design indicated in the first, and more apparent in each successive organism, up to its perfect development in man.

W. W. LORD.

BEVERLEY MANOR.

IT was an old place, as things are termed old in this new country, where we have no mellowing mediæval age throwing a sunset poesy of decadence over our misnamed antiquities. Nevertheless this place, nestling under the shadows of the Blue Ridge, with the great Valley of Virginia wandering away from its doors on both sides, and lying at its feet, a marvellous picture stretching into the infinite, this place evidently had a past.

Two centuries before, an English Cavalier came to the colony of Virginia, and with an artist's eye selected this spot for the half farm, half manor-house, christened in tender recollection of the old home in the old country, Beverley Manor. It was a great, draughty, rambling stone-mansion, flanked by a broad piazza, and in front a portico, pillared and shaded, but from which the steps had parted, Mrs. Beverley said, "forty years ago." The rooms were high-ceiled, with large windows in deep casements like a fortress, and carved wainscoting. The Beverley ancestral faces, dark and finely cut of feature, looked down on the family grouped around a fire lighted in those first cool evenings in the early autumn, when the shimmering blaze is a delightful novelty and brings a sense of luxurious rest.

Inside the house there was an old-fashioned luxury, even elegance, visible in all the appointments, but withal a certain lack of color, a sameness pervading the hues of cushions and coverings. Nobody seemed to observe it however, or to see the broken spring of the sofa; nobody noticed the fading-out of the tints, once a brilliant crimson, in the heavy damask curtains, or the rattling of the warped window-sash, or the parting of the discolored frame environing a Van Dyck over the mantle. It sufficed for them that the portrait was a Van Dyck, that the cushioned chairs were soft and seductive. For the curtains, nobody remembered their original color, save perhaps the old matron seated in an easy-chair, with a feather screen sheltering her cheek from the heat of the fire. They were as familiar to these easy-going, indifferent Virginians as the bust of Shakspeare which had been over the hall-door for fifty years, or as the exquisite Sèvres china which their ancestors brought over while the last century was still young, or the family plate which had been on the buffet from father to son since the first Beverley, and which nobody ever perceived to be old-fashioned, or rather battered by long usage.

Across the wide hall was a library, in which long lines of mouldy volumes were ranged from floor to ceiling, and where Julian Beverley, in study deep and profound, and dreams for the future light and roseate, had passed from boyhood to youth, and from youth to middle age. Why he applied himself to study would be hard to conjecture, save that he inherited an unusual amount of brain and a genuine love for it, and because his grandfather and great-grandfather had sat and studied those identical tomes in that identical chair, before the self-same table. A curious, unwieldy table it was, by the way, formed from one great piece of mahogany, and sent from abroad years ago.

Julian was the youngest of three sons, but with an odd perversity old Judge Beverley had portioned the elder sons and bequeathed the manor-place to the youngest born, adding a proviso that if Julian died unmarried the property reverted to their elder brother. The broad tobacco-fields, yielding their valuable cargo of pungent leaves, shipped away to the great factories every fall, and the fields of waving wheat, the extensive orchard, all had passed the three elder sons and fallen unasked to Julian. He had lived on in an even, purposeless existence, unambitious, and caring for little else save his books, until the autumn of life found him a grave and reticent man living within himself. Mrs. Beverley, his widowed mother, once an absolute dame, keen and high-bred, but now growing too old to look well after the ways of her household, was one-third of the family, and Miss Louise, upon whom her mantle had fallen, represented another third.

This same Miss Louise held the reins with no lax or irresolute hand, they never slipped from her grasp. From Julian to the smallest urchin down at the "quarter," all stood in awe of the calm-eyed, even-voiced woman, who never was hurried, never failed to make good her promises, and seldom excused the derelictions of duty to which her African servitors were by nature prone. Nothing escaped the acute perceptions of Miss Louise; the servants said she had eyes in

the back of her shapely head. The oldest and shrewdest, whose pilfering fingers and ready tongues availed them nothing in her presence, whispered of witchcraft, and declared the pale Beverleys always dealt with "sperrits."

And so it was that, meditating before the fire, watching the shadows and delusions of the blaze, the mental vision of the household mistress discerned something antagonistic to her peace of mind, something that demanded a decisive tightening of her domestic check-rein. "Julian goes out frequently of late," she observed incidentally as Mrs. Beverley roused up from a doze behind the screen of peacock-feathers. "Yes, he is becoming more sociable. The Pages are one of our best and oldest families, and Julian is such a favorite with them—I am so glad." Miss Louise turned over the keys in her well-used basket a little restlessly, as if she was just a trifle out of patience with this unwonted satisfaction. Then she walked to the window, and bent silently over geraniums and waxen Cape jessamines, crushing the fragrant leaves until their aroma crept through the room like a subtle insinuation, stealing upon you unawares.

"It is just possible that there might be other attractions. Evelyn Page is there for the autumn," suggested Miss Louise, grinding the leaves between her soft palms, and laughing a short nervous laugh, as if it cost her a fierce struggle to utter the words, to venture the hint, vague as it was.

Mrs. Beverley straightened instantly; the hint had not fallen on stony ground. She was keenly alive to suggestions of this nature, and probably it might have furnished the clue to Julian's rather isolated existence.

"Is she pretty?"

"Very," significantly rejoined the sister, gazing out at the sunset gilding a long line on the tiny lake visible through the great forest oaks, grim and giant-like before white man or colonist sheltered himself beneath their shade.

"Dear me, they are always tempting Julian!" exclaimed Mrs. Beverley, fanning herself vigorously. "Surely at his time of life he could not be foolish about a girl in her teens with no fortune. A man of his age could not."

"A man may commit a folly at any age; that period is unlimited," sententially answered Miss Louise, giving a few finishing touches to the vases filled with brilliant flowers and trailing tendrils.

"Very true," dejectedly said the old lady, closing her eyes; "every man can be a fool at every age about a pretty woman."

Miss Louise passed out into the hall. There the same luxuriance of flowers met the eye—flowers with delicate, agile tendrils falling around them. The same hand had evidently arranged this profusion of many-hued blossoms; the same pensive, almost melancholy taste pervaded even the exquisite flowers.

The commingling of dark-green leaves, the predominance of pencilled ivy and twining myrtles around the white vases and fanciful baskets, evinced an artistic soul, but a queer shadowing of melancholy, a queer solemn taste, beautiful, but sad. "Julian has done this," commented Miss Louise, observing contemptuously a dainty vase in

which a bouquet of roses and circea had been carefully arranged, and deciphering its language with her fatal woman's acumen as clearly as another woman was meant to read it. "This is for Evelyn Page. Folly of follies!" she said, bitterly.—"Has my brother arrived yet with the ladies we are expecting, Simon?" she asked, abruptly dropping into the quiet impenetrability of a perfectly well-bred manner and perfectly lady-like voice.

"He hab not, Miss, to my knowledge," answered Simon, with exaggerated politeness, for Simon prided himself upon his manners, which he asserted were "patterned after the white folks." "Marse Julian hab ordered Reuben to ride around and open de gates on de dirt-road so he can 'prove de opportunity of showing dem ivory-covered rocks to de young lady wid black eyes, ob whom Marse Julian sets sech store."

Miss Louise replied sharply, and hurried out to the portico, with a cutting, bitter word slipping from between her tightly shut teeth.

Between the vases inside and the grounds outside there was a wonderful similarity—the one suggested the other. In a language of their own they silently pointed out a vein of melancholy in the race of masters at Beverley Manor. They carelessly and with a prodigal hand gave their acres to the idle reposeful beauty of an unrivalled landscape. Wherever the eye turned it ran down long vistas of grand trees, and whenever the mind sought sober serenity this was the place to find it. Over a wonderful expanse of cool green turf the glance travelled, with always preëminent that fondness for moss-covered rocks, that predilection for trailing creepers twined over odd nooks, and aged tree-trunks environed with ivy, or bits of ruined wall over which the vine had been trained until they forever surprised one with their masterly touches of classic art. It was beautiful, but the same grave, pensive beauty toning down the brilliance of the flowers inside. "Ah! here they are, and Julian looks quite boyish—absurd!" Miss Louise said, as Simon passed her to open the door of a carriage drawing up to the steps.

She lingered inside the hall, watching the bright-eyed Evelyn Page give her hand to Julian and spring lightly to the pebbled walk. As Miss Louise walked out to receive and welcome her guests there was a glitter of anger in those calm eyes not often there, and a suavity in her manner not always there.

Evidently Julian loved this girl; she seemed to vivify his whole nature, to tinge his sombre gravity with the roseate hue of her own laughter-loving youth. Somehow this bright creature, glowing with life, health and beauty, reminded her of the roses, and Julian of the ivy and myrtles, which had grown dark and rich through the touch of many seasons.

All through the evening his gaze followed her dreamily. The senses of sight and hearing were vigilantly acute, covertly watching and obeying every caprice, secretly rejoicing in each of the thousand and one pretty whims with which this girl tested her power over the sedate man, beguiled all the more hopelessly by her heedless vivacity and fresh face.

"You have not seen the view from our upper piazza," remarked

Julian, in the half-undertone habitual to him when speaking to Evelyn. "Will you come now?"

She looked at him with a coquettish, half-shy look, and hesitated, then pushed her hat back until it swung by two blue ribbons, and said, "Yes, if Miss Louise will go with us."

His countenance fell, and Louise saw it, while Evelyn laughed in keen enjoyment of his discomfiture. She was that most reckless compound, three parts school-girl and one part woman. The passionate admiration of a staid bachelor like Julian Beverley was a great achievement, pleasing and amusing her somewhat beyond a game of croquet or a gallop on the black pony, or even her new dark blue riding-dress; and then too it was a delicious and novel sensation, this holding him in the toils so utterly and completely—a creditable captive for her, just leaving school and entering the charmed realms of society.

So Evelyn riveted his chains, and laughingly wondered why Miss Louise would show her chagrin, and if she thought anybody meant to marry "old Mr. Julian" and take the housekeeping out of her hands. All of which Miss Louise did think and believe in the anger and grief seething in her breast at the verification of her worst fears. Mentally Evelyn said that "Louise would be in a frenzy and Julian furious—ah, dear! how nice!" He only said, "Come, Louise, to the upper piazza, I would like Miss Evelyn to enjoy the view from it by moonlight." He said it without a shadow of anger; he could not be angry with her. She was one of those bits of femininity quickly assuming the tyrannical with a chivalrous man like Julian Beverley, a man forgetting to succumb to their charm until late in life, and then concentrating the long-suppressed, intense tenderness of his nature upon one object of adoration.

Miss Louise followed them; she dare not allow them to go alone when Julian was tottering upon the brink of an abyss and Circe luring him on. So she followed in their wake, raging internally at the laughter and gaiety echoing through the great, still rooms.

"Dear me! this place frightens me; it's ghostly and ghastly—I hear something now," exclaimed Evelyn, pausing as they turned into a broad passage, and a bat whizzed around their heads in the dusky evening gloom, and a long, low, mournful sound broke through the silence. "What is it; oh, what is it?" she repeated.

"Only the pigeons," he answered, annoyed that anything should mar her enjoyment.

"Why don't you clear them out and renovate the whole establishment; make it bright and new like houses in the North?" demanded Evelyn, breathing more freely and recovering her audacity, when Julian threw open a door, and they stepped out on the broad, upper gallery. Julian Beverley glanced around. He had never noticed before that the plaster had fallen from the ceiling, or that the railing had been broken and was unsafe, or that the floor had a crazy, unsound feeling under their feet. He remembered that it had always been so. Thirty years ago they told him that the upper gallery was rickety, that the upper hall shutter had been blown off; and yet the upper gallery continued dilapidated; the planks crumbled like soft earth; the hall

shutter, discolored and broken, leaned against the wall, just where they placed it when Julian was a boy in jackets.

He had never observed it until now, when Evelyn implied her preference for things "bright and new." Miss Louise saw his troubled glance, his awakening, and resented it keenly. She loved every stone and plank in the manor-house ; she treasured the dilapidations, or at best wondered how they could annoy any one. She wondered angrily that her brother could forget the history of the many accidents which the Beverleys handed down in their traditionary lore. They went along with the mansion to heirs loving the tradition too well to repair the evidences of it. They were all the same, heirs and ancestors ; the same great intellect, the same poetic sentiment, with its reverse side of deep melancholy.

Louise had it less, perhaps, than any of her family ; nevertheless, even in her heart there was a sentiment attached to every atom of the house, every foot of earth on the place. They all knew how that railing had been broken, when Fontaine, their eldest brother, was an adventurous boy, and clambered from the ground up the pillar to the upper gallery. They had heard over and over of Fontaine's danger, when, just as he reached the railing and tried to draw himself upward, the moth-eaten wood snapped, and Fontaine swung by the vines in deadly peril until they could rush to his rescue. Julian knew that his father had said the railing should never be mended, and it never had been, although Fontaine was sixty years of age now.

Miss Louise reviewed mentally the changes Evelyn might suggest in her desecration of the old ways, those heirlooms of generations gone before. The shutter had been blown off the night their father died ; something else had happened in "my great-grandfather's time," or "my grandmother" had bequeathed some other unrepaired breakage to her descendants. They were links in the chain of family history, and nobody thought of effacing the legendary past by modern carpentering. "Evelyn Page neither knows nor cares," Louise reflected, in the bitterness of her heart. "Something must and shall be done to save the manor-house for Fontaine," she added, desperately, while Julian stood beside Evelyn and showed her the points of the landscape.

It was a marvellous scene, with the moon just gliding above the tops of the giant trees and throwing its mysterious light over the winding walks and ivy-clad rocks. The water of a stream at the foot of the lawn splashed over the stones, strangely distinct in the stillness ; a stillness that awed even Evelyn's reckless spirits. She looked on without a word, shivering a little at the delusions and shadows of the moonlight. Julian leaned against a branch of a great horse-chestnut, watching her instead of the view. His face grew tender, his heart full of the poesy and romance of the scene and hour.

"Oh, it's like fairy-land !" exclaimed Evelyn, enthusiastically.

"I am glad you like it," he said, simply.

"I? Oh, Mr. Beverley, I love it !"

He smiled softly. "Beverley Manor has always been famous for its unrivalled view," supplemented Miss Louise, formally ; "indeed the situation of the house was chosen in reference to that view by our ancestor, two hundred years ago."

"Yes, the house is a musty, mouldy owl's-nest," chattered Evelyn, recovering her speech as she divined, by her quick intuition, the secret of the sister's coldness. "I am afraid of it, with that crooning of pigeons, and the big, lonesome rooms like those at Eppingham, or Evelyn Lodge where Grandmother Page lives. I verily believe this house is haunted; I would not stay a night in it, if I thought so. How I hate our old Virginia houses, with their unearthly sounds, queer, creaking and ghostly, their old cuddies, shut-up, dreary chambers everybody is afraid of, because some sinner dying a hundred years ago still haunts them. I like things so new and nice. I know there is some story about this place. Ah, how dreary—listen!" A gust of wind rattled the loose casement near her, and a pigeon crooned in a low, melancholy note. "How dreary!" she said, in a half-frightened whisper; "does it belong to you?"

"Yes, I own the old place," answered Julian, just the slightest tinge of satisfaction in his voice, enough to say plainly "I own it, and I would not exchange it for the richest heritage on the globe."

"Why don't you pull it down?" she asked, in a tone of daring raillery; "one only wants dust and cobwebs on one's wine and pedigree. If you love this so much," she added, temptingly, "how can you ever love anything else?" The words were soft and wooing, as were the most common-place words pronounced in Evelyn's musical voice.

Louise turned away, and rushed through the dark hall to her chamber. Nobody missed her; she knew that, for the sound of the girl's tantalising laugh and Julian's earnest tones followed after, until she closed and barred the door of the chamber. Poor Louise had grown settled in her thoughts and ways; youth had passed, carrying with it her bloom and beauty, and now she must yield the "old place" where she had been supreme for a score of years, and where she had thought to spend her life managing for Julian, and after that for Fontaine's son. "The simpleton, to be fooled by that child!" she said, in her rage forgetting, as all *passées* women do, the charm of the youthful freshness, so potent and resistless to the mature man. "She cares no more for him than the dust under her feet. The Pages are all hard and heartless and mercenary; they would wed with Satan himself if he brought them an estate. If she would go away he would be safe. She must;" and Louise sat very still, thinking deeply with head bowed on her hands, in an anguish of distress and desperation. The steps approaching and the sudden fall of Evelyn's blithe tones as she entered the dim, unfrequented passage, told her that they were leaving the upper gallery, and perhaps suggested the idea flashing through her brain at that instant.

Miss Louise opened the door and waited for them, smiling grimly at the nervous little scream Evelyn gave when she turned out of the passage and abruptly confronted her.

"I thought it was a ghost; I am terribly afraid," she said, in a subdued voice.

"Come in here for a moment. I will bring her down presently, Julian," urged Louise, politely.

Evelyn followed with some reluctance into the chamber. The

lamp had been extinguished, and the shutters opened to admit the moonlight. It beamed into the apartment chillily, giving a weird look to the antique furniture and the stern hostess standing there with a merciless plan in her brain, a plan to save Julian from making a fool of himself and to save the old place for Fontaine; rescue it from the follies and desecrations of this foolish school-girl, starting and trembling at every sound, but all the while filling the remotest corner with the magic of her bewitching buoyancy.

"How do you like my room?" inquired Louise, hurriedly. "I prefer it to all others, although the servants will never venture into that passage after dark. But see," she added, looking a thousand-fold more grim as she rose to open the door, "my dressing-room communicates with the haunted passage."

"Oh shut the door, Miss Louise, there is something out there! Oh please, please do!" urged Evelyn, half crying, as the floor creaked as if an unseen foot pressed the boards.

"Certainly," answered Miss Louise, with polite alacrity, while an angry light glittered in her eyes, an ominous, baleful gleam, unpleasant to encounter; "but you know these old houses are peopled with spirits; ours are quite famous. I won't tell you the story of the upper gallery, or the white lady who comes in her ball-dress when the master of Beverley Manor dies."

"Yes, do tell me. It's horrible, isn't it? Keep close to the window. Oh, I wish I was at home! I want to hear about the white lady — but — but — yes, go on, Miss Louise," pleaded Evelyn, almost hysterical with fright, yet a love of the supernatural and a certain horrified curiosity overpowering her terror. The story had a fascination for her all the more irresistible by reason of her strange surroundings. Evelyn Page was trembling with apprehension, yet morbidly anxious to be harrowed by something appalling. "Tell me, Miss Louise, before it is too late for us to drive home," she added, unconscious of the relief manifest in the countenance opposite. "Tell me about it," she added, crouching on the floor close at the side of the other woman, and gazing up into her calm, pitiless face with frightened eyes, only moving them to glance nervously around and behind her. "Let me cover my head with this shawl, and then I won't be so much afraid."

"It is only a family history," began Louise, dropping her voice into a whisper that had something queerly uncanny in it. Just then a cloud obscured the moon, and the creaking of the old beams made Evelyn start and crouch still closer to the protecting Louise. "It was in 1790 that one of the Beverleys became infatuated with a beautiful young girl, who cared not a sou for him. He was years and years older than Marie, and loved her madly, but she hated him. Nevertheless, she gave up a dashing young lover and married the old man; sacrificed herself for his boundless wealth, for laces and jewels, while he made a fool of himself for youth and beauty. She used to walk up and down that passage reproaching him, and crying out bitterly and angrily if he ventured near her. Then she would go away to dinners and fêtes, meeting her forsaken lover, until people talked of them, always returning harder and more cruel than ever;

but the old man never blamed her. If money could not satisfy Marie, he knew there was nothing else that could.

"At length he became ill, and his young wife understood that death was upon him ; yet she was gayer and more frivolous than ever, dancing, driving and coquetting perpetually. One night, just as she had finished dressing for a ball, the physicians said that her husband was dying. Marie did not care, she would go to the ball, and refused to visit him, although the old man moaned 'Marie, Marie,' as she came through that passage past his door to the staircase, and then drove off in the family coach to the ball. She deliberately abandoned the dying man.

"They say she was a miracle of loveliness that night, in a white satin dress covered with lace, and roses on her bosom. That was a grand ball ; General Washington and his wife came over the ridge to attend it. Everybody gazed on Marie Beverley, and everybody held aloof from and gave her cold looks. General Washington said : 'Madame, we heard that my old friend, your husband, was dying, but your presence here contradicts the sad rumor.' Worst of all, her lover followed the popular ebb, and shrank away, reproaching her with being cruel and heartless.

"Marie had been a queen, and could not endure the humiliations heaped upon her at every step, so she retreated proudly, like a beautiful animal at bay. They say that a sense of her base ingratitude and shameless wickedness overwhelmed Marie as she quitted forever the scenes of her reckless frivolity. She made the coachman drive madly over the road homeward, declaring that she heard her husband calling 'Marie ! Marie !' The horses were covered with white foam when they dashed up the avenue to the door. She never glanced at them, only sprang out and rushed up-stairs, through the passage to that chamber ; but he had been dead an hour."

"In that room ?" gasped Evelyn, starting violently as a spasmodic breeze fluttered the curtains.

"That very room," resumed Louise ; "and the world literally tortured her to death. Evil whispers crept around ; people averred that the husband had been foully dealt with, and believed nothing of her passionate grief and remorse : it came too late, as it always does."

"Did she die ?" asked Evelyn, in a whisper.

"Yes, in a few months ; and since then, whenever a master of Beverley Manor dies, a phantom coach dashes frantically up the avenue, and a phantom woman rushes wildly up the steps to that chamber. Tradition says she is in her ball-dress, and the servants declare that they have heard moans from that room, perhaps the old man calling 'Marie ! Marie !'"

"I hear steps now," whispered Evelyn, hysterically.

"Nonsense, my love," responded Louise, growing more affectionate as she saw how intensely Evelyn was alarmed. "The master of Beverley Manor is growing old, but he is not fool enough to want a young wife ; besides, he is safe and well."

"I hear something, at any rate," persisted Evelyn.

"It was retribution upon Marie for selling herself to the old man," added Louise, with an unpleasant smile.

"Ah! she was poor, with patrician tastes," murmured Evelyn, pathetically.

"She reaped as she sowed, and it was justice," sternly rejoined Louise.

"I am so glad that Cecil Byrd is only twenty-four," Evelyn said, with a little sob.

"Cecil Byrd?" repeated Louise Beverley, catching her breath quickly.

"Did not Auntie tell you I was to marry Cecil in December? There! hear that!" ejaculated Evelyn, shivering as a long, low moan, a weird, unearthly sound seemed to come through the dressing-room.

"The wind in the vaults under the house," explained Louise. "It is nothing, Evelyn dear; don't let this foolish story unnerve you. Suppose we go down, they will be impatient," and passing her arm around the girl's waist, Miss Louise essayed to take her down stairs.

A dozen times she started to the door, and a dozen times ran back to the window, burying her pretty, scared face on Miss Louise's shoulder, trembling with excitement and dread. Louise had invested the legend with a strong reality, the terrible power of truth, as if the hapless Marie still inhabited the upper passage. She had a motive in telling the family tradition beyond the desire of testing her visitor's calm philosophy, and the motive imparted a resistless force to every word, taking fast hold of Evelyn's mind.

By dint of coaxing, and calling Julian from his restless walking in the hall below, they succeeded in inducing Evelyn to rush through the gloom of the passage down the staircase. When Miss Louise, following more slowly, reached the group taking ices on the vine-clad piazza, while the moonlight came stealing through the interstices, Evelyn was saying gravely, "Yes, Auntie, we will go back to Uncle Page's to-night, if you please. We must go." A ripple of surprise passed over the group. Then Mrs. Beverley argued hospitably against it; Julian insisted and Louise laughed — wholly in vain. For once Evelyn adhered immovably to her resolution, pleading almost tearfully with "Aunt Page."

"What is the matter with the child?" demanded Mrs. Page. Then with a glance at the sweet care-worn face she rose suddenly, adding, "Well, Evelyn, we will go, my pet; but it is too bad to ask Mr. Beverley to send his coachman out at this late hour."

"I will drive you myself," responded Julian.

Louise smiled oddly to herself as she stood on the porch-steps observing the guests go down to the carriage, watching the danger surge away from her threshold.

"Louise," asked Julian, abruptly quitting Evelyn and returning to his sister, "what have you said to frighten her?"

"Nothing indeed," she answered, good-humoredly; "Evelyn would hear that foolish story about the white lady. No doubt somebody had been relating it."

Julian gazed at her a moment in silence — a curious, reproachful look, as if he meant to say something, meant to make her an unusual revelation; then hesitated, descended two steps and looked around again slowly, wistfully, moving away without another word or intimation of the storm of feeling sweeping over him.

For a moment Louise fully meant to call him back, fully meant to ask an explanation of that look. It touched her as no words could. There are some things too deep for utterance, some things conveyed by naught save that voiceless eloquence. The man's whole soul was in that passionate look, and she had no key to it, no understanding of its significance.

She actually raised her voice and pronounced his name, but a laugh from Evelyn, whose spirits revived as she found herself safely outside the house, drowned the faint effort. "Oh well, I will sit up until he returns," she said, as they drove off, Evelyn sitting in front beside Julian, and Mrs. Page on the back-seat enveloping herself in a shawl as a defence against neuralgia and a penumbra to drowsiness. "I almost wish I had said nothing," murmured Louise, closing the hall-doors and sauntering around to straighten a chair here or turn an ornament there, after the manner of one seeing other matters than those visible to the eye. "There is no danger for Julian now, or the old place either. I've saved him from making a fool of himself, and rescued the manor-house from her *griffes*. Pshaw! I merely frightened the heartless girl out of her proposed visit of a week — long enough to capture Julian. The denouement is perfectly satisfactory; and she is heartless," reflected Louise, without the smallest perception of any application of the term to herself. Mrs. Beverley said "Good-night," and disappeared within her own chamber, followed by a portly mulatto woman not many years her junior. Miss Louise slipped the key-basket on her arm and went upstairs, pausing first to take the bust of Shakspeare from over the door and dust it carefully. Everybody said that Julian's chance resemblance to the great dramatist was extraordinary. His sister had remarked it a thousand times, but to-night the marble calmness did not so clearly recall Julian's countenance as she saw it half-an-hour before.

Drawing the curtains and lighting a wax-candle, she remembered that it was a two-hours' drive to the Pages' and back over a bad road; so Louise opened a book and sat down to read wearily. The anger and excitement of the evening had spent its force; the events seemed ages away. She marvelled already, in a tired way, that they could have moved her quiet nature to such a degree. "He is starting from the Pages' now," she remarked, shutting her watch with a click, echoing sharply in the stillness, and then sank back in an easy-chair to read.

It might have been a moment, it might have been half-an-hour, when Louise started and allowed her book to slip to the floor. It had performed its task of keeping her awake, and now she discarded it carelessly, with no prescience of interposing events before she looked at that page again or resumed the broken sentence, for Julian was coming.

Louise heard him driving madly up the avenue. Even then she wondered why he was applying the whip so unmercifully and careering over the gravelled road at such a break-neck pace; Julian was such a careful driver, so tender of his thoroughbreds. How very strange it was! She heard the panting horses as the carriage dashed around the circle to the porch, the door flung back on its rusty hinges, and

some one run up the staircase, down the passage—a light, flying, rushing step, alarming and startling the listener.

Miss Louise stood up, listening intently and trembling, as a sense of calamity, a vague, undefined dread, possessed her. "What does Julian mean?" she said, going to the window. The moon beamed with the clearness of day, *but the carriage was not there*. She raised the window and looked out. It was nowhere to be seen. "It is very strange," she said aloud, "very strange. I heard the carriage drive up and some one come in." She opened the door and looked into the passage. All was still; not a sound disturbed the profound silence, the dead hush, as if everything held its breath until she would turn away. Miss Louise opened her watch; barely half-an-hour had elapsed since he left the Pages', only ten minutes since she last looked at it.

Taking the light, she passed slowly down the broad staircase, holding the light above her head and glancing keenly around her. The flowers looked pale and lifeless in the rays of a single wax-candle; their fragrance and brilliance seemed to have departed. The white vases, with their trailing myrtle and ivy, imparted a funereal aspect to the great dim hall. She shivered and turned hastily to Mrs. Beverley's chamber.

"Julian has come?" remarked Mrs. Beverley, interrogatively.

"No, I think not," answered the daughter, in a low tone, as if she dreaded what her mother might say.

"I heard him come in," added Mrs. Beverley, sleepily.

Louise Beverley's face blanched. She caught her breath in a short gasp, while a strange, confounded expression stole over her countenance. She was a grave, self-posed, clear-brained woman, full of contempt for the idle story she had related to Evelyn Page, striving to be skeptical of tradition, of dusky legendary lore, and disdainful of the fossilised honors and misfortunes of her race. Nevertheless all this hard practical sense availed her nothing at this dead hour of the night, with that horrible feeling of disaster and miserable delusion weighing upon her.

She had assured Evelyn that "Marie and her phantom equipage" never came save when the master of Beverley Manor was dying. Julian, now that she had rescued him from those "hard, heartless, mercenary Pages"—was he not doubly secure? Had she not parted with him an hour before in the perfection of health and strength? "What a fool I am!" she said, roughly. "I will look out and see if he is coming."

Unlocking the front-door, Louise started at the appearance of a man standing on the stone steps, then grew angry when the coachman took off his hat and said, "Marse Julian aint come yet, Miss Louise."

"No; of course not. Don't you see he has not?" she replied, sharply.

"Yes 'm, pears he's not here; but Katey she would make out the carriage come up the road just now. Says she, 'Git up there, chile. Marse Julian's drivin' like Jehu; he's in a powerful hurry 'bout somethin', sure's my name is Katey.' You's sure he's not in de house,

Miss Louise, and nobody else aint come?" asked the man, peering curiously at her and hesitating.

"He will be here presently. I thought I heard the carriage, but I was mistaken," and Louise abruptly closed the door and re-ascended the staircase to her own chamber.

The stillness seemed fearful. Every soul was wrapped in the mystic spell of perfect repose, fallen upon all save the solitary watcher waiting for Julian. She sat down at the window with her face pressed against the glass, striving to penetrate into the shadows far down the avenue. That look of Julian's haunted her; even now Louise repented of the womanly finesse used to shatter the idol of her brother's life. She resolved to relinquish opposition — nay more, to ask his confidence. Her heart filled with tenderness for Julian, with remorse and compassion. "If" she had been more sympathetic, "if" she only knew what he had meant to say at that last, irreclaimable moment? "To-morrow it shall be different; to-morrow I will do everything for him," she resolved, then left the window and looked at her watch ticking softly on the table; it had been two hours since Julian Beverley left the Pages'.

Dawn, gray and misty, streaked the orient; then the crimson clouds rising over the dewy foliage and fresh, moist turf, rising to dissolve the spell of night and silence. Louise had thrown herself on the bed and fallen into a troubled sleep, still fancying herself waiting for Julian. Just as the east grew luminous, a sharp knock from the heavy brass knocker aroused the household. Louise sprang from the bed and rushed to the staircase. The coachman was speaking in excited, horror-stricken tones. "Marse Julian is badly hurt," he was saying, at Mrs. Beverley's door; "but he's alive, and our people are bringing him home. We found him at the foot of the ivy-rocks. He must have fallen; there's hope yet, Mistis, please God, but it's an awful fall."

"Is he living?" gasped Louise, hoarsely, her face of an ashen whiteness.

"Just living, Miss," he added, cautiously closing the door and speaking more freely; "the horses were standin' outside the stable-door when I got up, and I knowed somethin' was wrong with Marse Julian; so I roused our people at the quarter, and they are bringing him home. Miss Louise, you'd better keep ole Miss from a sight of him."

With a deadly faintness at her heart, a desperate, hopeless agony in every lineament, Louise Beverley pressed her hands against each temple and whispered to herself: "God pity me! I have broken his heart."

Before noon Julian Beverley was dead. Whether or not he lost his life by an accidental fall from the steep, precipitous ivy-rocks, none will ever know. But those who comprehended the vein of poetic melancholy so apparent in the race, always doubted the accident, especially when it was found that Evelyn Page had rejected him at that picturesque, beautiful, but dangerous spot. They found him there, the grave, handsome master of Beverley Manor, dying alone,

within sight of his home. Louise had said: "To-morrow it will be different; to-morrow I will do everything for him." It was different; and she did everything; but all the world could do naught for Julian now, save give him a grave. That was his share of Beverley Manor.

INDE.

WHAT IS PUBLIC INTERNATIONAL LAW?

THIS question, which includes the inquiry, What is law? is presently for every man the most immediately practical, as well as ultimately the most deeply important, of all the legal and political questions of the day; for all the great political questions are questions of law; and of all law, public international law is the highest. As such, when well understood, and viewed as the paramount common law of the civilised world, it will be found the most powerful guaranty of individual and of national liberty.

Law, in the civilised world, and in a civil government, as distinguished from all military governments, is not what the text-books of the law say it is, "the command of a political superior," but it is a contract. All law is either principle or positive law. All principle is a part of the law of nature, which is the word or covenant of God with man; all positive law, in a civil government, is the joint act of the members of a political corporation in their corporate capacity, and as their joint act it is their contract. It is entered into mediately or immediately: mediately, by means of a concourse of delegated public agents; or immediately, by and among the people themselves, as equal members of a political corporation. In a civil government there are no political superiors authorised to issue commands to the rest of the community; but for the purpose of enacting law, every county, city, town, and even every lower political subdivision of the people, so far as it does so, is a political corporation, the members of which are legally equal. Such a corporation, in fact, is every State. The United States of America is also a political corporation. The whole civilised world is a political arch-corporation. Political corporations form classes, hierarchically arranged, each class under the highest containing many coördinate bodies, each of which again may include many subordinate. But in the race capable of civil government, and constituting the civilised world, the superior authority of one corporation over another, like that of one member over another in the same corporation, is not founded in nature or birth or force or

property, but rests on contract, by voluntary delegation from the lower to the higher. The principles for all the laws of all these political corporations being supplied by the law of nature, all the principles of all laws must agree. Nor can any valid positive law conflict with any principle. The positive law of all these corporations of the same class, they being coördinate, must be entirely independent; the positive law of any political corporation must, however, control the positive law of all the subordinate political corporations that it includes. Thus the positive law of a State must control the positive law of all its municipal corporations. The positive law of a whole union of States, constitutionally enacted or decreed by the whole people in their corporate capacity, must control the positive law of each State. The positive law of the whole civilised world, whether mediately or immediately adopted, by treaty or by custom, must control the positive law of every civilised State and union of States.

The law of the whole civilised world, both as principle and as positive law, is called the law of nations, or international law; that portion of it which relates to public affairs is called public international law. Public international law therefore is the paramount law of every State and union of States in the civilised world.

The principles of public international law being, therefore, the highest principles of all law, are imperative in the whole civilised world upon every court, from the highest to the lowest. No judge can adduce any human law to justify his disobedience to these principles; because he knows that no human law conflicting with these principles is valid. These principles must prevail in every legal tribunal.

But, so far as public international law is positive, it needs, and it should provide, special tribunals for its complete administration. Otherwise, in the absence of such tribunals, it must in many cases of contest under it between discordant parties, whether individuals or States, remain inoperative.

All political violations of the principles of public international law, whether committed by nations, by political parties, by mobs, or by official personages, may, for want of another name, be called acts of despotism. The general nature of these acts may be inferred from the etymology of their name. Despot means the master of a slave. Despotism is that form of government in which the ruler is master and the subjects are slaves. It knows no law, but only arbitrary acts of government, such as the "commands of a political superior." It is utterly destructive of civilisation, of which law is the web and the woof, and which can only be supported by a government altogether inspired and moved by law. For law, civilisation, and liberty, which is the opposite of despotism, are inseparable. Any political act, therefore, that militates against the sway of law, which, as the "perfection of reason," must be regarded as the paramount authority of the State and of the civilised world, is an act of despotism.

Acts of despotism may be viewed as public wrongs or as private wrongs, whether perpetrated by nations or by one or more individuals. As public wrongs or crimes they may include lower crimes, namely, treason, murder, battery, imprisonment, robbery, embezzlement. As

private wrongs they may include lower private injuries, namely, trespasses against the person or the property of individuals. As illegal acts of individuals committed intentionally, they all imply malice, and the separate, individual, solidary responsibility of every guilty party to every victim. They violate at once the principles of public international law and of national common law; and when committed by an individual, these acts, even in the absence of appropriate international tribunals, may therefore, as private wrongs or as wrongs capable of compensation by pecuniary damages, and at the suit of the victim, whether a State or an individual, on waiving their extreme criminal enormity, be measurably redressed in any tribunal having jurisdiction over the person or property of the offender.

Committed by individuals at the instigation of the strong passions of ambition and greed, acts of despotism intoxicate the mind, pervert and harden the heart. They lead by repetition to systematic depravity. A strong nature that indulges them they bear irresistibly into a rigid, pitiless, "thorough" system of despotism. The example of Strafford in this respect, and of the destruction which by the indulgence of such acts he brought upon himself and his master, among a people more patient then perhaps than the people of the United States are now, is a significant warning. The most dangerous sort of acts of despotism, however, are those perpetrated by a State or by a whole people.

It is neither a caricature of Strafford, nor the blind approval of his "thorough" system by his pleased superior, that constitutes the chief present element of danger and disgrace to the American people. Nor is their greatest danger to be found even in the servility with which party-hacks on both sides, and particularly the office-holders of the administration, have acquiesced in the official inspiration of despotism from the highest law-officer of the government. The people are unconsciously their own greatest enemy. They must be aroused to consciousness. Their sleep would be death. They do not know that they are involved in the guilt of national acts of despotism, the tendency of which is suicidal. For it is true, indeed, that in their national government despotic acts of individuals have been rife. Every one of the large number of official personages, executive, judicial, and legislative, that by means of their official positions have helped to misappropriate public or private property, or to infringe public or private liberty — though acting under the false pretence of pretended laws that violated the principles of public international law — has acted unblushingly without law as a very despot, as if he claimed to be the owner of the persons and of the property of the people. Particularly is it true that under that national government, which is a distinctively civil democracy, all the numerous acts of military government in peace against civilians, virtually constituting actual war against the people of the United States, were not only technical acts of treason, the more wicked because the war was one-sided, but also, in all the civil functionaries and military forces participating in them, from the highest general to the lowest private, were flagrant acts of despotism. Great, daring, and presumptuous, however, as undeniably is the guilt of the highest servants of the American people,

and particularly of the regular army, in the commission of gross acts of despotism ; greater, in the tame and silent toleration, if not even in the hesitating and unprincipled approbation of such acts, evinced by the concurrent and rival and unrebuked adoption of them by both political party organisations, is the guilt of the people themselves. There is no excuse for the criminality of the people's servants. But the people, in the sad political tragedy of errors now being gravely enacted in America, bear a more conspicuous and a more sublimely reckless part. Heedlessly neglecting their lofty mission to maintain the cause of universal liberty, and ignorantly approving the despotic acts of their servants, they seem more and more unmindful of their duty as they approach the closing scene ; like those apostates of old who, without persecution, carelessly seized the fatal cup, in sheer contempt of their former faith, to pour idolatrous libations to heathen despotism. Before history's dramatic curtain falls on that disgusting scene, there is yet a moment for reflection. The people of America, standing on the stage of time before the world, are yet free to renounce their errors, and to win the fame of common honesty and common sense.

It is time that flattery of the people should cease. It is high time that the few who have not bowed the knee to the popular idols, should invoke the heavenly fire of rational and legal argument, which may brightly burn in the hearts of the people as they muse ; until they are clearly enlightened and strongly moved to consider earnestly the true issues of the political situation, and grandly to redeem their past errors by their "sober second-thought."

The occasion calls upon the people to do a heroic work, a work of lofty moral heroism. It is not to expend their wrath upon their guilty political agents, but to redeem their own guilt ; for it is the conniving carelessness and the indifference of the people that have emboldened the unprincipled politicians of both political parties, with thoughtless fanatics, all secure in fancied impunity, to engage in high-handed acts of despotism. These acts will be repeated again and again so long as the people by silence and inaction allow themselves to be considered as the backers of those reckless men that, while acting as despots, profess to act in the people's name. Popular institutions are involved in danger and disgrace by the silence and inaction of the people. The people are not in leading-strings, but are responsible; they must right their own wrong. They have a high duty to themselves to perform. This duty mere politicians cannot do ; nor can the people do it by merely putting out one set of politicians and putting in another. Neither the guilt nor the regeneration of the people is an affair of mere politicians. If the people would rise to the height of the great argument concerning their duty, they would see that if they would be "redeemed, regenerated and disenthralled," themselves must do the needful work, and they must do it in themselves. Reform or regeneration of the people is their great need; for if they could purify all their politicians and leaders, very little would be accomplished towards a noble life of the people. Unless the people themselves are thoroughly reformed, they would soon by carelessness and indifference again corrupt their politicians.

The needed regeneration or reform of the people consists in the deliberate formation, and in the energetic expression by word and deed, of a pure public opinion.

Public opinion may perform several distinct functions. In the absence of appropriate tribunals to criminally punish acts of despotism in official personages, it is only through public opinion that popular indignation can be visited on such personages as offenders against public international law. A pure public opinion, as a solemn expression of sincere general convictions of duty, is also an index of popular regeneration. This moral development of public opinion should precede its judicial function as a temporary substitute for the criminal tribunals needed to realise the responsibility of political official personages to the people. The public opinion now spoken of as immediately needed by the American people, is the moral reflection of the nation. It may likewise be shown that a pure or true public opinion may be an evidence and a source of law. It may even become co-extensive with the civilised world, and is then both the evidence and the source of public international law. The evidence of it as principle, and both the evidence and the source of it as positive law. From the nature of truth, this true international public opinion, and every true national public opinion, and every true individual opinion, on the same subject, must coincide. To be the source or evidence of law, public opinion must have a practical subject as a rule of human action.

All true public opinion must take its rise in the sound opinions of individuals. It is then the manifest duty of the people, by individual observation, study and reasoning, by solitary meditation, and then by conference among themselves, in their local, State, national and international communities or corporations, to elaborate a true public opinion on all questions of local or general practical importance.

The first, and the most important effect of this action of the people, is their own reform and regeneration. Afterwards, to embody the result of their conference, their agreement, their contract on these questions respectively, in local or general, written or unwritten, statutory or constitutional laws, is an easy process. Such a general agreement, if extended over the civilised world, whether verbally expressed and left unwritten as mere public opinion, or written in treaties, or even if expressed only in acts, as custom, is positive public international law.

Thus it will be seen that so long as an outward international organisation is not formed to define and punish, by appropriate tribunals, acts of despotism according to their whole enormity, when committed by the people, they can only be fitly stigmatised, and practically wiped out as a national disgrace, through the moral development of the public opinion of the nation immediately concerned; which public opinion, if true, must be in accord with that of the civilised world.

The general means and the particular methods and instrumentalities requisite to form even the most general, true and authoritative public opinion in practical, social, and political affairs, will be found, ready for instant and effective use, in the universal constitution of man's

nature. The inquiry into the formation of the remedial public opinion, needed for the present occasion, will necessarily lead to a brief specification of the national acts of despotism, or violations of public international law, that — aside from the political crimes of individuals — call for its regenerative action. In the presence of popular errors, it can only arise to reform them.

There is ever present to the spirit of man a world of thought, or of ideas, as distinct from his own spirit and the spirits of others as it is from the material world. In this world of thought, whatever else there is, there are infinite, permanent ideas that, by authentic records, can be traced back unchanged to near the infancy of the human race; and which still, however variously named, every man can see and contemplate alike. Along with these infinite ideas there are also in the world of thought finite, transient ideas that man's spirit constructs, some by conscious, some by unconscious authority; and there are also found there finite ideas communicated by other men. The plain analogy of both classes of finite ideas, the original and the communicated, in their intrinsic nature, compels the inference that both have a spiritual or personal source. Their analogy, again, to the infinite ideas, when compared with these in the world of thought, proves that these too must have a personal author, who must also be infinite, as they cannot be derived from a finite origin. The intuition of infinite personal ideas proves a personal God, whose words addressed to man these ideas are.

The infinite ideas are presented or communicated to man in his world of thought by their author as sublime objects of contemplation. They are adapted to man's spiritual nature; man's spirit converses in them. In every successive act of converse or of meditation, man recognises each of these ideas as always the same. They are to him more permanent than the mountains or the stars. He is bound to infer that what they are now they were also at the birth of his race. He is also compelled to admit that though all the successive generations of man have explored them, and each has discovered much of their beauty and truth, they still are seen through a veil and are known but in part. His brightest hope is that, with vision unclouded, he will see them face to face with their author, and know them at last as they are.

Some of the infinite permanent ideas are: society, state, church, law, liberty, right, duty, virtue, peace, charity, industry, science, art. Seen in the bright firmament of the world of thought, they differ from each other in glory. They are not all seen at once. They rise and set. They form in various combinations different systems. Society is the vast central sun to which they all belong.

Man is so constituted that by intuition, by his spiritual vision, he sees infolded in the infinite idea of society all practical principles whatever. Idea is a spiritual means or medium of communication. It is a word stripped of every attribute of matter. It conveys a meaning from spirit to spirit. An infinite idea is the word of an infinite spirit. The meaning of a word or idea is either elementary or derived. Its elementary meaning is also immediate, and may be expressed in human language as a principle. A principle may be

expressed as a mere statement or categorical proposition, or in the form of a rule or of a command. The derived meaning of a word or idea may also be expressed as a statement or rule or command. Matter is a secondary means or medium by which ideas are ordinarily communicated from one spirit to another. There is also an immediate introduction or inspiration of infinite ideas into the presence of genius and of common sense. Matter is the means by which the spirit of man exercises all its powers in the outward or material world. Matter is also the usual vehicle that bears ideas or the meaning of words to the entrance-gate of the world of thought. When an idea imports action, its expression is a practical principle.

Now the infinite idea of society is the association, the communion, or the active community of God with man. It implies all social principles; and as all practical principles must be social, God being present always with all men, it also contains all practical principles. It is organic as well as infinite; it expresses an infinite organism.

Society is variously organised. First, society is twofold: it is the Church and the State. The Church is the association of God with man in reference primarily to human life in a future world. The State is the association of God with man in reference primarily to human life in the present world. God belongs as much to the State as to the Church. There are intimate relations between man's present and his future life. They have much common ground, which may be designated as morality strictly so called. But the Church has a distinct and peculiar body of practical doctrine called religion; while the State has a distinct body of practical doctrine quite as peculiar to itself, and called polity. Then the Church and the State may each be considered in several aspects as a distinct organisation of society. Each at last may be viewed, without direct reference to the other, as a separate arch-organisation composed of many and complex subordinate organisations, while both have a common head.

The State, as the political aspect of society, is the exclusive subject of the present consideration. Political doctrine, as distinct from what is religious, will be alone discussed. God is necessarily named, as being in fact the head of all society, of the State as well as of the Church; but he is only viewed in his political capacity.

The most familiar name of the idea of society in all its generality and infinitude is the Kingdom of God. It embraces not only the Church and the State in this world, but also in the next. It implies the immortality of man. For God, the infinite author of the infinite ideas addressed to man, must in candor intend that man shall fully see their meaning; and this is an impossibility for finite beings in this finite life. Besides, God, as an immortal spirit, cannot be the associate in Church and State of mere mortals.

The State, in its perfection in the kingdom of God, in its infinite idea, is one in which God alone is King. It is therefore on earth a democracy; for its essential form, being infinite, must be the same in this world as in the next. In the perfect State, God is the immediate and the only political superior of man. In it there is no political minister or representative of God to man. Pure religion and undefiled, while it will perfectly accord, will not meddle with

pure polity. The separation of Church and State is the necessary condition of the liberty of both. The State is a political corporation, while the Church is a purely spiritual organisation. The Church may use corporations, as it uses money and other political things, but only for religious purposes.

In Europe, feudalism, though it properly admitted the vital unity of Church and State in one Christianity, which is only another name for the kingdom of God ; yet it erred in allowing not only the political degradation of the masses through the subordination of stable military ranks in the State ; but also the religious degradation of the same masses, according to the tradition and practice of heathen priestcraft, by permitting in the Church by its officers the bishops, as political lords, in like subordination, the exercise of political functions. Feudalism thus became, and it continues, both a fusion of Church and State, and a medley of heathen militarism with Christianity. The more Christianity predominates in it, the more Church and State become separated, and the nearer the State approaches to democracy. The more militarism, lay and ecclesiastical, is excluded from it, the more liberty, with equality, in Church and State will prevail. Feudalism is of the earth, an earthly and temporal perversion of the true polity.

In America, civil democracy, as an exclusively civil government, is the purely political element of the infinite idea of society, whether this idea is called Christianity or the Kingdom of God. Democracy as the political embodiment of Christianity is an immortal State. Its principles and its measures cannot regard merely temporary expediency ; but they must all be shaped for immortality. Its political concerns are indeed eternal. Its members, if they are good and true, are inspired by a scheme of polity that embraces both worlds ; and what they have worthily begun on earth, they may expect on passing from it to nobly end in a glorious and unbroken communion with the great majority and with God. Principles cannot die. Men, having shuffled off with their "mortal coil" every artificial lay and ecclesiastical distinction, retain forever their innate and immortal democracy, and must practise it beyond the grave.

Several coördinate general organisations of man are involved in the infinite idea of political society or of the State. They are all partially, but very imperfectly realised. Some of these general political organisations may be called the governmental, the industrial, the charitable, the scientific or that of letters, and the aesthetic or that of art. Each constitutes not only a separate arch-corporation, but also a separate republic, with many divided interests and distinct concerns. Yet the aim of each organisation being to realise a particular phase of the infinite idea of society, the action of all must harmonise. Just as they all, constituting the State, must agree in their tendency with the Church ; both State and Church forming one society.

It is the governmental, general organisation of society that assumes as its end the maintenance of rational public order, or that peace which consists with individual liberty. By its joint action in all practical matters tending to this end, and fit to become rational rules of human action, it produces that general agreement or public opinion that not only constitutes, rectifies and modifies law, but also indicates

thereby a reformation or "sober second-thought" of the people. For it is the nature of men, and of nations as composed of men, occasionally to err. Law is both the rule of right and the rectification of error. It is the means by which rational public order is produced and maintained. In the abstract it is the same as justice; in practice also justice is only the law judicially applied to facts. Justice is always law; and law, in its proper signification as a contract, or rational rule of human action, is always justice. Rational public order — not despotic order, not military order, not the order that reigned in Warsaw and in the Southern States of America — is the sway of that law which is justice. Such also is liberty, and such is peace. Peace then, domestic and international, true peace — the universal prevalence of that law which is always justice, and which always accompanies liberty — is the particular and comprehensive aim of the governmental general organisation of society.

While the aim of the general governmental organisation is not the same as those of the other general political organisations, it both promotes the aims of them all and it may itself be aided by the action of each. The general political organisations are all inter-fused in their members, and they all interlock in their action. Each pursues one distinct general end, which branches into several particular regards. In these particular regards they touch. Thus all these general organisations in order to effectually attain their particular ends, need the protection of law, which is a branch of that peace which is the end of the governmental. So too the governmental organisation, in the prosecution of its special aim, may be greatly aided in many obvious ways by all the other general organisations. Only one of these ways will now be noticed; it is a modern substitute for the ancient system of the Anglo-Saxon frank-pledge.

Much of the evil that prevails in the governmental organisation in the way of official corruption and class legislation, arises from the disintegration of the honest portion of the people, who have at heart the general good. Those who with patriotic inspiration, and with the generous feelings of youth, desire to benefit the country by their talents, their learning, their experience, their character, find their laudable ambition thwarted by a practised and artful set of low-minded self-seekers, or daring tools of those classes that seek legislative privileges. It is yet allowable to suppose that the masses of the voters are neither debauched by the money lavished at elections by unworthy candidates for popular favor, nor misled by their arrogant and pretentious claims. It is not the general corruption, but the indifference of the masses, their toleration of indelicate and ungentelemanly practices in politics, the facility with which they allow themselves to be duped by the effrontery of candidates who seek to represent them, that have caused the official class in recent times, with a few shining examples, to be filled with men who associate, and are only fit to associate, with the veriest offscourings of society. The disadvantage of honest gentlemen against roguish tricksters in politics is easily explained. The rogues operate in skilfully contrived rings, cliques, clubs, arranged with ubiquitous affiliations among the public; while the gentlemen are either entirely isolated, or are only

supported by limited personal associations. The remedy of this disadvantage is a concerted combination of all the general political organisations, so as to give due prominence and support to virtue, merit, character, talent and experience.

Each of these general organisations may be divided into a vast number of connected subordinate associations, corporations or guilds. The governmental general organisation is localised, or portioned off into strictly local divisions and subdivisions, constituting corporations, or self-governing bodies of the people. Each of these self-governing bodies transacts its business by a smaller body of elective and representative officials, who are the agents or trustees of the portion of the people that they respectively represent. The self-governing bodies, and their respective representative bodies, are governmental corporations, and they conduct their business by certain conventional parliamentary rules, invented to protect the rights of the minority on every emergent question, and to fairly bring about its ultimate decision by the majority. The governmental action of the self-governing bodies is chiefly confined to the election of its agents or representatives. Hence results the responsibility of the people to throw into this primary elective action all their intelligence, skill, and ability, in order to preserve the fact and reality as well as the mere outward appearance of self-government. For this purpose the application of the true principles of the parliamentary rules to the primary elective action of the people is essential.

The parliamentary rules applicable in this elective action, to preserve the rights both of the majority and of the minority, are first, that every voter should vote ; secondly, that all force and fraud shall be excluded ; thirdly, that the discussion of the questions at issue shall be free, full and fair ; and fourthly, that the questions to be voted on shall be properly prepared for the action of the body of the people by appropriate committees.

The parliamentary rule that requires all questions for the primary elective action of the people to be previously elaborated and prepared for them by reference to appropriate committees, is the only one that needs remark. By a seeming anomaly, the standing committees to which these questions must be referred are apparently outside of the governmental organisation : they are the other political general organisations. This anomaly is explained by the fact that all these general organisations are composed of the same individuals. Now an association of the same individuals may be a guild or corporation in each of two or more of the general organisations. For instance, a society of lawyers, or one of physicians, or one of teachers, or one of authors, or one of mechanics, or one of merchants, may form a guild in the general industrial organisation in relation to their pursuit as a means of income and support ; and it may also be a guild in the scientific general organisation, with a view to advance the particular science or sciences in which their pursuit is conversant ; and it may also form a society in the general charitable organisation, to relieve the needs of which it may have peculiar knowledge. So, too, any one of the general political organisations may temporarily act as an aid or committee of any other, both being composed of the same individuals,

though differently organised. It could then refer to a particular subordinate guild, as a sub-committee, a question on which that guild, owing to its special interest or information, could throw needed light. It would be the duty of the appropriate general organisations, as standing committees, to consider, without a special reference, all pending governmental questions. They could also make majority and minority reports when candor required the bearing of the views of political parties on these questions to be clearly reflected.

The nature of every question that can come up for decision by the primary elective action of the people is two-fold: it is practical and personal. Every primary vote of the people has both a practical and a personal significance. Its practical significance relates to the particular measure, or to the system of policy which it is designed to approve or to disapprove. Its personal significance relates to the persons whom it means to designate as the people's agents to carry out or to oppose the particular measure or the system of policy. As to the practical nature of the questions which the people may be called on to decide, there is on a general survey little new to be said. In this respect, a general system of public school education, a free press, and a free oral discussion of current topics by regularly organised political parties, all conducted under the watchful supervision and with the careful coöperation of the five coördinate general political organisations of the people, would embrace all necessary means for forming on these questions, as a guide to the popular vote, a correct public opinion. But the personal nature of these questions requires a somewhat more extended consideration; for the persons elected ought to have the personal qualifications necessary to personify all the views of the electors. Yet often these views do not relate merely, or even chiefly, to practical measures, but to the general character, ability and experience of the candidate; for often the voter merely vouches by his vote for the fitness of a candidate to fill an office of great responsibility.

It is obvious that, in some way, the public attention should be concentrated before the election on the personal qualifications of particular candidates. Otherwise the election would differ little from chance. In America, the candidates for both general and local elective offices, even for those which do not require, but exclude, party action, are generally recommended or nominated by the conventions of the general political parties. But if a political party be considered as an honorable association, designed to promote certain political measures and opinions, its action is clearly perverted, and becomes merely personal instead of political, when it is directed to nominate candidates for those offices that can properly exert no influence in advancing those measures or opinions. When the action of a political party becomes merely personal, it ceases to represent political opinions, which, though erroneous, may be honest. It is already corrupt. A general political party, in order to preserve purity and efficiency in its general action, ought to protest against the perversion of its organisation to the mere personal and, therefore, selfish advancement of individuals in the innumerable local elections. Such corrupt action of general political parties sows the seeds of official corruption and

profligacy over the whole land. It plants them most abundantly in those offices that, if general parties pursued only their honorable national ends, would not only be exempt from the pollution of perverted party, but would exercise a healthful moral influence over the whole community.

The nomination of candidates for general executive and legislative officers, for State Governors and Legislatures, by fair conventions of the general political parties, is consistent with the proper ends and with the honorable action of such parties. But when a general or national party by its conventions undertakes to nominate candidates for judicial and law offices ; for inferior local executive and ministerial offices, as comptrollers, sheriffs, clerks of courts ; or for municipal offices, as mayors, city councils, county commissioners, its action is not only manifestly wrong to the public, by foisting the pothouse politicians, the degraded bummers, and the rapacious camp-followers of a great party into places of public trust, to batten officially upon the people by perverting their interests and bartering their honor ; but it is also suicidal to the party. What general political party has long survived such action ? Its principles and its name may have survived awhile in remembrance, and then its name alone. But to embody them long, one foul organisation must rot, and give place to another.

How, then, it may be asked, ought the personal qualifications of candidates, for those elective offices that do not properly belong to general political parties, to be brought to the attention of the people for their primary elective action in their general governmental organisation ? These candidates should be nominated by the concerted concurrence and coöperation of all the other general political organisations. Each of these general organisations should have, in every city and county, a carefully selected and statedly renewed standing governmental committee. All such committees belonging to the same locality should, on the eve of an election there, for such an office, meet and confer together, and either jointly recommend for each office one or more candidates, or furnish to the people reliable grounds for an easy selection. By means of these governmental committees, the general organisations from which they would emanate could send faithful and intelligent representatives of every business interest, of every benevolent enterprise, of every intellectual pursuit, and of every artistic occupation, to jointly scan and to reliably report to the people the personal qualifications of every candidate for an elective office.

As, in the Anglo-Saxon institution of frank-pledge, imported into England from the old German constitution, when Germany was free, the whole male population was divided into small guilds, each consisting of ten men, ten of which guilds made a larger one called a hundred, several hundreds forming a *gau* or shire, one or more of which, again, constituted a people or nation ; and each individual acted in public with his guild practically at his back, to give him protection, support, and authority, and thereby to preserve in a primitive state of society the public peace and the public liberty : so, in the more advanced and comprehensive organisation of modern society, according to the import of its infinite idea, its political branch being

divided into several coördinate general organisations, each consisting of a vast number of connected societies, guilds and corporations, every individual, according to his talents, attainments, tastes and wants, must find in these arrangements an appropriate sphere in which, for the public welfare, he can both exert, in all the relations of life, his proper influence, and may receive all needed moral and physical support.

The complete organisation of society, according to its infinite idea, must simplify government, and thereby render it more pure and efficient; for many subjects of general interest, now referred to the action of government as the only general political organisation that is considerably realised, would be more appropriately relegated to one of the other general political organisations. Such are many questions of commerce, of finance, of capital and labor, that properly belong to the industrial organisation. Such, too, are many questions of education that can only be suitably resolved by the scientific organisation. So likewise many questions of moral reform, as temperance, belong to the general organisation of charity. Finally, questions regarding public amusements and social customs may be disposed of by the general organisation of art.

But the governmental organisation is not only relieved of unnecessary functions by the other general political organisations, it is also, in its proper action, directly aided by them. The general industrial organisation, by systematising all industrial pursuits, and humbly emulating and supplementing the miracle of the bountiful production of daily bread by the seemingly as difficult task of its wise distribution, through the free, liberal competition of untrammelled industry for all the rewards which regular, moderate, and provident labor of body and mind when judiciously directed can bestow, must not only furnish the government with the material means that it uses, but also aid in the preservation of that contented rational order, or true peace, which is the government's chief end. The republic of letters, or the general scientific organisation, furnishes the light of science that is absolutely necessary for all the operations of the government, and it supplies the educated intelligence from which alone can proceed a true public opinion, and its consequent just public sentiment, on which all free government must rest. The general charitable association, partly by systematising and dispensing true charity, on a national and international scale, on business principles, somewhat in the way of a general mutual insurance of life, health and business, and especially by fostering that charity which consists in the promotion of moral reform, will not only secure and economically apply all funds charitably bestowed, and wisely direct all labor kindly volunteered for the purpose of relieving the accidents, the vicissitudes, and the infirmities of life, but will also greatly strengthen the government by restoring many of its exhausted, dejected, discouraged, erring members to the ranks of usefulness and respectability. The general association of art, by calling universal attention to the spectacle and the voice both of physical and moral beauty and sublimity in outward nature and in man, and by furnishing models and examples of skill in their imitation, will purify the public and private amusements

and the social sympathy and intercourse that seem needed for the masses to solace the toil, change the monotony, enliven the dulness, and relieve the strain of their bodily and mental labor, will also elevate the self-respect of the masses by their æsthetic and moral culture ; for morality is inseparable from high art, and will lead them to aspire upward from the grossness and excitement of sense, through the inspiration, refreshment and rest of the ideal, to that calm and gentle nobility of soul which alone can fit them, in their governmental organisation, for the performance of the highest duties of patriotic citizenship.

Not one of the general organisations of society, however, is so far realised as to be perfectly international ; but the rudimentary international form of all can be discovered. Some are more developed than others. The international State of the civilised world is less completely organised than the international Church.

Of the general organisations of the international State, the governmental exhibits some signs of international life in the diplomatic intercourse of nations, and in the general spread of one political party, that which aims at the establishment in all nations of democratic forms and principles. The general industrial organisation has, besides the international customs of commerce, and an international medium of exchange, an imperfect international combination of some guilds, imperfectly representing the general interests of labor. The general charitable organisation has several very great, though still disconnected, international orders, or separate systems and combinations of charitable, benevolent, or beneficial societies. The scientific general organisation maintains international relations among several scientific bodies, and as a whole has a recognised international name, that of the Republic of Letters. The general association of art, if it has few international affiliations among its societies, is yet held together by the international esteem and reputation of its artists and their works. In fact, all the general organisations of political society have strongly marked international germs, that seem sufficiently vigorous, with suitable care and culture, to grow rapidly towards their full development.

So much for the permanent existence in human thought, and for the actual realisation in part, of the infinite idea of society. If, as a fact of intuition, there is in man's world of thought, present to the spirit of every man, though only in a process of partial and gradual outward realisation, an idea of society perfect, infinite, personal, adapted to the intelligence of man, the word of an infinite, personal author, it must be the single standard, type, or ideal at once of a perfect State and of a perfect Church. It must, as such, contain a solution of all practical political and religious controversies. Its perfection must express man's political and religious needs. Its universality and perpetual presence must prevent any lasting conflict between Church and State. Its immediate, intuitive authority must preclude the necessity of an infallible interpreter of either the political or the religious principles that it infolds.

This primary infinite idea in its political aspect, involves spiritually, or implies, the secondary infinite ideas of rational public order, peace,

law, justice, industry, charity, science, art. All these infinite ideas as permanent objects in man's world of thought, visible alike to all men, and on which all men by their common nature, their common sense, can agree, are the means by which a true public opinion, national and international, can be formed. The political principles which these ideas not only imply, but also express to man's reason, are those of the law of Nature, of which the principles of public international law are part. All these principles imply an international State with God as its head. They constitute together the perfect law of liberty. Violations of the principles of public international law, therefore, are not only acts of despotism, but also acts of political heathenism. As acts of despotism only they are now considered.

The permanence and universality of the infinite idea and principles of society is proved by the historical records of the ancient conflict between good and evil, always recurring as a battle between liberty and despotism on one hand, and between superstitious heathenism and pure rational religion on the other. For what but the infinite idea of society with its lofty principles ever present in man's world of thought, is the good, or liberty, or pure religion? And what but the voluntary withdrawal of man's spirit from the presence and influence of this idea and its principles, into the dominion of mere instinct, is the evil, or despotism, or superstitious heathenism?

The permanency and universality of the principles of public international law constitute them, in every storm, the sheet-anchor of liberty. The public opinion generated by carefully comparing with these principles the acts that violate them, and then deliberately pronouncing these violations acts of despotism, passes readily into a public sentiment, which moves the people, when these acts are committed by individuals, to punish them; and, when they are committed by the joint corporate action of the people, to reform and to regenerate themselves.

Passing by all acts of despotism committed by individuals, those only will be considered that have been committed by the people. Only one such act of supreme importance, perpetrated by the American people, will be particularly noticed. The people of America, however, do not stand alone in the criminality of having committed such acts. What nation, indeed, of the white race, to speak of no others, whether ancient or modern, can claim to be guiltless of them? The principles of public international law, the violation of which constitutes an act of despotism, are the highest principles of law and justice, the sway of which is liberty; they are also the political principle of Christianity, which commands peace, and forbids all war except that which is strictly defensive; they are also the fundamental principle of democracy, which is a civil or corporate government, and excludes in peace, and for civilians, all military government. Now what European nation can deny that it has grossly violated all these principles by ambitious, cruel, brutal wars and conquests, rapacious ransoms and greedy confiscations? The divisions of Poland, the conquering and confiscating policy towards Ireland, and the recent war of conquest and plunder, under the guise of ransom, between Germany and France, are sufficient examples. The nations of Europe

cannot excuse themselves from guilt by saying that these wars are only the acts of their governments. For these wars could not be carried on without positive laws enacted in the name of the people to authorise taxes, subsidies, loans. Now these positive laws in the governments of Europe, which, as distinguished from the heathen despotisms of Asia and Africa that know no law, are governments of law, and therefore virtually republics, are contracts by and among the people, implying consent, connivance, conscious guilt; and are not merely the arbitrary, irresistible commands of their political superiors. It is because governed by law, as distinguished from despotic or military commands, that every nation of Europe is a republic; that all Europe is a republic; as the whole civilised world is a republic—a “commonwealth of nations.” As virtual republics, the governments of Europe belong essentially to the political Kingdom of God; while monarchy, militarism, and aristocracy are their temporary, incongruous, heathen elements. Monarchy lacks all principle, and lives only as an ancient tolerated abuse. The absolute negation of Christian principle on which all monarchies, as such, must rest, was happily expressed by the type and cynosure of European, and especially of French, monarchs, when, with true royal wit, he said: I am the State. No form of words could better declare that perfect selfishness which is pure heathenism, and which must utterly exclude from a government thus defined the presence of any “power ordained of God.” Outwardly, transiently, most of the nations of Europe are monarchies; but inwardly, essentially, they are all republics; and as such, they are responsible for their positive laws as their contracts; and for the acts of despotism which by their wars, sustained by their positive laws, they inflict remorselessly upon each other.

On some great occasions the voice of the people worthily asserting, by word or deed, their intuition of the great principles involved in the infinite permanent ideas, is truly the word of God. The unwritten British constitution is a constant assertion by the British nation, as the representative of free institutions in Europe, that all positive law is a contract by and among the people; and is a perpetual contradiction of the feudal, despotic, and heathen maxim lingering in the text-books of the law, that law is “the command of a political superior.” For if positive law is not a contract, why is such care taken that representatives of the whole people shall take part in its enactment? The American revolution is a practical declaration of the American people that positive law is a contract. It derives from this declaration all its significance. What else did the American people mean when they resisted taxation without representation? How could the representation they claimed in the British Parliament affect a tax bill there so as to bind them, except by adding to it their coöperation, and making it the joint act, the contract of the colonies and the mother-country? In this way the American people first, by their revolution, defended and reinforced the vital principle of the British constitution which they had inherited; and then they pruned off the despotic and aristocratic heathen accessories of this principle, and showed it to the world in its integrity, as a corporate, civil democracy. The American revolution clearly committed the American people to

the principle that positive law is a contract. This is the only legal or political principle that the revolution was undertaken to vindicate. Others, as equality and independence, afterwards come into prominence as necessary consequences of its resistance. This principle, as the prime cause and the chief result of the American revolution, should, by the managers of the approaching centennial celebration of that revolution, be prominently blazoned in all their acts. If this celebration is intended to celebrate any principle, the principle that law is a contract should float high on its banners, should be rung out on its bells, should be saluted by its guns, and greeted by its cheers. By it the people are made morally responsible for every enactment that they allow to assume the form of municipal or national statutory or constitutional law. By that responsibility the people are morally bound to correct any error that by any form of law they may commit, especially when that error smacks of criminality ; but most especially when that error—committed with whatever good or ignorant intention—involves the stupendous guilt of an act of despotism.

A fortiori, according to the principle that law implies a constant moral command to obey it as a contract, is it the duty of the people's chief executive officer to correct his official errors, his immoral continuance in which disgraces the people, in whose name he acts. His violation of the double obligation of his personal contract and of his corporal oath to preserve the constitution, when, for instance, under pretence of executing a solemn constitutional contract of the people of the United States with a State to protect it against domestic violence, he either blunderingly or wittingly invades the State, assaults and attacks its peaceful and legal authorities with brutal and traitorous military violence, as in the case of the State of Louisiana—is a portentous, far-reaching crime, greatly intensified on his part (as much) by his continuance in his error (as), and still more by his repetition of it. It not only reflects his personal disgrace upon the whole people of the United States, but it implicates them directly in the guilt of violating through him their own deliberate constitutional contract with a sister State. How the people of the United States will redeem their good name in this respect remains to be seen.

The one supremely important act of despotism on the part of the people of the United States is their allowance in their own country of negro suffrage. The acts by which this measure was brought about, whether so-called constitutional amendments, or national or State statutes, it is not necessary to detail. If the measure is a violation of the principles of public international law, all these acts are not merely voidable, but absolutely void ; for these principles constitute, as before shown, the highest law, to which all other so-called law conflicting with them must yield.

The measure of the allowance of negro suffrage by the people of the United States in their own country, is the grant by them of permission to a colored race to exercise political power in a country belonging to the white race. It may be easily shown that this measure is a blow against civilisation, and therefore an offence against the whole civilised world, and a violation of its laws, especially of the principles of its public international law.

Every part of the civilised world stands engaged to every other part to uphold the cause of civilisation. Every individual and every nation is thus engaged ; for civilisation, in the eyes of the white race, constituting the civilised world, embraces everything valuable in this world and in the next.

Looking only at civil liberty, the political element of civilisation — although it might also be shown that, with trivial exceptions, no colored nation has ever voluntarily embraced Christianity — history will prove that every colored race, by its voluntary practice, has constantly exhibited a tendency to that despotism which, in connection with idolatry, has always characterised the governments of the colored races. Thus the color of the races must be regarded as a providential sign warning them of each other's (of their) inward moral and intellectual tendencies and characteristics. This providential warning the American people disregarded when they allowed the measure of negro suffrage. They might have known from history that the political power accorded to the colored race in their midst would be used to sap the foundations of their own liberty. The negro governments of the Southern States, especially in South Carolina and Louisiana, are not respectable governments of any kind, and are certainly not free governments. They are not governments under which the white race can thrive, or even long exist. The measure of negro suffrage therefore, apart from abstract reasoning, is shown by the most practical experience to be an act of despotism, because it leads to the introduction of despotism by the gradual subversion of free government.

As an act of despotism this measure is simply the highest crime of which any nation can be guilty. It is a violation of the principles of public international law, and as such, a grievous offence against every civilised nation. For only united these nations can stand ; divided they must fall before the overwhelming majority of the barbarous colored races.

If it be objected that negro suffrage, being once established, it cannot be abolished without a revolution, the answer to this objection is that a revolution is perfectly legal, and that when the "powers that be" are sufficiently intelligent to see and sufficiently honest to admit its legality, a revolution need not be accompanied by any violence. To suppose that the negro would resist is to do wrong to his natural sagacity. Even the fiercest wolf caught in a pit-fall becomes mild as a lamb. The negroes know by instinct that the separation of the races is the natural order of things. The false policy which has given to the negro political power among the white race must, if continued, doom the negro eventually to utter destruction. However kindly meant by some of its authors, this measure is, and is felt by the negroes, to be for them a fatal trap. It is true philanthropy that comes forward now for their rescue by demanding the separation of the races. To insure perfect peace and perfect success for the measure intended for their deliverance, it is only necessary for the greater portion of the negroes — those who are orderly and well-disposed — to abstain from voting. Their voting, they know, has done them no good, and has brought them comparatively little

plunder. It has produced the only even apparent taint of illegality in their emancipation. All the plunder which has resulted from the political outrages enacted through negro votes has been monopolised by the renegade whites who have solicited these votes. Impunity to the negro for these outrages of the past, with substantial welfare for the future through the natural separation of the races, can be claimed and secured at once by negroes as the price of simply abstaining from voting.

The philanthropical drift and import of the principle of public international law, requiring the separation of the races, may be inferred from the fact that the same law of nature that demands it guarantees also the liberty of the negro. It is no new doctrine that the law of nature denounces slavery. This doctrine was always admitted by all lawyers and by all judges, both at the South and at the North. The realisation of this doctrine was prevented by the prevailing false doctrine concerning the positive law, by the doctrine paraded in all the text-books of the law, that "law is the command of a political superior." It was this false doctrine, emanating from despotic and military governments, that sanctioned domestic slavery, which is simply the application of the despotic or military theory of government to the domestic relation of the employer and the employed. The true doctrine that law, all positive law, is a contract, makes all labor free, both white and black. This doctrine proceeds from the same law of nature, which is the author of all liberty. As the highest guaranty of public liberty, it is entitled to the rank of the highest principle of public international law. No fair contract, public or private, and therefore no law, can ever be made to introduce slavery. No consideration can be imagined that would support such a contract.

If it be said that negro suffrage was projected and proposed by philanthropists, the answer is that they were also fanatics; and that both from passion and from want of extensive information, they did not coolly and deliberately consult their reason and the patent experience of all history. The most virulent poisons are pleasant to the taste; a child, or an incautious person of any age, may swallow them with pleasure, or may give them with the most friendly feelings to a companion or to the dearest friend. Yet the pleasure they impart, and the absence of suicidal or murderous intent, will not prevent their fatal effects. Philanthropy is sometimes good, but practical wisdom is always better; for practical wisdom is philanthropy without any pretentious attendant folly. To wisdom, under its homely name of common-sense, however difficult its attainment, all are allowed without vanity, and they cannot fail without folly, earnestly to aspire. Wisdom, or common-sense, will justify its measures by their practical results. The plundering, corrupt, wasteful negro governments of the South have failed to justify negro suffrage as a measure of philanthropy.

Nature never allows its laws to be completely overthrown. The unnatural union of the races has never resulted in their complete fusion. Nature, in this respect, has effectually thwarted fanaticism. Nature cannot be conquered by the most rampant folly. There are degrees of the union of the races, and these degrees must be followed

in the measure of their separation. These degrees are social, political, and territorial. The social union of the races has never been effected. Here nature, by implanted repelling instincts in both races, has defied fanatic and ambitious philanthropy. The absence of any social union of the races is a great natural vantage-ground to facilitate their entire separation. The political union of the races, therefore, should next be dissolved, as a distinct measure demanded by social separation. Territorial separation will logically follow to complete the work of separating the races.

Whether the law necessary to effect the formal abolition of negro suffrage, the dissolution of the political union of the races, be established by a revolution or by the "powers that be"—the ordinary governmental agencies—is immaterial. Revolutionary forms are quite as legal as the ordinary forms of enacting law. The needed law can be enacted as solemnly, as peaceably, by one process as by the other. The American people have the intellectual capacity and the moral power to make peaceful revolutions. The law must be a fair, deliberate agreement of the white people, not of a factious minority, but of the governing majority, that negro suffrage is illegal. This agreement must be preceded by a candid comparison of views, and by a full discussion, which may be short. The law, in substance, can only be an authentic declaration of this agreement. This agreement when put in the form of a law would not make negro suffrage illegal, but would simply declare it to be so; and it is only needed as a fair notice to all concerned, in view of the errors that have prevailed on the subject. Negro suffrage is absolutely illegal already by its conflict with the principles of public international law.

The territorial separation of the races is of the highest importance to both. It can only be effectually accomplished by colonisation. The principles of public international law, as a part of the law of nature, divide the earth's surface among the races according to their several natural needs, and assign to every nation a proper country. While it gives the temperate zones to the whites, it gives the torrid zone to the colored races. The natural habitat of the colored races is between the tropics. The colored race now residing among the American people is legally entitled to a separate country; but it cannot acquire a permanent, legal title to one, according to the law of nature, except in the torrid zone. Vast spaces suitable for this purpose are open there for purchase, or even for simple occupation. The law of humanity, higher even than international law, demands of the white race to liberally and abundantly aid the colored race in their necessary colonisation. The general charitable organisation of the whole civilised world would find in this enterprise an ample field for the exercise of all its philanthropical energies. All the other general political organisations of civilised society would have an opportunity, by coöperating, to do for the colored races and for humanity what eighteen hundred years of missionary effort by the religious organisation alone has utterly failed to accomplish, namely, the establishment in a colored race of a large civilised state. If the colored race is capable of civilisation, the opportunity is at hand of making the experiment under the most favorable auspices. It is entirely practi-

cable to transport three or four millions of negroes from the United States to Africa within fifty years, with all the outward apparatus and appliances of civilisation, and with a language embodying all that is known to man of art and science. It would only be necessary to send off yearly a number of emigrants of suitable age a little more than equivalent to the present yearly increase. An easy calculation would show that two or three vessels each equal in size to the "Great Eastern," or an equivalent of smaller vessels, if kept constantly employed, would within the period indicated transport the whole number. If the enterprise should be viewed in its proper international light, the transportation could be effected by details from the navies of every civilised state, without any increase over ordinary naval expenses, by means of a rational agreement to suspend in the meantime all mutual hostilities. The other expenses, such as provisions, mechanical and agricultural implements and stock, seed, superintendence, salaries of teachers and ministers for neighborhoods not self-supporting, and the actual purchase of a new country for the negroes, should be borne in proper proportions by the general government of the United States and by the several states supplying the emigrants. The importance of the measure to the colored race consists in its giving to them the best possible chance of obtaining the highest possible boon: that of civilisation.

The importance of the territorial separation of the races to the white race is easily shown. This measure differs from the expulsion of the Jews from their own country by their Assyrian and Babylonian conquerors, because the proposed removal of the negroes is from a country that does not belong to them to one that would be their own, so that instead of losing they would acquire a country. This measure differs also from the banishment of the Jews and of the Moors from Spain, because both the Jews and the Moors more than equalled the Spaniards in commerce, in the arts and in the sciences, and because a friendly, gradual and liberal colonisation differs from a hostile, sudden and intolerant banishment. The whites, therefore, in executing this measure, would not suffer damage in their self-respect by the perpetration of any injustice. They would simply recover the exclusive use of their own country by removing unlawful intruders from it with all possible gentleness and liberality, in consideration that their intrusion so far has been involuntary.

The positive material advantages of this measure to the white race may be summed up in one consideration. The existing volume and current of foreign white emigration, the natural tendency of which to the South is now repelled by the presence there of the negroes, would gradually fill up the void left by the retiring negro population, and would by the substitution of white for negro labor, render the land in the Southern States at least equally valuable as that which has been raised to its present price by white labor at the North. Thus, it is probable that in a single generation the land at the South would be enhanced in value by a sum greatly exceeding both the expense of colonisation and the common Southern pecuniary estimate of the whole body of emancipated slaves. In the prosperity caused by this genuine increase of actual wealth the whole nation would share.

From the foregoing considerations a few general propositions may be collected, which all general political parties, and indeed all the general political organisations, would do well to bear in mind, as elements of universal harmony.

1. Perfect society, whether called the Kingdom of God or otherwise, is an organised spiritual unity. Its parts are its members. Its members are God and man, both individuals and associations. Its associations are either religious or political. Its religious associations, being purely spiritual, and relating primarily to human life in a future world, constitute together the Church. Its political associations, being all corporate, and relating primarily to human life in this world, form together the State. The State, in its whole extent, may be viewed as comprised at the same time in several co-extensive, interpenetrating, coördinate arch-corporations or general organisations, which may be called respectively the governmental, the industrial, the charitable, the scientific, and the æsthetic, each embracing the whole people, and each composing a republic, with concerns essentially separate and outwardly distinct, yet inwardly related to all the others.

2. God being the common head of the Church and of the State, belongs equally to both; yet polity, or the body of doctrine regulating the political relations of the State, is perfectly distinct from religion, or the body of doctrine regulating the spiritual relations of the Church, while morality is the common ground of both doctrines.

3. Man's spirit is always a unit. Its action, therefore, both conscious and unconscious, is always internally and essentially one, yet outwardly and apparently very various and multiplex, distinguished, for convenience of examination, by separate names. These names facilitate the operation and the communication of its action; but its feeling, thought, will, action, are each and all simple action still, though viewed in various phases. Its inward or speculative action, whether intuitive or discursive, and its outward or practical action, being either the communication or the realisation of an idea, are different views of the same simple operation. The sphere of the spirit's conscious action is its world of thought, or of ideas, as distinguished from the world of matter. The cause of all the spirit's conscious action is the presence of an idea to the spirit in its world of thought. The spirit is free to direct its presence to any idea, or group of ideas, in its world of thought, or to withdraw it. Hence all conscious action, being under the control of the spirit, is called rational, and is free. It is the unconscious action of man's spirit that constitutes the mystery of his life. This unconscious action is called instinct. There is evidence that man's spirit by its unconscious action, or its instinct, enters into immediate contact with matter, and under some unconscious, friendly guidance moulds it immediately into instruments, and mediately by these into the forms suggested by its ideas for its use. The chief of its material instruments thus moulded is its own body. There is also evidence that the spirit by its unconscious action or instinct, by some natural telegraphy, forms and projects into its world of thought its finite ideas, whether symbols or representations, as means or instruments for facilitating and recording its inward action, and for communicating it to others.

4. Truth, as it appears in man's world of thought, is one system. It is all involved in infinite ideas, which have been permanent in man's world of thought since the origin of his race. The Bible is the record evidence of their permanency. They are analogous to man's finite ideas, and therefore must have a personal author, who, owing to their infinitude, must himself be infinite. He is called God. They are separately his words, collectively his word. They are virtually contained in the Bible, being all comprised in the idea of perfect society, called in the Bible the Kingdom of God. Some of the infinite ideas permanent in human thought from the infancy of his race, and even now utterly beyond his power to construct, and all spiritually but not in any physical sense contained in the idea of perfect society, are truth or science, state or commonwealth, church, polity, religion, government, law, order, justice, liberty, peace, industry, charity, art, civilisation.

5. God is one spirit. The infinite permanent ideas are conclusive evidence of the existence of one infinite spirit who must be their author. They also prove his unity, because all these ideas forming the whole system of truths are resolved at last into one idea, one word, one utterance, whose author must be single. Society is one organism with one head, that is the one God.

6. While true religion is perfectly distinct from true polity, all idolatry or heathenism is essentially political. Heathenism is a political perversion of natural religion. God is his own witness in the world of thought of every man of every race. There are some elements of natural religion therefore in every man. Politicians have utilised these elements for their own selfish purposes. The skill with which the idolatrous systems of the leading colored races have been wrought evince the art of renegades from the white race. The first step of the politicians in degrading and utilising natural religion is to materialise the conception or idea of God. Everything good being spiritual, the political divinity thus created was divested of every good attribute. Being material, it could be conveniently divided and multiplied. Polytheism was then ready to be shaped by plastic political hands for the most nefarious purposes. It is enough to say that political despotism, with every moral vice, were everywhere stamped upon every heathen idol as the real objects of popular worship. Then the idols were served by a political priesthood, that shared with the despot the wages and the crime of prostituting all life's holy things.

7. The law of nature, though all political, is all divine, being a statement of the political meaning, or a summary of the political principles infolded in the infinite idea of perfect society.

8. The principles that are enforced or realised by human law are all derived from the law of nature, and must all agree.

9. All merely human law is positive, and is a contract by and among the people, or the members of the political corporation among which it is designed to obtain. This contract may be entered into by the parties either mediately by public agents, or immediately among the people themselves. These public agents may either be the ordinary public agents of the people, the "powers that be," or special

agents appointed for a particular occasion. A law fairly and deliberately enacted or contracted by the people, whether by the ordinary forms of legislation or by revolutionary methods, is equally obligatory on all the parties. The people have as clear a right to contract among themselves by revolutionary as by their ordinary methods. They may do so as peaceably and as deliberately in one way as in the other. The "powers that be" being merely agents, may at any time be superseded by their principals. These agents being appointed for the convenience of the principals, will only be removed when the same convenience clearly demands their removal. The people contract immediately among themselves, in the ordinary form, by custom. They may also by their immediate action effect a sudden and spontaneous revolution.

10. The simplification of the government must result in two ways from the complete organisation of society: first, by separating the governmental from the other general organisations; and secondly, by localising, or decentralising the government. This decentralisation is much neglected in new cities of large and rapid growth. They should, like the rest of the State, be subdivided for governmental purposes into a convenient number of primary political corporations; so as to avoid the temptations arising to politicians from the handling of large public funds, and so as to secure the supervision of those citizens immediately interested in each corporation.

11. The economy of the government which should flow from its simplification is of vital importance, so that a sufficiency of money may be left in the hands of the people, besides their time, in order to work the other general organisations of society with full effect.

12. The purification of the government, resulting indirectly in part from its simplification and economy, would also be directly and in great measure effected by the honorable support which a complete organisation of society would give, by a regular system of guilds, to those who aspire to public office from honest and gentlemanly ambition, in opposition to the criminal and dangerous classes who now by their cliques and clubs and rings seek public office as an opportunity for plunder.

13. Although by the principles of common humanity, and by the sentiment of general benevolence, the whole human race are bound together as one family: yet the white race, as a highly favored branch of that family, because alone endowed with distinct conceptions of the law of nature, on which all political civilisation depends, constitute alone the civilised world.

14. The responsibility of the white race, in all their individuals, States, and unions of States, for the welfare and progress of the civilised world, is commensurate with their divine favor; and enjoins upon them to guarantee among themselves to each State its personal security or independence, its property or its country, and above all its peace, in opposition to the political system of the colored races in Asia and Africa.

15. The corporate nature of the general governmental organisation or government of the white race, this government being an aggregate of small local primary corporations, and acting by the joint act or law of

the members of each, makes it a government of law in its proper sense, enacted by the people, a republic, a commonwealth; while the government of the other races recognises no law made by the people, but only the "commands of a political superior," of a despot, and is therefore called a despotism.

16. The law of nations, or international law, being both public and private, and consisting both of principle and of positive law, is that law which regulates the public and the private international relations of the corporate and individual members of the civilised world as a community, or commonwealth of nations.

17. The principles of public international law, being a part of the law of nature in its international aspect, and forming the political constitution of the commonwealth of nations or civilised world, are the highest principles of political law, or polity.

18. The principles of public international law recognising the civilised world as a commonwealth of nations, and asserting the political equality of each of its members, each of which is a government of law, virtually proclaim the form of the political constitution of the commonwealth of nations to be a democracy or arch-corporation, and entitle the whole to be called a government of law, in which peace among its members is their normal and legal condition.

19. In any governmental organisation or government of the white race, any violation of the principles of public international law is an act of despotism, because it tends to assimilate a government of law with a despotic government.

20. A despot being a ruler by military power, and claiming to be the owner of his subjects and of all their property, an act of despotism, which may be committed either by an individual or by a nation, is either an act in conformity with such a government—as an act of military government in peace against civilians, or a corrupt perversion of the public money—or it is an act tending to reduce the nation under such a government—as an act of illegal war, or a betrayal of the cause of civilisation: none of which acts can be committed without violating the principles of public international law.

21. Acts of despotism being violations of the principles of public international law, are therefore, in the language of the Constitution, "offences against the law of nations"; and when committed by individual official personages, legislative, judicial, or executive, they may be "defined and punished" under a proper Act of Congress, according to Article 1, section 8, clause 10, of the national Constitution.

22. Acts of despotism committed by the people are left, in the absence of adequate international tribunals, to that "sober second thought," and to that sentiment of national honor which will prompt a truly great nation, the more quickly from the absence of compulsion, to thoroughly right the wrong which it has hastily or ignorantly done.

23. Militarism or military rule being the distinguishing feature of despotism, war against a civilised nation, or against one part of a civilised nation by another part, except in strict self-defence, is an act of despotism; and being criminal, all its consequences, as conquests, ransoms and enforced treaties, are illegal.

24. Perhaps the grossest act of despotism perpetrated in modern

times by any people, though instigated by mistaken philanthropy — an act both suicidal to the people and a weak betrayal of all the interests of civilisation, a virtual forfeiture of the people's rank and place in the civilised world — is the admission of a numerous colored race, with historical despotic tendencies, to share the political power of a people once white, now become mongrel.

25. The prevalence of an idea being the only rational cause of the conscious action of man's spirit, and all practical action being the realisation of a present idea that is accepted as an ideal, the permanence in man's world of thought of the infinite idea of a perfect society, whether called in its entirety the Kingdom of God or civilisation, or in its political aspect civil democracy, is both the continuing cause in the white race of its constant attempts to progressively realise the perfect civilisation which that idea involves, and is also the sure guarantee that these attempts will be ultimately crowned with success.

P. C. F.

REVIEWS.

Democracy and Monarchy in France. By Charles Kendall Adams.
New York: Henry Holt & Co.

FOR about a hundred years France has been a *corpus* — we will not say a *corpus vile* — on which experiments in government have been made for the benefit of the civilised world. Every prescription that learned professors could concoct, or fantastic quacks imagine, she has been compelled to swallow; every operation that audacious surgeons would venture on has been performed on her, from decapitation to vivisection. Or, to drop the figure, the political life of France since the States General were summoned in 1789, seems to have run through the various phases which in other countries have been the work of ages; and so thoroughly that scarcely any critical situation in the life of a modern nation can be conceived, but an example or an analogue of it can be found in that of France. An absolute monarchy was succeeded by a constitutional and limited monarchy, and this by the rule of the mob. Out of this sprang a nominal republic, ruled by a Directory more absolute than the Bourbons, upon which a military government soon set its foot, running through the phases of a republican consulate, a consulate for life, and then a hereditary empire. The Restoration brought back limited monarchy striving to be absolute, displaced in favor of constitutional

monarchy and middle-class government ; and this in turn was pushed from its stool by a second republic, which rapidly ran its circle through presidency (or consulate) to hereditary empire. Foreign war hastened by a year or two the inevitable fall, and again we see the experiment of a republic tried, with the feeling in all men's minds that it is but provisional and temporary.

Taking as his theme this grand series of experiments, Professor Adams has addressed himself to drawing from them the necessary conclusions ; to showing the chief causes and the chief results of each change, distinguishing between the general dangers that beset every political experiment in France, and the special dangers that have beset each in its turn. The result is an admirably clear, well-reasoned and instructive volume, full of practical teachings for our own time and our own people.

Two inherent weaknesses imperil the success of every political experiment in France, and until removed, will probably allow no government but a military one to acquire any assured stability. The first of these is the subordination of the provinces to Paris. The provinces are eminently conservative and peaceful, desiring above all security for property, and caring but little under what form of government this may be obtained. They acquiesce in their subordination, and are content to accept "provincialism" as a reproach, instead of prizing it as an indication of a healthful political life. If the provinces would but learn to assert themselves more, to insist upon their importance as members of the body-politic with interests not identical, would venture to match themselves with Paris, and would encourage a healthy provincial spirit that would prevent all their intellectual and political eminences from being drawn to and absorbed by the capital, a new era would commence for France. On the other hand, Paris, which claims and obtains the leadership in all political movements, while containing the first talent and patriotism of the country, is cursed with the most reckless, excitable and turbulent populace in Europe, held by no ties of property, of family, or of religion, imbued with ideas subversive of all social stability, and easily led by any demagogue who will pander to its passions. This populace, insignificant in numbers as compared with France, is a formidable factor in the problem when France is reduced to Paris ; and again and again, from the fall of the Bastille to the outrages of the absurdly misnamed "Commune," the destinies of the nation have been shaped by the Parisian proletariat.

The second inherent weakness has been the want of a deep and clear distinction in men's minds between the duties of the executive and legislative departments of the government, of proper constitutional checks to both, and a sense of the danger inherent in allowing either to usurp the functions of the other. Frenchmen have seen, without apprehension, a popular executive claiming the right to propose laws, which is but a step from dictating them ; or interfering in the composition of the legislative body, or placing itself in opposition to it. In any republic where the executive is not subordinated to the legislative, liberty is in peril ; if the people approve such insubordination, a Cæsar is standing at the door.

Each chapter of this work is a separate essay on a distinct phase of French government; of which perhaps the most interesting is that on The Rise of Napoleonism. While justice is done to the peculiar and abnormal character of Bonaparte, in whom a gigantic intellect was combined with a moral sense scarcely more than rudimentary; who never seems to have known, in his most secret heart, any conscientious scruple, or acknowledged any guiding principle but his will; still he could never have made himself the master of France had not France herself given herself into his hands and helped to clasp her own manacles.

The blow struck on the 13th Vendémiaire was Bonaparte's first step toward empire. The people of Paris — not the proletariat alone, but the better class, including the National Guard — had risen in revolt against the Convention. The peril was imminent, and Barras, made commander-in-chief of the forces of the Convention, had young Bonaparte appointed his second in command, and real general. Bonaparte, conscious that a crisis in his life had arrived, hesitated long about accepting, because (as he intimates in his memoirs) he was uncertain which would be the winning side. At early morning his cannon settled the question; and the conqueror was appointed General of the Interior, which meant head of the armies of France.

The sword had been appealed to, and had decided; and the sword was to be henceforth for many a day the arbiter in France. There was naturally a deep feeling of hostility toward the government after the 13th Vendémiaire, and to quiet this, Bonaparte proposed an aggressive policy toward other nations, and led his army to invade the fertile plains of Italy. The policy was safe — for Bonaparte. Failure would overthrow the Directory, without injuring him: success would make him absolute master of the army and the idol of France. The Directory either stood too much in fear of him, or else found the vast sums of money he continually sent from the cities laid under contribution, too acceptable, to check him in a career, the result of which they must have foreseen. His generals acquired fortunes; treasures of art as well as of gold flowed in upon Paris, and costly gifts were heaped upon the Directory, but he took nothing for himself. Sure of his army, and with the Directory his pensioners, he treated their orders with contempt: secretly sold Venice, a friendly city, to Austria, for a territorial equivalent, and to carry out the bargain forced a quarrel upon her, seized, and handed her over at Campo-Formio, thus, in the name of liberty, striking down the chief Italian republic.

But all integrity and all generosity had not departed from France, and eloquent voices were raised in the Five Hundred (the legislative body) to protest against this outrage. The Directory took no notice. Bonaparte wrote insolent and threatening letters, menacing the legislature with the wrath of eighty thousand men "with their general at their head." The army and the Executive had now thrown down the gauntlet, and the next step was inevitable. It was swift. On the 18th Fructidor, Augereau with 12,000 men surrounded the Tuileries where the Five Hundred were in session, and arrested the

contumacious members. The rest, subservient to their master, were convoked in another place, to ratify his will, which they promptly did, cutting away with ready officiousness the last safe-guards of liberty, and giving their country bound hand and foot into the power of Bonaparte and the Directory.

The next step was taken adroitly. Had the people of France revolted against this *coup d'état*, Bonaparte's policy would have been to side with them against the Directory; but they acquiesced passively, and he feared the nation was not yet ready for a military dictatorship. So he planned the Egyptian campaign. Had he succeeded in Syria, he would, as he afterwards said, have driven the Turks into Asia, turned back upon Europe, taking it in the rear, and have changed the face of the world. But St. Jean d'Acre foiled him in this: the other half of his plan succeeded. His Italian campaign had embroiled France with all Europe, and, as he says in his memoirs, "In order that I should be master of France, it was necessary that the Directory should experience reverses during my absence." They did experience them.

Reverses came thick and fast; and the people longed for the conqueror of Italy to bring back victory to the French flag. Leaving the remains of his army under the command of the brave Kléber, on whom the odium of failure was to fall, he hurried back and was received with unbounded enthusiasm. The Directory had become unpopular, and the people were now ready for a dictatorship.

The next step was the famous 18th of Brumaire. His troops duly posted overnight, he first, by means of his emissaries, procured the resignation of the Directory; then overawed with the display of his bayonets the Council of Ancients; and next descended upon the Five Hundred and dispersed them with his grenadiers. The Republic was at an end: Cæsar was master. Those who appealed to the sword had fallen by the sword: those who had connived at crime were caught in their own net. France had allowed the destruction of liberty in Venice, and now she had to pay the price; for these debts are always paid, sooner or later.

The First Consul now had his path clear. He prohibited discussion in the phantom legislature he created, and thus deprived the opposition-minority of all power, and the people of all voice. He centralised all departments of the administration, and thus entangled France in a web of which all the threads ran to his hands, thus crushing out all local liberty. Worst of all, he made the judiciary — the last refuge of liberty — his creature, filled the bench with partisan judges and the box with partisan jurymen.

The work was done. All the branches of government were in a single hand. The last vestige of liberty had departed, and France had only herself to blame. The crown and purple were not yet assumed; but the potential Emperor might safely have ordered their preparation on the night of the 18th Brumaire.

This is the classic road of tyranny, and every usurper who has overthrown his country's liberty has travelled it. All its stages are known; and if the world learned anything from history, republics might be on their guard. And they should ever bear in mind the fact that these

coups d'état have always been made by soldiers elevated to civil power. Whenever a soldier is made the Chief of a Republic, liberty may be in danger ; unless he be a man like Washington, who always and instinctively felt that the military should be subordinated to the civil power, and who was a citizen and patriot by nature, a soldier only by circumstance and necessity.

The Restoration, the reign of Louis Philippe (in which justice is done to the wise and patriotic ministry of Guizot), the Revolution of 1848, and the Second Empire, are all passed under review, and their places in the chain of cause and effect distinctly pointed out. The insidious approaches of arbitrary power ; the devices by which the people are tempted to forego the substance of liberty for its shadow ; the fatal error of applauding instead of checking any encroachment by either branch of the government when this happens to run in a popular direction ; the ruinous mistake that liberty can be assailed in any point without suffering in all ; the mischievous fallacy of *imposing liberty*, which Naville calls "a moral malady" of republics, with which some of our wiseacres who would force "a republican form of government," at the bayonet's point, upon a helpless State, are sorely tainted — the effects of all these things are pointed out in a way from which our own people may learn prudence, and our own statesmen wisdom.

W. H. B.

Parnassus. Edited by Ralph Waldo Emerson. Boston : J. R. Osgood & Co.

THIS is a very handsome, stately-looking, double-columned volume, of between five and six hundred pages, and attracts attention at once by the name on the title-page. When Mr. Emerson issues cards for a Parnassian symposium, a considerable concourse will probably gather about the entrance to see what bards are admitted.

A collection of the most notable things that have been said and sung by English-speaking poets, chosen after the experience of long years, or rather the result, as the preface intimates, of an entire life's gathering ; the elect favorites of one with no inconsiderable pretensions to poetry, and who has just missed the highest literary honor ever paid by Britain to an American (the offer of a university rectorship), such a collection must surely exceed in completeness, in fairness, in richness, in innate worth (as the very best the language holds in keeping), all others that have preceded it. With such an assurance we open eagerly the smooth, soft-tinted pages of the luxurious volume. We find it stuffed with riches, for which we are thankful ; but then as we turn on and over we miss so much that we crave, and we meet with so many things that we could well spare, that even the countless plums offered are not wholly sufficient to shut the mouth of our disappointment.

If Mr. Emerson had titled his book as modestly as Prof. Lowell did, "My Study Windows," or "Among My Books," nobody would have any room to complain. If he had called it "R. W. E.'s Anthology," or "My Castaly," we should have been glad to have it, that we might thereby discover the tastes of Mr. Emerson. But the

term *Parnassus* is all-embracing, and it is offered to the general public as the purest posy that can be gathered by the most skilled of hands from the fields of English poetry. It is just here that we demur.

We might carp a little about the indexes, of which there are no less than three. Yet it will puzzle any reader to find Browning's *Lost Leader*, unless he is able to give (hymn-wise) the first line. Mr. Emerson's system of indexing is not a time-saving one—a preëminent requirement in a book of quotations—but we let this pass.

The range of subjects is very wide, and we find multitudes of old favorites, "Auld Lang Syne," and "Bonny Doon," and "The Stilly Night," and "Hohenlinden," and "The Burial of Sir John Moore," and scores upon scores just as familiar. The arrangement sometimes under the different heads seems a little arbitrary. Why, for instance, should Wordsworth's "Boy Poet" and Byron's "Swimming" come under the head of "Nature"; while George Herbert's "Flower" and Chaucer's "Cuckoo" are placed under the head of "Intellectual," and Bret Harte's lines on the Chicago fire are put among the "Heroic"? The specimen-brick manner of setting forth masterpieces is hardly just. If it be objected that these pages are no place for long poems, we have but to point to the twenty-one lines bitten out of "Tintern Abbey," followed by three double-columned pages of Prof. Lowell's "Yankee Idyll, Mason and Slidell"; or to one long piece, "The Bay Fight," of more than six pages, written by a poet of Mr. Emerson's, of whom we, in our great distance from Parnassus, have never chanced to hear, Mr. H. H. Bronell, as an offset against the scant two pages, of the 534, granted to Robert Browning; or to Sara H. Palfrey's "Sir Pavon and St. Pavon," covering fourteen pages, as contrasted with the dozen lines from Morris or the paragraph from Landor. This ballad of Miss Palfrey's, by the way, has attention directed to it in the preface, and shares with two of our greatest poets the honor of being one of the three longest poems in the collection, the others, Chaucer's "Griselda," and Milton's "Comus," only slightly outspacing it. We trust we are not hypercritical in taking exception to one of Miss Palfrey's verses in her ballad of "Sir Pavon and St. Pavon," as having at least its *shell* of thought furnished to hand by old Thomas Carew's Epitaph, in which he says:—

"The soul grew so fast within,
It broke the outward shell of sin,
And so was hatched a cherubin."

Miss Palfrey's "callow-angel" is better grammar than the old poet's "cherubin." She varies the idea thus:—

"His stainless earthly shell
Was worn so pure and thin,
That thro' the callow-angel showed,
Half-hatched, that stirred within."

Jones Very—the name must have given occasion to some brow-lifting among the Olympians: and where was Mr. Grant White, that the Sage of Concord did not consult him about the daring innovation of "have took," which occurs in one of Mr. Very's pieces (page 159)?—

George Lunt, Forceythe Willson (spelt *Wilson* in one place), Trowbridge, Thoreau, Wasson, and Sanborn occupy, we believe, each more space than Shelley, Landor, Morris, and Matthew Arnold. There is not one line from the Rosettis, Swinburne, Praed, or Barry Cornwall, although a special division is given to "Song," and Proctor was one of the greatest song-writers of modern times. Neither is Adelaide Proctor named, although Mrs. Spofford and Mrs. Dorr are.

Mr. Emerson does not provide many seats at his symposium for female poets. We do not blame him for it. The wonder to us rather is that, possessing the key to the gate of Parnassus, men are willing to admit any women at all within the sacred precincts. Only twenty-six poems are selected from the world of women's books. Of these *five* are by "H. H.," three by Mrs. Browning, five by Jean Ingelow. Mrs. Dorr, Mrs. Spofford, Mrs. Howe, and Miss Palfrey are the only American women besides "H. H." who have ever seen the sides of Parnassus.

Of the poets whose birth-places are given, thirty-seven hail from New England, two from the Middle States, two from the Southern. Poe and Hayne are not hinted at.

These statistics prove to us that our geographical ideas in regard to the real position of Castaly are all wrong. We had supposed that the celebrated fountain was not far removed from Delphos, and that its waters flowed into the Pleistis; but instead we discover that it rises near the little city of Concord, which claims "H. H." for its Pythia, and empties into the classic Merrimac. M. J. P.

Africa. The History of Exploration and Adventure, as given in the leading Authorities from Herodotus to Livingstone. By Charles H. Jones. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

IN olden times Africa was the region of mystery and marvel, the land which, as a proverb said, was always fertile in new wonders; and in modern times the proverb is still applicable. The desire to discover the long-hidden head of Father Nile, to suppress the slave-trade, and especially to find new sources of cotton-supply for the uneasy mill-owners of Lancashire, have instigated in the last thirty years an unusual number of explorers to venture into the land which seems stricken with the curse of Edom, where the lowlands are deadly with poison, and the highlands parched with drought; the land where man-like apes and ape-like men horribly caricature humanity, from which, if the traveller is so exceptionally fortunate as to return alive, the result of all his toils and the price of health destroyed and life shortened, are two or three lines drawn on a map.

Yet there is a strange fascination for the reader in these records of peril and adventure. The strange animals, the strange people, the hideous customs, the new and frightful forms of suffering and death, the hair-breadth escapes, the scenery unlike anything else on the globe, keep our interest always alive; though the reader often wishes that he could be spared the minute chronicle of each day's march, and pass from event to event.

To meet this want, the book before us has been prepared, and

gives in compendious form the essence of a moderate library of African travel. Commencing with a general description of the continent, followed by a notice of the earlier explorers, Bruce, Park, Clapperton and others, it gives epitomes of the travels of Barth, Andersson, Magyar, Du Chaillu, Serval, Burton, Speke, Grant, Baker, Livingstone and Schweinfurth, giving the parts of greatest interest in full, and summing-up clearly the results of their explorations. The work is liberally illustrated with handsome cuts, and a map with each traveller's route plainly laid down, gives at a glance the key to all recent discoveries, and shows the present state of geographical knowledge and ignorance with respect to Africa.

The Siege of Savannah in December 1864, and the Confederate Operations in Georgia and the Third Military District of South Carolina, during General Sherman's March from Alabama to the Sea. By Charles C. Jones, Jr., Late Lt.-Col. Artillery, C. S. A., and Chief of Artillery during the Siege. . Printed for the Author. Albany: Joel Munsell.

THIS book is one of a kind of which we should be glad to see more, and perhaps may see more, if ever our people find the will and the means to help their Historical Society to lay before the world the histories of their achievements and their endurance. In the mean time we must count it a fortunate thing that Col. Jones has been able to make public an admirably prepared narrative of events in which he played a distinguished part.

As regards Sherman's "great march," it has been the subject of countless eulogies, as fulsome as they were absurd, as if it were a more masterly triumph of audacity, genius, and skill, than the retreat of the Ten Thousand. Here we see just what it was: the march of an admirably equipped and appointed army of 70,000 men, horse and foot, through a rich and undefended country, that could only bring to oppose them about 3000 infantry and as many cavalry. It is true that this successful march, by showing the weakness of the Confederacy, hastened the final catastrophe, and was therefore an important movement, but as for the splendid strategy of it, the immense host flowed on by its mere gravitation, bearing Sherman along with it.

What, however, does make this grand march worthy of immortal memory, is the spirit in which it was proposed and conducted. The main part of the plan, as stated in the characteristic language of its proposer, was "the utter destruction of roads, houses and people," it was to "make Georgia howl" and march through the State "smashing things to the sea." This was the plan proposed by him to, and sanctioned by, his superior officer, the present President of the United States. As for the results of it, Gen. Sherman sums them up thus: "I estimate the damage done to the State of Georgia and its military resources at one hundred millions of dollars; at least twenty millions of which have inured to our advantage, and *the remainder is simple waste and destruction.*" The world has often seen military leaders apologising for acts of destruction, on the plea of military necessity;

but it was reserved for General Sherman to set the example of a soldier boasting of perfectly useless and wanton devastation and cruelty, of the destruction of eighty millions of dollars' worth of property, without any necessity and without any advantage gained. And the personal wrong, outrage, and sufferings that followed this Carnatic invasion, how shall we compute that in money? And this was done by men who now boast that they first showed the world the sublime spectacle of "war without the demoralisation of war."

In this part of the narrative we are gratified to see for the first time the general report of that gallant soldier Maj.-Gen. Wheeler, who by his admirable use of his comparatively small force of cavalry did all that could be done towards checking the advance of Sherman and preventing still more extensive devastation.

The account of the siege of Savannah, and the final successful withdrawal of the Confederate forces across the river, almost in the very grasp of the hostile forces, is everything that could be desired in a narrative of this kind, combining military brevity and precision with perfect clearness to the non-professional reader. The South owes an additional debt of gratitude to Col. Jones for having given to the public so excellent a record of these important events in a form so handsome and complete.

The Siege of Savannah in 1779, as Described in two Contemporaneous Journals of French Officers in the Fleet of Count d'Estaing.
Albany: Joel Munsell.

THIS elegant edition of a very interesting narrative, or rather two narratives, is due to the taste and liberality of Col. Charles C. Jones, whose account of a more recent siege of Savannah has been noticed above. While we have copious accounts from other sources of these operations — in which, our readers will remember, Pulaski fell — none of them have the minuteness of detail of these journals, which are, moreover, illustrated by a fac-simile, in photo-lithography, of a very careful military map, constructed, it would seem, by an engineer of the garrison, and found among the papers of Lord Rawdon.

Col. Jones has spared nothing to make this an *édition de luxe*; and as it is intended, we believe, for private circulation only, we regret that the late date of its receipt prevents us from giving our readers fuller notice of its contents.

THE GREEN TABLE.

ALTHOUGH, for sad and sufficient reasons, the festival of Mardi-Gras has not been celebrated this year in New Orleans, yet its introduction into other Southern cities seems to intimate that if peace and prosperity ever return to the South, its festivities may be still more widely adopted. To the multitude who know of Mardi-Gras only by report, the following brief account, by a correspondent, will not be uninteresting.

In most Catholic countries, the time intervening between Christmas and Ash-Wednesday is devoted to all kinds of amusement. The people seem to pursue pleasure with a zest, lacking at other times of the year, and to enjoy every moment to its fullest extent. This is really the Carnival. On the last day the fun seems to culminate, and both in Southern Europe and New Orleans, Mardi-Gras is celebrated as a day of festival. A few words will suffice to explain its origin in this latter city. Forty years ago, during the reign of Louis Philippe, the day was observed with dazzling splendor in Paris, and since then has always been more or less kept in that city. Those were the days of the prosperity of Louisiana, when her rich planters and merchants, descended from the adventurous Frenchmen who colonised the fertile delta of the Mississippi, looked to the country which they always considered as their mother-land for their fashions, literature, and amusements. Every year scores of their sons were sent to Paris to complete their education. These young Creoles, with their excitable temperaments, returned home with Parisian ideas and tastes so implanted in their natures, that they naturally sought to amuse themselves as they had done in the gay city which they had just left. It was in the year 1827 that a number of these young men assumed a masking costume, and marched through the streets on Mardi-Gras in procession. Ever since then, New Orleans has been thronged on that day by hundreds of masquers, of all ages and both sexes, from early morning until sunset, when every one is compelled to unmask.

About thirty years since, a gallant French officer and leader of fashion in this city at that time, Mandeville Marigny, proposed forming a torchlight procession. The idea was eagerly entertained by his young companions. They formed themselves into a secret society, and thus originated the "Mystick Krewe of Comus," which has appeared in our city on Mardi-Gras night every year since that time, except during the dark ages of the war. This society, as its name indicates, is mysterious, and is composed of many of the most influential men of New Orleans. This much is known of the members collectively, but individually their connection with the association cannot be proved, even by their own families. Although a great many people are suspected of belonging to the Krewe, it rarely happens that their membership can be definitely ascertained. Occasionally the latter fact is found out in a very amusing manner. For example, one gentleman was very nicely caught at the grand ball, which always follows the procession of the M. K. C.'s. Gaiety was at its height, and Darwin's "missing links" were threading the mazes of the dance with their chosen partners, when the thrilling whisper ran round the room that the elephant had fainted! He was carried to a retired spot and his heavy mask removed, when amidst much laughter from his friends, his identity was proved.

The coming of the Mystick Krewe is always anticipated with much pleasure, and many are the conjectures formed as to the subject which

Comus may direct his weird followers to represent. This is never known until the moment when the Krewe emerges from some unsuspected place. The subjects chosen for representation are selected with much care; the costumes for the procession are prepared in Paris, and are very expensive. It is thought that the association spends at least twenty thousand dollars every year on the procession, tableaux (which always follow the latter), and ball. As the entertainments given by the M. K. C. are very select, it is generally a difficult thing to procure an invitation. Many people, particularly strangers, suppose that tickets can be purchased; but this is an utter impossibility, as the tickets are issued by the club to those only whose attendance is desired.

For the last few years our city has been honored on Mardi-Gras by a royal visitor, the King of the Carnival. He is supposed to leave his vast dominions in Central Asia, where he has reigned for over a thousand years, in order to visit his loyal subjects in New Orleans on that day. For months previous to his arrival mysterious placards appear on our streets, consisting of the royal coat-of-arms bearing the motto "Pro Bono Publico," followed by his edicts, wherein he lays his commands on all his loyal subjects for one day in the year. He orders the closing of the public schools and principal places of business; also the adjournment of the courts and Legislature during his stay in the city. His subjects, cherishing a profound respect for their venerable sovereign, obey without a murmur. Early on the morning of Mardi-Gras he lands at the foot of Canal Street, where he is met by the dukes, earls and other nobles of the realm, dressed with true barbaric splendor. Mounting a fine white charger, he marches at the head of his Eastern regiments to the City Hall. Here he demands the keys of the city, which, together with an address of welcome, are presented on a silken cushion by the mayor. This important ceremony ended, he continues his progress through the gaily decorated streets amid the acclamations of thousands of his faithful subjects, whose hearts fail not to respond with joy to the notes of the royal anthem, "If ever I cease to love." In the evening Rex receives the homage of his subjects, and early next morning he departs for his oriental kingdom.

Besides the ball given by the Mystick Krewe of Comus, there are many others on the same night to suit the different grades of society which exist here. At these balls may be found all the masquers who have gone about the streets during the day, dressed in the most fantastic costumes imaginable, and enjoying the last hours of the carnival. Thus passes the night in revelry and feasting; Comus reigns supreme. Morning comes—Ash-Wednesday morning—and all who can, go to church, where, if not in sackcloth, literally in *ashes*, they prepare themselves for the rigorous season of Lent, which comes upon them in striking contrast to the gaities and pleasures of Mardi-Gras.

armies were never in condition to use ammunition as lavishly as the enemy frequently did, but the supply never failed to be equal to the actual emergency, and no disaster was ever to be attributed to its scantiness. Wherever insufficiency was apprehended and economy imposed, in fact the scarcity arose far more from the lack of transportation to carry it with the army than from inability of the arsenals to furnish it.

E. P. ALEXANDER.

ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE WASHINGTON AND LEE
UNIVERSITY,

*On January 19th, 1875, the Fifth Anniversary Celebration of the Birth
of General R. E. Lee, by Major Robert Stiles of Richmond, Va.*

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Faculty — Ladies and Gentlemen :

We have assembled to-day to contemplate the most perfect character of the age in which we live ; nay, if one man were to be chosen from all the ages of human history to represent the race in a congress of universal being, I question whether it would be possible to select a loftier representative than Robert E. Lee. He was great and good, brave and true, strong and tender, majestic and simple, pure and devoted, and no man has ever questioned aught of this. Indeed it is perhaps not too much to say that the universal sentiment of Christendom, friend and foe and neutral, attributes to him more of the noblest virtues and powers, with less of the vices and littleness of humanity, than to any other representative man in history.

It is manifestly impossible that I should add anything to the lustre of such a character — one which the most eloquent tongues and pens of two continents have labored to present with fitting eulogium. It was not mine to be honored with his intimate friendship, nor to receive the sacred confidences of his family, nor yet to know him in his great and quiet work here. I am not prepared therefore to gratify an eager world with the exquisite details and underlines of this faultless figure, or the closing scenes and labors of this matchless life. But all this has been unfolded by friends of his early manhood and of his latest years, thoroughly inspired with the consciousness of their preëminent privilege. Nor shall I presume to attempt anything like a professional review or analysis of that career by which our great captain electrified the world. Such a review you have listened to from the lips of a distinguished soldier, not the least of whose glories is that he has appreciated and illustrated the campaigns of his mighty leader.

What then is left for me ? Only this : there is a view of him we honor to-day, an acquaintance with him common to all who loved and followed him in the grand past, when we were almost all the world to

him and he the grandest thing in all the world to us, when he loved us like a father and led us like a king, when we trusted him like a providence and obeyed him like a god — such as we knew him then I present him to you now.

I need not sketch the figure ; it is familiar to many if not to all of us. The world marvels that it should grace the profession of arms, the life of the soldier. The enlightened world, the Christian world, regards such a soldier as an *anomaly*, a development in spite of the atmosphere and influences surrounding him. On the contrary, I regard the character as *the loftiest*, but also in a high sense *the normal and natural outgrowth of the soldier-life*; and I am here to-day to develop this proposition.

Let me not be misunderstood. Of course I do not mean to degrade General Lee to a mere product of military discipline and education. Nor am I guilty of the folly of contending that this school will develop a Lee out of every man who enters it; nor even that it could by possibility make a Lee of any man save him whom God Almighty created Lee. But I do say, for I believe it, that the tendency of the soldier-life is to originate and develop in a young man who devotes himself to it with true conceptions and high purposes, just those traits which chiefly characterised and ennobled Robert Lee. And again I say that any fair-minded man who will take the trouble to analyse the soldier-life into its formative elements and influences, and then to bring side by side with these the prominent traits of the character we commemorate this day, will be struck with the coincidence; and the more he analyses and compares, the more will he be convinced that this coincidence is something more than accidental — ay, that the relation and resemblance between the training and the character is largely the relation of cause and effect, of influence and result.

Does any one of my hearers recoil from this proposition, even as thus explained and limited? Do you protest against the very idea as a sort of defamation of our hero? Oh then, my soldier-brothers, we who have loved and followed him, let us rise just here and protest against this protest, this dishonor done to that grand profession to which he plighted the free choice of his noble youth and devoted the after-years of his noble life, to which many of us have given the best years of our lives, the best love of our souls. Look at it once more in the hallowed light of the past, this soldier-life. It hath indeed most noble features, characteristics most sublime. It is all in all such a vivid, fervid, intense life. Every experience, every effort, every emotion is deep with all its depth and strong with all its strength, and strains the soul. Its peril and its suffering, its heroism and its devotion, its pathos, its terror, its enthusiasm, its triumph — all these are earthquakes and tempests, are ecstasies and agonies, compared with which the experiences of every-day life are trite and tame indeed.

You are inclined to smile at all this as mere declamation by one who confessedly idealises his army-experiences by the hallowed light of the past? Well, be it so. I give you now solid elements, which you cannot sneer away so easily; I invite you to a closer analysis of the life of the soldier, and venture to assert that you will be surprised

at, while you cannot escape, the result ; and I shall be surprised if the very statement of it does not go far to do away with your prejudice, and to reconcile you to my main proposition, that General Lee was the loftiest and yet the natural outgrowth of the soldier-life. Measure now these elements as I mention them. I say the general character of the soldier-life is service ; its first lesson is obedience unquestioning ; its second lesson, command unquestioned ; its daily lesson, accountability unceasing ; its experience, hardships, dangers, crises unparalleled ; its compensation, fixed pay ; its inspiration, promotion from above.

Here is the mould : does it not prefigure the man ? Here are great outlines which, viewed from my stand-point, seem to converge yonder, and to sketch upon the canvas of human life a figure vague, yet grand, and not altogether unfamiliar. Can you not see it ? I am sure you must. *That* is LEE. Is *this* then certainly the training of the soldier ? Let us examine these elements successively, and we will be convinced of the correctness of both pictures, the life and the man, and of the connection between them.

It may be well to admit at the outset that the rank and file of armies is composed, for the most part, of material not very impressive by such elevating lessons and appeals ; but this remark is equally applicable to the lower grades of every calling, so that the influence of any life or profession can be fully estimated only by its effect upon the higher and more receptive souls, who are open to the full play of all its subtle elements and inspirations. No one will question that Robert Lee was preëminently a man of this lofty appreciative nature.

I said the general character of the life was service, duty. Can this be questioned ? When a man enters the military profession voluntarily, or by compulsion, by that very act he is cut off from the free pursuit of his personal aims and purposes, and devoted to the service of his country. Thereafter he has no home, no farm, no workshop, no business. He knows no self-directed future, attempts nothing, expects nothing for himself. Every man outside the army regards him, and he regards himself, as a man relieved, separated from the entanglements and opportunities of the busy world, and consecrated to a service which may at any time demand the sacrifice even of his life. All this may be true in some degree of other men ; it is preëminently, proverbially true of the soldier. Is it conceivable that Robert Lee, the pure, high-souled, thoughtful youth, entered the military academy at West Point, blind to this essential character of the step he was taking, or that his after-life was insensible to the influence of it ?

Is any one still slow of heart to believe what is so strangely opposed to every preconception concerning the soldier-life ? Well, then, I am prepared, if need be, even to force conviction against your will. Names, as we all know, express and impress conceptions, and thus form a sort of connecting link between principles and effects ; nay, they are principles, they are effects. "Service," "*the* service," "entered the service," "discharged from the service," "promoted for gallant and meritorious service," "duty," "on duty," "off duty,"

"present for duty," "absent from duty," "shot to death for absence from duty": how many times do you suppose General Lee read, wrote, uttered, heard these and kindred expressions? Is it not clear that by his every day's experience and utterance, this one great figure, his life a service, its employment duty, was burned into his soul? And when you find the young officer of engineers in Mexico refusing, as related in the "Personal Reminiscences," to leave his maps and join his merry-making comrades, because forsooth he must be at his "duty"—nay, when you find his whole after-life a service and the key-note of it "duty": when you hear him sounding this key-note in that sublime sentence to his son: "Duty is the sublimest word in the English language"; when you hear this key-note ringing clear all through his life till, in the crisis of agony and defeat, it pierces your ear in that groan of his mighty soul, "It is my duty to live"; and then at the last, when you behold him turning aside quietly here from the death he dared not die to the life he dared to live, service still, duty still; when, I say, you thus bring his training, in its most essential features and its most familiar phrases, "service" and "duty," side by side with this hero and his life; when you find the two answer to each other with such striking exactness, is it reasonable longer to doubt? Self-denial, self-devotion, service, duty, these are the soldier, these are Lee. Is it unreasonable to add these are Lee, in part at least, because *Lee* is the *soldier*?

The first lesson of the life is *unquestioning obedience*.* No one, I presume, will deny the justness of the analysis here. Beyond a doubt the first lesson of the soldier's life, logically and chronologically, is obedience. There is no department, no business, no station in which instant, implicit, blindfold obedience is so vital to safety and success, or enforced by such terrible sanctions. In military matters hesitation is disobedience, disobedience is mutiny, mutiny is death.

The principle of the soldier's obedience is the principle of obedience, a principle very little understood and very much condemned in this day and land. It is this: authority is to be obeyed, not because it commands what is right, but because it has the right to command. One under rightful authority is therefore absolved from responsibility as to the policy or propriety or consequences of the command; his sole dignity, as well as duty, is to obey with unquestioning alacrity. This principle is not palatable to the republican sovereigns of this country. It is for manifest reasons especially unpalatable to us of the South just now. Yet it is a principle notwithstanding—not exclusive, nor of universal application, but it has its place, and in its place is of vital importance. It is the principle on which God governs the world, the father governs his family, the soldier controls his subordinates; and it has other, many other applications. Its direct antagonism is *higher law*, that is, a law higher than the commands of rightful authority; in other words, authority is to be obeyed, not because it has the right to command, but because, and only when, it commands

*After the delivery of this address I learned that General Lee himself, in urging the enrolment of negroes, advanced this very idea in nearly these identical words, saying that the negro would make a soldier, because he had been educated to unquestioning obedience, the soldier's first lesson and duty. A leading member of the Virginia Senate, who heard General Lee's remark, was struck with the coincidence, and called my attention to it.

what is right. This principle too has its applications, but it is not applicable to a subordinate under rightful authority. The harmony between the two is found, I think, in a limitation upon the principle of obedience. We pass from the law of obedience to the higher law when, but only when, the command is so palpably and grossly wrong that the authority can be no longer rightful, and subjection to it no longer endured. This is the right of revolution, and is applicable by way of exception to every human relation and authority.

The soldier, however, as a soldier, in his military relations, has very little sympathy with the right of revolution, or any modification of or exception to the law of unquestioning obedience. His theory and practice in this regard find apt illustration in the reply of General Jackson to the brigade-commander who gave excellent reasons for having modified the order of march, "Sir, you should have obeyed the order first and reasoned about it afterwards." Consider yourself under arrest."

I am told, and I should have known it even had I not been told, that there never was a man more exact and prompt in his obedience to the commands of all rightful authority, that there never was a more reliable subordinate than Robert Lee, and that his character in this regard was a perfect illustration of the principle of the soldier's obedience. I understand that his simple, confiding, conscientious obedience to orders was most touchingly displayed during his last illness, in carrying out to the letter all the directions of his physicians, even after he must have regarded his own case as hopeless. Could anything be more sublime than this soldierly obedience unto death of one who had all through life been accustomed to command? And how petty and pitiful, by contrast, appears that pert insubordination and intolerance of authority which characterise many lesser and lower souls.

The second great lesson of the soldier-life is *unquestioned command*. This analysis of the life and its lessons is not original with me; it is at least eighteen hundred years old, and rests on the authority of one who was a superb development of the most military nation of history, that grand old Roman centurion whose interview with the Son of God is perhaps the most striking of the Gospel narratives. Said he: "I also am a man set under authority, having under me soldiers, and I say unto one, Go, and he goeth; and to another, Come, and he cometh." Here are the two great correlative lessons of the life, obedience and command, and both are absolute. This is the soldier not ashamed to obey, not afraid to command; knowing how to render, and thus learning how to exact, obedience. This was the Roman soldier certainly; and who shall say that ours exhibited a less superbly balanced manhood? How he embodied, as the resultant of these two tremendous opposing lessons, reverence for authority, scrupulous obedience and self-control, with cautious decision, firmness of purpose, and resistless, compelling energy of will. What wonder that in the conflict between two such forces the man of supine nature, with no aspiration, no outcome in him, should be crushed into the mere military machine by the lesson of absolute obedience; or that, in the rebound from this subjection to the deli-

rium of supreme command, a Cæsar or a Napoleon should leap into the conqueror's car and crush down a world in blood?

I need not do more than merely allude to the *intellectual* phase and influence of supreme command. Every man at all familiar with the history or the reality of war, will admit, and in some sense appreciate, the unparalleled strain and expansion of mind, and the rare combination and energy of mental qualities required and developed in a military commander, and will recognise in the comprehensive, systematic, laborious mind of Lee something of the effect of superintending all the complicated, tremendous enginery of an army.

The daily lesson of the life is *unceasing accountability*. The soldier breathes, as it were, in an atmosphere of accountability. His daily routine is made up of inspections and reports. What he is, what he has, what he does, his person, his possessions, his conduct, are constantly passing under a scrutiny so searching that nothing escapes however trivial. This is perhaps the most prominent and impressive feature of the life. I need not enlarge upon it, the fact is patent. Can its influence be doubted? Apart now from your impression as to what the soldier is, what ought he to be as the result of such training? Can you conceive of anything tending more to develop a regular, reliable character, careful and exact even in the smallest details?

Was there ever a man in Lexington sublime in character and history, who yet was always regular, punctual, painstaking, perfect in his attention to the most trivial matters committed to him, who used to walk about these grounds with a view microscopic as well as telescopic, who never failed to notice even a pick or shovel lying neglected on the grass, and when a new fence replaced an old one, would have the nails knocked out of the old boards, straightened, and put away in packages for future use? Will any man question where General Lee acquired these characteristics? And will you indulge me in the expression of my conviction as the result of my short observation and experience, that this humble virtue of reliability in little things is a better preparation for success in life than the most brilliant talents; while the lack of this virtue in others with whom he must come into business contact, is one of the most harassing and wearing features in the experience of an earnest man?

In the upper grades of the soldier-life, mark how this accountability is retained and developed into *responsibility*, which in the case of the commander-in-chief becomes almost awful. Responsibility! I had almost said no other human being can have any adequate conception of the meaning of the term. Responsible for what? For the life of his followers, for the future of their bereft families, for the life and honor of his country. After the battle of Gettysburg, while the Army of Northern Virginia was settling into its position about Hagerstown, a general officer, who sits on the platform from which I address you, sent me with a message, in the proper delivery of which it became necessary to visit the corps and many of the division-headquarters, and finally to see General Lee. I shall never forget how utterly weary I was, nor how appalled at finding every one, general, staff-officer and courier, at every headquarters I visited, locked in a

stupor of sleep, from which it was almost impossible to rouse them to any intelligible answer to my inquiries. I did not find General Lee at his headquarters, but learned that he had gone down a certain road with an artillery officer and a member of his staff. I rode on and on, past our line, past our pickets, on still to a cavalry outpost, where I found him I sought in the mist and mud feeling the enemy with a single piece of horse-artillery. I remember my amazement as the thought occurred, is this the one grand sentinel of this slumbering host, and does he never, never sleep? Immediately after our recrossing the Potomac and safe arrival on the blessed soil of home, I rode another round of a slumbering army, and this time too I found him still, and him alone, awake. Not on the cavalry outpost, no enemy pressing now, but sitting in his tent amid his sleeping staff, so absorbed over a map that I watched him for minutes unobserved, more impressed than ever with the almost superhuman endurance of body, mind and soul exacted by his tremendous and remorseless duties.

And how, think you, must a great soldier, who appreciates this sublime dignity and responsibility of his profession, regard the sneer of the worldling — the 19th-century man — “heir of all the ages,” who glories in the stretch and stride of civilisation — commerce and manufactures and intercommunication — the railroad, the steamship, the telegraph, belting and binding oceans and continents ; and looks down upon the soldier as a relic of the dark ages, scarcely to be tolerated in these “foremost files of time,” a lazy barbarian strutting in puerile pomp amid the busy, progressive life his presence disgraces? Shallow-pated fool ! without the depth of brain to reach the foundation of the civilisation he boasts. Test now the life and honor of the State — in its last analysis, it is the blood of the soldier. What, pray, is the boasted balance of power on which the peace of Europe rests? and when preponderance of soldier-power disturbs this balance, is not the soldier’s sword the weight that settles it anew? Ask poor, trampled, bleeding, burning France. Who does not know, and who but a fool will deny, that modern civilisation is, as all human civilisation must be till the millennium dawns, iron-ribbed and iron-clad — built of and built upon the bullet and the bayonet, the sabre and the cannon?

When you turn from the soldier to our soldier, from the State for which he battles to our States battling in our fearful conflict, can you doubt what was the real burden under which our matchless leader stood upright? It was not life or death alone, not victory or defeat that trembled in the balance of his battles, but the liberty and the destiny of the people of the South for generations yet to be. This, no less than this, was the responsibility that must have crushed if it had not expanded him into strength and proportions almost god-like. No less! — ay, even more, for he was one of those whose eyes God had opened, so that the sweep of his vision took in two worlds. Oh! then, when such a seer as he stood upon one of Virginia’s hills and watched his trampling thousands in the wild rush of the charge, falling in death, and through death into eternity, tell me now if human responsibility, pressure, expansion, can rest heavier or rise higher?

The experiences of the life are *unparalleled hardships, dangers, crises*. It would be superfluous to enlarge upon these, the most external and palpable features of a soldier's life, so shortly after a war which has overspread a continent and filled a land with veterans. Demonstration, not declamation, is our purpose to-day, and we will not stay to prove what no one will deny, that robustness of character, dauntless determination, courage that saves from, if it does not hide, a multitude of sins, and a composure and balance of soul that no excitements can disturb, no terrors overwhelm, are equally fruits of the soldier's training, and traits of the soldier's ideal, Robert Lee.

The compensation of the soldier-life is *fixed pay*. My friends, do not even attempt to estimate the influence or importance of this element, until you have answered this question: what is the most demoralising of all human desires and pursuits? I know not how you will better answer than in the words of Holy Writ; for the wisdom of God has embodied the answer in a proverb: "The *love of money* is the root of all evil"; and the context is most impressive: "They that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition." I will not insult you by attempting to enforce a proposition thus enunciated; only suffer me to remark that I hardly think any one will contend that it is less true or applicable to-day than when the noble apostle warned his "son Timothy" against this greatest of all the lures of the tempter. And as surely as opportunity makes temptation, the soldier, looking securely to his sufficient but fixed compensation, having his undivided services demanded and paid for by his country, and being consequently unable to devote himself to any lucrative calling, must be in great measure protected from this debasing poison of avarice.

I need not remind this audience, in this place, how almost superhuman was the purity of General Lee from the defilement of this mean vice. The world now knows the story of his refusing to be lured away from you by the golden bribes of ten, twenty, fifty thousand dollars a year. But let me add to the noble story one feature, which perhaps neither you nor the world are yet familiar with. In conversation with a gentleman, who repeated the remark to me, and in response to some expression of surprise and admiration at his superiority to temptation, General Lee replied that he arrogated no virtue to himself, for he felt no temptation. Why not? Is it rational to divorce such a training from such a character? I know there are instances, glaring instances, but nevertheless I assert confidently that an avaricious soldier is an anomaly.

The inspiration of the life is *promotion from above*. Evidently the soldier's compensation is not the inspiration of his calling; and it is perhaps more true of him than of any other man that his chief inspiration is honorable advancement in his profession. Call it love of glory, if you please; even at that it is almost infinitely more elevating and ennobling than love of money, which is the ruling motive of much the larger part of mankind. But the soldier does not call it love of glory. He is no moral philosopher or theorist; he is a practical man, and his inspiration, that of which he talks and dreams, that for which he serves and strives, is all embodied in one word — *promotion*. This

is "the life of the service." So peculiarly true is this, that the soldier's progress has well-nigh appropriated the term *promotion*, as the soldier's life has appropriated the title *service*. I do not propose further to defend this desire for promotion, but simply to remark that Lee's noble soul was no exception to the soldierly average in this regard. Those who were intimate with him will recognise this fact; and among his published letters there is at least one to his son, which exhibits a most beautiful blending and balance between the lofty ambition of the soldier and the pious care of the Christian.

But it was not the desire for promotion, however inspiring, to which I wished chiefly to ask your attention, but to the peculiar law of military promotion, namely, that it is promotion *from above*. Before you estimate the importance of this feature, let me ask another question: What is the second great demoralising influence of our age, and particularly of our country? I have not here the Word of God for answer; but in these days of unblushing demagogism, I am sure of your concurrence when I say, it is flattery and service of the mob, to secure promotion *from below*. I mean no reflection upon the right or principle of suffrage; but the practice of suffrage, and the means now commonly resorted to to control it for personal ends, are at once a disgrace to free government and a degradation of the candidate and the voter. No honest man can now pass through a political contest without being disgusted, if unhappily he is not surprised, at the means employed against him. The soldier knows nothing of such contests or influences. He never dreams of promotion by any other power than that of his superiors, on any other ground than gallant or meritorious service. Many here present will recollect two experiments made in our service with the elective principle. In the spring of '62, at the reënlistments, the men were allowed to elect their own officers; and the army, in the face of the enemy, was resolved—it is the highest proof of its superb material that it was not dissolved—into nominating caucuses and electioneering meetings. The whole thing was felt to be a monstrosity, and was never attempted again. It is almost enough to immortalise the absurdity, that shortly after the original enlistment, the men of one of the Virginia regiments, in the exercise of their volunteer right to choose their officers, protested successfully against General, then Colonel, Jackson's being assigned to command them! And again, later in the war, when, alas! too late, we discovered that love of glory was essential to the higher development of the soldier, and a "roll of honor" was projected, the scheme proved entirely abortive, because the essential principle of soldierly promotion was overlooked, and the men were directed to vote for their comrades to be immortalised for their courage. Veterans as we had then become, the Army of Northern Virginia scouted the idea of electing men to be heroes. No, no! the soldier's inspiration, the soldier's principle, is promotion *from above*, and it cuts off a world of temptation thus to lift a man's eyes and efforts *up* for elevation. We all know there are in political life appointments from above perhaps quite as rotten and demoralising as elections from below, but we know too that, on account of the principle of rank and other safeguards, military appointments and promotions are by contrast almost absolutely pure.

Would you have an impressive illustration of the effect of promotion from above, on the score of merits, then try to conceive of General Lee's looking and working below himself for elevation. Recall that erect, noble figure and pure, self-poised soul. Is there not a wild impossibility, not to say profanation, in the thought of his bending earthward and entering into the strife of tongues to seek the favor of the fickle multitude for selfish ends? No one ever came in contact with this grand soldier who did not feel his ineffable purity, most especially perhaps in the two points in which his military training had kept him unspotted from the world, its love of money, and its courting popular favor for personal advancement.

But no sketch of General Lee could be otherwise than glaringly defective which failed to notice his *religious character*. And just here I am reminded of a set of sentimental religionists, who lose no opportunity of educating, I will not say a contempt, but a solemn condemnation and reprobation of military life, as contrary, not only to the spirit of Christianity, but to the duty of a Christian; religionists who regard the Son as an improvement on the Father instead of a revelation of Him, and in turning their faces to the Prince of Peace, turn their backs upon the God of armies and of battles. These men so emphasise the gentleness of Christ as to present for our homage a feeble, emasculated ideal, the very opposite of attractive to a manly man. They teach that the Christian religion reprobates the sentiment of personal honor, which, as I understand it, never received a loftier illustration than one night, eighteen hundred years ago, in a garden, when the Master stepped out in front of his cowering disciples, and met the traitor and his dastard crew with the lanterns and torches and weapons—confronting them (I say it reverently) with that splendid kindling of his insulted honor: "Be ye come out as against a thief, with swords and staves for to take me? I was daily with you in the temple and ye stretched forth no hand against me." But these milk-and-water religionists are so sensitive for their Lord's reputation that they are actually nervous about the presentation He makes of Himself in His own Bible. They shudder at those sublime soldier psalms and prophecies, in which God declares Himself as "A man of war!" "The Lord God of Hosts!" "The Lord! the Lord! strong and mighty! The Lord! the Lord! mighty in battle."

Now, both as a soldier and a Christian, I feel personally interested and personally insulted in the proclamation of this pseudo-Christianity, this revised and improved gospel of peace; and I bring this grave charge against its apostles, that they are chiefly responsible for the saddest failure in the working of the Christian system—its failure to appeal and commend itself *to men*. As for me, I am sure that, as a follower of Robert Lee, I became a better follower of Jesus Christ; and whether from the style and imagery of God's Word, the names and figures wherein He declares Himself and His cause, or my own experience of the nearness of our Father God to His soldier-children, the suggestion is the same; there is no life having points of sublimer, closer contact with heaven, and none in which a man can more purely and powerfully serve God than the soldier's.

I am aware that the biographers and eulogists of our godly soldier

have singled out other features of his religious character as most worthy of note ; and yet I feel confident that the mere mention of his *simple faith* will awaken the conviction, I might almost say the remembrance, that no Christian trait was more characteristic of him. His soul was entirely free from metaphysical doubts and subtleties. He received, obeyed, rested on the Word of God as the law of his reason and his life, and the ground of his hope. I have no hesitation in proclaiming my belief that this simplicity and strength of Robert Lee's faith was peculiarly the result of his military training. Do you shrink from this new phase of my main proposition, as little less than blasphemous? I will not reason with you ; but what say you to this illustration of the like simplicity of Christian faith in a great soldier, bearing unmistakably the impress of his professional training? A few years ago, a serious and prolonged debate in the British and Foreign Missionary Society, as to expending so much money in the almost hopeless task of evangelising the heathen world while so many grievous destitutions were unsupplied at home, was terminated by Wellington, who rose, and in a single sentence dissipated the clouds and put the whole matter at rest — saying, "I see no room for this discussion. This army is under marching orders. 'Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature.'" This certainly is hard to escape ; but if you delight in argument embodied in illustration, recall that noble soldier who, eighteen centuries ago, analysed the soldier-life much as we have done to-day, our old friend the centurion. That conversation of his with the Saviour is worthy of close attention. Mark three points about this man's faith. First, it was so sublime that even the Son of God " marvelled," and pronounced it the greatest faith he had found among men. Second, it was faith exercised upon the very point at which the skeptical science of the world just now staggers, namely, the interference of a personal God to set aside the laws of nature, in answer to human prayer. But lastly, and for our purpose still more pertinently, note that *the man himself* took his faith out of the experience of *his soldier-life*, saying, I have learned the lessons of supremacy and subjection, of command and obedience, being myself a soldier ; do you but issue the order, "Speak the word only, and my servant shall be healed."

My friends, when a man of enthusiasm grasps a truth that fires and delights him, I know from sad experience that he is in danger — danger of pushing his theory far out into imaginary and overstrained applications. Hence, it is a deep joy to me to find an absolute confirmation of my theory, a conclusive demonstration of the truth that fires my soul to-day. And here it is : I plant my address on the rock of this sublime interview between the centurion and the Saviour ; and planted there, back to back and shoulder to shoulder, I and this grand old hero may defy the defamers of the soldier-life : for mark you, the man said all the faith he had he had drawn from the lessons of his life ; and the God said it was the faith of faiths, the best and greatest he had found on earth. If then the simplicity and strength of Lee's faith can be traced to his soldier-training, and this I re-assert, as it were, on the authority of Divine revelation itself, it will not be difficult, I am sure, to realise the other connections I have endeavored to develop between his training and his character.

Our proposition then is established, and is full of theoretical interest—General Lee may with propriety be regarded as in a high sense the noble yet natural outgrowth of the soldier-life. Does any practical advantage result from this view of him? Much every way, as I think; and first, he is none the less great, yet he seems the more human and nearer to our level, when regarded not solely as a supreme creation, but also as a development of discipline. There is a great gulf still between us and our matchless hero. But it is no longer, in the nature of things, a great gulf fixed; there is a path by which we may approximate him.

And again, when we bring the elements of his military training and the qualities prominently developed by it side by side with the elements and demands of our every-day life, we cannot but be struck with the close analogy between them. We begin to appreciate the force of that familiar and favorite figure, both of sacred and profane literature, which represents us as soldiers and our life as a battle, and we find we need not become actual soldiers to bring to bear upon our souls the same lessons which did so much to make Lee great. Oh, look beneath the surface of our daily life! We are often tempted to despise its tameness when contrasted with the intenser soldier-life of long ago; but after all, the noblest elements of that soldier-life are here in the quiet life of to-day. Was Robert Lee's soldier-life a *service*? Is our daily life anything less? Were his soldier-employments *duty*? Which of us dare have employments that are not duties? Was the first lesson of his soldier-life *unquestioning obedience*? Is not the earliest and greatest lesson of our life the same? Was his daily lesson *unceasing accountability*? Does our accountability ever cease? His experiences of *hardships, dangers, crises unparalleled*—have they not at least their equals, if not their parallels, in our lives? And if the *compensation* of our labors is not *fixed*, and our *promotions* do not all come *from above*; yet the virtues developed by these features of the soldier's life are the more demanded in our lives to-day because the temptations to the opposite vices are so strong. Then, last and greatest, that strong and simple soldier-faith, born of soldierly reverence for authority, what else do we so greatly need, we of the South, to-day?

Well, our great soldier has fought out his good fight, his service rendered, his duty done, his obedience perfected, his commands enforced, his accountability met, his experiences over, his compensation received, and now his *promotion from above* has come, the last, the highest, the very last, the very highest; and as we stand here to-day, still gazing up after him into heaven, there bursts from our hearts the sigh, the cry, the shout of the prophet: "My father! my father! the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof!" But see! here before our eyes floats the descending mantle of these great lessons. Shall we suffer it to fall to earth unheeded? Oh, my countrymen! ennobled by blood, kindred to that of Lee, shall we not rather enfold us in his sacred mantle, and thus arrayed, hearken to his voice of paternal recognition: "My children! My children! be ye followers of me, even as I have followed Christ?"

LONGSTREET'S BRIGADE.

By Gen. E. P. Alexander, late Chief of Artillery of Longstreet's Corps.

[NOTE.—One important object of the Society is to secure not only official reports, but connected narratives of particular commands prepared by competent pens. The Society cannot of course undertake to endorse all of the statements which some of these papers may contain, but is only responsible to the extent of being the vehicle through which distinguished soldiers may hand down their knowledge of and opinions concerning the great struggle. It is fortunate in being able to present several papers on parts of the Army of Northern Virginia from so good a soldier and so competent a writer as General E. P. Alexander.—J. W. J., *Sec. Southern Historical Society.*]

Lieutenant-General James Longstreet, whose name has always distinguished the First Corps of the Army of Northern Virginia, was born in Edgefield District, South Carolina, on the 28th of January 1821. His youth was spent in Georgia and Alabama, until his eighteenth year, when in June 1838 he entered the U. S. Military Academy at West Point. In June 1842 he graduated, his class-rank being fifty-fourth in a class of fifty-six,* and was appointed Brevet 2d Lieutenant in the Fourth Regiment of infantry. In 1845 he was promoted to a 2d Lieutenant, and in 1847 to 1st Lieutenant in the Eighth Infantry, with which regiment he took part in the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma. In the affairs about Monterey he commanded a company, and led the assaulting columns upon the heights and also upon the Bishop's Palace, and was in the leading column which penetrated the city of Monterey. His conduct on these occasions was handsomely noticed by Worth and others in official reports.

In 1847 as Regimental Adjutant he accompanied his regiment, which joined Scott's army, and fought in the battles of Vera Cruz, Cerro Gordo, Churubusco, Molino del Rey, and Chapultepec. In the assault on Churubusco the Eighth Infantry was the rear regiment of the attacking column, and was ordered to the charge after all the troops in front of it had been repulsed and had fallen back behind it. The ditch in front of the tête-du-pont, on which their attack was directed, was full of water, and on arriving at its edge the regiment seemed to hesitate, when Longstreet, seizing the colors, plunged in, and was followed by the regiment, which carried the work. In the battle of Molino del Rey (the severest of the Mexican War) he was again conspicuous for gallantry, and in the storming of Chapultepec he was severely wounded, and mentioned in General Scott's report as "shot down advancing, colors in hand." For these actions he received the brevets of Captain and Major.

Leaving the City of Mexico under the order returning wounded and disabled officers to their homes, in December 1847, he visited

* In the same class were nine others, afterwards Confederate major-generals and lieutenant-generals, viz: G. W. Smith, Mansfield Lovell, H. M. Whiting, M. L. Smith, D. H. Hill, R. H. Anderson, Lafayette McLaws, Earl Van Dorn, and A. P. Stewart, with John Pope, W. S. Rosencranz, and several other less prominent Federals.

Virginia, and was married in March 1848, at Lynchburg, Virginia, to the youngest daughter of General John Garland, U. S. A. Ordered to Texas with his regiment in the fall of 1848, he served on the frontier in various Indian expeditions until July 1858, when he was promoted Major and Paymaster.

In May 1861, Major Longstreet, then stationed at Albuquerque, New Mexico, resigned his commission and espoused the fortunes of his native State. He was appointed at once Lieutenant-Colonel of the Regular Confederate Army and Brigadier-General of the Provisional Army, and reporting for duty at Manassas on the 4th of July 1861, was assigned to the command of the Fourth Brigade of the "Army of the Potomac," as General Beauregard's force was then designated. This brigade, the nucleus which, with its leader, gradually attracted to itself the gallant commands which composed first a division, and then the First Corps of the Army of Northern Virginia, was composed of the First Virginia, Colonel P. T. Moore; Eleventh Virginia, Colonel Samuel Garland; and the Seventeenth Virginia, Colonel M. D. Corse. Lieutenant T. I. Armistead was Adjutant of the brigade. It was encamped in the immediate vicinity of Manassas Junction, and was diligently employed in drilling until the approach of the enemy. Probably the first drill in evolutions of the line of any Confederate troops was by this brigade on the 8th of July 1861. It numbered at that time about 1500 effectives, and was armed, as was nearly the whole Confederate force, with the smooth-bore musket.

On the approach of the enemy on the 18th of July, General Longstreet took his assigned position in the line of battle along Bull Run, his centre resting on Blackburn's Ford, Bonham's brigade holding Mitchell's Ford on his left, and D. R. Jones McLean's Ford on his right. The run here makes almost a horse-shoe bend, the convexity being towards the enemy, the ground on his side being a high bluff, and on the Confederate side an open plain, with a narrow skirt of timber along the stream. This configuration offered such advantages for attack that General Tyler, who commanded the advanced Federal division, though under positive orders from General McDowell not to bring on an engagement, could not resist the temptation. He said to an officer on his staff that "the great man of the war would be he who first reached Manassas Junction, and that he intended to do it that night."* He accordingly brought up Richardson's brigade of infantry, Ayres' Battery (six guns), a section of twenty-pounder rifles, and a squadron of cavalry. A skirmish ensued, which, though dignified as a battle at the time, is principally of interest as showing how the undisciplined troops on both sides behaved when first in each other's presence, and with this view I shall endeavor to present a more truthful picture of the affair than the current accounts of the day.

The characteristics which distinguish raw troops from veterans, who are individually no braver, are worthy of attention, at least as suggesting the weak points to be guarded or to be assailed where such troops are concerned. The most striking of these, and the

* *Winton's Army of the Potomac*, p. 47.

most generally exemplified in all of the early battles of the war, is a tendency to "fire and fall back," or to be satisfied with moderate success. There seems to be a sort of instinct in new troops, however brave, to initiate themselves to the issues of battle in somewhat the manner of proceeding of a man who has to handle a piece of hot iron, and endeavors first to test its heat by a few hasty touches. The incidents of nearly all of the affairs of the first year of the war will illustrate this impulse. At Big Bethel the Confederates retreated to Yorktown almost at the same time that the repulsed Federals fled in a panic to Fortress Monroe. The whole conduct of the Federal column at Ball's Bluff under Colonel Baker seems to have been controlled by this instinct, and the decisive result of the combat was not due to superior numbers or position, for the Confederates had neither, but to the fact that the latter, being a little seasoned by Bull Run, pushed their attack persistently. Even here, however, on the second day after the battle the Confederates retreated across Goose Creek, leaving only pickets in front of the enemy, who themselves that same night retired in the other direction across the Potomac at Edwards' Ferry. The Yankee stampede from Bull Run was also due to this instinct as much as to the offensive action of the Confederates, and the cessation of the Confederate pursuit before sundown can hardly be altogether attributed to other causes. Other causes undoubtedly existed in this as well as in the other cases mentioned, but until familiarity has bred some contempt of the risks of battle, caution will be found to be a characteristic growing upon the victors with their very success. The minor details of these battles frequently illustrate this impulse even more strikingly, but it is not necessary to enter upon them, as its presence will be recognised in several incidents of the affair at Blackburn's Ford.*

On the approach of the Federals, General Beauregard had sent Kemper's battery, with a small support from Bonham's brigade, a short distance in front, across Bull Run, as a sort of picket, the rest of his force being in line behind the stream, under cover of the timber which skirted it. A skirmish-line was advanced to the brink of the stream, but not across it.

*A rather amusing illustration of the popularity of the "fire and fall back" manœuvre is given by General Heintzelman in his narrative of the opening of the battle of Bull's Run on the 21st, in testimony before the Committee on the Conduct of the War (Report, vol. 2, p. 30). General H. states as follows: "As I rose to cross the ridge, I saw beyond a line of the enemy drawn up at shoulder-arms, in citizen's clothes. It did not strike me at first who they were, but I just checked my horse and looked at them. I saw in an instant that they were a party of the enemy's troops, and I turned to the Zouaves and ordered them to charge them. As I was on horseback, of course I saw them first. By moving forward a few paces the Zouaves could see over the ridge, and as soon as they saw each other they fired, and then they both broke and ran. They were thirty or forty yards apart. There was one solitary man killed of that regiment [Confederate] by that fire, and also one man fell, but afterwards disappeared, and I suppose he crawled off. As the Zouaves ran, some thirty or forty of the enemy's cavalry came out through an old field and charged the rear of the Zouaves. The Zouaves turned upon them and emptied some five or six saddles, and the cavalry broke and ran. . . . That was the famous Black Horse Cavalry. There was not a black horse among them that I saw."

In the same volume, page 33, General Franklin testifies concerning the capture of Rickett's battery on the same occasion: "I went forward with the 5th and 11th Massachusetts regiments, and did my best to get the battery back, and did get it back several times; but every time when the time came to draw off the guns the men could not be brought up to the scratch. They would come forward with their guns loaded and deliver their volley very well, and would then, instead of taking hold of the guns and drawing them off, fall back to a secure place and load. We must have remained in that place, with those regiments going up, delivering their fire and falling back, until about three o'clock in the afternoon. At that time a large force of the Rebels appeared in the woods on our right, and the men fled and could not be brought up by any means I could use."

General Tyler commenced his operations about noon, by opening a slow fire from his rifle-guns upon whatever became visible in the plain before him, from a commanding hill about a mile in front of Blackburn's Ford. No reply was made to this fire for some time, but at length, Kemper observing a party of cavalry not very far from him, sent after them six solid shot, one of which struck among them, causing one or two casualties and sending them to the rear in a stampede, Kemper at the same time, in accordance with his instructions, making a hasty retreat across Mitchell's Ford.

After some further delay and a little shelling of Kemper's abandoned position, General Tyler next threw forward a hundred and sixty skirmishers of Richardson's brigade (composed of the First Massachusetts, the Second and Third Michigan, and the Twelfth New York). These skirmishers advancing across a clear plateau to the skirt of woods bordering the stream, suddenly appeared upon the bluff a short distance below Blackburn's Ford, and scarcely a hundred yard distant from the First Virginia, which formed General Longstreet's right.* A sharp firing immediately broke out on each side, the First Virginia suffering from it smartly owing to their exposed position, while the enemy were well protected by the bluff and trees. Colonel Moore and several other officers were wounded in a few moments, and the command fell upon Major Skinner, who immediately ordered the regiment forward and placed it on the brink of the stream, where it was more sheltered. At the same time the enemy's skirmishers fell back from the edge of the bluff, and although they remained near, and both sides kept up a dropping fire towards each other, the intervening bluff prevented any harm. This state of affairs continued until a reinforcement of three companies was sent to the Yankee skirmishers, when they again advanced to the edge of the bluff, and giving a scattered fire, and receiving a like reply, they again fell back out of harm's way.

At this period, General Longstreet, who had been sitting on his horse in front of the Seventeenth Virginia, and near the detached companies guarding the ford, asked Captain Marye if he could get his company to cross the stream. Marye in reply gave the order to his company to advance, and the men with a shout immediately sprang into the water, and wading thigh-deep, crossed, General Longstreet waving his hat and calling "Three cheers for the Alexandria Rifles!" Having no particular directions, Marye moved his force up the ravine through which the road passes, and having advanced about fifty yards, deployed as skirmishers, and prepared to advance to the right where the previous fighting had occurred. Just as this advance was commenced, however, the enemy's skirmishers were discovered in the thick undergrowth on the left of the ravine, and facing about, Marye ordered "fire" and "forward." The enemy, who proved to be a company of the First Massachusetts, made no stand at all, and the Confederates loading and firing as they advanced, killed several, took eight prisoners,

* The 17th Virginia held the centre, and the 11th Virginia the left. Each regiment was in the open field a few yards in rear of the skirt of timber along the stream. Two companies of the 17th Virginia (the Alexandria Rifles, Captain Marye, and Emmett Guards, Captain Towson) were advanced to the brink of the stream on each side of the ford, and one company from the First Virginia held a similar position on their right.

and drove the remainder out of the wood, advancing to the edge of which in pursuit they were fired upon by a Federal regiment drawn up in the yard of a small house near the road, and to which the fugitives fled, still pursued and occasionally knocked over as they ran by the Confederate bullets. In the latter part of this affair Marye's company was assisted by the Loudoun Guards (of the Seventeenth Virginia), Lieutenant Lynch, whom General Longstreet ordered to his support on hearing him open fire. Several of the pursuers having at length been killed or wounded by the fire of the Federal regiment, Marye withdrew his force to the ford to report, and was ordered by General Longstreet to return to the south bank.

Meanwhile, General Tyler having ordered Richardson to attack with his whole brigade, supported by a section of Ayres' battery, the latter ran two howitzers close down to the timber skirting the stream, and a few minutes after Marye's return to the south bank, opened fire with canister on the Confederate position. At the same time too Richardson sent forward the 12th New York on the left of the artillery, over the same ground where the skirmishers had previously advanced, while he formed the rest of his brigade in line on the right. The 12th New York pushed forward, as the skirmishers had previously done, to the very bluff over the stream, but no sooner did they show themselves there than they received a tremendous volley of musketry which scattered them in every direction. It was in vain that Richardson attempted to rally the fugitives on his other regiments, for the men were thoroughly demoralised by the crashes of musketry, in which Longstreet's whole brigade joined (though the enemy was no longer in sight), and before which Ayres also withdrew his howitzers, having had one or two casualties from stray balls. Appreciating now that he had undertaken too much, and recalling his orders not to bring on an engagement, General Tyler ordered Richardson not to undertake to rally the 12th New York, and withdrew his whole force back to the first position of his rifled guns.

A short while before this last attack, General Longstreet had asked for reinforcements, intending to undertake the offensive if the enemy should present an opportunity, and during this musketry firing the 7th Louisiana, Colonel Hays, and the 24th Virginia, Lieutenant-Colonel Hariston, of Early's brigade, arrived upon the ground, and were deployed to relieve the 1st and 17th Virginia. This manœuvre was near proving an unfortunate one, for on approaching the timber the Seventh Louisiana, either not informed of or forgetting their friends in front in the excitement of the occasion, fired a volley without orders, which, however, was luckily well aimed over the bluff, and did no damage. The firing was soon restrained, and the 7th and 24th took positions on the brink of the stream in front of the 17th and 1st respectively, who retired a few yards in rear of it.

Meanwhile four six-pounder guns and twelve-pounder howitzers of the Washington Artillery Battalion, which had heretofore lain silent in rear of Longstreet's brigade, having been reinforced about this time by three rifled three-inch guns of the same battalion (the whole commanded by Captain Eshleman and Lieutenants Squiers and Garnett), catching a sight through the tree-tops of the bayonets

of the enemy on the hills beyond the stream, opened a cannonade upon them. This was soon replied to by the Yankee guns, and the first "artillery duel" of the war ensued. It was continued with great rapidity for about three-quarters of an hour, during which time each party threw between four and five hundred projectiles, but with very trifling damage on either side. The skirt of timber along the stream entirely masked the enemy's ground from the view of the Confederates and prevented them from getting the range, or correcting their fire by seeing where their projectiles fell, while it also prevented the enemy from having more than a very indistinct view of their target. The distance was nearly a mile, an easy range for the Parrott rifles of the Federals, but too far for the Southern three-inch, which were supplied with miserable ammunition, and were really less effective than six-pounders. The loss in the Washington Artillery was six wounded. General Tyler states that his loss in this duel was but one, which is perhaps all that was to be expected under the circumstances. About five o'clock the cannonade slackened off on both sides and finally ceased, and with it ceased the battle, the Washington Artillery having the honor of the last shot. The loss in Longstreet's brigade, which comprised all the troops engaged, except the Washington Artillery, was fifteen killed and forty-seven wounded. The loss of the enemy has been variously estimated by their officers at from sixty to one hundred, and was probably near the latter number. Scouting parties of the Confederates on the next day visited the bluff on which the enemy's infantry had appeared, and found several of his dead and considerably over a hundred small arms scattered on the ground, with many hats, knapsacks, and other evidences of a very disorderly flight.

On abandoning his effort on the 18th, General Tyler withdrew his division to Centreville, where General McDowell concentrated and encamped that night about thirty-five thousand men, consisting of the First Division under General Tyler, the Second under General Hunter, the Third under General Heintzelman, and the Fifth under General Miles. The Fourth Division, under General Runyon, about five thousand strong, was left to hold the fortifications about Alexandria, but on the 20th it was brought forward to Fairfax Court-House, where it remained during the battle of the 21st. General Beauregard's whole force at this time numbered about eighteen thousand effectives, including the garrison of the intrenched camp at Manassas.*

On the 19th and 20th nothing of importance occurred, the pickets on each side being kept close in to the main bodies. McDowell had originally designed to operate against the Confederate right, but abandoned the idea on finding the country broken and wooded. These two days were consequently consumed in the reconnoissances which decided him in the attack upon the left, afterwards made. The Confederates meantime anxiously awaited the arrival of Johnston's force from the Valley, and only occupied themselves in strengthening their positions with slight breastworks.

*The entrenchments consisted of a few redans and lunettes armed with naval thirty-two- and twenty-four-pounders on ship carriages, and enclosing an area about 800 yards long by 300 wide. They were afterwards enlarged and improved, but at this time were of very little strength.

In the action of the 21st Longstreet's brigade bore no part, except to submit to a random shelling, which did little harm, and to make two advances to attack Centreville, both of which were unfortunately countermanded before the brigade became engaged. The details of these, which alone are within the limits of this narrative, are as follows :*

About noon on the 21st the attack upon the left being fully developed, General Longstreet sent a proposition to General Beauregard that his own, Bonham's and D. R. Jones' brigades should cross Bull Run and attack Centreville. General Beauregard approved and ordered the movement, which was at once commenced by echelon from the right, D. R. Jones moving first. The force of the enemy in front consisted of Miles' division, comprising Davies', Richardson's and Blenker's brigades, with three or four batteries. The first two brigades were posted in line about a mile in front of Bull Run, supporting the batteries (which kept up a slow fire on the Confederate position) and covering the roads leading from Blackburn's and the adjacent fords to Centreville. Blenker's brigade was held in reserve at Centreville. Now it happened that General Miles (who was accused of being drunk) had just at this time ordered Davies and Richardson to withdraw to Centreville, and had this attack been made it would have caught those brigades in the very act of retreating. Unfortunately, however, just as the attack was about to be inaugurated, an order countermanding it came from General Beauregard, caused by the very critical aspect of the field upon the left. Longstreet and Bonham receiving Beauregard's order first, halted before coming in sight of Richardson's position, which had perhaps already been vacated. D. R. Jones and Davies, being the last to receive their respective orders, had a slight collision, of which the former got rather the worst, having to receive a fire of musketry and canister while in column, which threw him into some confusion, and caused about seventy casualties. While restoring order and preparing to take the offensive, Beauregard's order was received, and the brigade was consequently withdrawn. At the same time Davies received his orders from Miles, and also withdrew ; and the left was deserted by both parties. Longstreet remained for some time halted, where the orders found him, in a large ravine on the north side of

*A single incident of the attack upon the Confederate left is perhaps worthy of notice as suggestive of some serious considerations concerning the use of any bright weapons or equipments in campaigns. The movement and position of the Federal flanking column was first discovered among the Confederates about 8.30 A. M. on the 21st, by a signal-officer nearly eight miles distant from it. While observing from " Wilcoxon's Hill " in rear of the Confederate right the flag of a signal-station at Stone Bridge, with a glass of large field of view, his eye was caught by a flash of sunlight from a point in the same field but about two miles beyond the flag. On examination this was found to proceed from a brass cannon in a column whose movement and size were now plainly shown by glittering bayonets. A message to General Evans by signal, " A long column with artillery is turning your left," reached him at the same moment that a picket, driven in from Sudley Springs, came to report, and he at once moved the greater part of his force to meet and delay the column's advance. A fuller message to the same effect and continued reports of the progress of the column were sent to Generals Beauregard and Johnston, and gave to them the only information of the position and size of this column which ever reached them, except the noise of the conflict which ensued two hours later. General Johnston says in his official report: " Near nine o'clock the signal-officer reported that a large body of troops was crossing the valley of Bull Run some two miles above the bridge. General Bee, who had been placed near Colonel Cocke's position, Colonel Hampton with his legion, and General Jackson from a point near Bonham's left, were ordered to hasten to the left flank." It is well known that the timely arrival of these troops on the scene of conflict had no small influence on the fortunes of the day. The simple flashing of that polished gun put in motion the reinforcements for the threatened point more than an hour before they would otherwise have moved.

Bull Run, and then returned to his original position on the south bank.

About five o'clock the news of the enemy's defeat on the left was received, and with it came renewed orders to attack Centreville. Longstreet immediately crossed, his troops cheering and wild with enthusiasm, and getting the lead of the adjacent brigades, pushed on towards Centreville. The position previously occupied by the enemy, which they had strengthened by cutting down an abattis and throwing up breastworks in the road, was found to be abandoned, and evidently in haste, as cooking utensils with food were found on the fires, and overcoats and many small articles were scattered around them. When within a mile of Centreville, General Bonham, who as ranking officer had assumed command of the movement, halted Longstreet's brigade in order to put his own brigade in front. While this was being done, Major Whiting, General Johnston's chief engineer, who with a few cavalry had been in sight of the enemy's position and drawn his fire, came back and advised General Bonham against making an attack. Bonham coinciding in his views, Major Whiting then took the responsibility as a staff-officer of General Johnston's of countermanding the order to attack, and the advance was therefore stopped.* The force of the enemy which would have been encountered had the advance been continued at this time consisted only of Davies' and Richardson's brigades. Blenker's brigade had been sent down the Warrenton Pike to cover the retreat on that road, and General McDowell had met Davies and Richardson in their withdrawal towards Centreville, and had halted and formed them near the village, and taken command in person. The line taken up was good, and was well filled with troops and guns, but it was quite short and easy to turn, and the troops comprising it were already shaken in morale by the result on the left and by their own retreat.

It was near sundown when the Confederate advance upon Centreville was abandoned, and about the same time all troops who had crossed Bull Run in the pursuit were ordered to return to the south bank. On the Warrenton Pike a few enterprising individuals of different commands remained, and advanced as far as Cut Run Bridge, where they found over a dozen guns and a number of caissons, wagons and ambulances abandoned by the enemy in the road, but with this exception the pursuit was terminated before sundown, and by dark all of the pursuing forces were recrossing, or had crossed.

A heavy rain poured down during the whole of the next day, and nothing of importance occurred. General Longstreet sent out a scouting party, who went as far as Fairfax Court-House, seeing nothing of the enemy, but collecting two flags and some arms abandoned by the enemy in his retreat.

The total Confederate loss in this battle was 369 killed and 1483 wounded. The exact Federal loss was never published, if ascertained. About nine hundred wounded fell into the hands of the Confederates,

* There was never a more gallant soldier than Major, afterwards Major-General Whiting, or more determined or uncompromising fighting than appears on his record, which ended with a mortal wound received in resisting from traverse to traverse the successful assault on Fort Fisher. His caution on this occasion was doubtless unfortunate, but it was only the epidemic which seems to run its course with all soldiers before they become veterans.

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THE ODD TRUMP.

BOOK V.—SOME ODD TRICKS.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE LIBERAL TRIO.

THERE was a Liberal Club at Merton, and Mr. Podd was president. When Mrs. Wailes was dismissing Trumpley at Halidon gates, Mr. Podd was calling the meeting to order. It was not a very large meeting, which was fortunate, as the accommodations were limited. The hall was a loft over the carriage-builder's shop, and the rent paid by the club for the premises was not in the coin of the realm, but in gin, which was imbibed by the proprietor of this chamber, who was also excused from the payment of the weekly dues. As a matter of pure courtesy, Mr. Spokes was also furnished with pipes and tobacco, paid for out of the club treasury, though this was not in the original contract. It was a touching sight, and regularly recurring, to see Mr. Spokes select a pipe, fill it, light it, and lay down tuppence on the table, and to see the rude grace wherewith the president pushed back the coins, saying, "None o' that 'ristocratic nonsense, Spokes! Pipes and baccy is free to you." And the picture was complete when Mr. Spokes slipped the money back into his greasy pocket, with a murmur of dissent.

The furniture was rather useful than ornamental. The room was Mr. Spokes' dormitory, and a rickety bedstead in one corner made seats for four members, or if the meeting was full, for six. Inverted

paint-kegs, the seats of defunct carriages, some of them cushioned, with the moss and hair sticking out of odd holes, the hubs of damaged wheels set on end, and two chairs, comprised the remainder of the furniture, excepting the table, which belonged to the adjoining tap-room, and was lent by the obliging publican who furnished the beer, gin and pipes.

On the present occasion the meeting was unusually interesting, as a stranger was present, introduced by Mr. Podd as Munseer Blowell from France. Munseer Blowell was a sallow gentleman, with a black moustache covering his mouth. He spoke very good English, and in a little address with which he acknowledged the introduction, he assured the club that the thrones on the Continent were all tottering, and that the true proprietors of all things, the producers, were about to take possession of the world. There were some obstacles to be removed, such as standing armies, policemen and bloated aristocrats, and the plain duty of each son of freedom was to thin out the ranks of these enemies of progress whenever occasion served. He had great hopes of England, as the workingmen of that nation were brave to a fault, and only needed the stringent rules of continental organisations to make them thoroughly efficient.

Munseer Blowell had not been a practical workingman; his hands were too white and delicate. But he had always been a philosopher. The best efforts of his useful life had been directed against governments and priestcraft. His native country was Belgium, where ignorant people were ground to the dust by effete superstition. He moved to freer Germany, and spent years in literary work, and other years in financial operations, some of which had not been successful, because absurd laws forbade forgery. And now he had come to freest England, and had identified himself with the down-trodden yeomanry of that land.

It was a curious fact that two institutions, which priest-ridden people asserted had been possessed by primal man in Eden, to wit, the Sabbath and the marriage relation, were the occasion of the most flagrant wrongs under which modern humanity groaned. The Sunday laws of England were huge blots on her statute-books; the tyranny of the marriage-tie and the difficulties in the way of divorce were an outrage upon the nineteenth century; and if Mr. Blowell should finally fail in his efforts to abolish these absurdities from England, his purpose was to migrate to America, where free love, free thought, free theft, and free speech held perpetual carnival. The men who were in power there were abreast of the age.

There was some desultory debate after the orator concluded his address, and the meeting adjourned. The receipts of the evening proving inadequate to the outlay for gin, beer and tobacco, Mr. Blowell claimed the privilege of contributing three shillings to the fund, which made the sum in hand equal to the publican's demands. Mr. Spokes extinguished the candle and crawled into his couch, merely kicking off his boots. The club separated; Mr. Blowell, who was going to Gloucester, accompanied by Mr. Podd and another member, walking up the main road, by the margin of Mer-ton's Brook.

Arrived at the mill, they turned aside to rest on the bench that sat against the wall. A fierce mastiff came out of his kennel, rattling his chain and growling ferociously. Mr. Podd walked up to him and kicked him in the ribs, invoking sundry blessings upon his head at the same time for "his cussed noise." The dog crawled submissively back into his box, and the trio peacefully continued their discourse. The third Liberal was a locksmith from Gloucester, who had been to Merton village repairing a defective lock that defied the skill of the local workmen. It was on the door of the town-hall, and was complicated.

"What aristocrats have you, my friend," said Mr. Blowell, "that are ripest for destruction?"

"They're all ripe enough," answered Podd. "Wailles is the ripest, I dessay."

"Wailles?" said Mr. Blowell.

"Yes; he is the worst of the lot. He was a cadger only a month back, now he is a banker; but he was as good a 'ristocrat when he was a cadger as he is now."

"Seems to me," said the locksmith, "that the new man at Beechwood is bad as any."

"Clinton?" replied Podd. "Yes, he is another. He's got a couple o' niggers—reg'ler slaves; one of 'em told me so hisself. I'd like to skin him if I could!"

"I fixed his locks when he came," continued the other. "He has a chest in the hall that weighs a ton. I s'pose he keeps his plate in it. I mended that lock too."

"What sort o' lock?" said Podd, in a husky whisper.

"Werry peculiar; the tumbler falls unexpected like. I worked two hours on that cussed lock before I found out where the hitch was. The key was lost; I made the new one."

"Why didn't you make *two* new ones?" said Podd, with a chuckle. "If you had a second key it would be conwenient, s'posin' he should lose t'other. He! he!"

"I could make another fast enough," answered the smith; "or for that matter, I could open his chest if he lost his key. I know the trick on it now: lift the tumbler a bit apast the half turn, and then shoot the bolt. I could do it in the dark. Was two hours on that cussed job."

"What could you do it with, Johnny?"

"These!" and he produced a bunch of skeleton-keys. "The lock on the town-hall was worser than any lock at Beechwood."

"My friends—my goot friends," interposed Munseer Blowell, "it is indiscreet to talk of such matters in such a place. Who may not be behind this excellent stone wall? Let us walk; on the open road one is safe, if one does not speak too loudly. Your conversation is very interesting—decidedly!"

The three worthies left the shadow of the mill. The dog came out as they departed, received another affectionate kick, and crept back, with a smothered whine.

"My goot friends," said Munseer Blowell, when they were fairly on the road, "what is this that you converse about? A chest con-

taining plate, owned by an aristocrat, and secured by a lock at which you laugh!"

"You would not laugh," replied the smith, "if you had bin two hours trying at it. The cussed tumbler fell just where it ought to rise."

"But you know the trick now—is it not? In the dark, with those curious little wires, you could—see if the plate was secure?"

"Easy enough. That is, if the house was empty."

"It is as good as empty," said Podd—"only Clinton and the nigger. I dessay me and Munseer could amuse them, if they should happen to be awake, while you tried your wires. This lane goes past Beechwood and comes out in t'other road. S'pose we walk this way? Must be past midnight."

Munseer took a watch from his pocket, touched a spring, and it sounded four musical notes. "One and three-quarters," he said, replacing his watch. "It is a well-known fact that sleepers repose more soundly between midnight and four o'clock than at any other time. What reason have you for thinking the heavy chest contains plate, my goot friend?"

"Got no other use for it," answered the locksmith; "besides, it is lined with welwet. The tumbler falls suddent, a bit apast the half turn."

"Suppose we should look after this plate," suggested Munseer, "and fierce dogs should assault us, for instance—have you any weapon, my goot friend?"

Podd took out his pruning-knife and opened the blade. It was broad and strong, and six inches in length. "I could find a dog's gizzard with this, if he was no bigger than a man."

"Very goot! And I have this," and he produced a long dagger from his bosom, "which is still more effective. We need not fear the dogs. Our goot friend here could arrange the tumblers, without any unnecessary noise, and we could remove the plate to some place of security, where the locks would be stronger; we would make three equal parcels, and each one could take care of his own portion. My goot friend has not spoken of the outer door, however."

"The main door has a old-fashioned lock—big wards. A handy fellow could open that with a crow-bar."

"And after that should be opened," said Munseer—"is there perhaps another door within?"

"Werry possible," answered the locksmith, sarcastically; "he's got more money than he can spend, and mebbe he has put up another door inside the hall. There was only one door last week."

"My goot friends," said the orator, stopping in the middle of the lane and facing his companions, "this aristocrat is holding our property in his chest. It is ours, because we represent the artisans who made it, the miners who dug the ores, the smelters who labored amid fierce heat to purify the metal. And now we, the true owners, because we belong to the many, are tramping through dark lanes, while he, the solitary usurper, reposes on his luxurious couch. We will not disturb him, but we will take our metal and partition it fairly, and when we find others—our brother workingmen—in need, we

will gladly give them their just portion. Think how pure the joy will be to aid the struggling victims of cruel laws and customs! To brave men like you I may express the regret that I feel, and which my sympathising soul tells me *you* feel, that this act of reclaiming our own involves no risk, nothing to prove our manhood — only to remove some curious tumblers which my goot friend here constructs and defies, and then silently convey the gaudy trappings of aristocracy to some secure locality, where we can melt them and fashion them into ingots ready for coinage. We will not harm anything but dogs —”

“He hasn’t got no dogs,” said Podd.

“Alas! then it is a bagatelle, is it not? Should the plate be heavy, we have strong shoulders. In this sylvan solitude there are no policemen. Nothing but prudence deters us from going boldly and demanding the restoration. Why should we make clamor when it is only to take and go.”

“Suppose some one should be awake in the ’ouse?” suggested the smith. “You can’t shoot heavy bolts without some noise.”

“The night is dark, my goot friend,” replied Munseer, “and if we fail to accomplish our purpose, we can retire in safety. All that we need is caution.”

“They *do* say,” muttered the locksmith, “that people walk about Beechwood o’ nights that have been dead and buried many a year.”

“Bah!” replied the orator, in high disdain; “these are tales to frighten children. My goot friend Podd, what mansion is this? One could hide in that grove secure.”

“This is Beechwood,” answered Podd. “It’s easy enough to say ‘Bar!’ Munseer, but I swear I saw *something* move under them trees a week ago and melt away into the air. I’d rather tackle Halidon than this place any time after dark. But I’m not afeard! This is the stable-gate. It is locked, but we can lift it off the hinges. So now remember, if we have to cut for it, to come down the drive and out here, and then keep to the right.”

“Softly!” said Monsieur, as they filed through the gate; “the house is here — quiet as the tomb. Is your knife open, my goot friend?”

CHAPTER XLIX.

TIGER.

The attractive quadruped that inhabited the kennel at the mill was a large, yellow mastiff, between whom and Podd Miss Lucy Merton would have detected a resemblance. There was the same strong underjaw, projecting, the same cruel blink in the eyes, the same stump of a nose, with wide nostrils, the same yellow teeth, visible when the thin lips parted. And the tanned hide of the floriculturist was not unlike the yellow hair of Tiger, who had a sleek coat and looked altogether more respectable than Mr. Podd in his ordinary attire.

It is very likely that these two animals formed their mutual attachment upon some recognised attributes that were common. The outward ugliness for which they were both distinguished was one bond of sympathy; the universal antagonism to all other living things was

common to both. Tiger's life was spent in darting out of his kennel, and as far as his chain would permit, at everything that passed. There was no creature that Podd regarded with favor; he scowled habitually at all things sublunary, and at the sun, moon, and stars.

The good understanding that subsisted betwixt the biped and the quadruped was due to Tiger's veneration for Podd. The gardener threw him bones and crusts at such times as he took his luncheon on the long bench at the mill, and the dog received the morsels as dainties from the king's table; for some dim recognition of royalty hedged about the man, in the dog's perceptions, and he took the kicks and oburgations which Podd dispensed liberally as part of his rights as a loyal subject. It was a curious fact that Podd had no touch of fear in his intercourse with Tiger, who was a terror to everybody else. When in his most savage moods, and when the miller dared not come within reach of him, Podd would roll him over with naked hands, pulling his bits of ears, cuff and swear at him with perfect composure and with perfect impunity.

On the night when the liberal trio rested on the mill-bench, Tiger saw and recognised the king, but felt bound to rush at the courtiers that accompanied him. He rather expected the kicks. While they remained in earshot he reposed with his head on his paws; when they arose to depart he flew out again, took another kick, meekly, and returned to his kennel.

Tiger had not had his supper, and he was restless. As the retreating footsteps of the three worthies died away, he came out again, and lay on the ground blinking at the stars. The habit of the gardener, when he occupied the bench, was to eat, and Tiger was accustomed to look for crumbs. The bench was beyond the length of the chain, and he could only look wistfully in that direction. Then a cat came creeping from the mill; she was going down to the race for a drink. Tiger flew at her of course, tugging at his chain. Grimalkin, with thickened tail, took to a tree, and as the dog stretched out after her, his cruel eyeballs projecting, the staple came out of the box and Tiger was free. He tore up to the tree, snapping viciously but harmlessly at the cat secure in the upper branches; then sniffed around the bench, and finding nothing, trotted down into the road, his stump of a tail pointing to the quiet heavens and his chain rattling behind him.

Podd had drawn out the staple one day, and when he put it back he had not driven it home. Each time that the dog rushed out of his kennel he had loosened it a little, and the last savage dash at Grimalkin liberated him. He took the trail of his monarch and sped along the secluded lane, starting on his expedition just as Podd lifted the gate from its hinges at Beechwood.

CHAPTER L.

DORADO AGAIN.

Mr. Radcliffe Merton quit the bank after his interview with Wailes, and passing down Queen Street, encountered a certain Mr. Consol, a stock-jobber. Mr. Consol had made "little operations" for Mr.

Merton once and again, and had proved himself quick and shrewd, and the young squire had a good deal of confidence in his ability. There was not much stock-jobbing done at Gloucester, still the Dorado had been advertised liberally, and Mr. Consol might be able to do something.

"Oh, Consol," said Radcliffe, "I was thinking of you. Have you ever heard of the Dorado Mine?"

"Heard of it? — of course. Are you in it, Mr. Merton?"

"Ya-as, a little," answered Merton. "Fact is, I went in too deeply, not expecting the call. I paid the allotment price, and now I am short of the needful tin to meet this sudden demand. Wonder if you could find a customer? I almost think I would sell out."

Mr. Consol had a customer. "How many, Mr. Merton? Twenty-five hundred? Suppose you leave the certificates with me?"

"Hang it! no. I'll take the evening train, I think, and place them in London. No difficulty there; can get five shillings advance probably."

"I'll give you a cheque for two shillings advance," said Mr. Consol. "I had an inquiry to-day, and will buy your lot at a risk, if you like."

"Done! — away with you!" replied Radcliffe. "Come to your office and write your cheque."

Mr. Radcliffe was in quite a serene frame, with the cheque in his pocket, as he drove down the road to Merton. He did not know that Mr. Consol was busy transferring his shares to Matthew Merton, Esq., at the very moment that the hopeful nephew was chuckling over his good fortune in "getting out." But it had happened that the Squire, reading the florid notice in the *Gloucester Palladium*, had decided to invest all the money he could raise in "Dorado," provided he could get the shares at anything near the allotment price. Mr. Consol had the Squire's order to "pick up" just the amount Radcliffe held, and when he entered the post-office he met the Squire at the door, and announced the purchase.

Squire Mat was very much elated, as he had "read up" on Dorado, and carried little slips cut from newspapers referring to this "valuable property" in his pockets, which he consulted at odd times with great interest. The original announcement made by Radcliffe, at the Halidon dinner, was intended to operate upon Mr. Grippe and Sir Henry Walton, as the good Squire was generally impecunious; and anyhow, Mr. Rad did not desire to earn his "commission" for inducing subscriptions at his uncle's expense. The money he had decided to invest in the mine was really Sybil's, and the profits on the venture were to be hers.

"I have bought your shares, Mr. Merton," said Consol, when they met.

"Well done! How many?"

"Twenty-five hundred. I am just mailing the order for transfer; you will have the certificates in two days. But you will need two or three thousand pounds more in a day or two, as the instalment will be due."

"All ready, Consol," answered the Squire; "I can get the money from Grippe. Shall I give you a cheque now?"

"As you please; to-morrow will do. Shall you be in town to-morrow?"

"Certainly; I will come on purpose. I am going to meet an appointment now, and am tardy as usual. Good morning."

The Squire's appointment was with Mr. Clinton; he had promised to take luncheon at Beechwood. As he rode rapidly away from Gloucester he tried to calculate the addition he was about to make to Sybil's little fortune. Some of the papers predicted an advance of a pound per share after the payment of the second instalment; others prophesied that the third instalment would never be called, as the ore was coming up by cart-loads, and there would be dividends within a few months. The Squire was not accustomed to such mental labor, and he dismissed the subject from his mind for the present. One thing was clear: Sybil would have a good lot of money when he sold out.

Memnon threw the gates open as the Squire cantered up, and took charge of his horse at the door. Mr. Clinton was in the hall, and welcomed his guest very cordially. "My dear Squire," he said, "I am delighted to see you. I have ordered Phillis to put on the chops, and in ten minutes all will be ready. Meantime, will you come to the stables and look at the ponies?"

"The very thing! Have you had the shoes changed?"

"Yes, sir. I drove to Merton yesterday and found your smith. I just said Squire Merton did not approve of the ponies' feet, and told him to do for them as you would order if you were present. He growled at Gloucester quite viciously, and he informs me that it will take two or three months to get Baby's feet in shape again. But he has undertaken the cure."

"Colts' hoofs, you see," said the Squire; "these blockheads play the deuce with a colt's hoof. They should not be pared at all. Come on; we will have a look at them. I am half an hour late; have I kept you waiting?"

"No, sir—"

"See here, Clinton, you must not say 'yes, sir' and 'no, sir.'"

"What shall I say then?"

"Say 'yes' and 'no.' You were talking to Sybil the other day, and you kept saying 'Yes, ma'am.' It's perfectly horrid!"

"Surely you did not wish me to say 'Yes, miss?'" answered Clinton.

"No; that would be still worse. Say plain 'yes' when you are talking to equals. You might put in the 'Sir' if addressing a duke, unless you were intimate with him, and in that case it would be indecorous. 'Yes, sir,' belongs to servants; don't rob them of their lingo."

"Did Miss Sybil say all that?" said Clinton, ruefully.

"No; certainly not. She is a goose! She flew in her father's face for criticising your Americanism."

"She has done a little in that line herself," answered Clinton. "I wonder how long it will take me to get civilised? She tells me I say 'Phaginnny.'"

"Of course!" roared the Squire—"ho! ho! But never mind. Ah! the sly vixen did not tell me she had been putting you through your paces. Was she hard on you, eh?"

"No, sir — that is — no. She talks so beautifully herself that her scolding was musical."

"Yes, yes. Isn't she a duck!" answered the Squire, his eyes moistening. "She spent an hour last night arguing with me about the propriety of your manner of speech. She defended you in your absence if she scolds you when present.— Ho! here are the ponies. You must have a window over the manger, Clinton. Ventilation. Ho, Baby! Her coat is like velvet. Your groom has not been so liberal with t'other."

"I believe I must have the credit of Baby's glossy coat," said Clinton, blushing. "In Virginia I used to curry my horse myself, and I was trying my hand on Baby this morning. She is fond of me, and I like to curry her."

"You're all right if you can fall in love with a horse," answered the Squire. "What gate is this? Oh, I remember; this is the lane to the mill. You must change those antiquated hinges, Clinton; no use in locks, when a stout fellow could lift t'other end off. There's the bell; I must wash my hands. Come on; I will not let your chops get cold."

Captain Lennox had added an enclosed porch to the main front of the house, which diversified the plain lines, and furnished pleasant seats in mild weather. After luncheon Mr. Clinton and his guest sat here with their pipes, the former meditating the construction of a new vocabulary, and the latter thinking of his fortunate investment in mining stock.

"Do you know anything about this Dorado Mine, Clinton?" said the Squire.

"I have seen the prospectus," replied Clinton.

"Did you take any shares?"

"Oh no."

The Squire wriggled in his seat; there was an uncomfortable intonation in Clinton's voice. "You have so many schemes in America," said the Squire, "that you are not satisfied with moderate interest, I suppose."

"Rather, I try to be certain of the security of the principal," answered Clinton.

"Well, the Dorado seems to be secure enough," and the Squire pulled out his newspaper slips. "Look at this."

"I have seen that. But I had investigated Dorado in London before the Gloucester paper mentioned it. I think it is—a humbug!"

"A what?" said the Squire.

"A humbug, a fraud. I would not give a shilling a share for the Dorado."

"Will you take the trouble to read the names?" said the Squire, horror-stricken. "I mean the American names."

"I have read them."

"But this," and the Squire laid his finger on the list of supporters and endorsers. "Surely you will say nothing against this name. No American can say anything against this."

"Well, Squire," replied Clinton, tranquilly, "I will say no more."

It is not impossible that there is a silver-mine in Nevada very productive, and that Dorado is its name. I have not been there ; but I should be very sorry to think any friend of mine had put good money in this speculation."

"Why, it is selling at a profit this very day."

"Very likely. I suppose the managers will not let it collapse until they get two or three more instalments paid. It may keep up until Christmas, or it may melt away into thin air this week. Sir Henry had some, but he sold out, I think."

"I wonder if Grippe took any?" said Mr. Merton.

"I fancy not. Wailes has charge of such matters, and he would not be caught with chaff of that description."

"Rad spoke in high terms of it t'other night," observed the Squire ; "he and Trump generally think alike."

Clinton was silent. The Squire's pipe was out, and he laid it on the seat beside him as he rose to depart.

"The truth is, Clinton," said he, as he buttoned his coat, "I have bought some of that infernal stock. I begin to feel uneasy about it now. I met Consol in Gloucester to-day, and he told me he had picked up twenty-five hundred shares for me. I'll sell out to-morrow, by Jupiter! Baby's money, too! Come! will you ride to Merton Park with me and dine without ceremony?"

"Many thanks, Squire. Please allow me to hold the invitation ; this evening I expect a visitor. Are you going? Memnon, bring Mr. Merton's horse."

Memnon opened the gates for the Squire's egress, and when he returned to the stable, he found Mr. Clinton drawing the girth of the saddle on the back of Phaginny. "Law! Mars Clint, let me fix de hoss," said Memnon. "You done got snaffle on. Dat hoss wants de stiff bit."

"Never mind, Memnon," said Mr. Clinton. "Open the gates for me. I will return in an hour," and he leaped into the saddle and went off in a gallop.

Mr. Consol was in his office. Seeing a cavalier in the street before his door, he came out. Mr. Clinton beckoned him to the curb. "Mr. Consol," he said, "I wish to make a purchase of some shares—twenty-five hundred Dorado. I want the identical shares Mr. Merton bought to-day. If you see him to-morrow, buy them for me at a profit. What did he pay?"

"Never reveal customers' secrets, Mr. Clinton," answered the cautious stock-jobber. "He has not paid anything ; not due until to-morrow."

"Of course not, I forgot. Well, keep my secret too ; I particularly desire to be unknown in this transaction. If you can manage to get those shares for me, say at two shillings advance, I will pay you treble commissions."

"Can't do that, Mr. Clinton ; commissions are regular. If the Squire wishes to sell to-morrow—"

"See here, Mr. Consol ; suppose you take a cab and go to Merton Park this afternoon. You don't have to mention names, but you can offer Mr. Merton two shillings advance for authority to transfer his

shares to you. You will want the money? I will go to Browler Brothers and get it now."

"Time enough for that when you get the shares. Cab will cost about ten shillings—"

"Here is a sovereign. You understand the case, do you? I want the same shares Squire Merton bought to-day, and no others; and I must not be known in the transaction at all. If the Squire consent to sell, you can take the blanks with you and get the transfer signed this evening, paying Mr. Merton the difference. You don't seem satisfied; what is the obstacle?"

"I suppose it is all right, Mr. Clinton; but you are a comparative stranger to me, and —"

"Come to Browler Brothers. Hi, Sonny! hold my horse."

Sonny was a ragged whelp who was busily engaged in rolling another ragged whelp in the dusty street. He sprang to Phaginny's head and seized the bridle. Mr. Consol followed Clinton to the bank.

"Mr. Choppy," said Clinton, as the smiling cashier approached, "a word in private, if you please. Mr. Consol has an order from me for an investment. Please tell him if my cheque will be honored for—say ten thousand pounds."

"Yes, sir; or for twenty thousand either," said Mr. Choppy.

Mr. Consol hailed a cab and left Gloucester five minutes later.

CHAPTER LI.

PRINCE PRETTYMAN.

Doctor Maguire had been busy for a week or so. There were some cases of low fever in Merton, chiefly among the poorer villagers; and as these did not deal much in fees, the Doctor was particularly attentive to them. Squire Merton, who knew of the practitioner's kindness to his poorer tenants, beset him with daily invitations to the Park to "dinner and a rubber," but Maguire had really not been able to accept his hospitality. Besides his Merton "pashints," he had a mysterious patient somewhere near Gloucester, and the old gig was seen on that road nearly every day, Jalap trotting along with so decided an air of business that the fee was no doubt promptly paid by that customer at least.

The Squire met the gig near the entrance to his own grounds on the same afternoon and at about the same hour that Mr. Consol started from Gloucester. "Hillo, Doctor!" said he. "Glad to meet you. Are you coming to dine to-day?"

"Faix, Squire," replied the Doctor, "I think I will. More betoken, I have not had a dacent meal for a week."

"How are the Merton people, Doctor?"

"Getting along.—You ould ragamuffin, ye've got your ear in limbo again!" This last remark was addressed to Jalap as the Doctor descended from his perch and adjusted the headstall.

"Why don't you saw off that horse's ear, Doctor?" said the Squire.

"It's the only divarsion the poor brute has," answered the Doctor. "If he didn't look so comical, I wouldn't mind it. Get along, Jalap!"

"Seven o'clock, Maguire," said Mr. Merton, as they parted.

"I'll be punctual. Bedad, I'll give Miss Lucy another chance," he added as soon as the Squire was out of earshot; "and I must get back in time to dress too. If she don't find some unlucky resemblance, maybe I'll win this time."

The Doctor stopped at Beechwood. His patient there was apparently in ordinary health, as she was sitting in the large drawing-room conversing with Mr. Clinton. It should have been stated earlier in this history that Doctor Maguire was a member of the Royal College, and had achieved an extensive reputation in London before he buried himself in the little village of Merton, where he had prepared the just proportion of the inhabitants for *their* burial, *secundum artem*, for the past ten or twelve years. Mr. Clinton had applied to a famous practitioner in London, shortly after taking Beechwood, for professional services, and was surprised to learn that so skilful a physician was within easy reach of him. The city magnate spoke of Maguire in terms of such extravagant commendation that Mr. Clinton was entirely satisfied to put the case in his hands. The ailment was purely mental, and as the Doctor was groping in the dark, knowing nothing of the previous history of his patient, he always entered the gates at Beechwood with certain misgivings.

There was some secret between Clinton and the lady that was carefully guarded. They never addressed each other by name when the Doctor was present. Mr. Clinton had informed him at the outset that he had a kinswoman at his house, living in great seclusion, and suffering from mental depression, and had requested the Doctor to keep the secret of her residence there from the gossips of the vicinity. He hoped when she was well enough to present her formally to his friends, but was himself ignorant of the cause of her distress. She was restless at night, and was a somnambulist. He had awakened her suddenly the day before he called the Doctor in, and she had preserved a dazed appearance and manner ever since. This was all.

The Doctor asked a few questions, suggested some changes in diet, and going out to his gig, was followed by Clinton.

"I think I perceive a decided improvement to-day," he said, "and if you can discover any method by which you can awaken her interest in sublunary things, she will mend rapidly."

"What do you mean, Doctor?" asked Clinton, eagerly.

"I mane if you can give her something or somebody to love who will love her—not a great masculine body like yourself, but a gurrill. Why the divil can't you marry a young woman and try the experiment!"

"Marry!"

"Certainly! It's a risky operation, I know; but if you get a good-natured young woman, the risk will not be great—I mane to yourself. To the pashint I am sure it will be beneficial."

"I know a young lady, Doctor," said Clinton, thoughtfully, "who would exactly suit your description; but—"

"But what?"

"But she may object to the arrangement."

"Is that all? Lave it to me; I'll find one to shoot. Bedad, I know one this minnit! Can you jabber French?"

"Oh yes ; French and German are as easy to me as English."

"It's all settled, thin. I'll put you in the way at oncet. I must see ould Grippe about it."

"Don't make any rash engagements, Doctor. Jewhillikin, Doctor, I'm a regular blockhead!"

"Well, it's a healthy sign when you know your disase, and you are in a fair way to be cured. What is it?"

"Why, I can get the very lady you describe without the least trouble. Are you going past Halidon? Really! Give me a seat in your gig that far, and I will arrange everything at once."

"Ah, you sly rashkill!" said Doctor Maguire, after dropping Mr. Clinton at the lodge-gates; "you are afther ould Grippe's French daughter, are you? Well, good luck to you. Get along, Jalap! Confound your skull, you've got your ear down again! So! I'll put a stitch or two in your ear, me boy, some fine day. And if you get that black-eyed French gurrill, Mr. Clinton, it's my belafe that she will put several large fleas in *your* ear now and thin."

Mr. Clinton, hearing none of these remarks, entered the spacious park with an elastic step. He did not seem to dread fleas, as he shook hands with the young ladies, who received him with evident pleasure. Five minutes after his arrival Heloïse had him at the piano, doing his half of a duetto manfully.

Leaving her at the instrument when he had inveigled her into solo performances, he sat down by Mabel and resumed the vernacular.

"Fair cousin, I have found some mission-work for you," he said, "and I hope you will engage in it at once — to-morrow."

"Is it in a foreign field?" said Mabel, laughing.

"No; quite near you — at Beechwood. There is one there who sorely needs gentle ministrations. I am too rough, unpolished, half-humanised to do any good. Will you come?"

"Can you refer to the dear old lady I saw there in the conservatory? Alas! I promised to see her the next day, but Heloïse was ill, and I could not leave her."

"Yes. She is suffering some mental derangement that I cannot understand. I have theories, but do not know enough to act upon them. I am afraid to refer to her past history, which I know in great part, but you can do it safely. You will learn to love her, and she will love you without learning. In a few days I will tell you — nay, I will tell you now — she is Dora Lennox."

"Dora Trumpley!" said Mabel, a hundred fragmentary stories rushing upon her memory; "my dear Aunt Trumpley —"

"No! I cannot fathom the mystery; but when I called her Aunt Trumpley, she fairly shook with rage, and bade me never mention the name again."

"I will go as soon as Mr. Grippe comes," said Mabel. "My dear Aunt Dora! I will write to Papa to-night —"

"No; you must please wait a little. You must not tell Mr. Grippe either, or any one else. There is some terrible story in the past which we must unravel, you and I, and then we will know what is the true course. A day with her will reveal more to you than I have learned since I first discovered her. Ah, here comes Mademoiselle.

You cannot come this evening, but as early as you will to-morrow. Ladies," he continued, in French, "I am desolated that I am obliged to leave you; but I expect a guest, and must return to prepare for his arrival. Au revoir!"

An hour later Mr. Grippe arrived. He limped up the drive, and the two girls fluttered out to meet him as soon as he was in sight. Heloise took away his cane and gave him her shapely arm, and Mabel assisted him on the other side. It was evident that the old gentleman was a prime favorite.

"You are earlier than usual to-day, sir," said Mabel. "Are you quite well?"

"Quite well, indeed!" said Mr. Grippe; "of course I'm not. Never was quite well since I was born; but I am no worse than usual. Oh! this is far nicer than canes. How would you girls like to escort me in this fashion to Gloucester every day?"

"That would be perfect," said Heloise, when Mabel translated the banker's proposition; "we would go to the shops and to the cathedral, while Monsieur was making money in the bank."

"And you gypsies would be turning the money into ducks and drakes. Mabel, sit down here and read this aloud to me. Heloise, sit here on the other side. Read slowly, child, and when Heloise does not understand, translate for her."

Mr. Grippe had required Trump to write a detailed account of his adventures in search of Blauvelt, suppressing names; and the youth had written very nearly the identical account given to the reader in a previous chapter. The reading was one of the most comical performances possible. Mabel recognised the chief actor in the first few lines of the narrative, and was enormously interested. At the end of each sentence, Heloise flew at her like a raging French tigress for the translation. Mr. Grippe sat between them, preserving a stolid exterior and chuckling constantly.

"Where you got the feuilleton?" said Heloise. "It is charming."

"I had it made to order," answered Mr. Grippe.

"What name the chevalier wiz pistolet?"

"Prince Prettyman; he is a stunner," replied Mr. Grippe. "I will bring him here and introduce him. What have you to say, Mabel?"

"Nothing," answered she, "except that he must leave his weapon behind him; I have a horror of them. How did he happen to be armed?"

"Oh, he does not tell that part. Well, he had a friend who was part Comanche and part alligator. This friend has lived in forests and caves and such unwholesome places, and generally shot a panther or bear for breakfast. When he heard that Prince Prettyman was going on a journey, he gave him the weapon, extorting his promise to carry it; so when he assaulted the ogre he happened to be armed. I have an idea that the blockhead would have done the same thing empty-handed."

Mabel translated this wonderful story for the benefit of Heloise.

"And now, girls," said Mr. Grippe, "go dress for dinner. We shall have company to-night, a lady and a gentleman; I have sent the carriage for them. The gentleman will be Prince Prettyman, and the

lady his mother ; they will spend some time with us. I intend the Prince to marry one of you — perhaps both. Give me my cane, Heloise. Away with you !”

“When Prince Prettyman comes,” said Mabel to herself, as she arranged her tresses before her mirror, “if he is forgiving and gentle he may tell me this story over. And he may tell me about another exploit, when he rescued a poor drowning girl ; and he may tell me what he did with the little curl he stole, when the poor girl was totally unconscious. But he can’t marry both of us.”

CHAPTER LII.

STOCK TRANSFERS.

Mr. Radcliffe Merton tossed the reins to Tim, and descended from the dog-cart. He felt very comfortable, and consequently amiable. He had passed through a very pleasant little quarrel with the best friend he had ever known, and the retrospect was cheering. He had parted with securities of doubtful value, and had the cheque in his pocket, and this was more cheering. He had a vague purpose to do personal damage to Trump and Clinton, especially the latter, and he had been revolving schemes in his mind all the afternoon to entangle him in a quarrel. He had “ordered Trump out of his house,” and he knew Trump would get out at any cost. To-morrow he would take possession of Rose Cottage, and make it a bachelor’s paradise.

He would go to Halidon to-morrow. That Grahame girl was positively distracting ! When in London the other day he had hunted up the Reverend Edward ; found him in Blackfriars, in a perfect hole. Had sent in his card ; Reverend Edward was out. Called again next day ; Reverend Edward was engaged, and hoped Mr. Merton would excuse him, which Mr. Merton concluded to do. But this rebuff only made him more determined to have Mabel. He had sent the Reverend Edward a letter of introduction from Sir Philip too. A nice sort of clergyman, to treat his brother’s friend with rudeness ! What the devil did it mean anyhow ?

That Yankee impostor must be at the bottom of it. He would call at Beechwood and ask him. Ask him what ? Berlin ! Mr. Clinton was at Berlin a month ago, when he and Blauvelt were caught at some card-tricks. They were odd tricks, and Radcliffe left Germany sooner than he had intended. It was only cleaning out a young cub with more money than brains. If they had not done it, somebody else would. It was easy enough to explain, though a one-sided statement would be damaging. If the Reverend Edward had only seen him, and referred to the matter, he could at least have called that Stratton fellow to account. Strange that he did not know him at Berlin. But that beard disguised him. False beard probably. Must tell Uncle Mat about him. And there he comes.

The Squire rode soberly up the carriage-way and dismounted. As his horse was led away to the stables, he stood on the steps watching him.

"He nurses the off fore-foot, evidently. Hillo, Sam! lift the off fore-foot and see if anything is the matter."

"Yessir," answered the groom; "frog sore."

"The deuce! What will I ride to-morrow?"

"Be well by to-morrow, sir; only a scratch."

"Ah! he got that at Beechwood. They have been cutting down the bushes near the stables. Hay, Rad!"

"What did you say about Beechwood, Uncle?" said Rad, approaching; "I thought you mentioned Beechwood."

"Yes, Saladin stepped on a snag there; limps, you see. Doctor his foot, Sam. Do you know what to do?"

"Oh yes, sir. Be all right to-morrow."

"Clinton has improved Beechwood wonderfully, Rad. You must call on him; he is a thoroughbred. Gave me luncheon to-day; pickled oysters, just from America. Superb! By-the-bye, he made me feel very uncomfortable about that Dorado Mine. You have some?"

"Not I," answered Radcliffe; "sold out to-day."

"To-day! Pray, how much did you hold?"

"Twenty-five hundred — got two shillings advance."

"And I bought them, you rascal," blurted out the Squire; "and Clinton, who seems to know all about it, evidently thinks it a fraud. He said he would not give two shillings a share."

"How the devil did you come to buy my shares, Uncle?" said Radcliffe, uneasily. "If I had known you had such an intention, I would have cautioned you —"

"Why, you recommended the stock to Sir Henry Walton t'other night! I heard you."

"Yes, sir," replied his nephew; "but Sir Henry is not my uncle — that is, they have called for another instalment, and mines are always risky. I'll have to go to London and sell out for you. Hang the Dorado! I was just congratulating myself on the sale. You see, sir," he continued, observing the Squire's blank countenance, "they always paint these Yankee schemes rose-colored, and you must add a little salt."

"Well, let us go in; Maguire is coming to dinner. Don't tell the girls about the stock. I bought it with — no matter. If Clinton had not mentioned it, I should have had no uneasiness."

"You seem to have great confidence in this Yankee, Uncle. It is my opinion that he is an impostor."

"Pooh! you are warped by British prejudice. Impostor! Why, he has twenty or thirty thousand pounds in Grippe's bank."

"He may have stolen it," replied Radcliffe. "I happen to know that his name is not Clinton. I knew him on the Continent by another name; so did Trump. Who is this coming up the drive in a cab? Consol, by Jupiter!"

Mr. Consol walked up the stone steps, nodded to the younger Merton, and requested a private interview with the Squire. He was ushered into the "office," the apartment in which the Squire received all his visitors who came on business. Rad was itching to know the stock-jobber's business, but his only chance was to pump his uncle after the private interview was over.

When they were seated in the office, Mr. Merton begged his visitor to state his business. Mr. Consol proceeded very cautiously.

"Did I understand you to say you wished the shares transferred to your own name?"

"Certainly. Why do you ask?"

"Because, if you should desire to sell out, you could just let the certificates stand transferred in blank —"

"Sell out?" said the Squire. "Not much chance of that, I fancy."

"Why not? If you wished to buy a few hours ago, why should not some one else?"

"But I paid two shillings advance —"

"That is nothing. It was said at first there would be no call made after the allotment. To-day's paper has a letter from the superintendent in Nevada, in which he says they have struck a new lode. Just as like as not the shares will sell at four shillings premium to-morrow. If it were not for this instalment —"

"Four shillings a share! I should like to sell mine at that price," said Mr. Merton.

"Are you serious, Squire?" said Mr. Consol.

"Perfectly."

Mr. Consol drew some blank forms from his capacious pocket, and taking up a pen, rapidly filled one up and pushed it across the table to the Squire. "If you will sign that transfer, Squire," he said, coolly, "I will give you my cheque for two hundred and fifty pounds. There will be two commissions; but you can give me your cheque to-morrow for them."

"Did you tell any one that you had sold me this stock?" said the Squire.

"Never reveal my customers' business," answered Mr. Consol. "Of course I never mentioned you; but another customer applied to me to-day, shortly after you left Gloucester, and he was so hungry for the stock that I thought I would quietly take a cab and see if you would sell. Four shillings premium was his offer. Could get the stock in London, no doubt, easily enough, but — to tell the *whole* truth, I thought I might make a double commission. Ha! ha! ha!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" replied Mr. Merton, signing the transfer. "Consol, you are a brick! This two-fifty is clear profit then?"

"Except the two commissions, Squire. Ha! ha! ha! Good afternoon, Squire. No, thank you. Well, just one glass. Port? Prime! Must get back to telegraph my London correspondent to stop transfer and return the certificates. That saves his commission too. Ha! ha! ha! pretty good afternoon's work, and after business hours too."

"I say, Consol," said the Squire, "that was a neat trick you played me. You bought my neevy's stock and sold it to me. Now, if he had known that I was the buyer he would not have sold, and if I had known he was the seller I should not have bought."

"Exactly, Squire. Ha! ha! ha! never reveal customers' business. Good afternoon, Squire. Not another drop. Well, just one drop. *Must* be off now, or my London man will be gone home. Lives at Paddington. That is the most astonishing Port I ever tasted. Don't come out, sir. Hi, Cabby! all ready! Back!"

The cab overtook Mr. Clinton walking back to Beechwood from Halidon. Mr. Consol took up the pedestrian, and announced the success of his mission to Merton Park. Arrived at Beechwood, Mr. Consol produced other blanks, and at Mr. Clinton's urgent solicitation accepted his cheque in settlement; and when the stock-jobber left the shade of the beeches the transfer was complete, excepting the exchange of certificates in London.

Left alone, Mr. Clinton took a pipe, and soliloquised in his native tongue as follows: "Most people would call this a shady investment. It is a clean loss to me as the case stands. I would not sell the stuff if I had an offer, unless Mr. Blauvelt or the Honorable should propose the purchase; and it is not probable that either of them will apply to me. The old gentleman said it was Baby's money. Maybe it is not a loss after all; I am going to own Baby or bust! What use would money be to me if I failed to get Baby? And if I get her, this cheque is only a transfer in advance. She is a wonderful little woman: so shy and yet so frank. Cold as ice whenever I try to court her in my blundering fashion, yet warm as a sunbeam at other times. What a queer lot these women are! All except Mrs. Wailes; she has a way of finding out all a fellow thinks, and she has another way of saying all *she* thinks. How savagely she pitched into me the other night! She made a long speech that sounded like one of Melville's sermons. Baby is one of the good sort too. If she knew that I had been getting ready for her precious whelp of a cousin for two or three years, what would she think? That was a famous stab of Mrs. Wailes', when she showed up the meanness of fighting a fellow at disadvantage and calling it fair. It was like that infallible thrust of mine — one, two, *coupé*, and straight *carte* over the arm; never knew it to miss. And, by George! I was thinking of putting it to Mr. Rad in that way at the very time.

"Won't do! I shall not be cajoled or driven into an encounter with the rascal. Won't do it! I have felt so much happier in every way since I decided against it. After working up to the point through two or three years, making each step sure, and just ready to dress Mr. Rad, lo! he slips through my fingers like a greased eel. Somebody else must do his knitting for him — I'm out.

"Some day I'll tell Baby. Don't know how to tell her either. It will not be complimentary to say that Mrs. Wailes changed all my plans in half an hour, when Baby's gentle remonstrances against fighting made no impression. But they must have made a profound impression, and therefore the elder lady's arguments were only the clincher. How could I have ever gone for Baby with bloody hands!

"I think I will tell Wailes all about it. Something is the matter with the fellow, and he has pushed me away two or three times when I was getting confidential. Can't do anything while he is here. This is my house, and my guest is lord of it while he remains. He must choose the topics when we talk. By George! maybe he likes Baby! Of course; how could he help it! I'll find out this night or bust!"

CHAPTER LIII.

RESEMBLANCES.

When Doctor Maguire drove up to the entrance-hall at Merton Park, Jalap had just worked his ear under the headstall. The gallant steed presented a front that was reckless and knowing ; a sort of "who cares " appearance that was defiant of proprieties. The doctor replaced the bridle and punched Jalap in the ribs. The latter took the punishment meekly, and consoled himself with oats after he was led away to the stables.

Dinner came and went. The party was inclined to be dull. The Squire had not told Rad of the stock transfer ; in fact, the old gentleman was a little sore about the whole business, and looked with a discontented expression at his hopeful nephew, who sat by Sybil and seemed to be carrying on a quarrel in whispers. It was a good deal like a quarrel ; Rad was saying rough things about Mr. Clinton, and Sybil was defending the absent like a good woman as she was. Rad had been accustomed to regard Sybil as his own property, secured by mortgage, and only needing the formality of foreclosure. But now, he began to have a dim apprehension that the title would be disputed. Miss Merton's eye was unusually erratic, and her discovery of resemblances more numerous than common. The doctor was polite and attentive, and after dinner claimed Miss Lucy for a partner at the whist-table. Radcliffe sat apart, reading a late number of "Bell's Life," and meditating an early retreat. There were some fellows in Gloucester who were going to have a night of gaming, and he had been invited to join them. He had declined the invitation in the morning, because the rule of the club to which they belonged was "Cash up," and his exchequer was low ; but he had Consol's cheque in his pocket now, and felt very much inclined to drive up and take a hand.

A servant brought a note to Miss Merton, interrupting the game. She read it with an exclamation of surprise. "It is from Mrs. Wailles, Papa," she said, "and encloses some money to pay the rent of Rose Cottage to the end of the quarter ; she has moved away."

"Moved away ?" said the Squire.

"Yes ; she has gone to Halidon for the present, she says. Is sorry she did not know that Mr. Radcliffe wanted the Cottage sooner, and sends her regards to you and her love to Sybil."

"Why, what the devil does this mean, Radcliffe ?" said the Squire. "Have you been turning Mrs. Wailles out ?"

"No, sir," answered Rad, stammering ; "I told Trump to-day that I should want the Cottage, but I did not dream of such a prompt response. The fact is, Trump is so stuck-up since he got in with Grippe that one can't speak to him."

"Trump stuck-up ! Humbug ! Trump would not be stuck-up if he owned Halidon and the bank both. You must have been in no end of a rage to quarrel with Trump. Stuck-up ! Rubbish ! Cut, Doctor."

"What must I do with the money, Father ?" said Lucy.

"Give it to Rad."

Radcliffe took the notes coolly and put them in his pocket. The amount was not large, only twenty pounds, but it would do to begin with ; and those Gloucester fellows would not have to cash his cheque. Taking the opportunity when there was some debate at the card-table over a disputed trick, Mr. Radcliffe walked out, and finding Tim, was bowling along on the Gloucester road before he was missed.

Gone to Halidon ! Then she would have to account for her sudden move, and the story would damage him there. The best way of egress from the dilemma was to stop at Halidon, ask for Mrs. Wailes, and make whatever atonement and explanation he could. It only required brass, and he had enough of that. Besides, he would probably get a glimpse of Mabel, and perhaps would find an opportunity to speak to her. He longed to hear the sound of her voice. The redeeming spot in this man's entire history was his deep and earnest admiration of Mabel, who had captivated him at first sight, impressed him with a profound sense of her goodness, and awed him by the stately dignity of her demeanor.

"I wish I were not such a scamp," he muttered, as the gates of Halidon came into sight ; "if I had only been milksoppy like Trump, and had met this girl before she saw the infernal Yankee, I might have been far happier. I'll get another look at her anyhow. Tim, the gates are shut ; jump down and ring."

When the Squire discovered Rad's departure, he began to reproach himself for unnecessary harshness. The whist-party was broken up by tacit agreement. Mr. Merton took Sybil upon his arm, and promenading the long hall, discussed all the matters now on the tapis : Mrs. Wailes, Radcliffe, Trump, and Clinton. The doctor, seated by Miss Merton on the old-fashioned sofa, seized the golden chance, and renewed his assault upon her virgin affections. He placed his elbow on the back of the sofa, and supporting his head with his hand, he gazed at Miss Lucy with an air of desolation that he had practised an hour at the glass.

"All these comforts surrounding you, Miss Lucy, have the tendency to harden your heart," he began.

"Dear me, Doctor ! that is what Mr. Thorne said."

"The — mischief he did !" answered Maguire ; "and I think it is a small business in Thorne to be appropriating my speeches."

"Oh ! it was in his sermon last Sunday. He dined here afterwards, and hardened his heart by taking all the comfort he could get."

"But I meant to suggest that you become indifferent to the woes of others. Now, there's me for instance —"

"Doctor, would you mind it if I were to mention a resemblance —"

"Certainly not, Miss Lucy."

"Well, you look like Jalap when his ear is under the headstall. Your finger has bent your ear over ; you know how cunning your horse looks when he gets that ear down."

"Upon my word, Miss Lucy !" said the doctor, "that is an original discovery. I have threatened to cut off that ear a dozen times, and now I'll do it."

"That would be cruel, Doctor," answered Miss Merton, "and I

am sure you will not hurt Jalap; I have heard of your great kindness to the poor people of Merton."

"But they don't pin their ears down," said the Doctor, savagely, "and thus suggest those abominable resemblances to you. I wish you could discover a likeness in me to the man you would be willing to marry."

"Doctor," said Miss Lucy, "you remind me of Sir Lucius O'Tralee."

"He must be a countryman of mine, anyway," answered the Doctor, moodily. "What ridiculous trick did he play?"

"Ridiculous! None, sir. He was a gallant gentleman, and he courted a lady I knew, so diligently that she married him at last."

"Be jabbers! he's the boy for me! Do you mane that I may win your affections at last by persistent effort? Why, Miss Lucy, I'll make a fresh proposal to you every day for a year."

"Very well, Doctor. Lady O'Tralee told me that she married him at last to get rid of him."

"The devil! Excuse me, Miss Lucy, but this is the worst resemblance of all. If you are going to take me at the end of the year merely to get rid of me, you'll be badly done. Faix! I'll take you on my rounds in the gig."

"You will have to fix Jalap's ear—"

"Vesicating epispastic! I'll fix him!"

"I believe that is swearing, Doctor. Is it Latin or Irish?"

"It's half and half, Miss Lucy—half Latin and half Greek; and Greek is the same as Irish, you know: it only manes that I'll blister the rashkill. Am I to understand that you favor my proposal?"

"Well, Doctor," answered the lady, "you are so impetuous. You propose to court for a whole year—"

"Devil a bit! I said every day for a year—I mane every day in the present year, and that will make a hundred proposals."

"Suppose I agree to entertain no other proposals, Doctor," said Miss Merton, "and to give due consideration to yours? Since old Mrs. Grumpy told me how tenderly you ministered to her, I've felt very kindly towards you; you must have a good heart."

"It's just a blazing coal of fire, Miss Lucy! I can't say much about the goodness, but the extent of its devotion to you can niver be told. Faix! if I could cut a hole in my ribs and let you see how it bates, you would take me off-hand."

"And then I should be discovering all kinds of resemblances, Doctor, and you have no patience—"

"Pashints! I've got forty on my list, and thirty-five of them pay nothing. Botheration! Miss Lucy, you may discover a likeness to the ould fellow himself if you plaze, as soon as you promise to become Mrs. Maguire."

"Here comes Papa; I'll ask his opinion about the matter, Doctor. You have proposed several times, but you never would wait for an answer; I am sure I never rejected you."

"Rejected me!" said the Doctor. "The last time I proposed do you know what you said?"

"No; I don't remember."

"Well, you said I resembled ould Podd. If you will indicate what encouragement there was in that I'll be obliged."

"I am sure, Doctor," replied Miss Merton, with her eye in the corner, "I cannot help the resemblances. When you remind me of other people and things I should be very deceitful if I did not say so."

"Thru for ~~you~~, Miss Lucy—"

"Now there's Radcliffe. I happened to say last night that he was like the giraffe I saw at Regent's Park—he was craning his neck up, trying to look over the blind—and he was quite nettled."

"He's a simpleton," answered the Doctor, promptly.

"Of course. Now, there was the hippopotamus; he kept moving about in the tank, with his nose up, and swimming over to the side where the children were throwing bits of cake—"

"What is that about the hippopotamus, Lucy?" said the Squire, approaching. "You mean at the Zoo? Are you telling the Doctor what you said about his resemblance? Ho! ho!"

"Yes, Papa; there is no objection, I'm sure. Well, Doctor, I only said that the hippopotamus was so amiable and patient when the bad children threw him pebbles and sticks instead of cakes, that—that he reminded me of you when the little rascals at Merton rang your office-bell that night. You remember you said that they would have measles or something before they died, and you would administer their medicine?"

"Yes," grunted the Doctor.

"Well, I caught the eye of the hippopotamus, and it said just as plainly as possible: 'Some fine day one of you young vagabonds will tumble into my tank, and if I don't make mincemeat of you my name's not—'"

"Maguire!" shouted the Squire—"that's what she said, Doctor; and by Jupiter! the fellow's eye did twinkle so significantly that I've no doubt Lucy hit his thought precisely. We had been talking about the satisfaction you could take out of the boys when you physicked 'em; and we concluded that Lucy had made her point. Ho! ho! ho!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" responded the doctor. "And now, I must be off. Sorry to tear meself away, but I must see the village people to-night. Miss Lucy, we'll have another lot of likenesses when the Squire invites me to dinner again."

The doctor meditated as he drove homeward under the stars.

"Ould Podd, Jalap, and a hippopotamus—a baste that looks for all the worrild like an overgrown pig under the influence of a strong narcotic. Be jabers! she has nothing left now, barrin' the divil."

CHAPTER LIV.

STILL ANOTHER.

The reception Mrs. Wailes met as she descended from the carriage at Halidon was flattering. Mr. Grippe, bareheaded, stood out on the gravel, and with courtly politeness assisted her as she alighted. On either side of him stood a fairy, each lovelier by reason of the contrast

with the other, and each beaming with smiles that were full of sweetness and indicative of hearty welcome. Mr. Grippe resigned her to the fairies, who escorted her up the stone steps, while he hobbled after. They led her into the great drawing-room, blazing with lights, and placing her in the arm-chair, which was Mr. Grippe's throne, divested her of bonnet and wraps. The excellent lady, usually composed and self-possessed, was slightly excited by her novel surroundings, as she had not had the opportunity for a little quiet meditation since the receipt of Mr. Grippe's invitation; and her dialogue with her son, just concluded, added to her excitement; while the sight of Mabel, bright and blooming, suggested the possibility of the existence of Another. There was in her mind also a vague sense of the obligation resting upon her to administer twenty-five grains of strychnia to Another, should he appear.

Mabel's bloom was deepened a little because she saw no Prince Prettyman, and she was dying to know why he had not appeared. Mr. Grippe, who was always prompt about things, was trotting about, under excitement also, and she could not suggest to him the propriety of asking Mrs. Wailes to explain the Prince's absence. She would have to wait until it came out naturally.

Heloïse was French, and simply charming; nothing had occurred to make her claws protrude, and she was velvety. Mabel looked at her and listened to her voluble welcomes with great admiration.

"Ah, Madame has come to create terrible strife," she said; "Mabel and I have agreed to scratch each other, *a l'outrance*, for her favor. But not to-night; we postpone the combat until Madame is rested."

"But you must talk to me in English, Mademoiselle," said Mrs. Wailes. "Do you not remember that we agreed to banish French?"

"Oh yaas. That will also be polite for me, because Madame will talk mosh, and I very leetle."

"And when you and Miss Grahame begin your combat, I would suggest that you scold each other in English—"

"Ah, then I am conquered; Mabel scold perfectly in three—four language, and I know not the English scold-words."

Mr. Grippe was eager to get off his formal welcome. He fidgeted around the trio, while they laughed at this last sally, and when they regained their composure, he found his opportunity.

"I am truly happy, Mrs. Wailes," he said, "to welcome you back to your ancient home; and I shall feel the more honored the more you assert your rightful authority. You will believe my assurance that all I wrote you is true, and we'll wait a day or two for full explanation and proof, at present necessarily delayed. Your son is not with you."

"He sends his excuses, Mr. Grippe. He had promised to spend some days at Beechwood, and Mr. Clinton expected him to-night. I cannot answer your welcome properly, as the whole proceeding is beyond my powers of comprehension; but I have no difficulty in accepting your hospitality for a few days, which I do very gratefully. These dear girls will bring back my lost youth while we explore old Halidon together."

No Prince, pretty Mabel! Heloïse did not care about the Prince;

her jest about the combat for Mrs. Wailes' favor was partly true, however. On the day of the dinner, when Mrs. Wailes sat with Mabel instead of cultivating Heloïse, the latter was jealous. Certain attentions were due to "my adopted daughter" from all the visitors at Halidon; so Heloïse, with a little spice of malice, had said to Mabel, "Do not dislocate your ankle again, ma belle, and thus monopolise Madame!" And Mabel winced, feeling guilty. Heloïse was also jealous because Mr. Clinton had been more impressive and apparently confidential with Mabel that day. There were smouldering fires ready to flame out upon provocation.

Mrs. Wailes was wise and considerate. She was strongly attracted to the English girl, while she felt only a polite interest in the other; therefore she was diligent in her attentions to Heloïse, giving Mabel's little hand a gentle pressure slyly when occasion served. Tea was served in the library. They all went out upon the South Terrace afterwards, and while they sat there Mr. Radcliffe Merton arrived, and alighting from his vehicle, joined them, fully equipped with modest assurance.

He shook hands with Mr. Grippe, bowed to the young ladies, and taking a vacant chair near Mrs. Wailes, addressed her with tears in his accents.

"I am deeply wounded, Mrs. Wailes," said he, "to find you here. A few petulant words to Trump have wrought great mischief; after all these years of friendship, it seems to me that I should have endured more from him with better temper."

"Trump is usually patient and forbearing," answered Mrs. Wailes, "and he has said nothing to me that indicated resentment—"

"So much the worse, ma'am," said Radcliffe. "If he had been in a real good rage, I shouldn't wonder at this move. Is he here?"

"No."

"That is unlucky," said Radcliffe, secretly rejoicing that Trump was not basking in the light of the violet eyes; "but I'll see him to-morrow and make no end of apologies. I don't know what to say to you, ma'am, except that I am heartily sorry and mortified."

"Pray, say nothing then," responded Mrs. Wailes. "No harm has been done. Trump only told me that you wanted the Cottage as soon as possible, and we vacated it at once. I should have done the same, however, if you had not wanted possession."

"You were going away, anyhow?" said Radcliffe, surprised.

"Yes."

"Well, that is a relief. It was only last week that you spoke of plans for the winter—"

"But circumstances have occurred since then to change my plans—nothing connected with your disagreement with Trump. How bright the stars are!"

"Beautiful!" answered Radcliffe, rising. "I am going to Gloucester. Miss Grahame, I am recently from Blackfriars; may I say a word to you in private?"

While Mabel, stricken speechless by this proposal, sat silent, Mrs. Wailes took the arm of Heloïse and stepped out upon the lawn. Mr. Grippe had gone into the library, and they were alone upon the

terrace. Radcliffe had made the request with no definite plan of attack, and was trying to call up some plausible story, when Mabel stood suddenly before him.

"Blackfriars, sir!" she said. "Is my father ill?"

"Oh no; forgive me if I have alarmed you. I—I did not see Mr. Grahame, though I called twice. Once he was out, the second time he declined seeing me; and as my business was of great importance to me—I desired to ask *you* for the explanation of his denial."

"I cannot enlighten you, sir," answered Mabel, coldly.

"Will you please resume your seat and hear what I have to say—"

"In the library, if you please," said Mabel, moving towards the door; "there is nothing you can have to say that Mr. Grippe may not hear."

"Pardon me again," said Radcliffe, stepping between her and the door; "I will detain you but a moment. I called on Mr. Grahame to obtain his consent before I addressed you. My life depends upon the success of my suit. I ask you to look upon me as a suitor for your hand. I have never—nay," and he caught her hand as she brushed by him, "you must hear me out. I love you so madly that I am not accountable for any violation of proprieties! I swear to you that I will leave no means untried—I will kill any man who stands between you and me! And I will destroy myself when I relinquish the hope of possessing you!"

He held her hand in a vise. She did not struggle, but her face, dimly visible in the starlight, was ablaze with resentment.

"Release my hand, if you please," she said.

"Not until you answer me! Do you want me to swear more solemnly? Do you think I am not in earnest?"

"I think you have dined recently. James, take this person away! he is drunk." The air of infinite scorn and disgust with which she spoke would have annihilated a sensitive suitor.

James had appeared unexpectedly, coming round the corner of the house, and promptly drew near the excited couple. Radcliffe dropped the imprisoned hand, and without a word moved out upon the grass. Mabel opened the library-door, rubbing her hand vigorously with her handkerchief, and seeing Mr. Grippe nodding over his newspaper, passed him, gained the staircase, went to her own room, and after an elaborate ablution, sat down and indulged in a good cry.

Rage, pure and simple, drew forth the tears. The insolence of this assault, so outraging all decency! And no one near to defend her! She felt so unprotected and desolate. She would go back to Blackfriars at once; her father would shield her. Ah, when the brute called on him, he denied himself. Oh, noble father! And she cried a little more, thinking of him, and longing to lay her head on his breast.

An arm slipped around her waist, and her wet hands pulled gently away from her face—Mrs. Wailes kneeling by her chair.

"What troubles you, my dear?" said the gentlest voice in England.

More tears now—a flood of them. She had found a resting-place almost as good as the Reverend Edward's sturdy breast. When she got her voice back, she tried to tell her distress.

"The hideous brute! he seized my hand, ma'am, and held me while he talked. He said he loved me, the wretch! How dare he insult an English gentlewoman! No amount of drunkenness will excuse him."

"Of whom are you speaking, Mabel?"

"Of that cat-eyed, ugly wretch, Radcliffe Merton — so hateful to me that the mere sight of his name on a letter drove me from your house! There, it is out! Yes, Mrs. Wailes, on the morning after my accident your maid brought a letter addressed to this man, and I, never having seen him, concluded that your son was he, and that you were his wretched mother; and the one horrible fact pressing upon me constantly is that his mother murdered mine!"

"What dreadful words! Poor child, you do not know what you are saying."

"Do I not?" answered Mabel. "Listen. This man's father killed my uncle. There was no proof, but my father says it is certainly true. He drove his wife mad — I mean my uncle's wife. My mother, who was in feeble health, died when I was born, and my father says the shock killed her. Surely you ought to know the story —"

"What was your mother's name, Mabel?" said Mrs. Wailes, a light breaking upon her mind.

"Daisy Lennox."

"My darling! my dear girl! how could I be so blind! Your mother was my dearest friend. I will tell you to-morrow how I sought for her and Dora; but you mentioned your uncle — do you mean Dora's husband?"

"Yes, ma'am; Harold Trumpley of Halidon."

Mrs. Wailes started to her feet. More light still; she was dazzled and confounded; and while she still strove to reconcile the conflicting accounts she had received from Baden after her brother's death, and the vague rumors of his wife's death at Châlons, Mabel continued her story.

"There was something about Captain Merton's courtship of my Aunt Dora. I don't know the particulars; but she rejected him and married Mr. Trumpley. There was also some story of previous quarrels between them. Father says they were both jealous and exacting; but they were married, and went to Baden with my parents. Captain Merton and Miss Radcliffe were there, and by some means they managed to sow discord between husband and wife. Aunt Dora left Baden, and her husband was found dead the next day. We have the letters — or at least De Witt has them —"

"De Witt!" said Mrs. Wailes, horrified.

"Yes, ma'am; Mr. Clinton — my cousin. He is the son of my mother's sister Mabel."

"Cousin!" said Mrs. Wailes. "My child, perhaps your hatred of Radcliffe is measured by your affection for your cousin. Tell me, if you have more than cousinly affection for him?"

"Dear Mrs. Wailes," said Mabel, laughing gleefully, "don't you know? Alas! I think De Witt loves Another."

THE MISHAPS OF AN HEIRESS.

THE unsettled state of the law in France prior to the Revolution, when its various provinces, with their diverse laws and customs, had been united under one head but not yet welded into a single state, rendered possible that marvellous conflict of jurisdiction and decision which so inextricably tangled the web of the story here related. The adventures of the actors in it seem too many and various for the experiences of real life, and resemble rather that extraordinary series of mishaps which befall our old friends Clown, Harlequin and Columbine in the pantomime.

Charlotte de Calvierre, daughter of Marc de Calvierre, a counsellor of the Parliament of Toulouse, was left an orphan at the early age of five. By his last will her father had made her his sole heir, naming as her guardian his brother, Jean de Calvierre, Abbot of the Benedictine Convent of Psalmody. Charlotte thus, while yet an infant, became the possessor of immense estates. She was a lovely child, joining to her charms of person the advantages of a brilliant intellect and an excellent education; her guardian sparing no pains in improving the talent with which nature had endowed her. Upon his lonely life in the convent, little Charlotte broke like a gleam of sunshine; his heart was wrapped up in the child, and he pictured to himself a bright and happy future for her. His day-dreams were soon destined to be rudely dispelled. By the very means he took to ensure her future happiness, he unconsciously prepared the way for much sorrow and suffering.

The Abbot numbered among his few intimate friends a worthy gentleman of the province, one Gaspard Le Noir de Clermont, Viscount du Bosc, the head of one of the oldest and best families in Languedoc, who made frequent visits to the convent. Fulcrand de Clermont, his youngest son, often accompanied the Viscount on these occasions, when Jean de Calvierre, proud of the beauty and accomplishments of his niece, neglected no opportunity for their display.

By her charms of person, vivacity and self-possession, Charlotte, although at that time but a child of ten, completely captivated the heart of the susceptible Fulcrand, himself a lad of eighteen. Deeply in love with his youthful charmer, he dreamed of her and her only as his future wife, and in furtherance of his hopes suggested to his father the propriety of such an alliance. Concealing the real state of his feelings, he spoke of the matter simply as an affair of *convenance*, and his father willingly undertook to make the offer, the match being an excellent one for a younger son. When the two oldsters talked over the affair they found themselves entirely in accord; for as Fulcrand was of excellent family and of a kind, affectionate disposition, the Abbot felt no fear in entrusting his niece's future to his care. He did not, however, suspect for an instant that the young man's heart was so deeply interested in the affair. Fulcrand, now feeling sure of

his approaching good-fortune, contentedly waited for the time to come which should make him the happy husband of his beloved Charlotte.

There was a third De Calvierre brother, by name Antoine, a man of bold and enterprising character, and exercising considerable influence over the milder Abbot. The ill-health of his brother Marc, and the tender age of his niece, had awakened in him the hope of becoming the possessor of their fortunes. In pursuance of this design he had sought to impress the latter's mind with the idea of being a nun ; but his attempts to do so were fruitless, for at that time Fulcrand had made his appearance on the scene, and although too young perhaps to fall in love with him, Charlotte was quite old enough not to remain long in doubt as to which might be the most agreeable choice, a convent or a handsome husband. Antoine, however, was not the man to allow his hopes to be balked without a struggle. He no sooner heard of the proposed marriage than he violently opposed it, and had but little difficulty in persuading his weaker brother, who indeed supposed it to be purely an *affaire de convenance*, to break off negotiations. Not feeling much confidence in the Abbot's stability of purpose, Antoine determined to have no half-way measures, and by a stretch of avuncular authority he took his niece away from the Abbey of Psalmody, and shut her up in the Ursuline Convent at Montpellier.

Fulcrand's heart and his honor were now alike interested in rescuing from captivity the girl he loved, whose hand had been already promised to him ; but it was a difficult task. A few years before, during the fury of the League and the anarchy of the Fronde, when France was rent by party strife and the laws were powerless and despised, it had been an easy matter to disguise private adventures under the mask of political enterprises. But all had now been changed ; the iron hand of Louis XIV. would brook no outbreak, political or private, in his dominions, and the rash man who should stir up a breach of the peace was likely to find the whole force of government arrayed against him. Without any fixed plan, and ignorant what course to pursue, Fulcrand felt the need of an ally. But to whom could he confide his secret ? To his friends ? to his servants ? He feared the love which the charms of his mistress might inspire in the former, and dreaded the treachery or indiscretion of the latter. Thus urged to action by his passion, and held back by his reason, he fell sick.

Medicine had no effect upon his malady, and the Viscount soon suspected that his son's mind was more affected than his body, and used every means to win from him a secret which was destined to be of sinister augury for both father and son. His kindness and sympathy touched Fulcrand's heart and gave him a ray of hope. Confessing his deep love for Charlotte, he sobbed out all his sorrows on his father's breast. Blinded by affection for his son, the Viscount did not hesitate a moment as to what part he would take. He gave no heed to the probable consequences of the scheme in which he rashly embarked ; nor did he exhibit any of that calmness which might be expected from his age and experience. The abduction of M^{lle} de Calvierre was determined upon, and Du Bosc offered to act as his son's ally. The flattering hopes thus excited in

his breast soon restored Fulcrand to health and spirits, and he set to work to carry out his difficult project. To do so quietly, it would be necessary to deceive vigilant relatives, to corrupt faithful servants, and to elude the argus eyes of a host of nuns ; so despairing at the many obstacles in his way, he resolved to carry off his bride by main force. Having warned Charlotte of his attempt, and found her willing, his father and himself forced their way into the convent, dragged her out of the hands of the shrieking nuns, clapped her into a post-chaise, and rolled away to a safe retreat they had taken the precaution to secure. Charlotte, rejoiced at being removed from her uncle's clutches and the gloomy surroundings of a nunnery, was delighted with the adventure, and the Du Boscs congratulated themselves on the success of their scheme ; for having worn masks and long cloaks, they supposed they had escaped recognition.

While the trio were thus enjoying themselves, the Ursulines of Montpellier were in consternation, the Abbot of Psalmody in despair, and Antoine de Calvierre in a towering rage. Although their first efforts to discover the abductors were fruitless, they at last ascertained their identity, and commenced vigorous proceedings before the Parliament of Toulouse (where Antoine had many friends) against the Viscount and his son to have them punished for their crime. These last no sooner heard the news than they realised the necessity of taking prompt measures to do away with the effect of this prosecution, which, conducted before a court which they supposed unfriendly, could have but one issue. Fulcrand hurried to Paris and presented himself before the Privy Council. He there stated that M^{lle} de Calvierre had been kept a prisoner in the convent at Montpellier, while her uncle, the Abbot, abusing his position as guardian, had formed the design of disposing of her hand against her will to a man who was in no respect a fit and proper husband for her ; she had therefore begged his father and himself as old friends of hers to hasten to her rescue.

The Privy Council fixed upon a day for hearing testimony as to the facts of the case, ordering the two Du Boscs, however, to repair to Toulouse and surrender themselves to the proper authorities, purely as a matter of form, and without prejudice to the progress of the Paris suit. They complied with these directions ; but no sooner was it known that they were in prison at Toulouse, than their enemies redoubled their exertions, and the Parliament took up the information against them with spirit. Whether for informality or some other reason, the judges declined to pay any attention to the saving clause in the order of the Privy Council, and by a decree dated October 10th, 1658, condemned the two Du Boscs to be degraded from the nobility and broken alive on the wheel, and their château to be razed to the ground. They at once appealed to the Privy Council for a reversal of this judgment, as having been rendered in violation of the provisions of its former decision. Pending a hearing of the facts, the Privy Council suspended the execution of the sentence of the Toulouse Parliament.

Meanwhile, by the advice of his brother, the Abbot had taken a short and simple way of arriving at his end. He hurried to Versailles,

obtained an audience of the King, and throwing himself on his knees at the feet of his sovereign, he poured forth his woes, representing his adversaries as rash and daring men, who had forced their way, sword in hand, into a convent and carried off his niece, a little child of ten. Such sacrilegious and high-handed proceedings were by no means to the taste of Louis XIV. He sent for Capt. La Pierre, an old officer of the Guards on the retired list, and gave him orders to hasten to Languedoc, there to hunt up M^{lle} Calvierre, and to place her as soon as found in charge of the nuns of one of the convents at Toulouse. This officer, upon arriving in the province, found that she was living in the Château of Severac. He tried to make himself master of her person, but she was carefully guarded, and all his efforts proved abortive. He therefore had a *procès-verbal* drawn up, setting forth the quasi-rebellion he found at the château, and returned to make his report to the King and receive further orders. Louis XIV. was not accustomed to see his commands resisted; nor did he restrain his indignation when he heard of the bootless journey of his deputy. On June 23, 1659, he signed a new commission, directing Capt. La Pierre to return to Languedoc, to take M^{lle} de Calvierre from the hands of the Du Boscs, or whoever else might be in possession of her person, and to put in execution against the latter gentlemen the decrees of the Parliament of Toulouse, more especially that one which ordered them to be broken on the wheel and their château destroyed. Capt. La Pierre, with his new orders, set out for Languedoc on the very day that the two Du Boscs arrived at Paris, to attend the hearing of their cause by the Privy Council. It was an important matter for them, for unless the latter body set aside the decrees of the Parliament of Toulouse their lives were forfeit. Fortunately, the Privy Council decided in their favor (July 5, 1659), and thus arose a singular conflict of authority; for while the Privy Council had decided one way, the King in High Council had decided the other, and both formal orders were signed by the same chancellor. Ignorant of the new commission which the King had given Capt. La Pierre, the Du Boscs supposed their troubles were at an end, and having sent off a courier post-haste to Toulouse with the decree of the Privy Council, gave themselves no further trouble in the matter.

Meanwhile Capt. La Pierre marched into Languedoc to execute his orders of June 23d. No sooner had he arrived than he was shown the orders of July 5th. The gallant Captain scratched his head, and growled out curses at the men of the robe, who did not know their own minds for two weeks. He did not, however, dare to violate so recent an order of the Privy Council; and supposing that the discovery of new facts had caused his Majesty to change his mind, he returned to Paris for further orders. The King was furious at his reappearance. For the third time he gave him his instructions, couched in the strongest language, and sent him again to Languedoc.

The Captain and the Abbot passed the next six months in hunting for the missing heiress, but without success. Resolved to make no mistake about his orders this time, the former determined to seize the Château du Bosc and raze it to the ground. To accomplish this, however, the château being strong and covered by the village of

Bosc, and resistance being anticipated, it seemed necessary to undertake a siege. So the veteran officer proceeded to recruit a little army, in which the Abbot practically held the position of Adjutant-General. Having arranged a plan of campaign, the allies set off at the head of their troops to open the siege of Bosc. No one, however, offered any resistance. They entered the village in triumph, and generously turned it over to their soldiers for pillage. They next invested the château, where they hoped to find M^{lle} de Calvierre and her ravishers. Supposing that the place was strongly garrisoned, they decided on a night assault. The Abbot, whom his troubles had rendered bellicose, greedy of glory and anxious to find his niece, insisted on leading the forlorn hope; and had a warm dispute with La Pierre as to his right to that honorable position. He had no opportunity, however, of winning military renown on this occasion, for on advancing to the assault they found the garrison to consist of only one old woman half-dead with fear. The soldiers sacked the place, gathering considerable booty; it was then set on fire and burned to the ground. The campaign over, the Captain and the Abbot disbanded their forces and went their several ways; La Pierre to make his report to the King, satisfied that he had made no mistake this time; De Calvierre to dream in his lonely abbey over the laurels he had won on the ramparts of Bosc.

This glorious expedition had in one particular failed of its purpose: neither M^{lle} de Calvierre nor the two Du Boscs had been discovered. While Captain La Pierre was directing the assault, and the Abbot of Psalmody at the head of his forlorn hope was covering himself with perspiration and glory on the ramparts of Bosc, the young Viscount only thirty miles away was engaged in an equally serious affair. On January 8th, 1660, in a church of the little town of Rhodéz, he was married to Charlotte de Calvierre. The contract had been signed the December preceding, and the banns duly published; the priest gave his blessing on the nuptials, and the marriage was duly entered on the parish register. The positions of the Abbot and the Viscount were thus very different; for while the one was chasing the shadow, the other was embracing the substance.

Soon after these occurrences the Abbot died (of pneumonia, brought on by exposure during the campaign), and his brother Antoine, the "tetrissima causa" of all these woes, succeeded to his property, and also to the guardianship of the absent Charlotte. The Du Boscs thereupon, feeling the insecurity of their present position, made offers of compromise to their enemy, through the mediation of a trusty friend, which offers were promptly accepted. The terms agreed upon were that Charlotte (of whose marriage her uncle was ignorant) should be given up, and that the Du Boscs should waive all claim for damages against the Abbot's estates by reason of the destruction of their village and château. In consideration of this, Antoine was to lend his aid in having the sentence of death contained in the King's orders in council set aside. Although by this arrangement Fulcrand and his bride were parted, they felt sure enough of each other's love to be willing to bide their time till Charlotte came of age. The terms of the compromise were faithfully carried out on both sides;

the young lady was placed in her uncle's hands, and the King, pitying the condition in which two representatives of one of the best houses in Languedoc found themselves, freely pardoned their offence and ordered all record of their crime to be expunged.

This affair thus ended, Antoine de Calvierre began to look after his own interests. He persuaded his niece to sign several deeds by which she made over to him a considerable slice of her property. As he kept her a close prisoner in her room, these deeds were of course likely to be set aside should she ever become her own mistress. It behoved him therefore to choose some other husband for her than young Du Bosc, and he pitched upon a more accommodating party in the person of the Sieur Laroque, whom he informed Charlotte one morning that she must prepare to marry without delay. The plucky little girl, however, aged now fourteen (which in the south of France may be regarded as equivalent to seventeen in a more northern clime), flatly refused to have anything to do with the Sieur Laroque. She had signed away her property without objection, but when it came to giving up her husband it was another matter. She fortunately succeeded in sending word to Fulcrand of her uncle's proceedings. Enraged at her refusal, Antoine shut her up in a convent at Montpellier, giving strict instructions to the Lady Superior to allow no one to have access to her.

The rumor of Antoine's last step quickly reached Toulouse, and four or five hundred hot-headed gentlemen of the province, personal friends of the Du Bosc family, assembled with arms in their hands to discuss the matter. From discussion to action was but a step; they speedily organised themselves into a regiment, and set out for Montpellier, determined to snatch the girl from her uncle's clutches and to return her to the hands of the Du Boscs. These rash warriors, however, had reckoned without their host. There were obstacles in the way they had not counted upon. Whether De Calvierre had been warned in time of their proceedings, or whether his natural prudence had put him on his guard, he had gotten together a hasty levy of his own and posted them around the convent. The impetuous noblesse paused for a while, but the spirit of chivalry prevailed over scruples of conscience, and disregarding the sacrilegious nature of the attempt, they advanced to the assault. A hot combat ensued; several of both parties were killed, and the issue was long in doubt. At last youth prevailed. In vain did De Calvierre with voice and gesture animate his men; they were not so well trained to arms, nor did they have as much stomach for the fray as the excitable young *gentilhommes* who attacked them. The convent door was beaten in, Antoine wounded, and himself and his retainers driven from the field. Charlotte was found within, trembling indeed at the clash of arms, but overjoyed at being restored to her husband, who made his appearance towards the end of the fray.

This little war raised a terrible commotion in Languedoc. The Prince of Conti, Governor of the Province, becoming interested in the misfortunes of Charlotte, openly declared himself her protector, and placed her in charge of his wife. The *procureur du roi* meanwhile had procured an order from the Toulouse Parliament, directing

an investigation into the cause of the recent riot, and the girl was summoned before them to give her evidence. She told her whole story, and De Calvierre thus learned for the first time that she was actually married. Here was a new coil. This marriage of a minor was tantamount to a second abduction, which the King, uninformed of it, had never pardoned, and Antoine again commenced proceedings against the Du Boscs to have them condemned to death.

The Prince de Conti, satisfied that Charlotte was rather dangerous property to hold, hastened to get rid of her, and she was placed in the nunnery of St. Thomas till the question as to the validity of the marriage could be settled. A long and wordy legal battle ensued on this point; in the course of which, under successive orders from various courts, poor Charlotte was hurried from one convent to another. At last the Parliament of Paris rendered a decision recognising the validity of the marriage, and mulcting the estate of the deceased Abbot in heavy damages for the destruction of the village and château of Bosc. The immense crowd which filled the Palais de Justice to hear this decision, rapturously expressed its approval, while Charlotte and Fulcrand, supposing their troubles were now at an end, rushed into each other's arms, to the edification of the excited spectators.

Antoine de Calvierre, however, was, like Ulysses, a man of many resources. While the trial was going on before the Parliament, he had presented himself, under the name of Jacques de Calvierre (a purely mythical individual), to the *Chancellerie* of France, and there procured an order appointing a commission to decide whether the Toulouse or the Paris Parliament was the proper body to try the case. This order his lawyer kept in his pocket till the Parliament had rendered its decision, and then presented it to the Privy Council, applying for a stay of proceedings. On August 28th, 1663, a decree was rendered suspending the execution of the one of eight days before, and ordering "that Charlotte should be kept in the Convent of the Cordeliers, and forbidding Du Bosc to have anything to do with her."

Charlotte eluded the officers who sought to arrest her under this order; but under the instructions of the Toulouse Parliament, a troop of bailiffs seized the elder Du Bosc as he was leaving his son's house, maltreated him, and clapped him in the prison of Fort l'Evêque.

No sooner did the young couple hear of this than they applied for his release, which they procured on condition that Charlotte would constitute herself a prisoner. She owed too much to the old Viscount to refuse compliance, and accordingly betook herself to the Convent of the Cordeliers; but the Lady Abbess, fearing to see her convent stormed by armed men, would have nothing to do with her, and she had to seek a prison elsewhere. Antoine, meanwhile, urging on his second suit for the abduction, procured an order that, pending its trial, the accused should be confined in the Conciergerie. Thus the convent and the dungeon again opened for these three unfortunates, whom fate seemed to pursue remorselessly.

But their troubles were nearly over. The drama had run its course, and it was time for the good fairy to appear on the scene and help them out of their scrape. This *deus ex machinâ* made its appearance in January 1664, in the shape of a boy-baby, born in the convent, and

christened Philip Joseph Clermont du Bosc. This circumstance coming to the King's ears at the very time when a petition of Charlotte and her husband was placed in his hands, awakened his interest in the case. Touched with the misfortunes of this family, he determined to become himself the judge of the cause, which for seven years had been the football of half the courts in Paris and the province, and about which he had heard so many different stories. He bothered not himself with legal technicalities, but examining into all the facts, rendered a final decision, which reunited the little family of Du Bosc, and saddled Antoine de Calvierre with all the costs.

The future history of the hero and heroine is not known; but if they did not lead a quiet and happy life, there can be no truth in the doctrine of compensation.

E. H. L.

ON THE ICE.

THE piercing wind of yesterday
 Is lulled in rest;
 The wave it lashed so high in spray,
 Is clothed in sheeted sheen to-day,
 And on its breast
 Fearless I rest.

Like some enchanted spot it lies —
 The little lake;
 Mute sentinels against the skies,
 The oaks watch, lest in anywise
 The silence break
 And life awake.

With jewelled wreaths a sunny beam
 Its rim has spanned;
 The ferns in shining frost-work gleam:
 Phantoms of summer-flowers they see
 Touched by the wand
 Of fairyland.

Afar in air a bird I see
 Cleaving the blue ;
He leaves no envy here with me :
His graceful curves and motions free,
 As fast he flew,
I follow too.

On wings of steel I sweep, I glide
 Athwart the sky ;
For through the ice on which I ride
Are azure depths far down espied —
 A bird am I
Soaring on high.

In velvet pomp beside the brink,
 Nearer I see
Bright mosses creeping down to drink :
Green in the cold, sweet summer's link,
 They emblems be
Of constancy.

I pause and gaze out o'er the earth,
 Where the soft snow
Wraps in its folds the winter's dearth,
And buds awaiting spring's new birth,
 Which sure I know
Slumber below.

I know, too, how it robes in white
 Each hallowed place
Where dearer flowers are hid from sight ;
Yet shall they spring too to the light,
 Nor earthly trace
Their bloom deface.

Then softened, as I leave the scene
 And homeward turn,
From nature's quiet haunts serene,
I muse what lessons we may glean,
 And lessons learn
From leaf and fern.

SYDNEY BERNAL.

MURDERERS' BAR.

VI.—SLOCUM'S JEALOUSY.

THERE was a quiet determination about Miss Nettie which generally kept Tainer's family in a state of subjection. The children had become accustomed to Aunt Nettie's ways and were manageable; Mrs. Tainer, peaceable, cheerful, happy temperament as she was, did not conflict, and Tainer's absence debarred him from seeing how his family was quietly managed. A few rules he had, however, which were not to be broken, and one of these was that the female portion of the family should remain at home unless accompanied by himself. The social habits of the Bar were not such as to induce much "gadding about," as Tainer expressed it, and they had plenty of company at home. But Miss Nettie had, since the funeral, conceived a notion of seeing the sights of the town. They consisted only of saloons, groceries, doctor- and blacksmith-shops, to be sure; but she was bent on seeing them. She had visited the mines while the miners were at work, had seen all the processes, had put on her prettiest airs and most bewildered looks at the results of work, and had quietly pocketed the dust that had been offered to her. There are some women who always seem to be plunged in the very depths of unconsciousness; that is, they never seem to see, to hear, to know anything they do not wish to. They go through life exciting hopes, looking little tendernesses, entangling hearts with such an air of unconsciousness, and treading down true affections with such an apparent ignorance of their power, that we are led to exclaim, "Dear, fascinating, innocent creatures! it is no fault of theirs." But Miss Nettie, in her artless simplicity, could not belong to this class of women; so the whole Bar, except Jim Andrews, would have voted; and her little nervous flutterings and graceful poisonings and half-suppressed shrieks at anything unusual could do no harm like those dear, fascinating innocents. Yet Miss Nettie's desire to see the town found no encouragement in those who visited Tainer's. As a general thing the miners had no wish to bring its scenes of vice and iniquity to the view of a "good woman," and certainly the saloons with their habitués, male or female, were hardly such as our goddess would find pleasure in visiting. The dance-houses could hardly have any attraction for her, and the grocery-stores and blacksmith-shops were all that remained. Miss Nettie was at a loss for an excuse to go down town, but a quiet will and some management will accomplish much. One day Slocum stopped on his way to the town where he was carrying some picks to be sharpened. It was not the first time Slocum had done this; nor was Slocum the only one who had stopped at Tainer's with a batch of blunted picks, but to-day these picks possessed an unwonted interest for Miss Nettie. She was very inquisitive as to their use, and how they were sharpened again. Her interest in a blacksmith-shop grew

wonderfully as she heard the process of preparation for use those picks required ; and she was anxious that Slocum, Tainer being absent, should accompany her to the forge. He, proud of complying, consented.

Miss Nettie's taste was exquisite. If there was anything objectionable, it was a slight tendency to "loudness;" but this was hardly discernible to any but a cultivated taste, which was not found on the Bar. It might have struck some one of them that the fastidiousness exhibited in her dressing might be out of place ; but Miss Nettie was beautiful, and that atoned for this as for everything. Slocum's admiration was unbounded, and his springy step and buoyant carriage gave evidence of the internal condition of the man. The blacksmith-shop was visited, but Miss Nettie's interest had abated. She was now curious to know the name of each saloon, and above all where the Round Tent was located. It was a matter of surprise to Slocum to see what a deep interest his companion took in that establishment. She looked at it as we generally view the monuments of a city. She wished to see it from every available aspect, and finally ventured a peep into its interior. It was deserted ; the tables, the benches alone were there ; no signs of life, no indication of the busy excitement a few hours later would develop. Miss Nettie was evidently disappointed in her walk and visit. Not all the tender attentions of Slocum, not all the admiring glances the few stray miners around greeted her with, not the inspiring power of a morning walk in California, could subdue the evident depression of her spirits.

"I thought the town was so lively," she said, as she and her attendant wandered homeward.

"Not in the morning. It is only in the evening, or on Saturday afternoons and Sundays, that the town gets in full blast. Then the contrast is wonderful ; you should see it then."

"Well, why can't I?" and there was something more of interest in the inquiry ; but the subject was not renewed, and when Slocum and she arrived at Tainer's, he was having an indescribable sense of misery that he described to Jim that night as "feeling as though something awful was going to happen." Somehow or other, Slocum could never tell exactly how it was, he and Miss Spencer did not after that time seem to get along as well together as formerly. There was a *distrain* air about her, a change in her manner, an indefinite something that made him feel, though he could not tell why, his company was not essential to his loved one's happiness.

One Saturday afternoon Slocum was sick. Tainer was away, and Mrs. Tainer occupied, when Miss Nettie, radiant in appearance and apparel, and unattended, took the road towards the town. Slocum's sickness was mental rather than physical ; he was moody, fretful, and, wonderful to say, nervous. He had not been himself for several days, and in his restless uneasiness that day had, unknown to his partners, wandered away up the hill which led from the river-bar. The hill was precipitous, and the road which led to the summit was only one constructed for the mules or horses on which all the material used at the Bar was brought thither. It was used also by the miners, with here and there a cut-off for getting up the hill and away from their

special work when they visited the principal mining-camps on the upper placers. After wandering over the road some time, Slocum began to descend by an unfrequented path in the direction of the camp. He was often forced to let himself down by trailing vines and roots and branches of trees, sometimes slipping down quite a distance, then displacing stones, which he watched as they bounded away followed by long trails of dust, then seating himself under the shade of the large trees that lined the sides of the mountain, then speeding along with feverish haste. Slocum was evidently ill at ease; his whole demeanor betokened it, and he travelled along hardly knowing which way or whither he was going, until sliding down the hill, he found himself near the bed of the river. The town was above him, and in a half-abstracted way he approached it. The miners had not assembled in any great numbers, and the Round Tent was deserted. Pete Vallelay was standing at one end of the entrance, but did not notice Slocum. Within was Madame Louise, so seated that she could gaze upon Pete with that deep earnest look with which she always regarded him. Slocum was more struck with that look than he had ever been before, and sighed. He seated himself in such a way that he could watch the look on her face more easily, and at the same time saw the listless indifference on Pete's. The woman assumed to him a new character as he watched her; all the stern, harsh lines about her mouth seemed melted away. There was a child-like tenderness about her look that wafted Slocum's memory back to his old home, and he remembered something of such a look which had beamed out upon him from childhood, for he was an only son. He recognised the unutterable longing sweetness and tenderness of love—a love which still irradiated this child of sin with a heaven-born glow. So intently had he been looking upon this picture, so different from anything he had seen in the woman, though others had spoken of it, that he did not see a lady approaching until he perceived a sudden change in Madame Louise. Her eye grew round and intense, a look of pain flashed across her face, which grew suddenly white, and her mouth twitched convulsively. The whole was instantaneous. Quick as thought Slocum's eyes followed her look, and there, slowly passing up the street, was Miss Nettie, radiantly beautiful, as beautiful as an angel, but with a look, a single glance at Pete, bold, challenging, full of meaning—a look indescribable, but such as no man could bear to see a wife, a sister, a beloved one cast at another man. Pete's back was half-turned from Slocum, but Madame Louise could see his eyes. Her brow grew black, and as she turned her head away, she encountered the fixed glassy stare that was seated on the pale, cold face of Slocum. Their eyes met for the first time; a crimson flush broke over the face of Madame Louise, while Slocum sat half-stupefied as Miss Nettie passed away.

Whatever else Slocum had thought of his adored's variable humors and changeful, fickle states of mind, he had always regarded her more as a visitant from some heavenly sphere than one to be classed among mortals. That an ignoble thought had ever dwelt in her pure mind, that a wrong feeling had ever invaded her bosom, had never entered his imagination; and his heart seemed almost broken as he

thought of that look, while a deep, settled, fierce hatred sprang up for the man who had taken from him all that made life endurable. He was recalled by a slight touch on his shoulder, and starting up, Madame Louise stood before him. Her face was deadly pale, but there was a fierce, cruel fire glowing out of her eyes that almost frightened Slocum. "Revenge is very sweet!" she said. For the first time Slocum realised that his looks, his action might convey to another an implication that would injure Miss Spencer. "What do you mean?" he asked, indignantly. There was the slightest shade of a sneer on her face and in her tones as she, looking fixedly at Slocum, inquired, "What do I mean? You know what I mean. Do you profess to love that—that—that—woman, and ask what I mean? Do you profess to be so innocent that you do not know all the significance of a look?"

Slocum had recovered himself sufficiently to determine not to betray a single doubt of Miss Spencer. "I do not understand you at all, or to whom you refer."

She looked a moment. "Poor fool!" she began. "But no; he is right. But remember, when you want revenge, come to me." She put out her hand, he touched it slightly, they parted.

As Slocum went back to his cabin that afternoon, his whole bearing changed; he looked years older. He denounced himself as a jealous fool. But that look had been noticed by more than himself. He grew indignant at Madame Louise. Who was she? A vile woman herself, jealous herself. There was the secret. Yes, she was jealous, and wanted to make him her catspaw. Revenge! What had he to do with revenge? If Pete had tired of the Madame and she wanted revenge, why should she speak of it to him? But after all, as the thought of Pete came to his mind, his face darkened, and he drew himself up and walked faster as he came near Tainer's residence, determined to go past without stopping; but he saw Miss Nettie standing on the porch. There were trailing vines around her as a framework, one little foot poised in the act of stepping forward, her white dress with a pink sash and bow tastefully arranged, her bright complexion beautiful as a picture. He loitered. Miss Nettie was never more agreeable, and Slocum went to his cabin that night oblivious of everything but his goddess.

VII.—A QUARREL.

"Ef once," said Jim Andrews, "you're onsartin of your gal, ef you once think she's playin' shenanagin on yer, the game's up." There is a great truth in Jim's homely phrase: when distrust has once entered the heart of love, love flies. There may be terrible convulsions of the nature; strong affection cannot be sundered at once; but distrust feeds on its own surmisings and fattens on its own fears. Slocum was happy that night in the presence of Miss Nettie. He loved her as deeply as ever, and hope could not entirely die with the vitality so much love gave; but the barbed arrow had entered and rankled, and Slocum's nights and days were to be one long unrest.

He went to the main camp early the next morning. No one was

stirring. He sat down by the river and thought. The mines were empty; Sunday was always a day of rest from the general work of the miners. Most of them spent it less profitably. Thus Slocum was undisturbed until towards late in the afternoon, when some of the miners passed near him on their way to the cabins, and he caught a fragment of their conversation.

"It's queer Pete was not there," said the first voice, "during the scrimmage; Pete has never been away from the Tent on Saturday or Sunday since he came before."

"And the Madame took herself off as soon as she saw Pete wasn't there. There's something wrong; for when she came in and didn't see Pete about, she was at first flurried, and then I never saw such a look on a woman's face."

"How?"

"Why, devilish. She hurried out, and —"

The voices of the speakers died away in the distance. The few words he heard had interested Slocum amazingly, and soon after the miners passed he bent his way to the camp and Round Tent. All there seemed to be as usual, save the noticed absence of Pete and the Madame. Slocum did not linger long, but turned homewards. It was the first Sunday he had spent away from Tainer's house, and as he approached it all doubts as to his duty to stop vanished; in the very midst of his doubt and perplexity the thought of his nearness to Miss Spencer chased every other feeling away, as a ray of sunshine chases clouds. Near her, with the memories of the happy hours he had spent with her in the very path he was treading, under the very trees he was passing, by the very stream he was crossing, and again Miss Spencer was Slocum's goddess, in whose bosom no thought of wrong, no intent of evil could ever enter. His step grew elastic, his face radiant, and he sprang forward in his way half-exultingly. A turn in the road would bring him in sight of Tainer's house. He quickened his steps to reach it, reached it and stopped. His face grew white, his eye flashed, an oath half-escaped his lips; for there in the road stood his adored, her little hand resting in that of Vallelay, her eye raised to his, and he speaking in a low but tender tone words which Slocum could not hear. His first impulse was to rush upon the pair. Despair more than prudence restrained him, and he abruptly turned into the chaparral by the side of the road, and almost stumbled over a man who was crouched under a bush near, but evidently had not seen him. The stranger sprang to his feet, and Slocum saw the gleam of a knife in his hands. He only noticed that he was young, very slender, with a slight black moustache, and knew he was one he had never seen before in those diggings; but hardly heeding him, Slocum rushed onward, plunging more deeply into the dense growth of evergreen.

The day passed. What was Slocum to do? He resolved still to be the friend of Miss Spencer. He remembered how he himself had lauded the gambler, and that his noble-heartedness and manly character had often been the theme of conversation; and many surmises had been made by himself and others of the probable position in society Pete might have held had circumstances been otherwise. He

remembered too, what had not been alluded to in their surmisings, that Pete had made his own circumstances and chosen his own life. He remembered the rumors of the wrongs Pete had done to Madame Louise, and the warnings of Jim Andrews. There was deep hatred in his heart for Pete. He would have sought revenge, but that would betray the secret of Miss Spencer's wrong. Miss Spencer's wrong! No; it was the impulse of her goodness, which sought to rescue the gambler from his vices. His divinity began to glow out again in splendid colors. He would crush his jealous outrage on her beneath his feet. He would even, if Miss Nettie loved Pete, be her friend; yes, he would be her friend now, and go to her with advice and counsel, rescue her from Pete, or see that no dishonor came near her. Slocum had little knowledge of womankind; but if he had known more, perhaps he would have been equally foolish.

Miss Nettie received him kindly, tenderly; but Slocum's mind was made up, and before long he dashed into his subject: "I saw you with Mr. Vallelay yesterday."

Miss Nettie's face was unmoved. A little film of ice came over her manner: "You did?"

Slocum felt his courage oozing away from him; the consequence was just as always happens under like circumstances. Slocum, who had determined to keep cool, got excited, spoke more strongly than he intended; Miss Nettie was grandly unconscious. Her words were few, but they cut keenly. Slocum only knew that he came out of the contest, for it assumed that form, vanquished, with a well-defined idea that he was a fool. One thing was positive to his mind when he started home in a half-dazed condition, that words had been spoken which separated them forever. That night the poor fellow went to his cabin rather a dirty-looking object, and tumbled into bed with his boots on. His mining comrades sagely arrived at the conclusion that Slocum and his goddess had "had a muss."

The days went by. Slocum was changed; his unrest began to tell. He frequented the gambling-tables, he drank. His companions in the mine sympathised with him, but soon found none dared hint a word of disparagement of Miss Nettie, and she became in their cabins a tabooed subject. Pete's habits were more irregular at the Tent than usual; and when Pete was gone, Madame Louise did not show herself. Madame Louise had interviews with Dr. Woodland, who prescribed, and that accounted for her altered countenance and moody turns and frequent absences.

The fall had come. A dull brown overspread the ground; no grass, no flowers on the hillsides. But no trees shed their leaves; the woods put on no beautiful attire of crimson and scarlet and yellow. The oaks, the pines, the cedars, the cypress, the redwood were always green. Perhaps a deeper, darker, drier green than when spring started the newer buds and the fresher fronds, but still green. Rainless skies for months had lessened the water-flow and helped to lay bare the river-beds. The miners were getting into the deeper crevices, and the gold obtained was larger and more abundant. The gaming saloons were as busy as ever, but almost every miner began to save something with which to go to the winter-diggings. There is, how-

ever, a perennial spring of hope in a miner's bosom which debars him from reaping to any great extent the benefit of present prosperity. If in luck, his gains are a mere trifle to those which are to come ; if not in luck, he has a fortune in some crevice or some diggings just beyond him. Only a few more days, weeks at the very utmost, and the spot in which they always knew the gold was heaped would be reached and a grand fortune obtained. Men have worked in the mines with unabated ardor ever since '49, with never a doubt on their minds that another month would make them rich. Some unforeseen accident, some little miscalculation has always interposed just at the critical moment ; but with this *ignis fatuus* before them, men have wrecked time, health, friends, home, all, and are still at work, certain "to strike it big in a short time." There was not a man on the Bar who was not nerved to some extent with this hope ; nor were the indications unpromising. The deeper they had dug into the bed of the river, the richer every mine had become. The upper crevices in some mines were exceedingly rich ; in all, yielded a good return. What would the lower be ?

One day a dark cloud rested over the town, and a few drops of rain fell — just enough to remind the miners of the fact that rain did fall sometimes in California. For a little while men's hearts sank : heavy rains meant no good to river-mining. However, the rain passed away, the skies were bright as ever, the river still kept falling. The miners only strengthened and made their dam higher, dug their ditches deeper, and worked a little more steadily at their claims for a few weeks. But those few drops of rain had disturbed some of the more cautious companies. They were unwilling the rainy season should set in without having secured "winter diggings," and one or more of their number had been sent out on a prospecting tour. The cañons, gulches and creeks that were now dry, but during the winter poured their streams into the river, were carefully examined, and many claims were located upon them. Many went away to the mountain valleys and to the placer diggings, and there located claims to work during the winter. These would stake off claims corresponding with the number of their river associates, or with parties from different river-claims who employed them to do so. The store-keepers at the Bar began to allow their stocks to decrease, and the pack-trains of Tainer were kept in constant employment removing some of the material of the stores before the heavy rains came. There was a general feeling of insecurity which drew men in unusual numbers to the saloons, and kept the Round Tent in full blast. Pete seemed to have lost interest in the tables. He was very frequently away at night after the games were well started, and it was observed by many that soon after Pete's disappearance Madame Louise too would retire to her own room. This, however, elicited but little remark, as every one did as his inclination prompted ; but the altered looks of the Madame, her capricious moods towards Pete, were often the themes of discussion. On more than one occasion an altercation had arisen between them in which the lady had shown a vindictiveness and irascibility towards him foreign to her whole former conduct. Slocum expended his feelings in moodiness and

work. Jim Andrews was his only companion, and the true and sturdy old fellow was a friend to him when he most needed a true friend.

VIII.—THE MURDERER.

Rain came at length, a good hearty rain. The river rose, the waters came rushing down from gulch and creek and cañon ; but the strong dam held it in check, and the large ditch took it "booming" down below our claims. The pumps were only worked with greater vigor, and the miners strained every nerve to gather the golden treasure that was "just beyond them." It would take very heavy rains to break the dam or fill the ditch, and so we seemed to feel only a new pleasure in battling with a new element.

"It will have to come a little heavier than that to drive us from our piles," said Bob Stoddard, as we stood in the Round Tent one Sunday morning and watched the rain fall, as it came down in volumes that promised a "heavy wet." A great crowd had assembled there that day. It was one of those dark, dreary, dismal days, when men will not work, yet must have companionship. The tables were loaded with coin and dust, and the players ready with their games. A sudden gust of water had called many outside to witness the heavy fall which occasioned Bob's remark. A lull, a streak of sunshine, and then the noise of the gamblers and the drinkers. "Boys," said a breathless voice at the door—"boys, Herc's found!"—and there, with a white face, stood one of our number, with the identical canvas breeches from which Bob Crampton, or Hercules, on the night of his disappearance had improvised a "purse" to hold his winnings. As this garment was displayed, with its one leg half gone, there was a general rush towards the holder. "Herc's gone!" he again exclaimed—"not gone home, but gone forever! He's been murdered, boys!—murdered by the same villains that murdered the other boys; and those villains must have been with us that night—must be here now!"

An appalling silence fell on that noisy, boisterous crowd of a few moments ago; again that terrible feeling of insecurity which had crept over men's minds when the first discovery was made, came sweeping over us, and strong and brave men grew pale as they looked around them, as if the guilty ones must disclose the dread secret by look or word. The silence lasted but for a moment, and then a hum of eager voices demanded to know all. The story was soon told. Some miners who had been prospecting down the river, by a bluff which stood near the path to Crampton's cabin, observed something white beneath the bluff, which they went to examine. A man's leg was partly exposed from a mass of stone and dirt, the latter of which had been washed away by the rains. After digging away the debris, sufficient was discovered to lead to the conviction that it was the body of our strong friend. At first it was supposed that he might have fallen over the bluff; but when the corpse was uncovered, a bullet-hole through the forehead showed what his fate had been.

"Yes," said the narrator, "Herc has been murdered for that

money — murdered by some one who knew he had it, and was with us that night in this tent ;” and as he said this he looked indignantly around until his eye fell on the dealer who had lost in that game. Hardly had the eye of the speaker fallen on this man when twenty excited men rushed towards him. He did not quail ; but at the moment Pete stepped forward. “ Surely, gentlemen, there are some of you who remember sitting by that table and listening to his yarns about games until morning.” A silence ; then one or two spoke up and testified they remembered it all, and could prove that he could not have been concerned in the robbery and murder on that night at least. Soon the Tent was almost deserted.

The murdered man’s trowsers had been thrown on one of the tables, and had been disregarded during the excitement ; but when the crowd departed two men started for them ; one was Pete Vallalay, the other Jim Andrews. Andrews secured them, with the observation as he glanced at Pete, “ Rags will tell tales sometimes ; maybe these here rags will hunt down the beast that did this thing.” Pete did not reply, nor did a feature move until Jim’s back was turned, and his expression then was only witnessed by Louise.

The whole Bar flocked to the scene of the murder. A coffin was made, the remains placed within it and consigned to the grave. In the removal of the body to the coffin a bullet dropped from the skull. It was picked up, closely examined by several, and disappeared. A thousand conjectures were made as to the murderers, a thousand schemes were projected for discovering them ; yet they were individual conjectures and individual schemes. When we again assembled, men were silent. There was more than fear at work among them, but by mutual consent all avoided the Tent. The mystery we all felt must lie there ; but how ? who ?

The next night Jim Andrews and Slocum were standing in a saloon looking at a game, when the shoulder of the elder was touched, and Jim turning, saw a slightly-built young man, with black hair and a little black moustache, who beckoned him away. Slocum, who scarcely raised his eyes from the game as his companion left his side, recognised the young man who had been crouching in the chaparral when he turned from the sight that had unhinged his life. At first he made as though he would follow, but a gesture from Jim restrained him. The other two went a short distance apart, and stopped where they could not be overheard.

“ Tainer has a large sum of money in his house, which he intends carrying away to-morrow ; it is the money belonging to the miners,” were the first words of the young man.

Jim was silent, but the thought flashed across his mind that he was about to be asked to become an accomplice in a robbery, and he prepared himself for an emergency.

“ You are the friend of Tainer, aint you ?” said the youth.

“ I am,” replied Andrews.

“ To-night at twelve o’clock you may learn something of the murderers, if you will go on the side of Tainer’s house facing the path and hide yourself. Perhaps you had better take that young fellow,” glancing at Slocum, “ with you ; and be sure you are both well armed ; Tainer may need you.”

He was about to leave when Jim caught his arm. "How do you know anything about this?"

"I have the canvas purse and the torn shirt," was the reply, and with a dexterous twist he escaped from Jim's grasp and was lost in the darkness.

Jim generally made up his mind before he proceeded to action. "Fust," said he to himself, "fust, Pete may want to take a shot at this chicken, and sarve him as he did them other fellows. It must a bin Pete that did it, sure, only I can't prove it. But I'm bound to see this thing out anyhow." So he communicated what he had heard as well as his own surmisings to Slocum, and they determined to go and see what came of the mysterious intimation. Each armed himself with a rifle and two revolvers, and sought their place of rendezvous by different routes.

They encountered each other under an oak which stood near the house, and had as good a view of the path as the darkness would permit, and waited with breathless impatience further developments. An hour passed on. A quick but light tread was heard, and soon the form of a man was seen cautiously approaching the house. At the same time a light gleamed out of one of the windows from a small point in a displaced curtain. "It is from Miss Spencer's room," whispered Slocum. The figure approached, and as he drew nearer the house he began to whistle a soft, low bar of music. The curtain closed; a door which opened on the path was thrown open. Miss Nettie clad in white stood for a moment at the door; the light from the room fell on her form, illuminating her head and beautiful face, and in an instant she was in the embrace of the whistler, her head resting on his shoulder. The light flashed out as they entered the room, and Slocum stood trembling and with a face so pale that it looked as though it gleamed with light through the darkness, for the light had disclosed the features of Pete Vallelay.

With an oath he sprang towards the door as it closed, and in a moment or so longer would have broken it down; and one soul—perhaps two—would have entered eternity, had not the strong arm of Andrews held him back. "Goll darn it, Slocum, you've lost her! but let her go her own way. You can't mend matters, and you will only destroy the only hope for her if you make a muss." Slocum turned—tried to speak—fell as though dead. At that moment a slight form stepped from beneath another tree at a short distance and confronted Andrews:

"Why didn't you let that fool kill him?"

Jim looked at the man. "Who are you? What did you mean by sending us on this fool's chase? Where is the murderer of the boys?"

"You saw him go in that room, and but for you even that white-livered fool would have killed him for it," and he contemptuously spurned the body of Slocum.

"What proof that he was the murderer?"

"I told you I had the purse, the shirt—yes, and I have the companion of the dirk and Pete's pistol. You have the rest."

"And who in the name of Beelzebub are you?"

The youth took off a cap which had been drawn down over his

features, shook out a mass of black hair, disclosing the features of Madame Louise, and vanished.

It was some time before Slocum recovered. When he did so, he would have rushed into the house, but Jim Andrews told him of the net that was weaving around Pete, and again urged him to have pity on the fame of the girl he once loved.

It is wonderful how a love once placed, if true, clings to the object of its affection, and will even survive the shock which destroys confidence, honor and esteem. The shock to Slocum, even with his past experiences, had been a terrible one. In a moment he had seen the foundation on which all his hopes in life had been built, crumble. He saw the one in whom above all others he confided, as she really was ; and while the first impulses of his passionate nature would have stricken down the destroyer, yet the words of Andrews had recalled him. He loved her yet ; he would do nothing to injure her or put a blot on her fair fame. He could suffer, she should not ; and the man actually prayed for her, though his lips had long been sealed to prayers for himself.

IX.—THE WATERSPOUT.

Jim Andrews was prompt in action. Before morning he had gathered the silent evidences of guilt, and could trace the whole series of events. He confided his secret to but few, and those few were those on whom he could rely. Madame Louise was invaluable : her resources seemed unbounded. Jealousy had nerved her investigations, and there was a steadiness of purpose shown in the manner in which she had followed up every clew that almost amazed the men. The secret of Miss Nettie's perfidy was by solemn compact not to be known outside of those who had seen it.

The morning dawned which was to expose the terrible secrets which were to give a name to our Bar. It was not raining, but a portentous darkness overhung the whole sky. Now and then a drizzle, coming from clouds which bent down in great black waves and then rolled away, lighting up for a moment only to make the succeeding gloom deeper. A few old toppers, shivering along from their cabins to the saloons to get their morning dram, were the only evidences of life on the Bar. It had been determined to wait until the Tent was crowded, then arrest Pete, and accuse him openly of his crimes, and array the evidences of his guilt one by one and step by step before the miners, and then his doom was sealed. There was but little law that availed at that time ; what there was had no "delays." Justice was swift and terrible, and the crimes which had thrilled our hearts with distrust and fear would have no advocates there. It was known that Pete's courage, strength, and coolness would make his arrest hazardous, but there were equally determined men. Slocum asked, and was granted the request, to be the first to lay hands upon him.

The day wore on ; the rain had increased in volume, and anxious as the miners were to work their claims, yet one by one companies broke off from work and wandered to the town. Few had any doubt of the ability of the dam and ditch to carry off all the water

that might fall. Many indulged in the hope that the winter might not necessarily drive them from their claims. The camp was full long before the usual time ; the Round Tent, contrary to usual custom, was in full operation ; Madame Louise was at her table ; Pete stood near the door that led to his room, carelessly looking on the throng. A hurried consultation outside among those who knew, and twenty men carelessly lounged into the saloon, and as carelessly stationed themselves near where Pete stood. Slocum and Andrews entered together. The former walked directly to where the gambler was, and in a loud voice spoke, as he laid his hands on his shoulder, at the same time presenting a revolver : " Pete Vallelay, I arrest you in the name of the miners of this Bar for the murder of Bob Crampton, George Jenks, and Philip Snyder." The words rang through the house loud and clear as a clarion. In an instant there was a stillness like death. Men turned paler than Pete did as he heard that voice. There was a quick motion of his hand towards his revolver, a shadow over his features, which dissipated in an instant, a glance around. Twenty men stood silent with drawn revolvers ; twenty rugged miners, on each of whose faces sat rigid determination. In an instant Pete was as cool and self-possessed as before.

" Boys, are you joking ? " he asked.

" Are you ready for trial ? " was the response.

Pete quietly allowed himself to be disarmed, and only said, " Try me as soon as you wish." The whole affair was conducted so rapidly that many even then thought—some even still think—it was a tremendous joke.

Hardly had this occurred when there broke upon the silence of the crowd a low moaning roar, something like the sough of the wind through the trees, rising higher and higher ; then the voice of Tainer, who stood in the doorway with a ghastly face—" Boys, look for your lives ; the river is rising and bursting down upon us ! " All rushed towards the door. From the Tent could be seen up the river several miles, and there rolling down, dashing and foaming, tearing huge rocks from their beds and lofty trees from the roots, came the furious river, dashing wildly down, foaming in its resistless rage, crushing everything before it. Then, rising above it all, were shrieks from women and timid men, who blindly rushed hither and thither, hardly conscious of what they were about. Pete dashed into the room that held his treasures, his bags of coin and dust ; he seized all he could and sprang away for life.

Slocum had but one thought : Miss Nettie was in danger. Making his way through the bewildered throng, he saw her flying from the waters. He dashed towards her, seized her in his arms, and began to bear her towards a point of safety. Slocum was strong, and Slocum loved ; but there was weight about Miss Nettie which belied her slender looks ; even he panted as he bore his burden along. Miss Nettie's weight had been increased by many a chispa and nugget, which she had not forgotten even in that hour of danger. Gold, which has destroyed so many, came near destroying them both. The dash of the waters was around Slocum as he bore her up the hill, to the point on which Pete had taken refuge with his gold ; but

he did not perceive him until, battling his way through the raging water and the floating drift, he had almost reached the point, and exhausted as he was, raised the half-fainting form in his hands to place her there. As he did so, Pete reached down and seized her by the arm, and with a quick movement placed her higher up on the rock, at the same time driving his foot into the face of Slocum with such force that it knocked him from his footing. Throwing out his arms as he fell, his hand encountered the leg of Pete, which he clutched in a desperate grip, and dragged the gambler with him into the raging waters. Pete's hand convulsively caught the lady's dress; but happily for her, the frail fabric gave way, and she was saved. The two men were instantly swept away.

Not until this moment had Slocum known who it was that he had drawn with him. His first impulse was to spend what strength he had to save one whom he had unwittingly forced into danger; but when he saw the face of Pete, with a low but exultant cry he wound his arms with all his remaining strength about his adversary. Pete knew that embrace meant death, but did not even then lose his presence of mind. His arms were free, his great strength remained, and while they were swept along, he gathered all his remaining energies and dealt a tremendous blow on the head of Slocum, who sank under the water. At that instant a tall pine from whose roots the earth had been washed away, fell, and a branch striking the head of the gambler, crushed it in an instant, and the two lifeless forms, now separated, were borne down the torrent.

The waters subsided almost as quickly as they had risen, leaving a frightful scene of desolation. The dam had yielded in an instant; huge boulders and great trees filled the claims; the homes of those who had built their cabins and buried their money within fifty feet of the river-bed had been swept away, and no human eye could detect the place where they once had been. The town had succumbed; houses, saloons, tents, all were gone save one saloon, which still remains. Tainer's house, Tainer's family, except himself and one child, were gone. All was so completely changed that localities were hardly distinguishable. As far as the eye could reach up and down the river there was the same awful spectacle of ruin. Trees, rocks, and drift piled up in places in inextricable confusion; in some places deep troughs ploughed out of the river's bed, in which a lake of water rested; in others, mighty piles of debris reaching far up the mountain side. Yet as the sun went down, the waters of the river flowed as calmly and sung as musically and gleamed as brightly as though no such terrible convulsion had a few hours before surged through the defile. On the shores of that mighty chaos lay Pete Vallelay and Slocum, both apparently dead. By them were three living forms, two women and a man. By the side of Slocum sat faithful Jim Andrews. He had found the body of his friend, had detected the flutterings of the pulse, and with the slender means at his disposal had done what he could, kindled a fire to warm him, clothed him with his own garments, and sat that night to watch the battle between life and death.

As the morning dawned the battle was over; Slocum was alive, but with mind and body shattered. This is he whose story we began with

a tottering, half-idiotic, gray-haired old man of forty-five. And through those night-watches there sat another, with black dishevelled hair flowing down her sides, dark eyes red with weeping, and a bruised and mangled head lying in her lap.

Further up the river sat another woman, whose beautiful light brown tresses too were unbound and floated loose, while she sat and watched the deepening night, the drifting clouds, the coming morning, and clutched with eager hand the gold that Valleyay had saved.

B. R.

DR. JOHN DEE AND SIR EDWARD KELLY.

—quicquid dicam aut erit, aut non :
Divinare etiam magnus mihi donet Apollo.

HOR. II. *Sat.* v. 59-60.

IN the sixteenth century, the English had no prophet to rival Nostradamus ; and the other countries of Europe were in a like hopeless inferiority when compared to France. All of them, doubtless, abounded in soothsayers of local renown and of low degree, for no age is without them. England had her full share of such false fires, which glimmered like terrestrial reflections of the stars ; and had enough to attract the speculative regards of Lord Bacon. Indeed, it is somewhat singular that in the year preceding Bacon's birth, and only two years after the completion of the Centuries of Nostradamus, William Fulke, the sturdy advocate of the English Translations of the Scriptures, published an *Anti-prognosticon* or counterblast to Nostradamus and his British contemporaries, specifying Cunningham, Lous, Hill, and Vaughan, the predecessors of a larger swarm in the first half of the ensuing century. The British Isles could scarcely have been unfurnished with professed oracles of fate in a period so marked by multiplied anxieties, by great contending interests, by portentous chances, by bewildering perplexities, and by sudden vicissitudes of fortune. The time was a very hot-bed for unblushing adventurers in vaticination, by inspiration, divination, hallucination, astrology, necromancy, chiromancy, and all the other *mancies* commemorated by Rabelais and his expositors. The crop was necessarily large, when Leicester, with his intrigues, his ambitions, his wiles, and his nefarious arts, deemed himself the presiding genius of the state through the favor of a doting queen. But both the country and the crisis of destiny were more prolific of adroit and unscrupulous statesmen than of

memorable seers. Few, indeed, of the prescient sages hazarded important predictions or obtained permanent notoriety. A small circle of wondering believers, and a narrow and transitory fame among the vulgar ring, were all the honors that most of them won. Some performed their parts on a loftier, some on a lower stage, but nearly all without distinction. One man, however, did arise, who filled a larger sphere, mingled with higher associates than the rest, experienced the most singular fortunes, and bequeathed to later times a reputation as a wizard which descended through the ensuing generations, and is not wholly obliterated, though wofully obscured, even now. His prophetic pretensions were audacious enough, but his prophetic achievements are almost undiscoverable. Yet the singular union in him of science and charlatanry, of high abilities and wretched delusions, render his character and labors one of the most curious studies in the annals of popular vaticination. He is too the predecessor and exemplar of a cluster of inferior luminaries, of a more baleful import, in the succeeding generations. This noted sage was the notable and notorious Dr. John Dee. His life and its vicissitudes form a curious chapter in the history of popular prophecy.

The Rev. John Dee, M. A. Cantab, and perhaps D. D. *ex gratia*, was born in London on the 13th day of July, in the year 1527, about two months after the storming of Rome by the Imperialists under the Constable de Bourbon, and while bluff King Harry was beginning to meditate the divorce of his queen, Catharine of Arragon. He was son of Roland Dee, gentleman-server to Henry VIII., and grandson of Bedo Dee, standard-bearer of Lord Ferrars at the battle of Tournay. His family was of Welsh origin, and he claimed for it a descent from Owen ap Tudor, the founder of the royal Tudor line.

At the age of fifteen, John Dee was sent to Cambridge to complete his studies at St. John's College. Here he remained five years, engaged in the diligent prosecution of all the learning of the time. He must have devoted himself with peculiar assiduity and success to mathematical inquiry, for in his earliest manhood he took rank as one of the first mathematicians of the day. In May 1547 he visited Flanders, great changes having already occurred in European affairs since the commencement of the year, by the death of Henry VIII. of England, and of Francis I. of France; and by the recent victory of the Emperor Charles V. over the Protestant Electors of Hesse and Saxony at Mühlberg. His stay was brief, and it is useless to inquire what business or attraction tempted the youth of twenty to the Netherlands. It may have been the design or desire of prosecuting his further studies at the celebrated University of Louvain, where he afterwards sought a refuge. On the present occasion he returned to England after an absence of a few weeks or months, and was admitted to the degree of A. M. and appointed a Fellow of Trinity College.

His stay in England was not much longer than his sojourn in Flanders had been. In the course of the next year, 1548, he withdrew to Louvain to escape the hazards which menaced him at home from the imputation of being a conjuror. He was only twenty-one, and thus appears to have already displayed his addiction to suspicious arts

and forbidden knowledge. It is necessary to note this precocious revelation of his tastes and tendencies, for it has an important bearing on the estimation of his subsequent conduct in life. On his previous visit to the Continent he had brought home with him many ingenious mathematical instruments, fabricated under the direction of Gemma Frisius, and a pair of globes made by Gerard Mercator, with other valuable or useful curiosities. Of all these treasures he granted his fellow-students the free use, and presented most of them to his college when he took leave of it.

During this second visit to the Continent he read lectures on Euclid in the University of Rheims, perhaps in the University of Paris also. They established his reputation as an able and original mathematician, and were received with great applause. The applause was a singular accompaniment of these prelections; for Euclid is not an author calculated to appeal very strongly to the feelings, and the propositions of geometry are not apt to provoke rhetorical display. Unless the orator ventured to discuss the intricate theory of the Loves of the Triangles, or digressed into the tender attachments of osculating curves, and the crosses experienced by conjugate axes, it is not easy to discover, in this changed and mechanical era of the world, by what mathematical fuel the fire was fomented which warmed the auditory into applause.

In 1551 Dee returned to England. He met with kind attentions from Sir John Cheke, the tutor of the boy-king, Edward VI. He was introduced to his youthful Majesty, and was gratified by the sovereign with a pension of one hundred crowns. This he exchanged on the 9th of May 1553 for the rectory of Upton-upon-Severn, which seems to have been a holy and perhaps unprofitable sinecure as long as it remained in his keeping.

Notwithstanding his ecclesiastical benefice and his clerical pretensions, Dee appears to have diligently prosecuted the study of the black arts, like a genuine *mathematicus* of the elder time, when a mathematician was still an astrologer and speculator. In 1555 he was accused of practising sorcery against the dignity and life of Queen Mary, that innocent lamb and much-neglected consort of Philip II. of Spain. He was arrested and carried before the high officers of government. He was examined before the Secretary of State, then by the Privy Council, then tried in the Court of Queen's Bench, then again in the Star Chamber. When nothing was proved against him but fantasy and folly, he was turned over to the tender mercies of Bishop Bonner to receive the benefit of ecclesiastical censure, and was incarcerated in the episcopal dungeons. In the Bishop's prison he was "bedfellow to Barthlet Green," who was speedily burnt for heresy. Dee luckily escaped the brilliant but premature end of the companion of his bed, and was liberated exactly a week before the departure of the royal bridegroom from the English shores.

This accusation, trial and imprisonment augmented Dee's notoriety, and proved of signal advantage to him on the demise of the crown. He was solemnly consulted by the Council of State in regard to the most auspicious day for the coronation of the Princess Elizabeth, the

new Queen. Soon after her accession he presented to her an erudite and interesting memorial, urging the collection and preservation of the ancient archives and literary monuments of the realm. The memorial is given at length in the *Biographia Britannica*, and exhibits learning, intelligence and good sense strangely at variance with those characteristics of the prescient Doctor which entitle him to a place among the prophets of the people. It was singularly unfortunate for the history of England that his suggestions were not promptly acted on, and that we had to wait till the nineteenth century for the accomplishment of his desires by the appointment and action of the Record Commission and by the imperial publication of the monuments of British history. If that reverential care of the historical documents of the realm had been bestowed by the State at the commencement of Elizabeth's reign which has been exhibited only since the reign of George IV., we might have obtained a much better knowledge of the growth of the English Commonweal, and of the mighty revolutionary movements of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, than we can now reasonably hope for. This sagacious project ought to be held in remembrance as some compensation for the multiplied extravagances of the learned doctor's career.

Whether it was the service rendered by casting the horoscope for the coronation, or the zeal and intelligence exhibited in the memorial on the national records, which won the royal favor, Queen Elizabeth in the first years of her reign became, on the suggestion of the favorite Leicester, a pupil of Dr. Dee in the kindred sciences of mathematics and astrology. She does not appear to have pursued her studies in these branches with remarkable diligence or with signal success; but she contracted in this intercourse a regard for her preceptor, which ensured to him distinction and protection, and frequently ministered to his support.

In 1564 Dee again passed over to the Continent, and remained there for several years. While he lay sick at Louvain in 1571, his sovereign manifested her concern for him by sending two of the royal physicians to minister relief. He recovered in spite of this ominous medical conjunction. The celebrated epigram of Dr. Glynn was still unwritten, and it had not yet been announced on professional authority that—

Two physicians, like a pair of oars,
Will row you quicker to the Stygian shores.

Dee got well notwithstanding all the medical efforts undertaken for his recovery, and returned to England. It is not apparent what had been his occupations abroad. They might include and would ostensibly be the pursuit of recondite knowledge; but from the Queen's solicitude on his behalf it may well be suspected that he was employed in the public capacity, so familiar in that age, of political agent or foreign spy. His migration to the Netherlands coincided with the Dutch Revolt; his sickness of Louvain was contemporaneous with the Duke of Alva's Tribunal of Blood: so that there would be abundant matters of interest in that quarter in regard to which Elizabeth and her ministers would desire prompt and full information. Dee's

acquaintance with the country and people, his learned associations and his starry proclivities, might well conceal his political inquisitions. Lilly declared him to have been a regularly pensioned agent of the English government. Hooke entertained the same opinion, and considered his Book of Enoch to be merely the key to the cyphers employed in his cryptographic notes. There were no foreign correspondents for newspapers in those days, and it was an important part of Walsingham's statecraft to employ regular intelligencers in foreign countries. Antony Bacon, the elder brother of the Lord Chancellor, and the personal friend of Henry of Navarre, was one of this fraternity. Our presaging doctor may well have been another.

On his return to his native country, Dee established himself at Mortlake on the Thames, with which there appears to have previously been some family connection. It is at no great distance from London, on the Surrey side, in the midst of the most charming scenery, and surrounded by localities rich in historical associations. It lies only two miles to the east of Richmond. Richmond Park, and Nonsuch, the favorite country retreat of Queen Elizabeth, are still nearer. Bacon's summer abode, and Twickenham, afterwards ennobled by the villas of Lady Mary Montague and of Pope, were in the vicinity. To the southwest lay Bushy Park, the seat in recent years of the Queen Dowager Adelaide; and still closer on the southeast was Wimbledon, so convenient and notorious for duels during the administration of the younger Pitt. Almost joining it, in the bend of the Thames to the northwest, were the Gardens of Kew, as yet denied any botanical or other celebrity. The little hamlet of Mortlake stretched along the Thames for a couple of miles, and was most delightfully and favorably situated. It was at easy distance from London on the main road of the royal progresses from Greenwich and the capital to Richmond.

Hither Dr. Dee retired to seek tranquillity in the neighborhood of the court and in the hopes of favor, and to plunge into abstruse calculations for the State, for his patrons and for himself. Hither he brought his library of rare books and his rich collection of mathematical, astronomical, astrological, alchemical and miscellaneous instruments. Hither he conveyed his divining-cup and his magic mirror, of which he made such large use afterwards. Here he found a brief but honored repose. He was not left long to the enjoyment of peace and seclusion. Notwithstanding royal attentions and courtly visitors of the highest rank and eminence, he was regarded with suspicion as a wizard and necromancer. He was harassed by a constantly recurring crop of debts encouraged by extravagant expenditures.

In 1575 the Queen came to Mortlake to see the notable library of Dr. Dee, but learning that his wife was recently dead, she declined to enter the house. He was, however, summoned to the gate, had the honor of a long conversation with her Majesty, and explained to her the mysteries of his celebrated glass, into which spirits were invoked after the fashion of the Egyptian divination. Two years later he produced his "Observations upon the Comet," which do equal credit to the extent of his scientific acquirements and to the

perspicuity of his judgment. He was very far from adopting the prevalent delusion that—

This hairy meteor did denounce
The fall of sceptres and of crowns.

Not very long afterwards he composed his excellent treatise on "The Reformation of the Calendar," urging a needful reform which had been advocated by Roger Bacon four centuries before, but which was not accepted by England till nearly two centuries more had elapsed.

In the interval between these two publications Dr. Dee had received a strong manifestation of the royal confidence and regard, in being commissioned to consult two distinguished physicians in Germany with regard to the Queen's health. More important inquiries may have been entrusted to him, but there is no mention of them. This duty he must have performed with entire satisfaction, as in the years immediately ensuing he was treated with increased favor and familiarity by her Majesty, who throughout her life continued her good offices to him. Beside his kindly reception at court and his occasional employment in public service, the Queen manifested her interest in him by frequently stopping at Mortlake to confer with him on her journeys to and from London. There was also a frequent reciprocation of presents, which probably detracted as much from Dee's uncertain means as it added to them. He was, however, maintained in favor with the nobility and gentry attendant about their sovereign, and in relations of peculiar intimacy with the Earl of Leicester.

This intimacy with Leicester portended little good, however much it might advance Dee's standing at court. Leicester was sly, selfish and intriguing, hoping by a marriage with the Queen to attain the crown of England, which his elder brother had failed to secure by the double mishap of his marriage with Lady Jane Grey; or hoping to mitigate any disappointment from the Maiden Queen by a union with Mary Queen of Scots; or willing, in case both these projects were frustrated, to console himself with the crown of the revolted Netherlands through the countenance and support of his royal mistress. With such hazardous and high-reaching aspirations, Leicester was always curious and provident of the future, and was at all times involved in dark machinations. He kept around him a *clientèle* of astrologers, necromancers, alchemists, poisoners and seers of all sorts, to announce the *mollia tempora fandi et agendi*, or to remove obstructions from his premeditated course. The Leicester of the Banqueting Hall and of the Royal Camarilla as he is presented in our histories, was a very different personage from the real Leicester as he may be detected in his closet. His life was filled with dangerous intrigues, and his spirit revelled in the conception of crimes by which he might profit. A statesman and a high court-official of the next generation remarked: "I fear he was too well seen in the Aphorismes of *Nicholas the Florentine* and in the reaches of *Cæsar Borgia*."

Dee's close connection with such a man could scarcely prove auspicious. The conjunction was of malign aspect, whether Dee remained innocent, unsuspecting and unconscious of Leicester's chicanery, or

was a conscious and willing fellow-laborer in his questionings of destiny. At any rate Dee's forecasting appetencies acquired a surprising development during the progress of this intercourse. His mathematical researches were exchanged for more direct means of intercourse with the world of shadows and with the unborn progeny of destiny. He became familiar with spirits; not with "the water of life," which had been discovered by the Arabian alchemists, but with the darker spirits of the nether world, with the spectral shapes of the reanimated dead and with the phantasms of the absent. He deluded himself into the conviction, or simulated a belief, that by a prescribed course of unintelligible invocations he could summon to his presence the dim inhabitants of the phantom world, and thus obtain a mastery over the occult secrets of nature or the promises of coming times. His cup, his glass, his rod became his trusted companions. Was he deluded? Was he deluding? Was he crazy? Or was there such "method in his madness" as to indicate deliberate fraud? All these temperaments might be united in him, though our judgment leans to mercy's side, and concludes that he was credulous and innocent at first, but was unconsciously led on from delusion to deception.

While engaged in these bewildering occupations, he felt the need of some apt and impressible assistant, some young man who could "see visions" for him, and be, what would be called in the slang of current credulity, "a medium." His desires seemed at length to be gratified by the appearance of Edward Kelly. Him he took into his service. He was a young impostor from Worcestershire, who had been an apothecary, who had been at the University, but had left it speedily in disgrace, and who had lost his ears for some offence in Lancashire. He was cordially welcomed, but proved in future years a very inconvenient "Sergeant Kite" to him. The two hunted in couples: Kelly confirming and multiplying his master's delusions, and by fraud and trickery endeavoring to fill his own and the common purse. Open house was kept for the reception of devils, spectres and inquiring visitors; and from the volumes of "Mysteries" which are preserved in print or in manuscript, there must have been abundant occupation. Whatever subterranean communications he may have received, he does not seem to have secured much of the precious subterranean ore. Alchemy, astrology and Kelly contrived to drain him of all he received, and to reduce him to a state of great and pitiable destitution.

While in the utmost straits, gazing at the stars and stumbling over the rocks, or tangled in the briars of the dismal earth, conversing with spirits, and dunned by creditors, he received a note from his patron, Leicester, informing him that he would shortly bring a Polish noble to dine with him. It is impossible to determine whether the hopes or the fears of the sage were the more excited by this portentous intelligence. Dee had neither suitable victuals nor money to provide entertainment for noblemen. He was obliged to inform his illustrious friend that he could not entertain his self-invited guests without selling the remnant of his plate. Leicester informed Elizabeth of the distresses of her seer, and she sent him

forty angels — the most celestial visitants, and the most inspiring, that had come to him for a long time. He certainly did not entertain angels unawares when Leicester arrived for dinner May 2d, 1583, and presented Albert Laski, Prince Palatin of Seradia (*seradensis* — Sieradz?). This Polish Count, or Prince, proved to be a *bonne-bouche* for the famishing host. He submitted himself to his instructions to be indoctrinated in all the marvels of forbidden lore; he opened his purse for the other members of the triumvirate. The closest intimacy was established, and in the course of a year occasioned a painful diminution of his resources of the Palatine instead of an increase of his revenue. His means had probably vanished under the skilful manipulation of Kelly into smoke and ashes, by the projections and precipitations which consumed but did not produce gold and silver. Exhaustion of finances did not corrode the triple cord by which the colleagues were bound together. Creditors became clamorous, and all of them felt themselves forcibly attracted to foreign and more favoring shores. Laski gave assurances of cordial welcome, due appreciation, and ample fortune in Poland. Thither they bent their course in the beginning of 1584. Dee has chronicled the solemn event of their taking ship. Himself and his second wife, Jane Fromond, with the children, and Kelly and his wife, accompanied Count Laski.

They enjoyed for some months the hospitality of this Palatine at his princely seat in the south of Poland, extracting much gold from their host's purse, but none from crucible or alembic. This process of exploring the virtues of the grand *magisterium* was exhausting, and became irritating to their entertainer. He directed their attention to the neighboring kingdom of Bohemia. Thither they sped, bearing vain hopes and vainer promises to Prague, where the Emperor Rudolf II., the speculative, crack-brained, imperial adept in the black arts, held his court. They were kindly received at first, but they soon disgusted the Imperial Majesty by their arrogant demeanor. Greedy of factitious gold, and eager to make money by novel modes he might be, but the assumption and effrontery of Dee and Kelly were too much for him to brook. The prospects of the wandering magicians were further overclouded by the intervention of the Church. Their vocation and their creed alike exposed them to ecclesiastical censure. The Papal Nuncio represented in strong terms the scandal of association with heretics, alchemists, astrologers, diviners and servants of the fiend. The Emperor, already offended, yielded to these expostulations, and dismissed them incontinently. They made their exit promptly: a few hours later they would have fallen into the clutches of the Nuncio, and have ended their career in the prison or at the stake. Such hazards they may very well have prognosticated.

They returned to Poland, and sought Cracow, still sanguine though penniless, and lords of the future, though often without provision for the day. Fortune favored her blind adorers. They secured a presentation to the King of Poland. Stephen Bathory had succeeded the runagate Henry of Valois on the Sarmatian throne, and had worn the uneasy crown for a period of ten years. Dee assured him

length of life and honor, predicting the assassination of Rudolph and the succession of Stephen to the empire. He asserted that to him the abstrusest secrets of nature were laid open, and that all the uncertainties of the future were revealed. The King listened, and would willingly have believed ; but the presumptuous boasting of the seer, and the total want of other result than the arrogant repetition of his pretensions, were not long in exciting contempt.

Such adroit sharpers were not left without shelter, or exposed naked and helpless to the "pelting of the pitiless storm." Count Rosenberg, a wealthy Bohemian noble, offered them a retreat in his castle at Trebona. This protection was recompensed by the promise that he should become King of Poland, and should live five hundred years. Neither prediction was accomplished. At Trebona, the ingenious partners resumed their labors, their deceptions, and their delusions. Here Dee received instructions in the hermetic art from Kelly—" *Laus sit Deo et Doctori meo E. K.* Here Kelly did open to me the great secret, God be thanked !" Here, by his own declaration, Dee gave to Kelly "my Glass, so highly and long esteemed of our Queene and the Emperor Rodolph the second." Kelly gave it to Rosenberg ; Rosenberg gave it to the Emperor ; and how it got back to England, where it now is, is by no means apparent.

Some years of easy and abundant living, and still easier and more abundant deception, were spent in this Bohemian retreat. It did not cement the friendship of the *chevaliers d'industrie*, whom disappointments had only bound closer together. Disputes arose between them. There were quarrels and reconciliations—the ladies curiously participating in both. The controversy was only embittered by Kelly's decamping with much of the plunder that had been collected, and with some of Dee's books of enchantment.

Hereupon the Doctor began to cast anxious looks towards his English home. The relations of England with the House of Austria, after the defeat of the Spanish Armada, may have been concerned in producing such anxiety. Orders appear to have been sent from the office of the Secretary of State for the reappearance of both himself and Kelly. He, however, lingered in Germany nearly a year after Kelly's flight, alleging the want of means and the dangers of the road. When he did set out, he travelled like a prince, with three coaches, a train of wagons, and escorted by a company of horse. His expenses amounted to \$4000. Where did the \$4000 come from? Had he succeeded in the great experiment? Had Kelly, when he rifled his cabinets, overlooked a larger sum of money than they were believed jointly to have possessed? Did the Emperor afford him *bon voyage*? Did Burleigh or Walsingham furnish the supplies? Did his Bohemian friends, or the "County Palatine," raise this handsome amount in order to be relieved of his company? He would rather have relieved him of their cash than of his company, if he could have remained conveniently.

He journeyed in state, he reached England safely, and he arrived without a tester in his pouch. He immediately presented himself at court, was cordially welcomed, and in less than three weeks received from the Queen a Christmas gift of \$1000, which was a solid appreciation of services rendered or of future services expected.

The gift was very necessary to the impecunious philosopher. Shortly after his departure from England, his library had been invaded and stripped of many of its treasures. The country bumpkins round had been alarmed by the rumors, by no means unfounded, that he was assiduous in unhallowed inquiries and held intercourse with devils. Nothing offends the superstitious multitude or excites its moral indignation so much as the allegation of any professional dealings with his Satanic Majesty, or with the princes of the powers of air. Their virtuous sentiments are roused beyond all restraint. Accordingly, the mob of Mortlake, in the supposed absence of the other devils, assailed his habitation, sacked his library, plundered his books, and burnt up his conjuring-tools. This rage inflicted permanent injury upon the world, for the collections of Dee were very valuable as well as curious. Whether the creditors from whom he had absconded did not commence the ravage, may be very fairly suspected. It suited the philosopher, however, to throw the blame on the ignorant and undistinguishable multitude.

Soon after his return from Bohemia, Dee applied to the Queen for the reimbursement of his losses. He requested a commission to estimate alike his public services and his private damages. The commission was appointed. When the commissioners arrived, they found Dee in his library, with all his published works, and his manuscripts, finished and unfinished, arranged on one table, and all his vouchers, royal testimonials, passports, &c., on the other. As the secretary read his autobiography, he presented book, manuscript, testimonial or other evidence in support of its statements. The commissioners were amazed, satisfied, or overwhelmed, and made a favorable report upon his case. The Queen promised him a pension, and gave him preferment in the church by nominating him to a living in Wales and to the mastership of St. Cross, near Winchester. These advowsons were never enjoyed. A long and arduous negotiation with the Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord High Treasurer Burleigh was undertaken to secure these ecclesiastical benefices—but they were wholly unsuccessful. At length, in 1594, he resigns all hope in this quarter. "After I had hard the Archbishop his answers and discourses . . . I take myself confounded for all suing or hoping for any thing that was. And so adiew to the court and courting tyll God direct me otherwise! The Archbishop gave me a payre of sufferings to drinke."*

He had abundant reason to be dispirited. His family kept steadily increasing, and his substance was consumed in retorts, crucibles, and ashes. Yet throughout all his troubles, his hopes, his doubtful courses, his financial cares, and his uncertain appointments, he managed to live, and apparently to live well; to preserve his distinguished aspirations, to entertain high company, and to borrow money as he had been borrowing it nearly all his life.

Dr. Dee's Diary lies before us. Brief, vague, and often unintelligible as are the entries, it affords curious glimpses into his daily life and into his secret feelings. It is surprising how extensive was his

* Does this mean "a pair of sovereigns"? But the sovereign was not known in English coinage until 1817, the books say.—ED.

acquaintance with the notabilities of the time, and how cordial were his relations with them. Lord Burleigh invites him to dinner; Secretary Walsingham and Lady Walsingham were visitors at his house; Sir Philip Sydney calls upon him; Sir Walter Raleigh interests himself on his behalf; Sir Humphrey Gilbert consults with him in regard to a Northwest Passage and to his voyage to America, and Adrian Gilbert gives him an interest in all mines discovered north of fifty degrees north latitude.

When his daughter Madinia was christened, Sir George Cary, the cousin of Queen Elizabeth, was godfather, Lady Cobham and Lady Walsingham godmothers. "The unckle, Mr. Richard Candish, and his nephew the most famous Mr. Thomas Candish (Cavendish), who had sayled rownd about the world, did visit me at Mortlake." A few days later, Richard Candish, Sir George Cary, and Whitgift, Archbishop of Canterbury, urge the Queen to appoint him Provost of Eton College. Next year, "Sir Thomas Jones (unaxed) offered me the castell of Emlyn in Wales, to dwell in as long as he had any interest in it, freely, with commodities adjoyning unto it; and also as much mow land for rent as might pleasure me sufficiently: which his offers I did accept, and he was glad thereof." Nothing further, however, seems to have been done. In 1593, "Mr. Francis Blunt, brother to the late Lord Mountjoy, unkle to the Lord Mountjoy now living, and to Sir Charles of the Court, cam to be acquaynted to me. August 9. I dined with the Lord Keper (Sir John Puckering) at Kew;" and again, a week later, "I and my wife and Katharine our dowghter, dyned with the Lord Keper at Kew." After the lapse of ten days, "I was all day with the Lord Keper." In December, "the Lord Willoughby his bowntiful promise to me. The Countess of Kent, his sister, and the Countess of Cumberland visited me in the afternone." Did they come as friendly visitors, or to inquire of the stars? In either case it shows the high connections which Dee had formed. He is sent for to attend the Queen in the privy garden at Greenwich. He sups with the Archbishop, and he invites him to his cottage in return.

Dee, like most of his ambitious contemporaries, was fond of state and show; he liked to "stand before princes." These things were indeed almost a necessity in that day with any man who hoped to push his fortunes. The question naturally suggests itself: how was he able in his poverty to support the expenses of his establishment—the men-servants and the women-servants, the cattle and the horses that were his? He gives us minute details in regard to sundry receipts and expenditures, by which we are enabled to accompany him in the solicitudes of his daily life.

Within a month after his return from Bohemia, "Mr. Thomas Kelly (brother of Edward) offered me the loane of ten powndes in gold, and afterwards sent it me in Hungary new ducketes." April 19. "Mr. Emery has disbursed to me frankly betwene the tyme from Shrovetide till this May £25." May 23. Richard Candish "sent me a hogshead of claret wyne as a gift. The Lady Cobham sent my wyfe sugar, pepper, &c." June 24. "£20 of Mr. Candish by Edward Hilton." Nov. 12. "The Archbishop of Canterbury gave me £5 in ryals and angels." Nov. 28. "Mr. Candish on Saterdag gave my wife

forty shillings, and on Tuesday after sent £10 in ryals and angels, and before he sent me £20—£32 in all." Dec. 2. "Her Majestie told Mr. Candish that she would send me an hundred angels to kepe my Christmas with all." Dec. 6. the Queen sent him £50, and afterwards made the present £100. He thus received \$900 of extraordinary revenue this year, besides wine, sugar, &c., and had received \$1000 from the Queen at the preceding Christmas.

The following years are notable for borrowing:—1591. March 2. "borrowed £20 upon plate." July 28. "Mr. Dyer sent me xx angels." 1592. March 24. "£25, Mr. Thos. Mownson." May 11. "I borrowed £10 of Master Thomas Smith." December 2. "Sir Thomas George brought me a hundred marks from her Majestie." 1593. Feb. 21. "I borrowed £10 of Mr. Thomas Digges for one hole year." March 17. "At six afternone receyved from Mr. Francis Nicolls £15, part of one hundred pownds, the rest whereof, £85, is to be receyved from Mr. Nicolls within a fortnight after the annunciation of our Lady next; and after that, in the beginning of June £100, and in Julie the third hundred powndes; and I am to teach him the conclusion of fixing and teyning the moon, &c."

This last entry reveals the secret of Dee's household economy. He was gaining a livelihood, while expecting his church dignities, by astrological calculations, by prophetic disclosures, by alchemical experiments, and by indoctrinating others in his occult lore. It may justify the supposition that many of his presents were for services rendered in some of these ways. It also explains, and is explained by an entry dated in 1590, Dec. 16: "Mr. Candish receyved from the Queene's Majestie warrant by word of mowth, to assure me to do what I wold in philosophie and alchemie, and none shold chek, controll, or molest me."

These curious revelations might be greatly extended. It is rare that as thorough an insight into the life of a professional prophet can be obtained.

These questionable occupations doubtless caused his failure to receive the church-livings to which he had been nominated. A dispensation was suggested, but no dispensation could be decorously granted to one who was known from Moscow to London as an adept in the black arts, and who was supposed to be in daily converse with devils. The matter was at length compromised or salved over by his appointment to the wardenship of Manchester College.

Before following him to his new abode, it will be well to resume the story of his former friend and companion, Edward Kelly, his "scryar," who had deserted him at Trebona and ridden off to Prague. He was kindly received by the Emperor, who throughout his reign prosecuted the phantom of transmutation to the neglect of his imperial duties. Kelly professed to be in possession of the grand *magisterium*, and Dee assures us that he held the secret of the conversion of the baser metals into gold. This secured him support, employment and transitory honor. He was advanced by the Emperor to the rank of knighthood, and the Worcester apothecary henceforth appears as Sir Edward Kelly. He was put in charge of the Emperor's projections, and for some time lived in clover, drawing from the im-

Dr. John Dee and Sir Edward Kelly.

perial fisc gold for his operations, but returning none as the fruit of those operations. He had gone back to his old tricks and frauds. Either in consequence of the delay of the promised treasures, or of detection in actual embezzlement, he fell into disgrace and was shut up in prison. The Privy Council of England is said to have interceded for his liberation, which is inexplicable, unless he was a political spy. He was soon released, re-admitted to favor, and appointed by Rudolph imperial chemist. His disinclination to return to England with Dee had been ascribed to his conscious inability to achieve his professions in regard to making gold. This inability was made unpleasantly manifest to the Emperor; he again fell into disgrace, and was a second time imprisoned. He attempted to make his escape—let himself down from a high window by tying the sheets together, fell and injured himself so seriously as to cause his death in a short time. Such was the exit of the bold impostor, whose name fills a large space in the annals of alchemy, and who is the first recorded Spiritualistic medium."

We may now return to Dr. Dee. He mentions in his diary the first suggestion of his appointment to the wardenship of Manchester. The Queen seems to have been really anxious to provide for him. The Archbishop was willing to be released from his claims, and to let him hide himself in a remote retreat. The proposition was grateful to Dee. It afforded the hope of rest, dignity, and, what he most needed, ample support. The Queen afterwards expressed herself "sorry that it was so far from hens, but that some better thing neer hand shall be fownd for me."

On the same day that the patent was signed, he "borrowed £3.12 of my brother Arnold," and in the course of a month "my cozen, Mr. George Broke, gave me £50." Two months subsequently, "Margarete Dee baptized; Godfather, the Lord Keper; Godmothers, the Cowntess of Cumberland and the Cowntess of Essex"—the last was Sidney's widow and Walsingham's daughter. He proceeds in the same course, borrowing money and receiving "distinguished consideration" through the rest of this year and the beginning of the next, dining 9th October with "Syr Walter Rawleigh."

In the first weeks of 1596 Dee proceeded to Manchester, and was installed in his new office. He promptly recommenced his hospitalities, and entertained at dinner Sir John Byron and Mr. John Byron, and on a subsequent occasion Sir Henry Saville, the Earl of Derby, and other illustrious guests.

Manchester College did not, however, afford the anticipated ease. He has still to borrow and to pawn his plate. The Fellows of the College were restive under his rule; the corporate revenues fell into disorder like his own. The tenants were unmanageable, and the neighboring gentry encroaching and litigious. The tangled skeins of earthly complications were more intractable than the heavenly motions to the prophetic star-gazer. We find a few slight indications of his new annoyances in the record which he has left. He was exposed to malice and slander, and furnished occasion for them; he was fretted and worried at every turn, and still compelled to borrow at every hand; he was far from the old familiar scenes, and from the

powerful or noble friends by whom he had been sustained in former difficulties. After more than eight years of restless endeavor and fruitless contention with his Chapter, Dee resigned the Wardenship of Manchester, and returned with mortification and despondency to Mortlake. He was worse broken in fortune than ever, and more broken in spirit than in fortune. Elizabeth was dead, Raleigh was in prison, a king was on the throne who knew not Joseph, and who had written a learned volume against sorcery and witchcraft. The crushed but still aspiring Doctor, now in the 77th year of his age, applied in vain to be tried for alleged offences, that he might be cleared of vague charges and calumnious accusations. He addressed the King and the Parliament without meeting with either commiseration or redress. His former visitor and friend, Sir Robert Cecil, left his prayers unheeded, and consigned him "to cold neglect and penury and scorn," with the heartless remark: "Dee will soon go mad."

He had sorrow and distress and disappointment enough to have induced madness, but he scarcely became any madder than before. He still cast horoscopes, he still dealt in mysteries, he still employed furnace and alembic in his search for the philosopher's-stone. We have no journal of his later time. His diary ends abruptly with January, 1601. His borrowing days appear to have ended — lenders were not to be found. As Rabelais sagely remarks, it is not every man that has the luck of procuring creditors. They became with Dee angry and importunate duns as the sands of his life ran low. These visitors would not be satisfied with the fumes of sulphur, the virtues of quicksilver, or starry prognostications. Triplicities and exaltations were impotent with them. He had a clamorous brood at home, wife, "*placens uxor*," and a numerous progeny to be fed and clothed and taught. His situation was desperate: high aspirations, boundless confidence, vast acquirements, but no assurance of pottage. The scholar who had been treated with friendly confidence by Queen Elizabeth, who had been received with expectation by the King of Poland and the Emperor of Germany, who had been invited to Moscow by the Czar of Muscovy, who for fifty years had sate with princes and statesmen and dignitaries and notables, had to sell his books for a meal, and had to degrade his prophetic vocation and his heavenly scrutiny to gain an occasional tester by pretending to discover lost trifles or to recover petty thefts. He is supposed to have furnished at this period of his life the original for Subtle in Ben Jonson's *Alchemist*. In 1608, when he had reached his eighty-second year, he prepared to leave his native land once more, and to seek support, respect, dignity and ease among his correspondents and former associates in Germany. Death kindly interposed, and removed him from all earthly agony and shame to that spirit-land with which he had held such long and doubtful converse.

Dee left behind him forty-six works, most of them in manuscript. Some of the latter have since been published. Fifty years after his death, Meric Casaubon, Canon of Windsor, edited, with a learned Preface, "*A True and Faithful Account of what passed many years between Dr. John Dee and some spirits.*" Leibnitz was anxious that

both the work and the Preface should be translated into Latin. The catalogue of his library was published in the *Biographia Britannica*. About thirty-two years ago, the Camden Society published his Diary, with the list of his manuscripts, drawn up by himself. The majority of these manuscripts are concerned, directly or indirectly, with astrology, alchemy, magic, and other forbidden arts, but amongst them occur ancient classics, historians, poets, theologians, schoolmen, &c.

From the enumeration of Dee's printed books and manuscripts, we receive confirmation of the opinion, otherwise established, that he was curious and accomplished in all parts of learning. He was not merely a collector of erudite rarities, but he was a diligent student of all branches of learning. The untoward currents of the time, co-operating with congenital credulity and marvel-mongering, deflected his career into mistaken channels ; but he was ever ready to turn his stores of information to useful account. He associated with Raleigh, with the elder and the younger Gilbert, with Cavendish, and with Davis, and was consulted by them in regard to prospective discoveries in North America. The map that he unrolled on the grass before Queen Elizabeth may have had its influence in determining the patent for America, granted by her to Gilbert and to Raleigh. He retained, throughout her life, the regard and favor of the Queen ; and, till his evil days arrived, the friendship of the nobles and eminent men of the court, and of scholars both at home and abroad. He was never charged with any frauds, treacheries, or felonious malpractices, like his younger contemporary and base imitator, Dr. Simon Forman, so conspicuously infamous in the case of the Earl and Countess of Somerset. He maintained till his old age an honorable reputation, like another adept in his favorite studies, the celebrated Robert Fludd.

Dee lived in a time when superstition and credulity were rife. There was a general belief in communication with spirits, and in all the mysteries of occult science. Nostradamus preceded him. He had numerous successors, Williams, Seton, Fludd, Forman, Ashmole, &c. He left a treatise still in MS. on *The Angelick Keys*, written in the Angelick language, with an interlinear translation into English. The religious fervor of Dee is strikingly exhibited in all his most private utterances. There is nothing recorded of him, or revealed by him, which would have appeared to himself inconsistent with his clerical profession or his ecclesiastical aspirations. That he was earnest in his pursuits, enthusiastic in his studies, and, at least originally, sincere in his pretensions, however grossly deluded, there is no reason to doubt. His association with his crop-eared skryar compromised his character, darkened his career, and blunted his moral perceptions. But when a man can believe that he is visited by the archangel Uriel, and that he received from heaven a divining stone, what is there that he may not believe? We have no doubt that there was some craze in the blood — a want of balance between his teeming fancy and the judgment that should control it ; between his aspirations and his means ; between his tastes and his fortunes. He was eager, extravagant and ostentatious. His great contemporary, Bacon, had the like dispositions, but with cooler reason. Strangely

enough, Bacon is one of the few illustrious men of the time who never enters Dee's horoscope, or appears in his divining-glass. Nor is Dee ever mentioned by Bacon, notwithstanding the proximity of their residences and their simultaneous intimacy with the Queen. This ignorance of each other is rendered more remarkable by the fact that Bacon had evidently meditated largely upon the deceptive arts which occupied Dee's life, and that he furnishes us in one of his pregnant sentences with an elucidation of all the anomalies of Dee's character and career.

Notwithstanding his troubled and errant life, his destitute and unhonored age, and his problematical vocations, Dee left a most reputable family behind him. His eldest son, Arthur, whom he had tried to convert into a "skryar" at Trebona, became physician to Charles I. Francis Dee, Bishop of Peterborough 1638, is stated by Sir Bartle Frere to have been the son of the astrologer and prophet. No such son is recorded in the Diary, which faithfully reports the births, sicknesses and mishaps of the children. They were an unlucky brood, continually meeting with serious accidents. But the Diary does not really commence till shortly before his second marriage in 1578, and Francis might have been a son of the first marriage. There is a daughter Francys, born at sunrise on New Year's morning 1592, for whom the Countess of Hertford (of the royal Tudor blood) stood godmother. Much credit is due to Sir Bartle's statement, for he claims descent from Dee: his great-great-great-grandmother on the grandmother's side having been a Miss Flowerdieu, the daughter of Margery Dee, who was a grand-daughter of Dr. Dee. The silver divining-cup of the learned diviner passed down through the female line, and is now in possession of R. Temple Frere, Esq. Dr. Dee's magic stone, inexplicably recovered from Kelly and the Emperor Rudolph, was long preserved by the Earl of Orford at Strawberry Hill, and is now in the British Museum.

From this Flowerdieu family — the earliest known member of which was hanged — came, in all probability, the name of Flowerdieu Hundred, on the James River, below Richmond, in Virginia — thus furnishing another, though slender link of connection between Dr. Dee and the English colonies in America. If he had only lived forever, according to his own prediction, or if he had lived for the five hundred years that he prophesied for Count Rosenberg, he would have seen changes and revolutions greater than any he ventured to foretell, and which have surpassed everything that appeared in his enchanted cup or in his mirror of revelations.

A GLIMPSE OF NANTUCKET.

I HAD been dreaming as the train rushed smoothly through the dreary flats of the Cape Cod shore, gazing vacantly at the rain-drops on the windows, unable for the future to associate the region with anything like sunshine, and finding a sort of sleepy amusement in listening for the different "Sandwiches" that had been shouted in my ear for the last hour or two.

At the first "Sandwich" certain delicate slices of ham tucked in between coverlids of biscuit were brought to remembrance; and as breakfast could find no suitable niche at the strange, weird hour of starting that left one in doubt as to whether it was last night or the next night, the contents of the parcel were soon disposed of, with a feeling of gratitude to the little, insignificant town that had brought up so pleasing a duty.

But when this Sandwich proved to be not an isolated fact, but the parent of a large family of "North Sandwiches" and "South Sandwiches" and "East Sandwiches" and "West Sandwiches," a constant echo and repetition long after *my* sandwiches were among the things that had been, I became indignant, and eyed the conductor when he opened his mouth for a fresh "*Sand-wich*" with a feeling of sympathy for the amiable Mr. Smallweed when the partner of his bosom wrings from him the threat, "Say that again and I'll choke you!"

But suddenly came the startling words: "*Yar-mouth!* Passengers change cars for *Hy-annis* and Nantucket!"

Yarmouth! Shades of "Peggotty" and "Mrs. Gummidge"! What was it like? And was the old boat there where they all lived? And the little, wondering boy? And the sand, and the queer sea-things, and—

"This way, Ma'am, right in here! There you are!"

Lifted down from one car and almost carried into another, and deposited, book, bag and umbrella, in a wilderness of red velvet seats, with scarcely a human being on any of them—"Dan'l" and the "lone, lorn creetur," and "Ham" and "Peggotty" and "Barkis" all vanished, and left me to the companionship of a dull, heavy man and a frightened-looking boy. *This* Yarmouth was only another "Sandwich"; and the cars rushed swiftly on, as though conscious that no one would care to look at what we were passing, and finally stopped running simply because there were no tracks in the sea.

It lay there right before us, gray and leaden, on that most *un*-summer-like June day, a day that the poet would not have owned at all after committing himself to the assertion that—

"Then, if ever, come *perfect* days."

This was perfect in its way, perhaps, but it had certainly wandered out of its "spear," like many another disagreeable thing; and when

people's mouths are all set for roses and strawberries, it is not pleasant to have them filled with waterproofs and winter-flannels.

A queer little packet was waiting for us, with a cabin of liliputian dimensions, and a library composed of three ancient newspapers and an almanac. The vessel remained glued to the dock, as though loth to leave, for an hour and a half after the proper time for starting; and an old lady, who had refreshed herself with a long nap on a very doubtful-looking "bunk," innocently remarked: "A very pleasant motion this ship has; I scarcely feel it at all." A hearty laugh greeted this observation, and a lugubrious individual, with an expression of chronic sea-sickness, replied significantly:

"I guess, Ma'am, that when the craft *does* move, you'll know it."

"Aint started yet," said a young man, in a cheerful tone; "takin' on cattle. Guess we'll be off soon now, though."

"Not *started* yet?" repeated the old lady, in dismay. "Why, I thought we was half-way to Nantucket! And what in the name of patience do they want of cattle?"

"Why, you see, Mum," replied a quizzical-looking individual, "some folks has a prejudice in favor of horses and cows. I like to see a few around myself."

"Well, I never!" ejaculated the sleeper. "Are they anywheres where they can git through?"

"Get through what?"

"Why, down on our heads, or anything?" looking wildly around.

"No, Mum. If they get on anybody's heads it will be the Chinese, as they are down below."

"Oh!" said the old lady, quite relieved; "but I thought we was half-way to Nantucket."

The man with the sea-sick countenance gave her distinctly to understand that the voyage to that sand-girt island was anything but a pleasant dream; and as the ship then began to move, the speaker suddenly started up the awkward stairs, and all who had been in a standing posture laid hold of the nearest seats.

"Now there, that feller 'll hang with his head over the water," said one of his companions, "till we're landed in Nantucket harbor."

Every one laughed, as though the poor man were indulging a peculiarity that could just as well be controlled. Several other heads, however, bore him company before the voyage was ended; and the old lady declared that she should *die*, and "she didn't see why they couldn't have sailed when she was asleep — if they'd been right spry about it, they might have been half-way to Nantucket now — and she thought we *was* half-way," &c., &c.

Animated by a spirit of enterprise that seemed to startle the community, I climbed up the steep stairs to the little deck, armed with water-proof and umbrella for a pitched battle with the elements. "*Stay on deck, if you freeze*," had been the parting injunction of one who knew; and resolved to emulate the boy who stood on the burning deck — only mine was a wet one — I planted myself on a Spartan stool against the side of the cabin, and glared stolidly at the water.

The man at the wheel was my sole companion, and he proved also to be the Captain; a man with an ineffable smile, but a firmly-

grounded opinion that silence is golden. In vain did I endeavor to draw out this weather-beaten son of the ocean on subjects with which he might naturally be supposed to be familiar, and on which he might have enlightened the ignorance of a land-lubber like myself; in vain did I try to make him utter an opinion as to the *possible* time in which we might hope to reach Nantucket.

"It depended on the wind, and the wind was dead agin us."

But if the wind changed?

The man at the wheel smiled, and went on turning.

Down came the rain, fiercer and fiercer; and my silent friend encased himself in another layer of clothing. He offered me the compliment of "a coat, or something"—but I gratefully declined. I continued staring at the waves, until I became convinced of what had before been a suspicion, that we were going round in a sort of circle—for I marked a steeple and a sloping bank at Hyannis, and saw them dance before my eyes no less than three times.

The Captain did not deny the charge, and managed to collect enough words together to inform me that he was trying to avoid some dangerous rocks that had already wrecked several vessels. This gave an additional chill to my benumbed feelings; but, presently, I was thrown into a state of guilty confusion by the meekly-put question:

"Had you jest as lieves set on that other stool, so's I can look through that 'ere winder? I like to see, now and then, how I'm goin'."

Had I not asked the man until I was tired if I was at all in his way, and had he not as often assured me that I was *not*? And all this time I had been blocking up his compass! Either from the Captain's mistaken notions of chivalry, or, what seemed more probable, his unwillingness to talk, we might all have been dashed on the rocks; and it seemed not unlikely that, some day or other, he would be hung by mistake rather than explain matters.

The voyage is dreary enough, as the hours drag their slow length along; but Nantucket is reached at last, and there is a dreadful deal of confusion. All the towns-people seemed to have turned out in the rain to welcome us with open arms; for the arrival of the packet, or steamboat, is the event of the day. It is dark now, though, for the packet is behind time—the only thing about her that can be depended on; and the few facts patent to the senses are having one's bones rattled over the stones, and cobble-stones at that, in a hack that might effectually educate one out of a weakness for springs and soft cushions—a pleasant greeting—and a clean, white room, whose four walls enclosed all the explorations made in Nantucket that night.

In the morning light, Nantucket proves to be quite a town, and not by any means the fishing-village one is apt to picture it. The traveller gazes out on a paved street, and probably a staring white house that looks stiff and rigid like something frozen; and on various unpainted and weather-beaten houses, and a treeless sidewalk, and sand by the bushel. A blue glimpse of ocean refreshes the eye, dotted with sloops and schooners, while invigorating whiffs of salt air come in at the windows; sea-phrases are in every one's mouth, and things are quaint and surprising at every turn.

A man goes through the street ringing a bell, and screaming out something in a raven-like voice. You listen with the expectation that he will say "Child lost!" but he says no such thing; he is inviting you to a "Meat auction at ten o'clock, also grass. P. I. Smith, Auctioneer."

This same genius, they tell you, flourished in war times, and announced such telegrams as—"Splendid news from General Grant! Five hundred women and children killed!" This is peculiarly a Nantucket institution, and the confiding nature of the bellman is sometimes tampered with by unprincipled wits, who persuade him to deliver very startling messages.

This queer, ocean-girt island is a place by itself, both literally and figuratively—a place unknown to fame as a summer resort until quite a recent day; and its attractions are radically different from those of Cape May, or Atlantic City, or Long Branch, or peerless Newport. There are no bands of music, no hops, no picnics, no anything, in fact, that is done by pleasure-seekers in these ultra-civilised regions. The dissipations of Nantucket are bathing, fishing, and going to "Sconset."

During the day the streets present the appearance of a deserted city, as the inhabitants are a species of human owl, and only turn out at night; for the people generally do their own work, men as well as women. Many of the lords of creation, though not at all of the Mantalini style, are familiar with the wash-tub; and one brave sea-captain declared his willingness to "do up" anything but "picket-fence,"—this expression being a comprehensive term for ruffled and lace-trimmed articles, that complicated the ordinary plain sailing of the laundry operations to which he was accustomed.

Nantucket husbands are what Sparrowgrass would call "handy to have around a house"; and though at first sight it is a little comical at see men handling clothes-lines or superintending a dinner, these employments are far more creditable than lounging about with cigar or pipe, while an overworked wife tries to make one pair of hands accomplish the work of two or three. All honor, therefore, to the good-natured tars who, when off duty, lighten the home-burden so cheerfully by bearing the heaviest part themselves, and never seem to think they are doing anything in the least remarkable.

This and some other island traits are quaint enough; but nevertheless, Nantucket is not what it used to be in the memory of the oldest inhabitants. A few of the ancients linger still, with their time-honored stories of some unfortunate boat that was "stove in by a whale"; and little repasts of shells set out on small tables in the sitting-rooms are trophies of long-past voyages to the Pacific islands, made perchance by those who have since voyaged to the eternal shore! Marked men there are here and there, who are pointed out to strangers with such a terrible distinction as—"That man was wrecked, with his father and mother, among cannibals, and his father was killed and eaten before his very eyes. The mother, blessed fate! was drowned, and the young man was spared by the savages for the pleasure of his society. In time, however, he managed to escape from his horrible friends, and found his way back to the

island." Another "was at sea forty days in an open boat, with several companions, and when provisions failed, and death stared them in the face, lots were drawn, and one—" But that is too terrible to dwell upon; and the man with such an experience cannot speak of it, nor hear it referred to in any way, after the lapse of fifty years.

There were many such cases in whaling times; and no wonder that when a ship went out in those ancient days, there were many anxious eyes to watch for her return, and spell out the signal run up at the fore: "All well—2700 barrels." This accounts for the little railed platforms perched up on the summit of the sloping roofs of the old-fashioned houses—they were lookouts for the friends of the returning whalers.

The excitement of the day *now* is the arrival of the steamboat with visitors and letters in the middle of the afternoon, an advance in civilisation that the honest whalers probably never dreamed of. The steamboat, however, is sometimes off duty, going after wrecks; for there are dangerous shoals about Nantucket, and it is advertised that "the steamboat company reserve the privilege of going to all vessels supposed to need assistance, and they are at liberty to render such aid as may be required, and also to tow vessels on the passage without notice." So when the boat is announced as "off" for a day or two, and the packet, or perhaps nothing, "on," no one can have the satisfaction of taking the aforesaid company to task for it. It is rather exciting to read in the Nantucket paper that "the steamer *Island Home* started, on her arrival from Hyannis on Wednesday last, in pursuit of a wreck which had been seen the previous day floating by our island. Found the wreck between Gay's Head and No-man's Land, which proved to be the bark *Harriet Livesley*, of Pictou, on her beam-ends and full of water. The steamer towed the wreck into Tarpaulin Cove, and left her in the mud in four fathoms water."

That thirty miles of salt water between Nantucket and the continent is something of a barrier when the means of communication is thus cut off; for the packet has a peculiarity of getting stuck on the bar, or lost in a fog, and sometimes of not going at all, to the great dismay of those who are in a hurry to reach the mainland, and the provoking detention of letters to and from the island. This is particularly hard for foreigners, who do not regard existence upon the island just in the light the Tucketers do. They never go to Boston or New York or Philadelphia, not thinking it necessary to specify such small places; when they travel, they merely go "off the island," which sounds as though they dropped themselves into the water. A Nantucketer's love and admiration for his birth-place are of the strongest kind; but to those accustomed to hills and dales and trees and shrubs, the feeling is quite inexplicable. Some one has written, "You require *nothing*, positively nothing but trees and tillage to make Nantucket an earthly paradise." A few elevations of some kind in the landscape might be suggested; for the term "flat as a pancake," applies better here than to any other section of country on which it has been our fate to be stranded.

Sand is plentiful—two *boots*-ful being gathered in every walk, with-

out the slightest effort. The beach is uncomfortably soft; but the bathing is remarkably safe. Sloops and boats are visible in all directions; for the people who visit Nantucket are a restless set, and forever want to go clamming, and sharking, and blue-fishing; to Coatue after shells (periwinkles and clappers), and Brandt Point to see the lighthouse, and Tuckermuck after quohogs. Sharking isn't half so much as it sounds; the sharks in question being merely large fish with an inordinate tendency to teeth, as they have three rows twisted like thorns, and an innumerable reserve force ready to shoot forth when these are lost, but they are said to be quite innocent of any acquaintance with the taste of human flesh.

The return from these expeditions is characterised by scorched noses and bronzed complexions, with a general demoralisation of appearance, and a state of appetite that is quite alarming. Meanwhile the Tucketers stay at home, and look serenely forth upon the antics of their visitors. They are great talkers, and many of their phrases have a decided salt-water flavor about them. No one takes a walk in Nantucket, they "go on a cruise;" aimless wandering is "shooting round;" and "hauling off" one's clothes a common occurrence.

The place is like nothing in the world but itself; and grass grows between the pavements, showing that business is not brisk there. There are about twenty women to every man; for all who have souls above retail stores, emigrate to more promising fields. There are a number of shops and dry-goods' establishments on a small scale; also, two or three ice-cream saloons; and any one in search of an entirely new experience may be gratified at one of these festive establishments. Shell-stores flourish, and much taste is displayed in the arrangement of the numerous shell-pieces on exhibition. Crosses, anchors, harps, and even cats, are represented in sea-moss, ornamented with shells and red beans; and most visitors desire to carry off some such trophy of the quaint little island.

There is a small museum in connection with the library at the "Athenæum," but the curiosities are rather meagre; and the "old salts" of the place talk mournfully of the great fire over twenty years ago, when curiosities that could never be replaced were reduced to ashes. One practical gentleman in this crisis hesitated for a moment between the respective merits of a cot-bedstead and a cabinet of rare shells that were the delight of his daughter's heart. The cot-bedstead carried the day, for, as he sagely remarked, "*that* was useful," and the choice shells became an indiscriminate mass of lime.

Ornamentation in Nantucket assumes curious phases, and breaks out in a very unexpected manner. Select assortments of whales' teeth, sometimes illustrated with a pen-and-ink representation of the contest with the monster from which the tooth was taken, are frequently displayed; and it is not uncommon to encounter the entire jaw of a shark, distended in a chronic grin worse than that of any Cheshire cat. Figure-heads of wrecked vessels are used for adorning, and a very pretty little garden is decorated with a hideous wooden female, whom it would be quite appalling to meet by moonlight alone, but who deludes a polite, though near-sighted, gentleman into doffing his beaver every time he passes her.

There is plenty of boating and fishing at Nantucket ; sharks and blue-fish are to be had for the trying, and cod-fish and perch are abundant. A pretty little sloop, the *Undine*, makes frequent trips to "the Point," which is a great resort for bathers ; and the sail of a mile and a half over the bright blue water, dotted with little vessels, while the receding town looks quite imposing in the distance, is just about enough of the sea for those who have a cat's horror of the water. There are several sandy points on the island ; Brandt's Point has a very ordinary lighthouse, but at Sankaty Head, about eight miles from the town, there is a much finer one. The Sankaty Head lighthouse is quite a grand affair ; it has a flashing light, and is distinctly visible over forty miles at sea.

Coatue Point is a strip of sand running out into the sea, with no vegetation but the prickly beach-grass, and no productions but shells, clappers, periwinkles, mussels, &c. ; nothing very choice, but sufficient to attract people not used to sea-side treasures — as an old lady expressed it, "poor creeturs that hardly ever see a shell." So visitors go to Coatue, rather to the amusement of the natives, and load themselves with clappers and pebbles, things which an unappreciative islander compared in value to "a lot of broken crockery."

Superb water-lilies abound at Nantucket, and rough boys, with bare feet and no soul for the beautiful, peddle them around at a penny a piece, till one longs to take the whole stock from their desecrating hands and lay them amid ferns and mosses in a cool, shaded room, where they soon raise their drooping heads and send forth the rich, subtle odor that seems to penetrate all the senses.

Apparently the most flourishing product of this barren island is an extensive crop of sun-burnt boys, with overgrown hats and undergrown garments, for whose idle hands Satan finds some mischief still ; but their dangerous propensities are kept in wholesome check by stringent laws that would make a New York specimen of the genus rampant for his undisputed right to make himself generally disagreeable and alarming. An annual Fourth of July proclamation forbids the use of anything more formidable than torpedoes, and in Nantucket, after the innocent ringing of church-bells in the middle of the night by some uncommonly animated natives, Fourth of July seems to die a natural death, and take its place among the things that have been.

Public spirit is at a dreadfully low ebb, or rather may be said to have died out altogether ; for almost every one has just an elegant insufficiency to live upon, which insufficiency is not invested in land, but in United States bonds, and a dollar under such circumstances looks as large as ten where money is constantly changing hands. Once upon a time the streets of Nantucket were lighted with gas, by what spasm of enterprise has not transpired ; but some economical spirits made the unfortunate discovery that darkness is cheaper than light, and the expensive illuminators were dragged from their places and consigned to an ignominious tomb in the engine-house. Strangers now stumble about the streets at night in a state of despair ; but practice has made the natives expert at walking in the dark. The houses generally depend upon the brilliant and sweet-scented light of kerosene, while some few are favored with gas.

Siasconset, seven miles distant from the town of Nantucket, is a sort of Central Park for Nantucket, if there can be such a thing without trees ; everybody drives out there, picnics are frequent, and no one is thoroughly acclimated until he has been to 'Sconset. A funny little place, with houses that look like playthings, horrible smells of fish, and any quantity of fleas. It is directly on the ocean, which dashes against it on two sides ; and nothing but the wild Atlantic lies between the little fishing-village and the old world. The place seems wrapped in a dreamless sleep ; and a procession of cows over the grassy road is an event to be thankful for.

Almost every house in town is adorned with a map of Nantucket County, as Massachusetts grandly calls the sandy oases in the ocean that one finds it so difficult not to fasten to Rhode Island in directing a letter. It contains no less than ten or twelve settlements, which have been left in possession of their ancient Indian names. Tuckermuck is famous for clams — *quohogs* an indignant writer insists on having them called — Mattaquet for fishing, and Miacomet for hay. At the last-mentioned place there is one house and barn ; but the man who lived there has moved to 'Sconset. Quidnit, Quaise, and Polpis, have a few settlers, and plenty of sharks and sand ; but the centre of gaiety and dissipation is Nantucket town ; that, as the natives proudly tell you, had a narrow escape of being a city.

Nantucket is not a pretty place ; it is flat, and almost treeless ; and it is not at all what it ought to be, a true sea-side settlement, for it tries to be a little of everything, and is, of course, a lamentable failure ; but is a fresh, invigorating sort of place, and there are pleasant, whole-souled people in it. Sea-breezes are plentiful, and rather rough in their attentions, as they make nothing of turning umbrellas inside-out and knocking sundowns into cocked hats ; they bronze one's face too, even through a double veil ; but they bring health and vigor in their wake, and something of the spirit of the old whalers who contributed so largely to make Nantucket what the islanders so proudly call it, the land of the free and the home of the brave.

ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

THREE OF SHAKSPEARE'S MERRY MEN.

INTRODUCTION.

THERE is as much variety in the half-witted folk Shakspeare has created as in any other set of characters he has given us ; nor is there any type of human nature among all his wonderful creations which more strikingly illustrates his genius. That strange "myriad-mindedness" which enabled him to enter into sympathy with every form of human emotion, to comprehend alike the heights and the depths, the narrowness and the amplitude, the grandeur and the littleness, the strength and the weakness of humanity in both its sexes, is to be seen and delighted in no less in such lower manifestations of that unknown quantity we call soul as Touchstone, Launcelot Gobbo, and Autolycus, than in the nobler persons of Hamlet and Othello, Portia and Imogen, or the conceptions beyond humanity of creatures like Ariel, Caliban, Puck, Titania, and Queen Mab. Nor is this type of character worthy of study only because of its presenting what may be called the negative pole of humanity — not stupidity always, but intellectual power confused, warped, dwarfed, misdirected, ineffective. It is something more than this as presented by Shakspeare. The diversity of forms in which the type appears in his works, the marked individuality of each, the characteristic way in which the type is lost in the *person*, exhibit the grand method of this creative mind as fully as the same artistic powers are to be perceived in the synthesis of his nobler creations, and point us to the truth that man in his lowest condition, so long as he retains the traits of man at all in thought and feeling, is something more than a classification ; that the very waywardness and crazy wit and dishonest shrewdness of his nature are multiform, and cannot be reduced to fixed laws and measured by statistics in the individual, though they may be in the mass ; and that the element of *character* is a power capable of giving distinction to the weakest combination of physical and intellectual forces.

Coleridge told Crabb Robinson that he regarded Shakspeare's fools as supplying the place of the ancient chorus. "The ancient drama, he observed, is distinguished from the Shakspearean in this, that it exhibits a sort of abstraction, not of character, but of idea. A certain sentiment or passion is exhibited in all its purity, unmixed with anything that could interfere with its effect. Shakspeare, on the other hand, imitates life, mingled as we find it with joy and sorrow. We meet constantly in life with persons who are, as it were, unfeeling spectators of the most passionate situations. The fool serves to supply the place of some such uninterested person where all the other characters are interested. The most genuine and real of Shakspeare's fools is in *Lear*; in *Hamlet* the fool is, as it were, divided into several parts, dispersed through the play."

In this opinion Coleridge certainly errs, through that snare of philosophical minds, the passion for generalising. Shakspeare's genius will not submit to classification; it is too wide, universal and various. The remarks of that subtle thinker, as reproduced by Crabb Robinson, will apply to some of Shakspeare's fools, but most assuredly there are others who do not fail in sympathy with the prominent actors of the drama. What shall we say of such characters as Touchstone, who voluntarily follows his mistress into exile and poverty; and the very instance cited by Coleridge, the fool in *Lear*, who certainly does feel sympathy for the tragic destiny of the poor old king? The truth is that each of Shakspeare's fools may be said to act a distinct part in the play in which he is placed; and Shakspeare seems to have emphatically refused to consider this character in the conventional light in which he had been formerly regarded; and, giving to him in each separate play a definite individuality, the poet re-created the primitive conception in a new form in each new world of human action in which he placed him.

Nor does Coleridge's sweeping assertion in respect to the unsympathising posture of the Greek chorus hold good at all points. In the Greek drama the chorus sometimes took a warm interest in the events of the play, and even on some occasions took an active part on one side or the other. Thus the chorus in *Medea* aided that wronged and raging Chriemhild of the Hellenic myths in her fearful revenge by acceding to her demand for their silence in regard to her fatal designs. In fact the Greek drama, though never complex like that of the Teutonic races, is by no means so rigid as it is usual to represent it. The comic muse of Aristophanes uses the chorus for a variety of purposes, has choral bands that are nullities in the conduct of the play, and others that are more active than some of his personages, and sometimes introduces several choruses into the same play.

Yet, though erring in the explication of his doctrine, Coleridge had some foundation for the general statement that the ancient chorus and Shakspeare's minor characters, including the fools, answered the same end in their relation to the chief personages of the play. Partly because simultaneously with their religious origin all dramatic representations in every age and land had from the first a popular and festive element, mingling the awe felt for the superhuman with the joy felt for the harvest and the vintage; partly because the presentation of the ideal and the heroic for the satisfaction of one class of spectators, had to admit by its side the presentation of the practical, familiar and trivial for the delectation of another class. The drama had always been double-faced. Even the tragedy of the Greeks has in its chorus a trace of the every-day side of life; and in the plays of Euripides the farcical intrudes at times into the realm of the terrible. In the drama of the Elizabethan age this wedding of the real with the ideal, of the grotesque and the ludicrous with the beautiful, was carried to its highest pitch, and became so systematic a practice as even to mar the plays of writers like Massinger, who were incapable of producing pure comedy, and in attempting it, were merely gross without becoming witty.

The real forerunners of Shakspeare's fool were the vice of the mediæval morality-plays and the comic devil of the mystery plays, characters brought together in many of the mediæval plays; and these were gradually blended with the character and office of the jester or *Hoffnarr* kept by every great lord and prince in feudal times to entertain him and his household with impromptu wit. The jesters of kings' and nobles' courts played that part, and performed those functions for the pleasure of the great, which writers like Rabelais, Cyrano de Bergerac, Le Sage, Cervantes, Swift, Fielding, Sterne, Count von Platen, Heine, and others, have since done for the public; sometimes bitter and cynical satirists, sometimes joyous humorists, but always seeking for philosophy in the laughable side of man's nature and destiny.

The novel of modern literature, which replaced the Elizabethan drama, took the same large compass in its artistic treatment of human life, and brought into the same strong contrasts the elements of action and suffering, and both phases of interested observation, that of the laughing and that of the weeping philosopher. Jesters akin to Shakspeare's are to be found in many of the creations of Sir Walter Scott, from an Edie Ochiltree to a Wamba. Shakspeare's range and variety, however, in this as in all other classes of conceptions, is much wider and richer than can be found in any other artist. His highest type of the class is Sir John Falstaff, Prince Hal's self-constituted jester, a creation strongly resembling the Dionysos (Bacchus) of Aristophanes in the comedy of the *Frogs*. His lowest are creatures like Costard, Moth, Launce, Falstaff's followers, and the clown who brings Cleopatra the deadly "aspics," an impersonation of mere rusticity, if indeed some of these are to be properly ranked among the clowns and fools of Shakspeare in the sense in which the title of this series takes them.

In Shakspeare's own day, the actors who played the parts of clowns and fools were the famous Tarleton, supposed to have been the original of the lamented "Yorick," and his successor William Kempe, who was also a fellow share-holder with Shakspeare in the Blackfriars Playhouse on the Bankside, at the very beginning of the great poet's career. Richard Tarleton was immensely popular, not only in his own day but long after his death. Collier states that "tracts dated much after the Restoration are full of his praises." His picture was used as one of the illustrations to the plays published. His readiness of wit and the quizzical character of his face were such, that Fuller says he could always restore Queen Elizabeth to good humor, however gloomy her mood might be. His physical advantage for moving to mirth lay in the fact that he was "hare-eyed," or as Collier explains the epithet, "the eye-ball projected, and gave him what is called a glare." The year after his death, which took place in 1588, there appeared a book purporting to be the work of one of his old companions, called *Tarlton's Newes out of Purgatorie*. "The work," says Collier, "commences by lamenting the loss of Tarlton, who had been so great a favorite at the theatre, and was so famous for that species of humorous performances, then and afterwards called 'jigs,' consisting of singing and recitation accompanied by the sound of the pipe

and tabor. The writer feigns a dream, in which he saw the ghost of Tarlton, dressed as he usually was upon the stage, 'in russet, with a buttoned cap on his head, a great bag by his side, and a strong bat in his hand ; so artificially attired for a Clowne, as I began to call Tarlton's wonted shape to remembrance.' Harleian MS. 3885 contains a rather elaborately and carefully executed likeness of Tarlton, accompanied by some explanatory lines, in which the reader is informed that the celebrated actor is represented as —

'When he in pleasaunt wise
The counterfet expreste
Of Clowne, with cote of russet hew,
And sturtups with the rest.'

. . . It appears from a scene in the old play of *The Three Lords and Three Ladies of London*, 1590, 4to, that an engraving of Tarlton, doubtless on wood, was then current. Tarlton was famous for his 'flat nose,' as well as for 'the squint of his eye.' In the work before us Tarlton gives a description of Purgatory, and introduces many tales, among them that of Friar Onion, the Crane with one Leg, etc., from Boccaccio, although he does not state the source from which he derived them. To these succeed a translation of *Ronsard's Description of his Mistress*, in lyric verse, and some more novels, the whole work being intended as a vehicle for merry stories. It appears at the end that Tarlton had been appointed 'to sit and play Jigs all day on his taber to the ghosts,' as a punishment for his sins on earth, and beginning one of them, to show how much better he performed after death than when he was alive, the shrill sound of the pipe awoke the author, and his dream was over." Tarleton was himself an author, and published during his lifetime a volume called *Tarltons Toyes*, and another called *Tarltons Tragicall Treatises*, while soon after his death appeared *Tarltons Jests*, which was in three parts, and included "his Court witty Jests, his sound City Jests, and his Country pretty Jests."

William Kempe was one of the most eminent of the clowns of Shakspeare's day, and succeeded Tarleton in his parts, as he was himself succeeded by Robert Armin, after he had seceded from Shakspeare's company at the accession of James the First, and gone over to "The Prince's Players." One of Kempe's favorite parts was *Dogberry*. He made himself peculiarly obnoxious to the Puritans, as he ridiculed them on the stage with great zest and success, and he was accordingly bitterly attacked in the Marprelate tracts. His memory is also associated with the transmission, by his "applauded merriments" in the comedy of *A Knack to Know a Knave*, of Dr. Andrew Borde's tales of the Three Wise Men of Gotham, to another generation of laughers, through the increased popularity which his comic efforts gave the theme.

Kempe seems to have been fond of rapid movements, as he twice laid wagers to visit certain places and return within a certain time. His first wager was to dance a morris from London to Norwich, on which adventure of his Thomas Deloney, a writer of ballads about the Armada and of a novel called *Thomas of Reading*, wrote several ballads. His other wager was to go to Rome and be back by a certain date. It was during this hurried trip to Rome that he there

visited Sir Anthony Sherley, an adventurous Englishman, often alluded to in the plays of that age, who had been at the court of the Shah of Persia, endeavoring to stir him up against the Turks, and had returned by way of Rome. This meeting was introduced into a play by Day, Wilkins, and Rowley, called *The Travels of the Three English Brothers*, in which Kempe appeared, says Collier, in his own person before the audience. On one occasion Kempe was by accident run through the leg by a sword (probably on the stage), and an anecdote is told in one of the books of Jests mentioned by Collier, of how he tried to gull a country gentleman who came to visit him, and asked how he came by that mischance. "He told him, and withal, 'troth, saith he, I received the hurt just eight weekes since, and I have line [lain] of it this quarter of a yeare, and never stirr'd out of my chamber.'"

These are trifles; but every little incident or trait which may serve to illustrate the character of Shakspeare's fools, and of the actors who played these parts, is of interest in the inquiry I am inviting the reader to make.

Another actor reputed to have played these parts was the notorious Hugh Peters, executed as one of the regicides. The statement is made by Dr. Yonge in his *England's Shame, or the unmasking of a Politick Atheist; Being a Full and Faithful Relation of the Life and Death of that Grand Impostor Hugh Peters*. He states that, after being expelled from Jesus College, Cambridge, Peters became "the Jester (or rather a Fool) in Shakespears Company of Players: *Omne simile est appetibile sui similis*, every like desires his like. There he so long sported himself with his own deceivings, till at last, like an Infidel Jew, he conceived preaching to be but foolishness, and time spent in Gods House to hear his Oracles was a means to destroy his and his complices vain recreations." Collier thinks the whole story of Peters's connection with Shakspeare's company probably untrue, as *The Tales and Jests of Mr. Hugh Peters*, published about the time of his execution, makes no mention of the imputation against him that he had been an actor. That Peters had wit is evident from the following anecdote quoted by Collier from the book just mentioned: "Mr. Peters walking at full Change time on the Royal Exchange, a certain person comes to him, and whispering in his ear, sayes to him—Mr. Peters you are a Knave, or else you had never gaind so much wealth as you have. Say you so? said he: Marry, if you were not a fool, you would be a Knave too."

Some of these players were famous for their ready wit, and it was customary for persons in the audience to fling upon the stage or to suggest in whispers (for the gentry sat very near the performers) what were called "themes," in order, says Collier, "that the popular and humorous actor who sustained the part of Clown might reply to them or descant upon them in extempore verse." John Singer, a comic actor of Shakspeare's time but not in his company, prepared during the time of the plague when theatrical exhibitions in London were forbidden, a book of such impromptus, and published it in 1600 under the title of *Quips upon Questions, or a Clownes conceits on occasion offered*.

The players in these parts being popular with "the general," were also but too apt to assume to themselves an undue share of the in-

terest of the play, and to spoil the dramatist's finer work with their excess of buffoonery. This vice Shakspeare chastises in the caution which he puts into the mouth of Hamlet when he is giving lessons to the players: "And let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them. For there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though in the mean time some necessary question of the play be then to be considered: that's villainous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it." Indeed the customs described by Dyce, which I shall presently quote, though we can trace marks and remains of them in many of Shakspeare's plays, were kept greatly in check, and restrained into decent subordination to the main ends of the play, by that great writer's authority, assisted no doubt by Burbage's sound judgment and confidence in the poet's business sagacity. Dyce, in describing the stage of the early Elizabethan time, says: "During the play the clown would break forth into extemporaneous buffoonery; there was dancing and singing between the acts; and at the end of the piece there was a song or a jig, a farcical rhyming composition of considerable length sung or said by the clown, and accompanied with dancing and playing on the pipe or tabor." Those of us who have listened to the performances of "Negro Minstrels," and watched the absurdities of the circus-clown, can imagine the early Elizabethan clown by putting the two forms of modern drollery together, though the vision will still lack the added humor of contrast with the heroic or stately or lovely personages of the drama with whom the clown was associated. Thus Shakspeare found the clown or jester on the stage with all his functions already developed, sometimes producing merriment legitimately in connection with the thread of the story enacting, and through his contact with the regular characters of the comedy; sometimes taking license to make his jests entirely outside of the limits of the play. This irregularity was of course incompatible with the demands of a true work of art; and Shakspeare seems to have confined his players to the parts written for them; and, in the very act of keeping his jesters closely linked with the story and an integral part of the play, he has made them the creations of wondrous variety in their mirth and their philosophy which we find them to-day. As Lowell well says: "He finds the clown and fool upon the stage,—he makes them the tools of his pleasantry, his satire, and even his pathos."

So much in the way of preliminary statement: and now I pray such of you good people as care to go with me in a leisurely ramble through the sunny places where Shakspeare has left tokens of his joy in the brightness and sweetness of life, to turn some lovely morning to *Twelfth Night* and take your fill of delight in the rich feast of mirth you will find there, as that is the first stage in our journey, for no other reason than that it seems to me the most glad some of all the plays. But before I leave you to that pleasant pastime, entreating you to take your fill of gaiety, let me quote for your justification and contentment good old Izaak Walton's indignant protest against ostentatiously grave men. "Let me tell you, Sir," says the charming old Angler, "there be many men that are by others taken to be

serious and grave men, whom we condemn and pity. Men that are taken to be grave, because nature hath made them of a sour complexion ; money-getting men, men that spend all their time, first in getting, and next in anxious care to keep it ; men that are condemned to be rich, and then always busy or discontented." Sure I am, that neither I nor my readers come under the wise Angler's reprobation. No, we shall take every blameless form of merriment we can get into our breasts, and remember gladly that, according to the Wise King's table of times, there is a time to laugh. So let us listen to these merry folk of Shakspeare, knowing that they were fit to be presented by the great comic players, of whom the worthy Mayor of Quinsborough says, in Thomas Middleton's play of that name :—

"Oh, the Clowns that I have seen in my time !
The very peeping out of one of them would have
Made a young heir laugh, though his father lay a-dying ;
A man undone in law the day before
(The saddest case that can be) might for his second
Have burst himself with laughing, and ended all
His miseries. Here was a merry world, my masters !
Some talk of things of state, of puling stuff ;
There's nothing in a play like to a clown,
If he have the grace to hit on it, that's the thing indeed ;
The king shews well, but he sets off the king."

By the way, this absurd Mayor's criticism on the clown who was to play before him, informs us of one of the popular requirements in that day. This related to the clown's complexion, the Mayor objecting to this player :—

"Fye ! fye ! your company
Must fall upon him and beat him ; he's too fair, i' faith,
To make the people laugh."

But I am staying too long to introduce my matter. Let us usher in the Jester Feste ; for in the words of this same Mayor,—

"Here's the part now
That carries away the play ; if the Clown miscarry,
Farewell my hopes for ever, the play's spoil'd."

C. W. H.

[CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.]

ANTIGONE'S FAREWELL TO HAEMON.

I.

“**A**ND thou wilt come some day perchance, and stand
 Within this cell, and to these blank walls cry
 For comfort and a token—Haemon, then
 Upon this stone projecting place thy hands
 And think—*this* holds Antigone's farewell.
 'Twas here she pressed her cheek, and ling'ring left
 A last embrace; her hopeless tears fell here,
 And in this flinty mass doth lie a name—
 A name breathed there by lips that learned Love's sweet
 But from its bitterness, that knew its height
 But by its depth, and all that it might win
 By what it was denied: ah then, the gods
 Be kind and grant some comfort to thy soul!

“Imprisoned air, if ever there doth come
 One bright and fair as I am dark, who calls
 ‘Antigone! Antigone!’—dear air,
 Kind air, not always held in bonds as now,
 By aught that ever precious was or is—
 Faint memories of vale sequesterèd,
 Or isle asleep upon the quiet bosom
 Of the unvexèd, beatific river;
 Or if thou erst didst sigh above the sea,
 And soothe the waves for lorn Alcyone;
 Or fanned the brow of that pale Clytie
 Who dying made thee Pity's heir, so gave
 Thy kindnesses to me—by these I pray
 Thou to his wounded spirit whisper peace,
 And softly breathe to him my last farewell.

“And if he come not,
 Ere yet with waiting thou art quite consumed,
 Escape unto the palace of the king,
 And seek my lord, him whom they fondly call
 ‘Delight of Thebes,’ Haemon, whose flowing locks
 Surpass the gleaming of his golden crest,
 Whose gracious eyes a kindred glow diffuse;
 Whose very accents have a golden ring,
 As when true metal strikes its own and throws
 Harmonious on the air a perfect chord.
 Thou'lt need but breathe the sigh of any maid
 Thou meet'st, to know if aught has fallen him;

And if it be as I do fear—for all my clouds
Are dark with storm—seek thou his grave, and bring
From hence to mine some seed that thereon grew,
That sister buds may bloom where we do lie.”

Lamented thus the lost Antigone,
Prisoned till slaves had dug her living grave.
For yesternight she had essayed to give
Her brother Polynices burial;
When as with trembling hands she tore the earth
From an unfinished grave, the moon uprose,
And lo! beyond the crescent of the hill
A guard of armèd men kept silent watch;
Unnoting which, about the prostrate form
She flung her arms, and thus did cry aloud:
“This is no time for tears, nor yet for speech.
The happy dead have these: above their graves
Friends weep and purple flowers of grief spring up,
But thou, my Polynices, friendless art,
And art denied a grave, so must forego
The mourners and the mourning.

But thou hast

A battle-field *on* which to lie, not *in*,
And broken spears spring up where hyacinths
And pale anemones should blow their sweets.
And must this be? Shall beakèd birds of prey,
Black-winged and foul (I hear them in the trees
Of yonder dark ravine. They are not birds,
But feathered fiends sent by Tisiphone
To finish out the measure of our woe)—
Ravage the sacred shrine where dwelt the soul
Of Polynices?

Nay, hands be swift and strong to save your own;
And thou, faint heart, discard thy sex, and grow
Courageous for this once, and afterward
I'll give thee rest, poor heart, poor weary heart—
I'll give the rest for ever, evermore.”
So saying, she undid the silken scarf
That frayed, and all its saffron lustre stained
With gory red, still to his girdle clung,
And thrust it 'neath her breast; which, touching it,
(As from its stains heroic blood had leapt
Into the shrunken channels of her heart)
Grew for a single moment brave again—
Grew for a single moment brave, and then
She drooped her head upon his silent breast
And sighed, she who erewhile had banished sighs,
And wept, though she had said “Let sobs come after;

They will fill up the hours of other nights" —
 And made a moan suppressed yet most distinct,
 And of a supreme sadness ; so once moaned
 The lotus-bound sad Dryope interluding
 The morn and evening breezes, and the night-winds
 That slumber not, with monodies of grief ;
 So childless Niobe and Alcyone,
 Crying "I am no more ; I perished with my dead !" —
 So broken hearts have ever made their plaint.
 (E'en Naiades beside tall fountains sporting,
 Lament to see the blue-flag's bruised stalk,
 Over burnt sedges in midsummer grieve,
 And when chill autumn winds the woodlands haunt,
 So shrilly, shrilly moan, that old men dream
 Of winter snows and death, turn in their beds
 And sigh in unison.)

Lamenting thus

She faltered forth, "Farewell, a last farewell !
 O old man groping on yon shadowy shore,
 Soon shall I join thy side and feel thee rest
 Upon my arm" — then lifted up her face
 And saw the armed men and knew her doom.

II.

"Haemon, is it
 The darkness of the coming night I feel ?
 (So thick the gloom doth lie about this cell),
 Or hath the blackness of the one just gone
 Remained to haunt the hours and my soul ?
 O Night ! hard-eyed and unrelenting night,
 Where is the justice of the gods, that thou
 Who shouldst have died and sunk to Erebus
 Long hours ago — (are not thy dusky poppies
 Ungathered yet ? do not thy dreams around
 Lie thickly strewn ?) art rioting all day ?
 Rehearsing o'er and o'er thy hideous self,
 Until again I hear shrill whispering,
 And the slow heavy tread of trained slaves ;
 Then darkness all, except thy face, my Haemon,
 Sole sweetness of my life, and, woe is me !
 Last drop in that night's cup of wretchedness,
 I see thy pallid, gleaming face and eyes,
 Through which I gazed into thy inmost soul ;
 Thine eyes, whose most despairing yearning orbs
 Fastened themselves on mine until I sank
 Into oblivion.
 So all this day, or night, whichever it is,
 I look into thine eyes, and read therein

Such tales of hopelessness as even I,
Born in the gloom of moonless eventide,
And by the Graiaë nursèd, had not known;
And yet I thought I knew all shapes of woe,
All forms wherein still sorrow broods and makes
A habitation, or deep sadness lurks.
Who better than Antigone may tell
The measurement of tears? how round they are,
How salt and bitter to the taste, how warm,
How cold, and just the curve and length of time
They take to journey to the lips, the chin,
The desolated breast from whence they came?
Ay, I know them;
From those that soften like the spring-time rain,
To briny drops corroding where they fall,
Born with such throes that nature perishes
Chief mourner to herself, and not too soon.
Who has no tears has only death for friend,
And unto me this time of dearth has come."

Thus murmuring, and forward bent, she sat,
With languid hands still claspèd on her knees,
And eyes—black orbs they were and fathomless
As mountain tarns o'erhung by precipices
Beneath a midnight arch of cloudless sky—
That looked not down, but out and far away,
As if they saw through walls and time and space.

Nor shrank she from her fate, but acquiescent,
As having drained the very lees of death,
And from then till now unmoved had sat
A shadow in the dimness, darkening it,
And to the stillness adding more repose.
Such hush as is in dusk corridors was there,
As flits beneath old tapestries, and creeps
Up flights of stairs and down, and lifts the latch,
And makes the lamp burn low, taps soft at doors,
Till watching crones, affrighted, bid their beads
And cross their breasts and brows, and feebly cry,
"Death, death is here!" Such hush was in that cell;
And even when she spoke 'twas there, and grew
In such proportion that it drank her voice,
And only left some restless ghosts of sound
That mated with itself, to haunt the air.

"I have thought," she said, "till thought no longer is,
But, grown a presence real and tangible,
Mocks me with certainty. How many times
To-night have I put forth these arms of mine

To guide thy steps, O Œdipus, my father!
 How often felt thy hand upon my face,
 There reading each familiar line with fond
 And faltering touch! No, this was not a dream;
 For as I felt the pressure on my brow
 And cheek, and on the long lengths of my hair,
 I saw thy features pale, with shrunken orbs,
 And marked thy length of silver hair, thy beard
 Rolling its foam-white wave adown thy breast,
 And heard thee whispering as once before,
 'Antigone, my child, which way lies Thebes?
 Turn thou these sightless orbs that they may bid
 The city of their pride and of their shame
 A last farewell.'

It was that sultry eve when we were waiting
 Upon the steep hill's summit, tarrying
 Until the tears of tender night had cooled
 The burning sands beneath thine unshod feet,
 And bathed the fever from thine aching brow:
 'Twas then I eastward turned thy face, my father,
 And heard thee say, 'So at the close of day
 Should die the worn and weary. Come to me,
 O thou who lurk'st in yonder awful grove,
 I may not journey further. Not thine arms,
 Antigone, are these I feel around me.
 Thou leavest me without a kiss, my daughter!
 Ah, shadow, thou wert nearer than I thought,
 But not less terrible!'

And then I clasped thy sinking form, and drew
 Thy cold face to my own, and cried, 'My father,
 I have not left thee! See, I hold thee still!'
 But other arms than mine were round thee then,
 And other kisses sealed thy frozen lips.
 Oh! to me thou wert father, mother, child—
 All dearest names in one! I tended thee,
 Guided thy steps, oft bore thee in mine arms,
 And mourned thy loss as never mother mourned
 Her first-born babe; as never desolate wife
 Mourned the lost husband of her happy youth."

III.

Still it was night,
 And still she sat, waiting with languid hands
 Upon her knees and forward bent; sometime
 Discoursing with her lover and the air;
 Sometime with Polynices and her sire,
 And then again with Haemon, him whom first
 She called upon, saying:—

"I might have known
No well of gladness dwelt in me to slake
Love's constant thirst; but bitter springs instead,
Whose waters slay. Did I not often bid
Thee mark how dark the shade on brow and hair,
How not a tint of heaven's blue abode
In eye or veinèd lid, but violet
The current ran beneath my pallid skin,
And luckless night dwelt in the dusky eyes
That loved to gaze into the blue of thine?
Did I not so?

Yet in this dungeon now,
With Death beside me (in thy place, my love),
It pleases me to think thou wouldst not hear,
Or hearing thou wouldst only gently chide:—
'A dusky bird art thou, Antigone?
Rememberest thou not the loftiest flights
And sweetest notes belong to nightingale
And crested lark, brown-robed creatures who
Are piercèd, like thyself, with melancholy,
And like thee too, diviner for their grief.
Then speak no more of pretty Iôlé,
Or bright Diantha, nor of Artemis,
Her sister twin, two flowers upon one stalk,
Though one is rosy red, the other white
As lilies are, and haughty as the goddess
Whose name she bears, and chaste and cold as she.
Recall, Antigone, how radiant
Was star-like Arganthônê; roseate
Her bloom, and bluer than blue hyacinths
Her gracious tender eyes, yet is she dead.
Think then that bright as thou art dark shall be
Thy coming years; or think thou not at all,
But gladly take the gifts the gods bestow
As I thy love with faith unquestioning.'
So thou; and I, who held my breath to catch
Thine every accent, hopeful grew by thee,
Saw with thine eyes the future—I am here.

"I had a dream erewhile—I know not when—
I dreamt one single step without this cell
Were purple plains and streams perpetual,
Pellucid streams that wash all stain away,
Appease all thirst, and every lingering trace
Of tears obliterate. I saw, and longed
For just one plunge, one draught, one stroll beneath
Those everlasting trees that throw their shadows
To the land's far verge. The streams replied 'To-morrow!'

As answering my thought, the breezes sighed
'To-morrow!'—unseen voices sang 'To-morrow!'
Better that morrow than those twilights dear
We knew, those twilights redolent of sweets—
Narcissus, dewy-white, and pendent blown
From pillared balconies, young lotus-buds
Exhaling dreams, and Argive violets.
Ay, better; for is not my father there
With hands imploringly held out to me?
Father, I come, I come!"

Then with responsive hands she forward fell
And seemed indeed to die; but death came not.
At length she trembled once, and then again
She sighed, and lifted up her heavy head,
Which drooped again and rested on the hand
Whose elbow pressed the stony dungeon floor.
She was a flower broken by the storm,
That may not any more its stalk lift up;
She was an eaglet wounded past all healing;
A doe that bleeds her lonely life away;
A swan singing herself into the sedges
Of Elysium.

IV.

Up sprang the sun,
And from the silence simultaneous broke
Trumpet and clash of arms, and neigh of steed
Faint heard even in the cell. Antigone
Sprang up—"It is his steed, his step, his voice!
Imprisoned air, my prince has come at last,
And calls Antigone! Antigone!"

But even as she spoke the tumult died away;
And as it died, the sudden color left
Her face, the new-born life her limbs forsook,
And the two tears that to her cheeks' thin edge
Had rolled, there stood, fell on her folded hands.
She marked them fall, and softly smiling said:
"I think they are the last."

They were the last.
The soldiers found her sleeping, as they thought,
And buried her, not knowing she was dead.

MARGUERITE E. EASTER.

OUR HOUSEKEEPER.

A HOUSEKEEPER, otherwise than as provided by the marriage ceremony, is not a common institution in our neighborhood. The way in which we happened to have one in our rather unpretending little establishment was that we inherited her.

Miss Selina Bates — that was our housekeeper's name — had when a child by some means or other fallen into the keeping of some of my wife's numerous and aristocratic ancestors. I was of plainer origin myself, and possibly did not have that reverence for the old families that became a man who had been so fortunate as to marry into one of them; though I believe upon the whole that I did prefer to have my children named after my wife's side of the house than to bear the names of my own more humble progenitors. I hope that is a pardonable weakness.

The good old lady into whose hands Miss Selina had fallen represented a state of things at that time to which we make no pretensions now; though my wife naturally has the feeling that if things were as they ought to be, things would not be as they are, in that particular at least. In those good old stately days down on the James, the York, and other streams associated somewhat with four-in-hands, accomplished old darkies, oysters, canvas-back ducks, ruffled shirts, &c., &c., they had housekeepers; and the old dames had an eye to training up girls to that very respectable position, thinking — bless their innocent old souls! — that when things got set in a good way there would never be a change. So it was that this little orphan girl, Selina Bates, without any protector under the sun, fell into good hands and a secured home. She grew up and was housekeeper and prime minister in the next generation, and by the time my generation came along was looked upon as much a part of the family as any member of it, performing her function in our little establishment as a matter of course, though the changes in the times rendered Miss Selina intensely melancholy. Do what she could, Miss Selina could not reconcile herself to the new state of things. "From noble to nine-pence," was the formulated though somewhat suppressed expression of disgust at any striking reminder of departed grandeur.

I felt with dismay that the heads of my little ones must almost necessarily be filled with an immense amount of nonsense. Of twilights before the candles were lighted, with her knitting in her hands — Miss Selina was always knitting when she had nothing else to do — she told them many a tale of the grand style they lived in, and the great and grand people they saw at "Grandison," the fine old residence of the Dicherlys in tide-water Virginia; how Lady Washington had driven up with her coach-and-four and her liveried outriders, and how Lady Dicherly (she always called her "Lady Dicherly") had received her, her hair all powdered, and the train of her rich brocade long enough to reach half the length of the hall, carried by

the colored boy Peter (Peter had now grown to be a very rusty-looking old uncle of about ninety years, and spent most of his time sunning himself at his cabin-door); how Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Madison had visited them; how John Randolph of Roanoke dashed up on horseback, followed by his servant Juba on another splendid black horse. I am inclined to think that at times Miss Selina unconsciously drew upon her imagination in some of her recitals. I one day observed to my wife that I could hardly believe that Mr. Randolph had been so marked in his attentions to Miss Selina as "to approach her in the most stately manner, and kissing her hand, ask her permission to lead her into dinner." I was quite curious to ask some questions about that, as to how the housekeeper—but my wife most arbitrarily forbade any allusion to such a thing.

The subjection my wife was under to Miss Selina was something amazing. It did not grow out of any fear of man, or any personal interest she could possibly have, further than a dread of wounding her feelings. Nothing earthly could make her doubt her husband's infallibility, or be stern to the children, of whom she was blessed with three, except some disrespect to Miss Selina; and she kept a vigilant watch over my actions for fear I should rebel against Miss Selina's rather absurd authority in our house. However, it was as good as a play to see Miss Selina bridle up and toss her head back as she told her stories of the old times at "Grandison," and to mark Johnny's (that was our eldest) skeptical looks; not indeed as she told of the grandeur of his Dicherly ancestors, but when she asserted that the horses were much finer in those times, and that gentlemen rode better, and children were much better behaved. Unfortunately, Johnny had imbibed some of my skepticism. I had tried very hard never to let him hear me say a word in disparagement of Miss Selina; but boys have a wonderful way of imbibing their father's real sentiments, no matter how much they are kept in abeyance.

Johnny was a sharp little fellow, and I fear must have been the incarnation of mischief. When he was bent on a prank, I had learned to detect a barely perceptible little furtive look of his bright black eyes which made me watch him. His mother was almost certain that it was he who had put a little powder in old Uncle Peter's pipe, which had brought the old man up with a complaint that had to be qualified by sundry little bundles of sugar, coffee, and tobacco. Old Uncle Pete and Johnny were great friends in the main, but their alliance was sometimes disturbed, generally by some prank of Johnny's, which put a stop to those delightful stories of old Peter's about the old times, which Johnny liked much better than Miss Selina's. Peter did not like Miss Selina, and I think must have put Johnny up to his opposition to her. She too often let and hindered the old fellow in his raids on the store-room, by "meddlin'," as he said, between him and young missis. Johnny's mother was also almost certain that he had brought Miss Selina to great grief on one occasion when we had company, by substituting salt for sugar in the sugar-dish, thereby, as Miss Selina thought, ruining her reputation as a housekeeper, and even reflecting discreditably upon Lady Dicherly. If his mother could have been certain of that and some other pranks affecting injuriously

the dignity and temper of our housekeeper, I think Master Johnny would have "caught it." Johnny's glance had betrayed the truth to me, but I kept my counsel; Johnny and I were great friends.

It is not to be supposed that Miss Selina had been without her romance. I never knew a great deal about it; but there had been a young fellow in the family in her younger days — one of those reckless fellows who reflect no credit upon a family, but whose doings family tradition retains scraps of long after much better men are forgotten. This Harry Dicherly was a sort of scapegrace, hare-brained, daring, reckless of money, given to horse-racing, dicing, and I fear many vices; but the fellow must have had something fascinating about him, and a grain of good; for seeing poor Selina's lonely condition when gay company was at "Grandison," he would, in spite of the old lady's stately frown, fetch her in and dance with her, and in various ways act in a manner to make her think he was in love with her. I do not for a moment suppose he wished so to impress her; but reckless of after-consequence to the orphan girl, and of remonstrance, he paid her such attention as led her naturally to suppose that this dashing, high-born, handsome fellow was pleased with her. He *was* handsome and dashing, as one can see by his portrait, which is still preserved in the family. Miss Selina's illusion was never destroyed, though her hopes were. Harry's reckless career was brought to an untimely end in a duel, and his memory was embalmed in Miss Selina's heart of hearts. She never made any direct allusion to this part of her history; but when love-affairs were alluded to in her presence she always assumed a severer dignity than usual, folded her arms on the purple calico that enclosed her chaste bosom, tightened her lips, threw her head back, and gently shook her foot to and fro, "as if she might an she would." That condition of things always made my wife more watchful of Johnny and myself, and we had to look very grave, for she would not have had any slighting allusion made to the circumstance for worlds.

Miss Selina thought that she had learned everything that was known at the old home of the Dicherlys, and what was not known there was not worth knowing. I am free to confess that the old lady used to annoy me by the way in which she put my facts and opinions entirely aside. Was it anything about my farm, or garden, or my mode of breaking a colt? "That was not the way it was done at Grandison." Did I speak of teaching the children after some new theory? "That is not the way the children were taught at Grandison." I was almost tempted sometimes to say "Hang Grandison!" but the imploring look of my dear little wife saved Miss Selina from the wound, and me, at least, from the open rudeness. Nothing earthly could happen that Miss Selina had not seen it better done, or more tragically done, or done in some superior style, at "Grandison." If I happened to mention to my family that I thought I had felt a slight shock of an earthquake, thereby getting a little credit to myself by having myself associated in the minds of my wife and children with so terrible and grand a thing as an earthquake, Miss Selina was sure to recall the number of shocks she had felt at "Grandison," as if earthquakes had been a mere morning's diversion there. Did I speak of a handsome enter-

tainment to which I had been invited? "Oh, that was nothing to the way they used to have dinners at Grandison, when Lady Washington, and Mr. Jefferson, and Mr. and Mrs. Madison, and John Randolph of Roanoke, would come there to spend a week at a time, dining in and out every day." This sort of thing had begun to make me feel misanthropic at times, and I was getting in the habit of keeping my mouth shut when she was present, occupying myself with the newspapers, &c.

Among other things, there was an everlasting old eclipse that had happened at "Grandison," which — But, by the way, I believe it was mainly an eclipse which tempted me to give this account of our housekeeper, and I will take it in order.

A total eclipse of the sun had been foretold in the almanac and the papers. There had been much discussion about the coming event in our little home-circle, and lively anticipations were entertained of what we should see. We had read everything said on the subject in the newspapers. Our housekeeper had seen the great eclipse of 1833 at "Grandison," as well as the falling stars, and was oracular on eclipses and meteorology generally. I wanted to have a good look at the eclipse, so I smoked several pieces of glass; as I knew all the children as well as my wife and Miss Selina would wish to see it, and I wished one piece of glass all to myself. That was all humbug about observing the phenomenon satisfactorily simply by poking a hole through a card and finding "an accurate shadow of the eclipse on the floor or pavement." I tried it. At first the result was satisfactory, as a piece of the sun, as shown by the shadow, was bitten off like a biscuit; but the cut-off did not seem to increase as it should have done, and I discovered that an almost imperceptible edge of the jagged hole was the cause of the *seeming obscuration*. We were in a highly scientific humor, and this discovery established my preëminence for shrewd scientific observation in my household, except with Miss Selina. I felt better for it, with a slight mixture of bitterness toward her. But our housekeeper is a remarkable woman. She had everything in the house straightened up preparatory to the eclipse. She came out and took Johnny's smoked glass to make an observation. Miss Selina rather affected to look down upon eclipses. She had seen the great total eclipse of 1833 at "Grandison," and "they didn't have eclipses like that in these days." Johnny had held the smoked side of his glass too near to his nose, thereby transferring a little round black spot to the tip of that organ, and leaving a little clean round spot in the glass, which came near being fatal to the eclipse as far as our housekeeper was concerned. With an unfortunate facility for getting hold of the wrong end of everything, she looked first through the little round spot, and seeing no cut-off, immediately pronounced that it was no eclipse at all; but a mild protest from my wife, who always dreaded a discussion between Miss Selina and myself, caused her to try again. Miss Selina experienced some difficulty in closing one eye at a time; so she had to hold down the lid of her left eye with the three first fingers of her left hand, in consequence of which she makes three more little clear places on the smoked glass, and three little round dots in and about the left eyelid,

which imparts rather an unpleasant and sinister expression to Miss Selina's countenance. Our Johnny, who wants his glass badly, glances to see whether his mother is looking, and finding that she is persistently rubbing her nose against the smoked side of her glass, looks scornfully at Miss Selina, who can't shut one eye without holding it down. "What sort of a hand would *she* make shootin'?" thinks Johnny. And curly-headed little "Pussy," our pet but one, who has got all the black off her glass on her face, is squinting awfully at the top of an old oak to find the eclipse, and is satisfied it has "purple leaves on it." Miss Selina has at last brought her right eye to bear on what she is satisfied is the eclipse, and Johnny has discovered that he can produce a fine effect with a leaf. As Miss Selina looks through the hole, by an easy moving of a grape-vine Johnny gradually interposes a leaf till entire obscurity is effected, and Miss Selina, triumphantly handing him his smoked glass, declares herself satisfied, as far as any modern eclipse can satisfy her. The reason why it was not total for any of the rest of us, was "because we did not know how to look at it." She knew a total eclipse when she saw it, and as it would be dark soon, she concludes to save time by taking a little nap while it is going on. One of Miss Selina's delusions is that she cannot sleep in the day-time; hence she always avails herself of such occasions as total eclipses to indulge herself in a nap. The skepticism that marked Johnny's countenance, at that announcement about never taking a nap in the day, was rather marked for perfect good-breeding.

Miss Selina insists that this eclipse was nothing, yes, absolutely *nothing*, to the old one at "Grandison." She says that at that time it was as bright as the blessed sun could make it at mid-day, and in an instant it was pitch dark. The chickens went to roost as if the Judgment-Day had come, the cows came lowing home, and the children commenced crying, as they always did at sunset, because they did not want to go to bed. Knowing that our housekeeper kept within sight of truth in her statements, I made inquiry as to the foundation of this one. It seems that when that tremendous event occurred at Grandison, Miss Selina, who was always an orderly person, had concluded to take a nap preparatory to the fatigue of observing the eclipse, and no one had thought to wake her up. She slept on till about midnight, when waking suddenly and finding it pitchy dark, she concluded that the eclipse had just set in, and the noise of it had awakened her from one of those "cat-naps" which was all she ever got. She flew into the chamber, and seizing the then baby, rushed wildly over the cradle, and falling, broke the nose of that little innocent, which accounts for the distortion of that organ of that member of the family to this day. I mentioned this little circumstance to my wife, who, I presumed, had heard it before, but never mentioned it to me. She cautioned Johnny not to say anything about it to Miss Selina or any of the children, coupling the caution with a threat of punishment by standing in the corner in case of disobedience. I could not positively say that Johnny ever did say anything about it, but the next morning at breakfast Miss Selina made her appearance, looking uncommonly dignified and

resigned. She smoothed her snow-white apron with portentous solemnity, as if she were the only lone, lorn woman in the world, but entirely resigned to "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune." Never was a tea-pot held with such steady nerve ; never was sugar so accurately adjusted. Something was wrong. My wife looked searchingly at our hopeful ; Johnny's glance was furtive. I am a stern man, and bent my eye with awful portent on the boy ; he was grabbing the last muffin on the plate, to frustrate the hankering desire of his little sister for that delicacy, and I do not think got the benefit of that frown. When opportunity offered, I was about to ask Johnny if he had done what his mother told him not to do about that eclipse story ; but my wife interferes, and says I must not tempt him to tell a story. I insist that she shall punish him, send him to the corner as she had promised. Very good, she would do so. She gave Johnny a sort of lecture on badness and disobedience generally, and wounding people's feelings in particular, gave him an apple which he was to eat in the corner, and made him say two short answers in the catechism.

That was the last of the total eclipse at our house ; but it was some days before Miss Selina attained entire serenity of temper. It was charming to see how my wife coddled the old lady ; how she — metaphorically — patted her up and smoothed her down, and at last brought her round. Seeing the sweetness and tenderness of my wife on that occasion made me think more seriously of my shortcomings, my want of patience and forbearance with weakness and old age ; and for the few remaining years of her life, both Johnny and I treated our housekeeper with more consideration ; and it was astonishing what a fund of real goodness and good-sense there was in the old lady, slightly covered over perhaps by her memories of "Grandison."

W. N. N.

DR. SCHLIEMANN'S DISCOVERIES IN ANCIENT TROY.

[For the facts contained in the following article I am indebted to the very interesting correspondence of Bayard Taylor, and to an article in the *Edinburgh Review*. By those of my readers who have neither had access to Dr. Schliemann's work, nor to the above-mentioned sources of information derived from Dr. Schliemann, it is hoped that the following sketch will be found worthy of perusal.]

IT may be reasonably supposed that almost every one of the readers of THE SOUTHERN MAGAZINE is familiar with the leading events of that legendary period known as the Trojan War — how the

various Greek warriors, under the leadership of Agamemnon, combined to capture Troy and restore the beautiful Helen to her husband Menelaus. Presuming that this is the case, we will proceed at once to a brief investigation of the latest researches that have been directed towards the verification of the account of this war as given in the Homeric poems.

Every reader of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* of Homer, whether in the original Greek, or in the translations of Chapman, Cowper, Pope, or Derby, must be irresistibly drawn to the conclusion that most of the incidents related are pure fiction. While this is the universal opinion of all modern scholars, most of them agree in the conclusion that a substratum of fact underlies the great mass of fiction that has been built upon it. But beyond this general statement there is very little agreement. The very site of the ancient city of Troy has been a matter of controversy for hundreds of years, and has bid fair to continue so until the recent light thrown upon the subject by excavations made on the spot to which tradition has assigned it.

We may well suppose, therefore, that much surprise was felt and expressed, even by educated people, about twelve months ago, when it was announced that a German archæologist had actually discovered the palace and some of the lost treasure of King Priam. This gentleman, Dr. Heinrich Schliemann, affords us a signal instance of what self-made men have done in all parts of the world. His knowledge of Greek was acquired almost entirely by his own exertions during the intervals of business occupations. His passionate fondness for the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* of Homer was so great that parts of them often moved him to tears. After turning his attention to archæology for several years, and visiting several parts of Greece, including the island of Ithaca, he came to the conclusion that no positive knowledge could be gained on these subjects without making extensive excavations in all parts that afforded any chance of discovery. Acting upon this conviction, Dr. Schliemann determined to direct his attention towards that part of the Troad, or Plain of Troy, which is bounded by the Hellespont on the north, Mount Ida on the east, the ruins of Alexandria Troas on the south, and the Ægæan Sea on the west. This space of country is about ten miles long and five or six wide, and contains the site of "*Ilium vetus*," or "*ancient Troy*," and that of "*Ilium novum*," or "*new Troy*." It must be borne in mind that these names, "*Old*" and "*New Troy*," are of comparatively modern origin, and only date back as far as the end of the last century.

After carefully examining these two sites, which are now called Bounarbashi and Hissarlik, Dr. Schliemann came to the conclusion that Bounarbashi, or Old Troy, could not have been the site of the ancient city. For several reasons was this conclusion arrived at, among which it may be mentioned that Bounarbashi is about ten or twelve miles from Sigæum, the camp of the Greeks on the shore of the Ægæan, which would have been too long a distance for the time consumed in the various marches to and from the city of Troy. In order to be sure, however, he caused to be sunk several pits on various points of the elevation called "*Old Troy*," and continued

them downward in every instance until the primitive rock was reached. In none of these was found anything beyond articles of trivial importance.

Satisfied at length that no ancient city could have stood on the hill of Bounarbashi, he turned his attention to "New Troy," or Hissarlik. He was the more encouraged to enter upon this because of the immemorial tradition, recorded by several old authors, that New Troy occupied the same position as the old. Here, in April 1870, he began to dig, and had descended about sixteen feet when he came to a wall six feet thick, which has since been supposed to have been constructed by Lysimachus about three hundred and six years before the Christian era. At this point he was interrupted by two ignorant and bigoted Turkish farmers to whom the land belonged, and before this and other obstacles could be removed nearly a year and a half had passed away.

In October 1871 he was enabled to begin again. Convinced, however, that he would find the remains of the Trojan temple of Minerva at another and higher elevation, he abandoned his excavation of 1870, and began a new one which ran east of the old one, north and south through the highest part of the plateau. His plan was to sink this cut until he came to the original rock, believing that the stratum corresponding with the Trojan period would be found beneath all the accumulated matter of subsequent ages. His own account shows us that this conjecture was far from the true one.

Not far below the surface he came upon the remains of a structure built of hewn stones, and evidently belonging to the first century of our era. After removing these, which was a work of no small labor, at a depth of six or seven feet he came to a soil composed of pottery, ashes, and a heterogeneous collection of fragments, apparently the remains of inhabitants of an earlier period. He continued to descend until he reached a depth of thirty-three feet below the surface. During this descent various results were reached, which may be summed up in the following quotation: "At a depth of from three to six feet were found copper coins and medals of Sigeum, Alexandria Troas, and Ilium, an enormous quantity of ornamented terra-cotta disks, and substructions of houses built with Roman cement; from six to thirteen feet, no hewn stones, ashes and calcined soil, with traces of fire everywhere, quantities of oyster and mussel shells, tusks of wild boar, vertebrae of sharks (which are not now found in the *Ægæan*), and some rude specimens of pottery; at the depth of thirteen feet, great quantities of stone axes, lances, weights, and other implements appear; a little lower, pottery of very elegant form and fine quality, decorated with the owl's head, knives of flint, needles and spoons of bone, a few copper nails, and a great quantity of curious terra-cotta disks with a hole in the centre, and adorned with an almost endless variety of decorative lines, many of which seem to have an emblematic character. At a depth of from twenty-three to thirty-three feet, the relics again change. . . . The vases, urns, and drinking vessels 'that were then found' were not only quite original in design but very beautiful, brilliant, red, yellow, green or black in color, but without ornamental designs. . . . In short, the grade of civilisation, exhibited

by the remains, increased as the excavation reached an earlier age." The winter rains now set in, and he was forced to suspend operations until the following April.

On the first of April 1872, Dr. Schliemann resumed operations by laying the plan of a new cut, forty-six and a half feet deep, and two hundred and thirty-three feet broad, through the upper and lower plateaux; including in it the cut of 1871. As this excavation progressed, he was struck with the fact that below the depth of thirty-three feet, he found none of the remains of massive cut-stone houses, copper weapons, and vases of rare and curious form that had been so common between the depths of twenty-three and thirty-three feet.

Below the depth of thirty-three feet, the objects found indicated greater antiquity than is usually assigned to the Trojan period. Very little seems to have been understood by even Dr. Schliemann about this period, and he appears to have come to the conclusion that, though the inhabitants of it belonged to the Aryan race, yet beyond this point he could arrive at no certain knowledge. It may be said by way of explanation, that this Aryan race is supposed to have come originally from the highlands of Central Asia, and to have furnished Greece and Italy with their ancient inhabitants.

As the main object of Dr. Schliemann was to gain all the information possible relative to the Trojan period, he determined to abandon the plan of descending to the original soil at every point. Instead of this, he resolved to remove as much as possible all the superincumbent soil to the depth of what seemed to be the second or Trojan period, though up to this time nothing had been discovered demonstrating that the level of heroic Troy had been reached. By this time Dr. Schliemann's enthusiasm seems to have been thoroughly aroused; so he began operations in 1873 a month earlier than usual, and was richly rewarded for all his toil. In the first place, he succeeded in unearthing what he considered to be the Temple of Minerva. In the next place, he found a house of eight rooms adjoining the remains of a tower discovered the previous year. The walls of this house were four feet thick, in some places ten feet high, and they exhibited evident traces of having been subjected to the action of fire. He next discovered near the tower a street sixteen feet wide and paved with stone blocks about four feet square. This street he immediately conjectured would lead to the Scaean Gate. Sure enough, he did find a few days later that the street terminated at a massive double gate, the copper bolts of which were found among the rubbish. What is still more remarkable, he found two entrances, twenty feet apart, which would seem to correspond to the term always used by Homer, which is invariably in the plural number.

Previous to the discovery of the so-called Scaean Gate, and while tracing the street that led to it, a house of very ample dimensions had been discovered, which from its size and situation was reasonably conjectured to be the palace of Priam. This view was strengthened by the treasure that was afterwards discovered, and which will best be described in his own words: "Immediately beside the house of Priam I came upon a copper object of a most remarkable form, which attracted my attention so much the more because I fancied I saw

something golden glimmering behind it. A stratum of red ashes and calcined ruins four or five feet thick rested upon this copper article, and above the stratum towered the wall of fortification, twenty feet high, built of great loose stones and earth, and evidently belonging to the period after the fall of Troy. In order to secure the treasure from the greed of my workmen, and save it for human knowledge, the greatest haste was necessary; so, although it was not yet time for breakfast, I immediately proclaimed 'rest' to all. While they were eating and reposing, I cut out the treasure with a large knife, not without the greatest exertion and the most fearful danger; for the loose, tremendous wall above, thus undermined, threatened every moment to topple down upon me. But the sight of so many objects, each one of which was an invaluable contribution to our knowledge, made me foolhardy, and I forgot the danger. The transport of the treasure would have been impossible without the help of my wife, who stood ready, and packed in her shawl the articles as I cut them out, and carried them away. The first thing found was a large oval shield of copper with a raised rim and a boss in the centre. Then came a copper pot, nearly eighteen inches in diameter, with two handles; a copper tray, fifteen inches long, with a small silver vase welded to it by the action of fire; a golden flagon weighing nearly a pound; two golden goblets, one of which weighed nearly a pound and a quarter, and had two mouths for drinking—a small one for the host and a large one for the guest. The latter had been cast, but the former as well as the flagon were of hammered work. There were further pieces of silver which were probably 'talents'—the *talanta* of Homer—three silver vases, with two smaller ones, a silver bowl, fourteen copper lance-heads, the same number of copper battle-axes, two large two-edged copper daggers, a part of a sword, and some smaller articles." All these articles were found crowded together in a rectangular space surrounded by ashes. This led him to suppose that they had been deposited in a chest so as to facilitate their removal, which object had failed of accomplishment. He was strengthened in this conjecture by finding close at hand a copper key of quite elaborate workmanship, four inches in length.

It will be remembered that these articles were found not *in*, but "close beside" what was conjectured to be the palace of Priam. We may reasonably suppose, however, that the chest had been removed *from* the house, and the terror excited by the conflagration had caused it to be abandoned in the place where it was discovered. In addition to this there were found inside of the house of Priam a helmet and a silver vase about seven and a half inches in height, which contained two diadems of golden scales, fifty-six golden earrings, upwards of eight thousand small gold rings, buttons, &c.

It must be confessed that after all Dr. Schliemann has based his conclusions upon a rather slender foundation, and it is thought that the sober judgment of the public will not be quite willing to follow him in all the theories that he advances. For instance, with respect to a large number of vases which he found at various stages of the exploration, because there was found upon them a rude representa-

tion of what appears to be either a human face or an owl's face, he jumps to the conclusion that they were intended to represent the goddess Athênê, who was the tutelary deity of Troy. His conclusions are equally violent with reference to a golden vessel which he found with two handles, two spouts, and of an oblong shape, reminding us somewhat of what is now called a butter-boat. This may have been the cup that Homer so often speaks of as the *δέπας ἀμφικύπελλον*, or it may not. In like manner the tutelary goddess of Troy, whom Homer calls *γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη*, may have been the goddess Athênê with the owl's face, or she may not. All we know about these two cases is that good scholars in all ages have given different interpretations to both. In fact, the reasoning of Dr. Schliemann amounts in substance to this: these vases represent the owl-faced goddess Athênê because I have found them among the ruins of Troy; and these are the ruins of Troy because I have found among them these representations of the owl-faced goddess Athênê. Or in other words, his logic is like a ferry-boat which with equal ease can go from either bank of the river to the other. Nor does his circular reasoning stop here, for after thus satisfying himself that the goddess Minerva was represented at Troy with the head of an owl, he endeavors to strengthen his position still further by another statement more violent still. He expresses a confident *expectation* that were he able to explore the remains of Mycenæ, he would there find in a similar manner the representations of the goddess Hêrê (more commonly known as Juno) with the head of a cow. So that we need not attempt to argue with a man who bases his inductions upon what he *expects* to find.

There is still another point which it is necessary to explain. Dr. Schliemann, in speaking of the metal of which the spear-heads, shields, &c., belonging to the so-called Trojan era were made, describes it as *pure copper*; and the same term has been used in the preceding part of this sketch, so as not to misrepresent the statement that he makes. This statement is based by him upon the analysis of the professor of chemistry at Athens; but a more careful analysis, made for him by M. Damour at Lyons, proves that the metal in question was *not pure copper*, but *bronze*, an alloy of copper and tin. This acknowledgment is made on the very last page of his work. So we see that the position which was assumed by him regarding the antiquity of the Trojan era must in this respect be modified also; for his argument for the greater antiquity of this period was in part predicated on the supposed fact that the art of hardening pure copper by mixing tin with it was not then known.

After what has been said, the most ardent advocate of Dr. Schliemann's views will, we hope, acquit us of any charge of unfairness if we attempt to elaborate more fully a few points in opposition to him, that have been already touched upon. These refer chiefly to the epithet of Athênê (Minerva), and to the *δέπας ἀμφικύπελλον*.

After consulting all the accessible authorities, we are inclined to think that the weight of testimony certainly does not strengthen Dr. Schliemann's views. Athênê seems to have occupied a somewhat double position, as the goddess in whom power and wisdom were

harmoniously blended. She was the protectress of agriculture, and the patron of various kinds of science, industry, and arts.* All this may be easily learned from the various epithets that were applied to her, besides the one which Dr. Schliemann interprets "owl-faced," or "owl-headed." Now, if this be true, it would be exceedingly improbable that she was worshipped under a form embodying only one of these ideas, and leaving out all the others, which were of equal, if not superior importance in the Greek mind.

We know that the Greeks and Trojans were extensively engaged in stock-raising, and their wealth consisted so largely in herds of cattle that the ox seems to have been considered, in a measure, the unit of value. This inference is drawn from various references in the Homeric poems, especially the one where each tassel around the aegis of Athênê is valued at an *hundred oxen* [Il. II. 449]. Would it not then be equally improbable that the worship of their protecting deity should have no reference to this, the most important branch of their industry? But it may be said that in a simple state of society, such as then existed, and among heathen nations, a complex idea could not have been represented by any one image; and there would be some force in the objection. On the other hand, if we admit this, we must conclude that the most important idea would have been expressed. This, in the Trojan mind, would have been that of the goddess clad in armor, such as she was afterwards represented as the protectress of Athens. The inference, therefore, seems to be quite plain, that the true solution of the representation found on so many of the exhumed vases in Dr. Schliemann's collection, has not yet been arrived at.

Considerable pains has been bestowed upon the next point to be considered, that in reference to the *δέπας ἀμφικύπελλον*. We hope we shall be pardoned if we enter a little into the etymological meaning of these words. All lovers of antiquarian research will be able to tell, perhaps beforehand, the conclusion that has been reached. For the benefit of others less highly favored it may not be amiss to say that the expression *δέπας ἀμφικύπελλον* means, in general terms, "a drinking vessel having a cup at both sides or both ends." The word *κύπελλον*, of which *ἀμφι-κύπελλον* is a compound, is a diminutive from *κύμβη* in Greek, which signifies *a hollow*, and corresponds with the Latin *cupa*, German *Kufe*; French *coupe*; and English *cup*. We infer from the analogy of other words that the prefix *ἀμφι-* gives the idea of "at both sides" or "at both ends." Aristotle, in describing the cells of bees, uses the word *ἀμφικύπελλον*. He says that the cells have two openings divided by a floor, "like the *ἀμφικύπελλα*." The very fact of his using the word shows that its meaning was then understood, and we may presume that the illustration was intelligible to his readers. We must infer, therefore, that in this respect also Dr. Schliemann has been rather hasty in his conclusions.

But while stay-at-home critics, in the ease and retirement of their libraries, may attempt to pick flaws in his arguments, throw contempt on his theories and cold water on his enthusiasm, we must not lose sight of the great work that he has accomplished. With indefatigable

zeal and energy, fired by an enthusiasm which was pardonable enough under the circumstances, he has undertaken, and brought to a successful conclusion, the most important and satisfactory work of exploration that has ever been attempted in Greece or Asia Minor. And all who feel interested in the advancement of human knowledge will feel grateful to him for what he has done. All this was accomplished too at his own expense, and the amount that it cost him could not have been less than \$20,000. In fact it may be safely asserted that he has opened a field for philological and archæological study that will not be exhausted by scholars for many years to come. Indeed, we may without violence predict that hereafter, among the explorations of antiquity which have widened the boundaries of human knowledge, those of Schliemann on the site of Troy will stand side by side with those of Layard amid the ruins of Nineveh.

R. C. B.

REVIEWS.

The Romance of the English Stage. By Percy Fitzgerald, M. A., F. S. A.
Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

THERE is always a peculiar interest, distinct from that which is accorded to other artists, attaching to the lives and persons of eminent actors. It is not merely a tribute to their eminence, but arises in great degree from the fact that in them, more especially, the man and the artist are one. In painting, in sculpture, in music, the work is entirely distinct from the producer: a noble painting gives us the same delight and inspires the same admiration, whether it be the work of the elegant, refined Reynolds, or the unsavory, cynical Turner. But the actor is in himself both the artist and the work: what he produces is *himself*; and his life's task is to bring himself to the highest possible physical and intellectual perfection for the branch of his art which he has chosen. Thus among all artists, the actor alone who aims at greatness, must cultivate personal individuality; and this, of necessity, gives his whole life a distinctive stamp. When to this we add the changes of scene, of associations, and of fortune which usually accompany the actor's career, and make their lives richer in incident than any others, often stranger dramas than any in which they have played a part, it can easily be seen why histrionic biography and anecdote always find eager readers among all classes.

Mr. Fitzgerald, well known by his *Life of Garrick*, and other works

having reference to the stage, has provided a very agreeable entertainment in this volume. He first gives some details of the strolling player's life, full of hardship, disappointment, and humiliation, and yet a school of patience, perseverance, and self-reliance out of which came such scholars as a Siddons, a Kemble, and a Kean. Then follows an account of the old York theatre, as a type of the better class of provincial establishments, where they had customs, traditions, and geniuses of their own, and were not disposed to admit the claims of the metropolis to supremacy. One of these local stars, a Mr. Frodsham, once went down to London to see Garrick act, and afterwards called upon him. To the great David's inexpressible astonishment, this unfledged provincial ventured to discriminate in his praise, and while he pronounced his Sir John Brute inimitable, he thought Hamlet might have been better rendered. Garrick, who had no idea but that this was a candidate for admission into his company, was almost petrified at an audacity he had never before encountered; but asked Mr. Frodsham to give him a speech from Hamlet, as a taste of his quality, which he did with the utmost self-possession.

When Frodsham had finished Hamlet's first speech, *To be, or not to be, &c.*, Garrick said, "Well, hey now! hey! you have a smattering, but you want a little of my forming; and really in some passages you have acquired tones I do not by any means approve." Frodsham tartly replied, "Tones, Mr. Garrick! To be sure I have tones, but you are not familiarised to them. I have seen you act twice, Hamlet the first, and I thought you had odd tones, and Mrs. Cibber strange tones, and they were not quite agreeable to me on the first hearing, but I dare say I should soon be reconciled to them." "Why now," says the astonished Garrick, "nay now, this is—why now really, Frodsham, you are a d—d queer fellow; but for a fair and full trial of your genius my stage shall be open, and you shall act any part you please, and if you succeed we will then talk of terms." "Oh!" said Frodsham, "you are mistaken, my dear Mr. Garrick, if you think I came here to solicit an engagement: I am a Roscius at my own quarters! I came to London purposely to see a few plays, and looking on myself as a man not destitute of talents, I judged it a proper compliment to wait on a brother genius. I thought it indispensable to see you and have half an hour's conversation with you—I neither want nor wish for an engagement; for I would not abandon nor relinquish the happiness I enjoy in Yorkshire for the first terms your great and grand city of London can afford;" and with a bow made his exit, and left the gazing Garrick . . . to ruminate and reflect, and to relate this account of the strangest mad actor he had ever seen, or ever after did see.

A long chapter is devoted to that eccentric genius, Tate Wilkinson, the manager, and his amusing memoirs. This, however, we must pass over, only giving our readers Mathews' characteristic sketch of a conversation he once had with him, in which Tate's rambling style of talk, quite worthy of Mrs. Nickleby, is amusingly shown.

He was seated in his hall of audience in a great chair, in the same uncomfortable morning-costume before described—wig awry, hat, &c. At his feet reclined a little spaniel puppy, an acquisition made on the road. On the table before him lay Murphy's *Life of Garrick*, recently published, a phial of cough-drops, a spoon and a wine-glass, &c.

Enter Mr. Mathews.—"Good morning, sir; I'm glad to see you at home."

Tate.—"Oh! good morning! Sit down."

Mathews.—"I hope, 'sir, you've enjoyed your trip, and are not suffering from your recent exertion."

Tate.—"Why, as for that—not but I'm glad I went, for the weather was very fine, and if it had not been for the firing of the pistols (which you know will never do for Mrs. Townend) I should have enjoyed it very much; but, to be sure, Mrs

Siddons was all in all ; not but I have a great disgust of women with blackened faces—it's never a pleasing sight ; and the Obi women were hideous. But then her dignity was indeed wonderful ! and if you ask me what is a queen, I should say Mrs. Siddons ! Still, to come into one's room when one is asleep, and run all over the bed and over one's face, is more than any one would like, I imagine ; and I have a particular horror of rats. At the same time, when they carry firearms about their persons, and let them off close to your ear all through a piece, it makes your head ache ; and I've such a cough that I can't get a moment's sleep when I'm upon my back, and what with Murphy's *Life of Garrick*, I really have been a great sufferer all night. I've been recommended this bottle of drops to cure me, but I've been greatly disappointed in it. It's full of blunders and lies—shamefully incorrect ; I took three drops upon a lump of sugar, and it made me very sick. Not but Henry Johnston, who, by-the-by, is a remarkably fine young man ;—but he don't know what he writes about when he asserts that Garrick had never played before the King. Now, at the time the 'Chinese Festival' came out, Johnston surprised me very much with his strength ; for, in the first place, he threw little Lucky the black boy over a high bank, and carried Mr. Orford, who performed *Captain Halpin*" (he meant to say, Mr. Halpin, who performed *Captain Orford*) "on his back into a cavern, lifting him as easily as I lift this puppy, so you may suppose that he must be pretty strong ; he's thorough-bred, and he'll let you hold him up by the tail without squeaking, as you see ; but then he's a fine pantomime actor, sir ! Still, as I said to Mrs. Wilkinson, where is there to be found such another as Mrs. Siddons ?"

Among his sketches of remarkable *débûts*, that of Kean is perhaps the most striking. It is not new, but will bear telling again. Kean, we must premise, had had a more than usually severe struggle with misery in every form, sustained only by that confidence in his own genius which has betrayed so many actors, but was not to betray him.

One November night in the year 1814, he was playing at Dorchester. "When the curtain drew up," he says, "I saw a wretched house : a few people in the pit and gallery, and *three persons in the boxes*, showed the quality of attraction we possessed. In the stage-box, however, there was a gentleman who appeared to understand acting—he was very attentive to the performance. Seeing this, I was determined to play my best. The strange man did not applaud, but his looks told me he was pleased. After the play I went to my dressing-room to change my dress, so that I could hear every word that was said overhead. I heard the gentleman of the stage-box ask Lee, the manager, the name of the performer who played Octavian. 'Oh,' answered Lee, 'his name is Kean—a wonderful clever fellow.' 'Indeed !' said the gentleman. 'He is certainly very clever, but he is very small.' 'His mind is large ; no matter for his height,' said Lee. By this time I was dressed, and mounted the stage. The gentleman bowed to me, and complimented me slightly upon my playing. 'Well,' said the gentleman, 'will you breakfast with me to-morrow ? I shall be glad to have some conversation with you. My name is Arnold : I am the manager of Drury Lane Theatre.' I staggered as if I had been shot." On catching sight of his eldest child, who was suffering from water on the brain, he checked his delight ; and he closes his narrative with the touching comment : "If Howard gets well, we shall all be happy yet."

Within a week the child died, and though the grand dream of his life was about to be accomplished, this loss seemed to make him indifferent. "The joy I felt," he wrote to Drury Lane, "three days since at the flattering prospects of future prosperity, is now obliterated by the unexpected loss of my child. Howard, sir, died on Monday morning last."

When he reached town, his appearance, and some other reasons, discouraged the manager. He was treated coldly by actors at the single rehearsal which was hurried through on the morning of his performance. The stage-manager listened contemptuously to the new actor, and declared that "it wouldn't do." At the close all shrugged their shoulders, and announced that failure was certain.

The rehearsal concluded, Kean returned home to enjoy with his wife the unusual luxury of a dinner. He remained at home until six o'clock, when the striking of the church clocks warned him that it was time to depart. Snatching up a small bundle containing the few necessaries with which he was bound to provide himself,

he kissed his wife and infant son, and hurriedly left the house. "I wish," he muttered, "that I were going to be shot." With his well-worn boots soaked with the slush, he slunk in at the stage door as if desirous of escaping observation.

Everything was against him. The night, as the whole day had been, was wet and miserable. He arrived wet through, silently crept to a dressing-room, of which he was allowed only a share; dressed himself, to the amusement and even contempt of his fellows, who noticed that he was putting on a black instead of the traditional red wig of Shylock. The stage-manager did not remonstrate, giving him up as hopeless. He hardly spoke to him.

Two good-natured actors, Oxberry and Bannister, alone gave him some encouragement; the former offered a glass of brandy and water. When dressed, he went to the wing, and saw an empty, cheerless house—in the pit about fifty persons. Then the curtain rose. Soon the audience began to waken to enthusiasm, and by the end of the first act there was an instinct behind the scenes that genius was present and that a success was at hand. The players began to gather about him and congratulate, but he shrank from them with a look and withdrew into concealment. From that moment the enthusiasm rose, the theatre began to echo with prolonged shouts. "What now," says Dr. Doran, in a spirited passage, "was the cry in the green-room?" The answer was that the presence and power of the genius were acknowledged with an enthusiasm that shook the very roof. "How the d—l so few of them kicked up such a row," said Oxberry, "was something marvellous." As before, Kean remained reserved and solitary, but he was now sought after. . . . Kean cared for nothing more now than his fourth act, and in that his triumph culminated. As he passed to the sorry and almost roofless dressing-room, Raymond, the acting manager, saluted him with the confession that he had made a hit; Pope, more generous, avowed that he had saved the house from ruin. "The pit rose at me!" was his own description. Trembling with agitation and excitement, he took off the Jew's dress and resumed his old threadbare suit, turned disdainfully from the genuine applause of his fellow-actors, and left the house. Through the wet and slush he rushed home, flew up-stairs, and clasped his wife in his arms. He poured out the story of his triumph. "Mary," he cried, "you shall ride in your carriage! And Charley, my boy"—here he turned to his infant—"you shall go to Eton!" Here his voice faltered, and he murmured the name of the child he had so recently lost.

Less entertaining, though interesting as showing some of the shadowy sides of theatrical life, are the melancholy stories of the beautiful "blue-eyed Bellamy," and Mrs. Robinson, the famous "Perdita" of an infamous royal "Florizel"; and perhaps scarcely less melancholy, the wretched story of George Frederick Cooke.

Elliston, of whom Charles Lamb has written so delightfully, the man to whom all life was a comedy, in which he was incessantly playing a part, comes in for a due share of notice. Elliston not only played to, and for his audience, but with them: to humbug, cajole, or befool them was always delightful to them, and they seemed to like it. Once at Birmingham, when his affairs were in a very disastrous condition, he conceived a grand idea.

He announced "a Bohemian, of unexampled Strength and Stature," who, among other feats, would display his facile manipulation of a huge stone of near a ton weight, which he was to handle like a tennis-ball! The Bohemian was stated to have been received with favor and distinction in various Rhenish States, and had actually felled an ox by a blow of his naked fist, to lighten the ennui of a German princess.

The *Bohemian*, "begot of nothing but vain phantasy," being, in other words, the offspring of the manager's imagination, might indeed fairly have been denominated a prodigy. Typical of himself, the Bohemian was advertised in gigantic letters, while sundry portraits, which had been originally executed for the proprietors of the Saracen's Head Inn, London, were placarded about the town, with the sub-lineation, THE BOHEMIAN!

The Birmingham people, who were beginning to sicken of tragedy, were wonderfully revived by this stimulation; the Bohemian, with his fist, was certainly "a hit,"

and the edifice was as full on the night of his promised appearance as though the Emperor of Austria himself had been expected. The play, *Pizarro*, had but a poor chance—"The Bohemian! The Bohemian!" from the tongues of the spectators, completely drowned the words of the actors. . . . Down fell the curtain, and "The Bohemian!" instantaneously broke out with fresh violence. The fiddlers struck up "The Battle of Prague," and every nerve was now attuned to the pancratic efforts which had been promised.

At this juncture, Elliston, pale with consternation which would have extorted pity from the original Saracen himself, stepped forward, and with suppliant palms, addressed the assembly:—

"The Bohemian has deceived me!" said he—"that I could have pardoned; but he has deceived my friends—he has deceived *you*!"—at which he buried his face in his handkerchief. . . . "The Bohemian, I repeat, has deceived us—he is *not here*"—a certain smouldering now agitated the body of spectators. Elliston went on—"And the man, of whatever name or nation he may be, *who violates his word*, commits an offence which—" here an outbreak took place which completely annihilated the rest of his aphoristic sentence. He then proceeded—"Anxious for your gratification, I entered into correspondence with the faithless foreigner, who was this day to have appeared." (A yell.) "The correspondence, ladies and gentlemen, is in my pocket." (An incredulous laugh.) "I'll read it to you." Here he produced a bundle of papers. ("Read! read!—No! no!—Imposition!") "Here they are," continued Elliston, with one of his most cunning looks; "does any gentleman present read German?—if so, would he honor me by stepping forward?" (A scream of merriment.) "Am I left alone? Then I'll translate it for you." ("No! no! enough! Go on, Elliston!") "I obey: the correspondence shall *not* be read"—here he deliberately replaced the bundle in his pocket—"but, ladies and gentlemen," continued he, with a smile that could have levelled the Andes, "the *stone* is here! You shall see it!" (A volcanic burst.) "You shall yet be satisfied: you are my patrons, and have a right to demand it. Shall the stone be produced?" (Cries of "The stone! the stone!") Here the manager winked his gray eye at the fiddlers, who again hastily betook themselves to "The Battle of Prague," when up sprang the curtain, disclosing a rock which, for weight and magnitude, would have made "Bohemia nothing," and bearing a scroll, "THIS IS THE STONE!" Good-humor, even confidence, seemed restored. Here was indeed *the stone*, and imagination did all the rest.

Elliston set up his sons in a bookseller's shop and circulating library at Leamington, whither he would occasionally repair, by way of relaxation, and would himself wait on the customers, in order to show his sons, by personal example, the magic art of pleasing the public.

One morning he descended early into the shop, and looking round with the irresistible humor of *Tangent* himself, "It is my cruel fate," said he, "that my children *will* be gentlemen." And on his two sons making their appearance, they beheld their father, in an old dapple-gray frock-coat, dusting the books, arranging the ink-bottles, re-piling the quires of Bath post, and altering the positions of the Chinese mandarins, with the veriest gravity in the world. One of the first customers that came in was a short, dirty-faced drab of a maid-servant, who brought some books to be exchanged; and nearly at the same moment, a snivelling charity-boy, with a large patch of diachylon across his nose, placed himself at the counter, demanding other articles.

"One at a time," said Elliston, with petrifying solemnity. "Now, madam?" pursued he, turning to the runt.

"Missus a' sent back these 'ere, and wants summut 'orrible."

"The lady's name?" demanded Elliston.

"Wiwian," grunted the girl.

"With a V, or a W?" asked Elliston, with the same solemnity; but the wench only grinned, when up he mounted the ladder placed against the shelves, and withdrawing two wretchedly-torn volumes, clapped them together to liberate the dust, and placing them in the grubby claws of the now half-frightened girl—"There," said he; "a work of surpassing terror; and now, sir," turning to the boy, "I will attend to *you*."

The lad, who had by this time nearly pulled the plaster from his visage, owing to the nervous state of agitation into which he had been thrown, could not at the

precise moment recollect his mission; when Elliston repeated, with the intonation of a Merlin, "And now, sir, I will attend to *you*."

"Half a quire of outsides, and three ha'porth o' mixed wafers," screamed the urchin, throwing fourpence-halfpenny upon the counter.

"Outsides," repeated Elliston to his son William; "mixed wafers," in the same tone, to Henry.

He then demanded the paste-pot. Taking the brush, he deliberately dabbed the lad's nose, and replaced the fallen diachylon; then seizing the watering-pot, much to the merriment of the few strangers who were by this time collected about the shop, began sprinkling the steps of his library door. Having played a few further antics, the "Great Lessee" retired to answer his numerous London correspondents on the stupendous affairs of Drury Lane.

But we have been tempted by these amusing sketches, beyond the limits of our space, and must leave untouched the sad tragedy of Gerald Griffin's life, and the singular and ephemeral career of Master Betty, "the Young Roscius," which close this entertaining book.

Far from the Madding Crowd. By Thomas Hardy. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

WE have had occasion before to speak of several stories by this writer, who has given the *blasé* crowd of novel-readers the luxury of a new sensation, by the freshness and vivacity of his stories. In the book before us he eschews the entanglement of plot and mystery which made *Desperate Remedies* such a Gordian knot; and has returned more to the manner of what is probably his best book, *Under the Greenwood Tree*.

The young heroine of the story, Bathsheba Everdene, has inherited a farm in one of the most intensely rustic regions of England, and this farm she proceeds to manage and administer without the agency of a bailiff, to the general wonderment of the country-side. Three lovers, a shepherd, a neighboring farmer, and a cavalry sergeant, successively present themselves, and the process of their wooing forms the thread of the story.

As in his first work, so here, Mr. Hardy makes us acquainted with a very queer set of rustics, whose odd simplicity, and quaint *scripturesque* (if we may coin the word) language, are sketched with delicate and appreciative humor. Here is part of a scene at night in a malt-house, where some of Miss Everdene's employés are met. One of them, in answer to a question, is giving some account of their mistress's uncle.

"I used to go to his house a-courting my first wife, Charlotte, who was his dairymaid. Well, a very good-hearted man were Farmer Everdene, and I, being a respectable young fellow, were allowed to call and see her and drink as much ale as I liked, but not to carry away any — outside of my skin, I mane, of course."

"Ay, ay, Jan Coggan; we know yer maning."

"And so you see 'twas beautiful ale, and I wished to value his kindness as much as I could, and not to be so ill-mannered as to drink only a thimbleful, which would have been insulting the man's generosity" —

"True, Master Coggan, 't would so," corroborated Mark Clark.

"And so I used to eat a lot of salt afore going, and then by the time I got there I was as dry as a lime-basket — so thorough dry that that ale would slip down — ah, 'twould slip down sweet! Happy times! heavenly times! Aye, 'twere like drinking blessedness itself. Pints and pints! Such lovely drunks as I used to have at that house. You can mind, Jacob? You used to go wi' me sometimes."

"I can — I can," said Jacob. "That one, too, that we had at Buck's Head on a White Monday was a pretty tipple — a very pretty tipple, indeed."

"'Twas. But for a drunk of really a noble class, and on the highest principles, that brought you no nearer to the dark man than you were afore you begun, there were none like those in Farmer Everdene's kitchen. Not a single d — n allowed; no, not a bare poor one even at the most cheerful moment when all were blindest, though the good old word of sin thrown in here and there would have been a great relief to a merry soul."

"True," said the malster. "Nature requires her swearing at the regular times, or she's not herself; and unholy exclamations is a necessity of life."

"But Charlotte," continued Coggan,—"not a word of the sort would Charlotte allow, nor the smallest item of talking in vain. Ay, poor Charlotte, I wonder if she had the good fortune to get into heaven when 'a died! But 'a was never much in luck's way, and perhaps 'a went downwards after all, poor soul!"

THE GREEN TABLE.

M R. GEORGE SMITH, whom the London *Telegraph*, emulous of the New York *Herald's* African laurels, sent out to dig for Assyrian relics, has made discoveries which point to a high degree of civilisation in the days of Sennacherib. He has found deeds of conveyance of real and personal property (one of a slave girl) which show that the modes of transacting business were nearly as elaborate and artificial then as ours are now. He has likewise discovered a bronze table-fork, showing that the Assyrians were too refined to eat with their fingers." When we reflect that the modern use of this article of comfort and cleanliness is not four centuries old, that the Greeks and Romans had no forks, nor have the present masters of the desert that was once the teeming plain of Mesopotamia, that Thomas Coryat of the "Crudities" first brought the use of forks out of Italy into England, and that this simple article was lost to the table for the sixteen centuries between the downfall of Nineveh and the reign of Elizabeth of England—our sense of the stability of the conquests of civilisation receives a sad shock.

It is the instinct of that amiable pretence of political economy which is embraced in this country to believe that the salt airs of the Atlantic have detergent influences upon all men and institutions immigrating hitherward, washing out all that is evil and vicious, and transmuting the remainder into the beautiful and the becoming. You cannot persuade the average American "statesman" that Horace's maxim of "*coelum non animus*" applies to any of our original or more recent importations either of persons or principles, customs or qualities. No, no! The United States has Ariel's wand, and transforms all that it touches, turning the bones of old tyrannies into coral, the eyes of the old lusts into pearls —

"Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange."

Hence we cannot be taught by examples from abroad, and must have the glamour torn from us by a flaying process that takes the skin with it, as

children learn that stoves are hot by taking hold of them. No use to point us to the rapport the world over between bad government and decadence, good government and prosperity. No use to show us the people of Asia Minor eating grass and starving, after centuries of plundering and brutal misrule. No use to remind us of the jungles that grow in China where cities flourished a century since. We pursue our blind path in the South with poignantly pat examples right under our eyes. We see the ruins of Spain's great roads, bridges and aqueducts in Mexico and South America, and all the same patronise with our Civil Rights legislation the lazy negroes catching cat-fish from the broken levees of the Mississippi. With Hayti in full view, we have "reconstructed" South Carolina. In spite of the results of England's fiscal wisdom, we cling to "protection" for revenue, and with the notable financial performances of France to profit by, we continue to inflate and degrade our inflated and degraded currency.

The lesson is coming to us, however; the awakening will be rude and the experience sharp, in proportion as the delusion has been stubborn and fanatical. We will not learn from the ruined cities that exist in the deserts of New Mexico and Arizona that this continent too has its Mesopotamia and its Libyan desert, where man choked his fellow-man before the sand choked the fountains; we are likely to learn better from our own ruins and our own contemporaries.

Look at Louisiana. Her people are literally starving; her agriculture is a lost art; her commerce is ruined; her levees are broken down; her fertile prairies are flood-swept and abandoned. There is only eight feet of water on the bars at the mouth of her great river. Her social condition, as the Northern Congressmen who have been there investigating say, is such as to make living there as pleasant as dwelling in the pit of Maleboge among those obscene creatures "that direful deadly stank." A Turkish province in Asia Minor, ruled by a brutal Pasha bent only on plunder, and kept in order by force of military occupation — such is this fair and fertile State to-day by universal admission and irresistible proof. Not even the Radical desperadoes in Congress dispute the physical prostration and moral disorder of the unhappy State. The time has gone by when that could be done. The pathetic cry of Louisiana's distress has sounded above the "barbaric yawns" of her rulers and her enemies. The over-powering nature of her calamity has awakened sympathy, even where it has not provoked reason to inquiry.

But reason also has been awakened, inquiry has not only begun, but has progressed so far as to ask the causes which in ten years have sunk this fertile and once prosperous State into a condition of decay which it has taken Turkish misgovernment some centuries to bring about in the East.

We have never recommended to any one the reading of Mr. Longfellow's *Evangeline*, nor do we now recommend it; but we suggest to such of our readers as have the book, to refer to those passages describing Louisiana in its happy past, and to compare them with what Bishop Wilmer and other competent witnesses tell us of its present. The "negro cabins and dove-cots" no longer stand together as in the time of Gabriel Lajeunesse. The cabins are in ruins; the negroes long ago wrung the necks of the pigeons, and now worship Voudou, or hold office under Kellogg. The china-trees are cut down for fire-wood, and the luxuriant gardens are overgrown with jungle and cane-brake. The Têche region and the Parish of St. Martin are an "Eden" no longer, and Basil the Blacksmith could easily count his herds now, by the horns of them lying about where the negroes had feasted on them. Is there any satire so biting as the truth? Compare Mr. Longfellow's Louisiana that was with Mr. Charles Foster's federalised Louisiana:

"Here, too, land may be had for the asking, and forests of timber, with a few blows of the axe, are hewn and framed into houses. After your houses are built, and your fields are yellow with harvests, no King George

of England shall drive you away from your homesteads, burning your dwellings and barns, and stealing your farms and your cattle."

A heavier hand than King George's rests upon Louisiana to-day, and the Eden of the Têche is well-nigh as desolate as the Eden of Acadie. Land, indeed, may be had for the asking, but there are no askers, for taxes have rendered it worthless. The forests are widening by accessions of what was once arable land. Farm-stealing and cattle-stealing are in a measure repressed, for the reason that there are so few to be stolen. And if anything beside "tradition" remains of the deserted "village of Grand Pré", it is probably its selection, for obvious reasons, to figure in an Outrage-Committee's report.

[Although of no very great historical importance, yet as illustrating "the Spirit of '76," we are sure our readers will be interested in the annexed extract of a letter from Colonel George Mason to Colonel George Mercer of Virginia, then in England, to which country he had gone before the Revolution broke out. We are indebted for the letter to the kindness of Mr. W. R. Mercer, a grandson of Colonel Mason's correspondent.—ED.]

VIRGINIA, GUNSTON HALL, *Oct. 2, 1778.*

. . . . In the summer of '75 I was, much against my inclination, dragged out of my retirement by the people of my County, and sent as delegate to the General Convention at Richmond, where I was appointed a member of the first Committee of Safety, and have since at different times been chosen as member of the Privy Council, and of the American Congress, but have constantly declined acting in any other public character than that of an independent representative of the people in the House of Delegates, where I still remain from a consciousness of being able to do my country more service there than in any other department; and have ever since devoted most of my time to public business to the no small neglect and injury of my private fortune; but if I can only live to see the American Union firmly fixed, and free government established in our western world, and can leave to my children but a crust of bread and liberty, I shall die satisfied, and say with the Psalmist, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace."

To show you that I have not been an idle spectator of this great contest, and to amuse you with the sentiments of an old friend upon an important subject, I inclose you a copy of the first draught of the Declaration of Rights just as it was drawn up by me, and presented to the Virginia Convention, where it received few alterations, some of them, I think, not for the better. This was the first thing of the kind upon the Continent, and has been closely imitated by all the other States. There is a remarkable sameness in all the forms of government throughout the American Union, except in the States of South Carolina and Pennsylvania, the first having three branches of Legislature, and the last only one. All the other States have two. This difference has given general disgust, and it is probable an alteration may soon assimilate them to the Constitutions of the other States. We have laid our new government upon a broad foundation, and have endeavoured to provide the most effectual securities for the essential rights of human nature, both in civil and religious liberty. The people become every day more and more attached to it, and I trust that neither the power of Great Britain nor the power of hell will be able to prevail against us. There never was an idler nor a falsar notion than that which the British Ministry have imposed upon the nation, that this great Revolution has been the work of a faction, of a junta of ambitious men against the sense of the people of America. On the contrary, nothing has been done without the approbation of the people, who have indeed outrun their leaders, so that no capital measure has been adopted until they called loudly for it. To any one who knows mankind, there needs no greater proof than the cordial

manner in which they have struggled under their sufferings, which have been greater than you at a distance can conceive, or I describe.

Equally false is the assertion that independence was originally designed here. Things have gone such lengths that it is a matter of moonshine to us whether independence was at first intended or not, and therefore we may now be believed. The truth is, we have been forced into it, as the only means of self-preservation, to guard our country and posterity from the greatest of all evils, such another infernal government (if it deserves the name of government) as the Provinces groaned under in the latter ages of the Roman Commonwealth. To talk of replacing us in the situation of 1763 as we first asked, is to the last degree absurd and impossible. They obstinately refused it while it was in their power, and now that it is out of their power, they offer it. Can they raise our cities out of their ashes? Can they replace in ease and affluence the thousands of families whom they have ruined? Can they restore the husband to the widow—the child to the parent, or the father to the orphan? In a word, can they reanimate the dead? Our country has been made a scene of desolation and blood. Enormities and cruelties have been committed here which not only disgrace the British name, but dishonor the human mind. We can never again trust a people who have thus served us: human nature revolts at the idea. The die is cast, the Rubicon is passed, and a reconciliation with Great Britain upon the terms of returning to her government is impossible. No man was more warmly attached to the Hanover family and the Whig interest of England than I was; and few men had stronger prejudices in favor of that form of government under which I was born and bred, or a greater aversion to changing it. It was ever my opinion that no good man would try so dangerous an experiment upon any speculative notions whatsoever without an absolute necessity. The ancient poets, in their elegant manner of expression, have made a kind of being of Necessity, and tell us that the gods themselves are obliged to yield to her.

When I was first a member of the Convention, I exerted myself to prevent a confiscation of the King's Quit-rents, and although I was for putting the country immediately into a state of defence, and preparing for the worst; yet as long as we had any well-founded hopes of reconciliation, I opposed to the utmost of my power all violent measures and such as might shut the door to it. But when the reconciliation became a lost hope, when unconditional submission or effectual resistance were the only alternatives left us, when the last dutiful and humble petition from Congress received no other answer than declaring us rebels and out of the King's protection, I from that moment looked forward to a revolution and independence, the only means of salvation, and will risque the last penny of my fortune and the last drop of my blood upon the issue. For to imagine that we could resist the efforts of Great Britain still professing ourselves her subjects or support a defensive war against a powerful nation, without the reins of government in the hands of America (whatever our pretended friends in Great Britain may say of it) is too childish and futile an idea to enter into the head of any man of sense. I am not singular in my opinions: these are the sentiments of more than nine-tenths of the best men in America.

God has been pleased to help our endeavours in a just cause with remarkable success.

To us upon the spot who have seen step by step the progress of this great contest, who know the defenceless state of America in the beginning, and the numberless difficulties we have had to struggle with, taking a retrospective view of what is past, we seem to have been treading upon enchanted ground. The case is now altered: American prospects brighten, and appearances are strongly in our favor.

G. MASON.

and nearly seven hundred sound prisoners. No stores of any consequence were captured, except twenty-eight guns and about five thousand muskets.*

On the 23d Longstreet was ordered to Centreville, where the Seventh Virginia Regiment, Colonel Kemper commanding, joined his brigade, having been transferred from Early's, in which it had taken part in the battle of the 21st. Roger's Virginia battery of four six-pounders (a section of which, under Lieutenant Heaton, had been conspicuous in the battle of the 21st) was also assigned to the brigade at this time. About the 1st of August the brigade, now numbering two thousand effective, moved with the rest of the army to Fairfax Court-House. A few days after arriving here General Longstreet was assigned to the command of the "advanced forces," and made his headquarters near Falls Church. The Twentieth Georgia Regiment, Colonel William Duncan Smith, was at this time temporarily assigned to the brigade; and Captain G. M. Sorrel, who had been acting volunteer aide to General Longstreet since the 20th of July, was commissioned and relieved Lieutenant Armistead as Brigade-Adjutant. The other members of the staff at this time were Lieutenant P. T. Manning, A. D. C., Thomas Walton and T. J. Goree volunteer aides. All of these officers remained with General Longstreet until the close of the war except Captain Sorrel, promoted Brigadier-General in 1864.

Soon after assuming command of the advance, General Longstreet drove in the enemy's pickets, and occupied Munson's and Mason's hills, from which Washington city could be plainly seen,† about nine miles distant. These positions were held by pickets detailed from different commands, a regiment being usually posted at each point.

The small cavalry force present with the army, under Colonel J. E. B. Stuart, was also a part of General Longstreet's command at this period, and had several handsome little affairs with the enemy's cavalry during the summer and fall, but no movement of importance took place. The Confederate force was greatly reduced by sickness (fever and measles), and but little exceeded 40,000 for duty until after winter set in. Meanwhile, the Federal forces increased daily in numbers, as well as in drill and equipment. General McClellan's returns of the 27th of October show 147,695 present for duty, with about 350 guns.‡ On the 1st of January, 1862, he had 191,480, and

* A great deal was said in the Confederacy about this time of the reported capture of thousands of handcuffs prepared by the enemy for their expected prisoners. A few dozen were found in an abandoned wagon, but no more than were certainly needed for its own discipline in so large an army.

† While the Confederates occupied these positions, a bold scheme of communication with Southern agents in Washington City was set on foot, which there is every reason to believe would have been successful had the positions not been abandoned before it was perfected. A courageous Marylander, E. Pliny Bryan (afterwards a prisoner in Washington, then Captain in C. S. Signal Corps in Department of South Carolina, Georgia and Florida, in which capacity he blew up with torpedoes several boats on the St. John's river, and finally died of yellow fever in Charleston in 1864), then a volunteer scout, was instructed in communication by the excellent system of signals invented by Gen. A. J. Myer, and used in both armies, and sent into Washington to rent and occupy a room from a window of which one of these hills was visible. The compass-bearing of the hill from the window, and a date on which operations should commence, were to be communicated in what should appear to be a simple business advertisement in the *N. Y. Herald*. Communication was then to be opened and maintained by signals with a tin-bucket in the window, invisible to persons in the street. A glass of ample power to read these signals was provided on Mason's Hill, and replies were to be sent from that place either by firing guns or waving very large flags, visible from Washington by any ordinary glass. By this means information gained in Washington City would have reached the Confederate lines within thirty minutes. The arrangements were nearly complete when the Confederate lines were withdrawn and the scheme necessarily abandoned.

‡ McClellan's Report, p. 7.

on the 1st of March, 193,142 present for duty, with 520 pieces of artillery.* The accurate returns of General Johnston's force show on December 31st, 62,112, and on February 28th, 1862, 47,617 † present for duty, including the forces in the Valley and on the Rapahannock. Against these enormous and increasing odds, and the powerful fortifications of Washington City, the Confederates, armed almost entirely with inferior smooth-bore muskets, and with an artillery at that time almost worthless from bad ammunition, could hardly be expected to assume the offensive. The occupation of Munson's and Mason's hills was simply intended to induce the enemy to come out and give battle, by offering him at once an insult and a good opportunity. McClellan, however, declared ‡ that the Confederates in his front "were not less than 150,000 efficient troops, well drilled and equipped, ably commanded and strongly entrenched," and declined the opportunity.

In the latter part of September, the Confederate army being at its lowest state in numbers (37,000 effective), and the Federal odds daily increasing, it was deemed unsafe longer to offer battle so near to the enemy's fortified line, and General Longstreet was ordered to quietly abandon his advanced position, and fall back nearer to Fairfax where the main portion of the army was encamped. At the same time efforts were made to force the enemy to come out and give battle by preparing to blockade the Potomac at Evansport. Masked batteries were quietly erected and armed, which early in October entirely closed the navigation of the river. At this time, supposing that the enemy would be compelled to make an effort at least to take the batteries, General Johnston withdrew his main force from Fairfax Court-House to Centreville, to secure a better position and to facilitate communication with the right flank. A line of battle was selected reaching from Union Mills Ford on the right, beyond Centreville on the left, entrenchments were thrown up, and every preparation made to meet the enemy.

The weather and roads remained unusually good until after the 1st of January, 1862, but McClellan submitted to the blockade of the Potomac quietly, and showed no disposition to undertake the offensive. The handsome affair at Ball's Bluff of the 21st of October, in which the Eighth Virginia and Seventeenth and Eighteenth Mississippi, about 1300 strong, drove 1800 of the enemy into the Potomac, capturing three guns, fifteen hundred small arms, and 710 prisoners, and killing and drowning nearly four hundred, losing themselves only 149; and the skirmish at Drainesville early in December, where a foraging party under General Stuart was driven off, were the only collisions that occurred before winter rendered the roads impassable, and both armies went into winter-quarters.

* McClellan's Report, p. 13. † Swinton's *Army of the Potomac*, p. 72.

‡ A story went the rounds of the Northern press about this period, that McClellan had planned a night attack upon the Confederate lines, which was betrayed to the Confederates by a high official in the United States War Department, the design being only known to General Scott and this officer. As the story seems to have found no place in any of the official records it is probably not true. If it had any foundation at all, it was perhaps in the fact that, about the very date assigned to the intended attack, some rockets were seen within the enemy's lines about nine P. M., on which General Beauregard directed a number of rockets to be thrown up in reply during the night at different points within his lines.

BATTLE OF REAMS STATION.

By General Cadmus M. Wilcox.

In the afternoon of the 24th of August, 1864, in command of three brigades of my own division, Lane's, McGowan's and Scales', the former under Brigadier-General James Conner, and Anderson's brigade of Field's division, moved from the Petersburg lines down the Boydton Plank-road three miles, then to the left on a country road, crossed Hatcher's Run near Armstrong's Mills, and bivouacked several miles beyond on the Vaughan Road, at Holly Church. This move was made in consequence of a report that the enemy were on the Weldon Railroad near Reams Station, and in the act of tearing up the track.

Early the next morning the march was resumed, following a country road running alternately through woods and old fields, until it intersected the stage-road near the Renanty. This stream was crossed at Monks Creek Bridge, and a short distance beyond the command filed to the right of the road, halted, after a march of a mile or two, and remained at this point about two hours. It was then countermarched to the stage-road, to move along it toward Reams Station. A regiment of cavalry was assigned to the command, and marched at the head of the column. We had made about two miles when a cavalry-picket of the enemy was seen near a house a half mile in front. The cavalry regiment at the head of the column dashed forward, drove in the picket, and followed it to a line of infantry skirmish-pits beyond, some six or eight hundred yards, and then fell back in rear of the infantry. On reaching a point near the house there was a good view of a mile or more down the road, which here ran through an old uncultivated field covered with a growth of small pines in scattered groups. The enemy's line of skirmish-pits could be seen extending from a field of full-grown corn on the right to a pine forest on the left. In rear of the pits the old field extended two or three hundred yards, and then terminated also at a pine forest. In rear of the field of corn on the right several houses could be seen, and near them rose the smoke of the enemy's artillery, then firing shot and shell down the road in the direction of the troops; there was also a brisk fire from the enemy's skirmish-pits.

McGowan's brigade was ordered to move into the woods to the right of the old field, the brigades of Lane and Scales into those on the left, and these under cover of the woods to advance and occupy those in rear of the skirmish-pits, and there halt. While the brigades were filing to the right and left into the woods, the battalion of sharpshooters were deployed, and moved at once against the enemy's pits, drove out the occupants, and followed them up to the immediate vicinity of the line of battle in rear, capturing twenty-five or thirty prisoners. These were infantry, and reported themselves as belonging to the Second Corps. The skirmishers were seen to enter the pines in rear of the enemy's captured line of pits, and without firing being heard. Anderson's brigade was now ordered to move forward,

also under cover of the woods, and join Lane and Scales. I joined McGowan's brigade, advanced it rapidly in direction of the enemy's artillery, which was then firing occasional shots into the woods through which it marched. This brigade was halted at a fence enclosing the field of corn, the ground rising in front into a ridge, on which skirmishers were placed, covering its entire front. McGowan was ordered to remain at this point and occupy the enemy with a brisk skirmish fire ; the enemy's artillery was between three and four hundred yards in his front. I then left this brigade and joined the other three on the left of the road, and further advanced ; the fire of the enemy's artillery being still directed into the woods occupied by McGowan's brigade.

The woods in which Lane's, Scales' and Anderson's brigades had halted were open pines for a width of two or more hundred yards, and then pines with a dense undergrowth. Four or five of the enemy's colors could be seen, and their line seemed to be nearly parallel with the road over which the troops had moved, and from which the enemy's skirmishers had been driven. The open woods terminated within two hundred and fifty or three hundred yards of the flags, the intervening space being an old field covered with bushes and weeds of such height as to conceal from view the enemy's line. The dense woods extended up close to their line. At one point through the weeds and bushes, rails could be seen piled up, and it was believed to be the only cover the enemy had. This reconnoissance was made within two hundred and fifty yards of the enemy. The brigades were not annoyed by either a skirmish or artillery fire, the latter being still directed towards McGowan.

Anderson's and Scales' brigades were formed in line facing the enemy, the former on the right and in the open pines ; the latter on the left in the dense woods, save the right regiment. I determined to attack, and dispatched an order to McGowan to increase his skirmish line and threaten the enemy on his front. General Scales reporting the enemy to be seen beyond his left, two of Lane's regiments were detached and placed so as to cover that flank. I was personally present with Anderson's brigade, and hearing McGowan's fire, the order to "forward" was given. But one of Scales' regiments could be seen, the right, owing to the dense undergrowth. Anderson could move more easily, being in the open woods. Having reached the old field, his men gave a cheer and dashed forward, received a volley of musketry within less than two hundred yards, were broken, and retired with but little loss, save the wounding (two wounds) of Colonel Little, the only field-officer with the brigade. Scales' right regiment, seeing the brigade on its right give way, fell back ; the other regiments on its left followed in succession without confusion or disorder of any kind, and halted on the ground from which it had advanced.

I thought it best to renew the attack at once, and with this view ordered Lane's two regiments that had been detached to cover the left of Scales, to rejoin their own brigade, and was in the act of sending an order to McGowan to leave his skirmish line as it was and move round through the woods and join the division. But at

this time General Heth arrived, and informed me that he had two brigades, and placed them at my command. The order was not sent to McGowan, and as up to this time I had not been in communication with the corps commander (Lieutenant-General A. P. Hill) I reported to him in person what had transpired, and recommended the attack to be renewed at once, to which he assented, and directed me to order General Heth to make it with his brigades.

The order was given to General Heth as directed, but I proposed that the attack be made with our united forces, and requested him to examine the enemy's position with me. The result of this reconnoissance was that the main attack should be made with Lane's and Cook's brigades, holding Scales and McCrae in the second line; the artillery (Pegram's) was to be used also, and McGowan was to advance this time, taking the enemy in flank if possible. General Heth, leaving me to superintend the placing of the infantry, went to select a position for the artillery. The infantry being ready, I was to report to him, the artillery was then to open fire, and in a few minutes the attack was to be made. Lane's and Cook's brigades were placed in the front line, Lane on the left in the dense woods; Cook on his right, partly in the dense woods, two of his regiments being in the open pines; Scales in rear and extending beyond Lane's left; and McCrae in rear and extending beyond Cook's right. Anderson had reformed and was in rear of McCrae, to support if necessary. From information received it was believed that by moving to the left, or extending in that direction, the enemy's flank could be reached. This was ordered, and it caused all of Cook's brigade to be in the dense woods. The infantry being ready for the attack, it was reported to Gen. Heth by myself in person. He was with the artillery (two of Pegram's batteries), which under his superior vision had been admirably posted so as to enfilade the hostile line, and within less than five hundred yards.

The artillery was ordered to open fire; this was obeyed with marked precision and effect. In a few minutes the infantry advanced, and after a short and spirited assault, the musketry being sharp and quick, the enemy's line was carried, and a large number of prisoners, artillery, and colors taken. Two brigades of Mahone's division reached the field at this time; the Alabama brigade of this division was placed in the captured line, and Scales' brigade ordered further to the left. It was now quite late (sundown), the enemy's fire feeble, from a line in rear. Only a few scattering shots, by one of which my horse was killed.

Lane's and Cook's brigades were the first to cross the enemy's breastworks. The corps commander (without informing me) had ordered three regiments of McGowan's brigade to our right and rear, to protect it from a move reported to be threatened by the enemy's cavalry. The remaining two regiments, directed by Captain Langdon Haskell, the Adjutant-General of the brigade, who, seizing the proper moment, when the enemy had been shaken by the direct attack in front, assailed the enemy in flank and rear, capturing five or six hundred of the prisoners, and five pieces of artillery. The enemy lost nearly 3000 prisoners, nine pieces of artillery, twelve stands of colors, 3100 muskets, and ten caissons. The loss on our side in

killed and wounded not great ; in my three brigades less than one hundred and fifty, the most of these (115) being in Lane's brigade ; the 28th North Carolina losing heaviest, Colonel W. H. A. Speer of this regiment mortally wounded at the head of his regiment in the assault, and Captain T. T. Smith, same regiment, killed ; of the 7th North Carolina, Captain G. R. McCauley killed ; wounded, Captain E. F. Lovill, 28th North Carolina, Captain T. J. Linebarger, Captain T. S. Green, Captain G. W. McCauley, Lieutenant R. D. Rhyne ; Captain Riddick Galling, Jr., 53d North Carolina, wounded, Lieutenants A. B. Howard, Joseph Swindell, James R. Moore ; Lieutenant D. P. Boger, 7th North Carolina, wounded ; Lieutenant Owen Smith, 18th North Carolina ; Lieutenant A. P. Terrence, 37th North Carolina ; Lieutenant M. H. Thornbury, 28th North Carolina. In McGowan's brigade loss twenty-two. Among the officers Captain F. M. Trimmier, 13th North Carolina, and Lieutenant H. Rogers, Orr's Rifles, wounded. In this engagement the cavalry regiment with the infantry charged and drove the enemy's picket back upon their line of skirmish-pits. The sharpshooters from Scales', Lane's and McGowan's brigades charged these pits, drove the enemy out, capturing twenty or thirty. Captain John Young, commanding the battalion from Scales' brigade, was especially distinguished, accompanying his men on horseback, and leading them up to the enemy's line of works. The artillery (Pegram's) delivered an effective fire at close range, contributing greatly to the success.

The enemy held an entrenched position, part of his front being covered by abattis made by felling a dense undergrowth of small trees, forming an entangled mass of limbs, bushes and trunks difficult to penetrate. Before this attack was made, the enemy had placed artillery so as to rake with its fire the woods through which Lane and Cook's men advanced ; but our men bravely met all danger, and carried the breastworks with a loss small compared with that of the enemy. We can neither admire too much nor praise too highly the courage of the officers and men who so bravely and successfully confronted such obstacles and dangers.

Of my staff, Major Joseph H. Englehard, Adjutant-General of the division, was wounded slightly by a grape-shot. The horse of one of my aides, Lieutenant Frank Glover, was killed. My other aide, Lieutenant Lindsey, was sent to the front after the battle had been joined for a half hour or more, and was present when the works were captured, and returned safely to make his report of the success. The horse of Brigadier-General S. McGowan was killed. Of my four couriers, two had their horses killed.

C. M. WILCOX.

A day or two after the battle one of my brigade commanders came to my headquarters, having a Richmond paper, in which was the following dispatch from the Commanding-General to the Secretary of War :—

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
August 26, 1864.

Hon. JAMES A. SEDDON, Secretary of War :

General A. P. Hill attacked the enemy in his intrenchments at

Reams Station yesterday evening, and at the second assault carried his entire line. Cook's and McCrae's North Carolina brigades, under General Heth, and Lane's North Carolina brigade, of Wilcox's division, under General Conner, with Pegram's artillery, composed the assaulting column. One line of breastworks was carried by the cavalry under General Hampton with great gallantry, who contributed largely to the success of the day. Seven stands of colors, two thousand prisoners, and nine pieces of artillery are in our possession. The loss of the enemy in killed and wounded is reported to be heavy; ours relatively small. Our profound gratitude is due to the Giver of all Victory, and our thanks to the brave men and officers engaged.

(Signed)

R. E. LEE, *General.*

The brigade commander informed me that there was much dissatisfaction expressed in his brigade at this dispatch, and he believed it was felt in the other brigades; it making the impression that at this battle there was but one brigade of the division present. The Commanding-General not being present, but in Petersburg at the time, had no personal knowledge of the battle. The dispatch was from information derived through others, and intended to report the results approximately of the battle.

As a part of the history of the battle, the following extract is made from a letter of the 29th of August, addressed by General Lee to Governor Vance of North Carolina: "I have been frequently called upon to mention the services of North Carolina soldiers in this army, but their gallantry and conduct were never more deserving of admiration than in the engagement at Reams Station on the 25th instant." In this battle there was not a brigade that had one thousand muskets present; Anderson's, of Field's division, had less than six hundred, and but one field-officer present. The enemy was strongly intrenched; this fact was known only after the successful assault had been made.

C. M. WILCOX.

BALTIMORE, *February 19, 1875.*

BATTLE OF JONES'S FARM, SEPT. 30, 1864.

By General Cadmus M. Wilcox.

In the afternoon of the 30th of September, 1864, a courier from General Wade Hampton reported that the enemy had driven in his pickets from the vicinity of the Peebles house, were advancing towards the Boydton Plank-road, and asked that infantry might be sent to his support. I left the lines of Petersburg at once with two of my brigades, and reported the move and the cause of it to the corps com-

mander, Lieutenant-General A. P. Hill. The cavalry were found in position about two and a half miles from Petersburg, to the left, or east of the Boydton Plank-road. A few dismounted cavalrymen were occupying a short line hastily constructed, composed mostly of trunks of trees, but little if any excavation of the earth for rifle-pits had been made. The line crossed a country road leading from the plank-road through Jones's farm by Boswell's, to Peebles house. The line ran along a ridge, at the base of which was a small boggy stream with a narrow bridge, fringed with a thick growth of bushes and brambles. Beyond the stream a short distance in Jones's farm was a thin line of dismounted cavalry skirmishers, and some three hundred yards beyond these, and about the house, were the infantry skirmishers of the enemy.

Jones's farm extended beyond his house over a quarter of a mile, and in the pines to the east of it the enemy in large force was seen, and believed to be in the act of advancing; and under this impression the cavalry were moved to the right, and the two brigades placed in the line thus vacated. Skirmishers from the two brigades were deployed to the front, soon became engaged, and drove those of the enemy from Jones's house, capturing twenty or thirty. The enemy did not advance as it was believed they would, but were seen tearing down the fence and piling up the rails, as though preparing to entrench or to await an attack.

General Heth in person reached the field about this time, and said that General Hill wished us to attack the enemy and drive him back. My brigades moved forward, crossed the little stream, formed in line of battle in Jones's farm, Lane on the right and McGowan on the left. The brigades were separated by a lane that extended to the pines beyond Jones's house; the ground rose gradually to the house. The brigades had scarcely formed in line when two of General Heth's arrived; these were ordered to report to me, and were directed to form in rear, McCrae on the right, and extending beyond the right of Lane; Archer in rear, and extending beyond McGowan's left.

Before these brigades had been formed in line the enemy advanced, drove in my skirmishers, and had nearly reached Jones's house, when without waiting for Heth's brigades to get in position, the order to advance was given. The enemy were encountered at the house, and beyond a little stream that separated Lane's right, two regiments, from the remainder of the brigade; these two regiments became engaged first. The attack was made with spirit, and the enemy after a short resistance gave way, and were pressed back under a close and destructive musketry fire to the pines in rear, and here a second line was encountered, partially protected by a breastwork of rails. This line, after a short resistance, was charged and taken, the enemy leaving the ground thickly strewn with dead and wounded, and in their retrograde movement were under a close fire from our men, who pressed them with vigor back through the woods into Pegram's farm; our men following them up to the immediate vicinity of the house. McCrae's brigade joined in the attack at the pines beyond Jones's house, and two of Lane's regiments under Colonel Cowan, 53d N. C., that had become separated from the brigade, had a fierce collision with the

enemy near Dr. Boisseau's, cut their line, and forced a considerable body off to the right, where they were captured by the cavalry. The road running through the lane forked at the pines beyond the house; the left branch led to Peebles house, passing near Boswell's; the right inclined considerably to the right, and terminated at Dr. Boisseau's, whilst a third and intermediate road led through the woods directly to Pegram's house. Between the left and central roads lay a boggy, flat, and heavily-timbered marsh, and with a dense undergrowth of brambles and small trees; to the right of this the enemy retired, under our fire.

Archer's brigade had been delayed in crossing the little stream to get into position, and the enemy had been driven from his second position and was being followed through the pines, when this brigade was ordered to move around in the open field to the left of this jungle and assail the enemy in rear. It was near dark when he had made the detour and delivered a volley or two upon the enemy, now pressed in front at the edge of Pegram's farm. Archer's fire, which was close and a little to the left of the brigades engaged in front, caused some little confusion at the time, being mistaken for that of the enemy. The battle ceased in a few minutes after Archer's fire was heard. One of Colonel Pegram's batteries was placed in position by himself, and shelled the woods beyond Pegram's in the direction of Peebles, through which the enemy was supposed to be retiring. This fire was responded to by the enemy, and thus ended the engagement. The enemy had been driven back a mile or more in less than an hour, had lost over three hundred and fifty killed, and about 2000 prisoners. My two brigades, a skirmish-line having been left along Pegram's fence, retired through the pines and bivouacked in Jones's farm (for convenience of water). The battle was over when the corps commander arrived, and at 9 P. M. Heth's two brigades were withdrawn under orders to join the other two brigades of the division, and to move down the Squirrel Level Road early the next morning, for the purpose of attacking the enemy in his new position before he should intrench. My two brigades were to remain, and when Heth's muskets should be heard, to make a demonstration, but not a real attack, unless circumstances should render it advisable.

A little after daylight the following morning (October 1st) our videttes reported the enemy to be near Pegram's house, busily engaged in intrenching. The two brigades were moved forward; Lane's halted at Pegram's fence, and McGowan in line on his left, and extending to the left of the jungle before referred to. The fence in front of Lane was quietly pulled down, the ground rising gradually in front, and on the ridge the enemy's skirmishers (a few) could be seen. Neither Lane's nor McGowan's brigades could be seen by the enemy. A little distance to the right of Lane's brigade was Dr. Boisseau's house, and from this the enemy could be seen only five or six hundred yards distant engaged in work. Their line could be enfiladed from this point. Captain Brander's battery of Pegram's battalion was sent for, and placed under cover near Boisseau's, with orders to open fire as soon as Heth's musketry should be heard. The skirmishers of Lane's and McGowan's brigades were ordered to

advance after the artillery had fired for a few minutes. Such were the preparations for the demonstration to be made on my front.

About 8 A. M. Heth's muskets were heard in direction of the Peebles house; Brander's battery opened fire on the enemy, throwing them into great confusion; my skirmishers advanced as ordered. The enemy's line was captured, with three hundred prisoners, and with a loss of eight or ten on our side. They were pursued into the pines beyond Pegram's farm by the skirmishers. The firing continued for a short interval only in the direction of Heth, and of no very great volume. My brigades and the battery moved forward to the captured line. The latter fired occasional shots during the day, which was responded to by the enemy in like manner. A feeble skirmish at intervals during the day, resulting in the wounding of several men. From 9 A. M. till dark it rained, and at times quite hard. A little after dark the command retired to the Petersburg lines.

In this action my two brigades fought with their usual courage, and were the first to meet the enemy. McCrae's brigade of Heth's division joined in the attack at the pines, and Archer fired the last shots in rear of the enemy. Our loss, in Lane's and McGowan's brigades, was, in the former, one hundred and twenty-three killed and wounded; of this number thirteen were killed, among them being Lieutenant John R. Reasson, 7th North Carolina; mortally wounded: Colonel William M. Barbour, 37th North Carolina, an officer of distinction, and Captain James G. Harris, 7th North Carolina; wounded: Captain E. F. Lovill and Lieutenant J. G. Truelove, 28th North Carolina; Lieutenant M. A. Thornbury, 28th North Carolina; Lieutenants John Y. Templeton, P. C. Carlton, D. B. Penick, 7th North Carolina; A. F. Bizzell, 7th North Carolina; Lieutenant J. P. Stringfield, 18th North Carolina. In the latter, or McGowan's brigade, one hundred and sixty-two killed and wounded. Among the former were Colonel E. H. Bookter, 12th South Carolina, much distinguished, and highly esteemed by his comrades; Captain C. Caughman, Lieutenant J. W. Bennett, Lieutenant M. Willis, 13th South Carolina; Lieutenant Edward Simmons, 14th South Carolina; Lieutenant Huger Rogers, Lieutenant J. A. Lewis, Lieutenant B. G. Rolling, Orr's Rifles; Lieutenant A. F. Miller, 1st South Carolina; wounded: 1st South Carolina, Colonel C. W. McCreary, Lieutenant M. R. Tharin; 12th South Carolina, Lieutenant C. Jones; 13 South Carolina, Captain Trimmier and Lieutenant T. J. Poole; 14th South Carolina, Lieutenant Steadman; Orr's Rifles, Captain James Pratt, Captain W. H. Holcombe, Lieutenant C. G. Wynne, Lieutenant A. C. Sinclair. My entire loss was two hundred and eighty-five; of this number only fifty-nine were killed. In Heth's brigades it was probably less. Thus the victory may be regarded as highly creditable to our side, as it inflicted comparatively a very heavy loss on the enemy.

In this engagement the officers and men of my two brigades acted with great gallantry, and pressed the enemy vigorously until dusk. The enemy's dead near Jones's house, in the open field to the right, at the pines beyond the house, and through the pines in rear and on extreme right near Dr. Boisseau's house, give evidence of the fatal precision of our musketry fire.

Colonel Pegram was present, and followed the infantry closely, to avail himself of any opportunity to use his artillery. Near dark, when there was some disorder caused by Archer's close fire on the left being mistaken for that of the enemy, Colonel Pegram seized the colors of one of the regiments and rode with it in front towards the enemy, and thus assisted in restoring order. My staff, Major J. H. Englehard, Adjutant-General; Major J. H. Hunt, Inspector-General; Lieutenants Glover and Lindsey, were all present, and active and efficient in discharge of their duties. Captain Murray Taylor, A. D. C. to the corps commander, was with me during part of the battle, and cheerfully gave his services when required.

C. M. WILCOX.

The historian Swinton states this to have been a demonstration on the part of the Federals to prevent the Confederates from transferring troops to the north side of the James, where it was intended to push operations on Butler's front. He also says the Federals had in this move two divisions of the Fifth Corps under Warren, two of the Ninth Corps under Parke, and Gregg's division of cavalry, and that Mott's division of Hancock's corps was withdrawn from the lines early next morning (October 1st) and sent to reinforce Parke, but that it did not reach the ground in time to be of any service. The author gives the Federal loss above 2500.

The following dispatch was sent to the War Department, and was the cause of much dissatisfaction in my two brigades. The Commanding-General was not present, and of course had no personal knowledge of the battle, and the party giving information was not well informed:—

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
October 1st, 1864.

Hon. JAMES A. SEDDON, Secretary of War:

Yesterday General Heth attacked the enemy's infantry, who had broken through a portion of our line held by artillery on the Squirrel Level Road, and drove them back. General Hill reports that they were severely punished and four hundred prisoners captured. General Hampton, operating on Heth's right, also drove the enemy, capturing two stands of colors and about five hundred prisoners, including five colonels and thirteen other officers.

R. E. LEE.

LETTER FROM GENERAL EARLY.

LYNCHBURG, *March 12th, 1875.*

Dear Sir:—In the number of THE SOUTHERN MAGAZINE for the present month, in the pages appropriated to "The Southern Historical

Society," I find a narrative by General E. P. Alexander, giving the operations of "Longstreet's Brigade" on the 18th and 21st of July, 1861, and in that narrative, after an account of two attacks upon General Longstreet's position on the 18th, I find the following statement:

"A short while before this last attack, General Longstreet had asked for reinforcements, intending to undertake the offensive if the enemy should present an opportunity, and during this musketry firing the Seventh Louisiana, Colonel Hays, and the Twenty-Fourth Virginia, Lieutenant-Colonel Hariston [Hairston], of Early's brigade, arrived upon the ground, and were deployed to relieve the First and Seventeenth Virginia. This manœuvre was near proving an unfortunate one, for on approaching the timber the Seventh Louisiana, either not informed of or forgetting their friends in front in the excitement of the occasion, fired a volley without orders, which, however, was well aimed over the bluff, and did no damage. The firing was soon restrained, and the Seventh and Twenty-Fourth took positions on the brink of the stream in front of the Seventeenth and First respectively, who retired a few yards in rear of it."

This statement is so variant from the facts of the case that I feel myself under imperative obligations to correct it. Having heretofore undertaken to correct errors committed by others, I do not think that it would be proper for me to pass over, in silence, those which are promulgated under the auspices of a society of which I am president, especially when the facts are within my own personal knowledge. In the first place I must say that no one has a higher appreciation of General Alexander's soldierly qualities, and his entire reliability as a writer when he undertakes to state occurrences within his own knowledge, than myself; but in this case he does not speak from his own knowledge, for he had no personal knowledge of the facts he narrates, and had to rely entirely on information derived from others. From what source he derived his information I am not able to say, but I do know that the facts stated by him in the extract above given are erroneous.

When General Longstreet sent for reinforcements under the circumstances mentioned by General Alexander, I carried him the Seventh Louisiana and the *Seventh Virginia* regiments, with two pieces of artillery, as stated in my official report, a copy of which is herewith forwarded to you. As soon as these troops were posted, I sent back for the six companies of the Twenty-Fourth Virginia (my own regiment) under Lieutenant-Colonel Hairston, and the other artillery attached to my brigade, the other four companies of the Twenty-Fourth Virginia being on detached duty, by order of General Beauregard. The Seventh Louisiana moved into the position assigned it in perfect order, and did not fire while any of our troops were in front of it. The Seventh Virginia, however, did fire while the First Virginia was in front of it, as stated in my report. This was after the Seventh Louisiana had gotten into position. The fire of the Seventh Virginia was caused by the firing of two heavy volleys upon it by the enemy; and though it was without orders, there was really no danger of mischief to our troops in front from that fire, for the latter were

on the bank of Bull Run, while the fire of the Seventh Virginia was directed at the position of the enemy, high up on the bluff on the opposite side of the Run, from whence came the volleys directed at the regiment, and hence passed a considerable distance above the heads of our troops in front. I was really the only person in danger from that fire on our side, for I was immediately in front of the regiment, on horseback, when the firing occurred, but the men in my rear had the discretion either not to fire at all or to fire in the air. I suppressed the firing immediately, and was satisfied that no damage had been done by it.

You will thus perceive that, in this respect, General Alexander has committed three errors: first, in stating that the Twenty-Fourth Virginia was one of the regiments first carried to General Longstreet's assistance; second, in stating that the Seventh Louisiana fired without orders, over a portion of our troops in front; and third, in failing to state that my whole brigade was carried to General Longstreet's support.

The facts stated by me are not only embodied in my original report, written while the facts were fresh, but are very distinct in my recollection, and can be substantiated by every survivor of the Seventh Louisiana and Seventh Virginia regiments who was present at the affair at Blackburn's Ford.

There are some other errors in General Alexander's narrative, but it is not necessary to mention them, as the above will show that it is not reliable as authentic material for history.

Accompanying this you will find the copy of my official report, with some notes to it which are of subsequent date, and of course formed no part of the original report. There are also some additions in brackets in the report, which formed no part of the original, but are now made to explain what otherwise might not be understood. Those parts in parentheses were in the original.

I will add that there is in the January number of the Magazine, in the part appropriated to our Society, an article headed "Fredericksburg in the War," by R. R. Howison, in which are contained some errors in regard to the battle of Fredericksburg (the 13th of December, 1862). In neither the report of General Jackson (Stonewall), of General A. P. Hill, General D. H. Hill, General Taliaferro, or myself, will be found any authority for the following statements contained in that article, page 15:

"Doubleday's advance with the extreme left of the Federals was successfully met by Jackson's infantry under D. H. Hill, aided by the batteries of Brockenbrough, Raine, Poague and Dance."

"The troops under General Meade were hopelessly demoralised. General Gibbon was wounded; General Franklin's grand division was broken and defeated."

General D. H. Hill's division did not become engaged on the 13th of December, 1862; though late in the day, when General Jackson commenced a forward movement, it was exposed to a severe artillery fire; and not half of Franklin's grand division was engaged in the attack on our right. The portion of the latter which was engaged was repulsed with heavy slaughter; but Franklin had over 30,000 men

who were not even under an artillery fire, and were intact, so that when General Jackson, about sunset, did attempt to make a forward movement against the enemy, he was compelled to desist. It is better to stand by the official reports of men who knew what they were writing about; and these narratives by writers who had no especial facilities for knowing the facts they undertake to relate, are not entirely reliable as materials for history.

Of course I understand that "The Southern Historical Society" is not responsible for the accuracy of all that is published under its auspices, as stated in your note to General Alexander's narrative; but the public will be very apt to regard the Society as endorsing the reliability of the writers whose productions it publishes.

Regretting the necessity which compels me to address you this communication, I am very truly your obedient servant,

J. A. EARLY.

Rev. JOHN WILLIAM JONES, Sec. Southern Hist. Soc.

Report of the Operations of Early's Brigade in the affair at Blackburn's Ford on Bull Run, the 18th of July, 1861.

HEADQUARTERS 6TH BRIGADE, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
July 31st, 1861.

Colonel:—I submit the following report of the operations of my brigade on the 18th instant, in the engagement at Blackburn's Ford on Bull Run, in which our troops were commanded by Brigadier-General Longstreet.

In the morning of that day I marched with my brigade (composed of the Seventh Virginia volunteers, Colonel Kemper's regiment, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Williams; the Seventh Louisiana volunteers, commanded by Colonel Harry T. Hays, and six companies of the Twenty-Fourth Virginia volunteers (my own regiment) commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Hairston, to which were attached three pieces of artillery from the Washington Artillery, of New Orleans, under Lieutenant Squires), to Camp Walker, from whence it was moved by direction of General Beauregard into the road leading from Camp Walker to the gate in front [south] of McLean's farm, where it remained until about twelve o'clock M., at which time a large cloud of dust was observed on the high ridge in rear [north] of Blackburn's Ford, at which General Longstreet's brigade was stationed. This cloud of dust proved to be produced by the enemy's columns moving in that direction, and in a few minutes a cannonade was commenced by the enemy, directed first upon General Bonham's position at Mitchell's Ford, and subsequently upon the farm-house of McLean and the hospital in his barn, over which latter was floating the hospital flag. As soon as the cannonade commenced, my brigade was moved, by order of the General, to the cover of the pines to the left of the road leading from McLean's house to Blackburn's Ford, where it was joined by two more pieces of artillery from the Washington

Artillery under Captain Eschelman.* At this position I remained for the purpose of supporting either General Bonham at Mitchell's Ford, General Longstreet at Blackburn's Ford, or General Jones at McLean's Ford, as occasion might require.

After the first cannonade had ceased and the General had passed towards Mitchell's Ford,† a fire of musketry began at Blackburn's Ford, which became very animated, and was continued for some time, when one of General Longstreet's aides came to inform me that he [Longstreet] had repulsed the enemy's attack but desired reinforcements. I immediately put my whole brigade in motion to proceed to him, including the five pieces of artillery, to which (by his own request) was joined Lieutenant Garnett with two pieces that had been sent to the rear by General Longstreet before the action commenced. After my column was put in motion, I received an order from General Beauregard to support General Longstreet with two regiments and two pieces of artillery. I thereupon proceeded with the 7th Louisiana Regiment and the 7th Virginia Regiment, and two pieces of artillery under charge of Captain Eschelman,‡ to the support of General Longstreet. Upon arriving at Blackburn's Ford, I found the greater part of General Longstreet's command under cover on the bank of the stream engaged with the enemy, who was under cover on the hill-sides on the opposite bank. Colonel Hays' regiment, which was in the advance, was then placed on the banks of the stream, under cover, to the right and left of the ford, relieving the 17th Virginia regiment under Colonel Corse. This regiment proceeded to its position under quite a brisk fire of musketry. The 7th Virginia Regiment, under Lieutenant-Colonel Williams, as it arrived, was formed to the right of the ford under a heavy fire of musketry from the enemy, evidently directed at the regiment. It was momentarily thrown into confusion by this fire, and discharged many of its own guns over a portion of our own troops in front, fortunately, however, doing them no damage, as I believe.§ The regiment was soon rallied, and proceeded to the bank of the stream, relieving the 1st Virginia Regiment. The two pieces of artillery under Captain Eschelman [Lieutenant Squires probably], which followed the 7th Virginia Regiment, were moved down in the open field on the right of the road, so as to be concealed from the enemy's artillery by the timber on the banks of the stream, when they opened a fire upon the enemy on the opposite side, directed only by the sound of his musketry. As soon as the 7th Virginia Regiment advanced to the bank of the stream as above stated, I sent back for the companies of the 24th Virginia Regiment

*This is a mistake: the section of artillery was commanded by a Lieutenant—Lieutenant Richardson, I believe. I was led into this mistake from the fact that Captain Eschelman joined the portion of the Washington Artillery that was with me, and was in action with it, being wounded slightly. That artillery was detached from my brigade immediately after the engagement, and never again served with it—hence I fell into the mistake. I have since ascertained that Captain Eschelman was a volunteer on the occasion, and that Lieutenant Squires was the regular commanding officer of the two sections of artillery with me.

† General Beauregard's headquarters in the field were at McLean's house, where he was when the enemy opened with artillery.

‡ These pieces were probably commanded by Lieutenant Squires, though Captain Eschelman accompanied them.

§ This regiment was formed into line in the field near the edge of the skirt of timber on the banks of the Run, and could be easily seen by the enemy, by reason of the open ground in its rear, while the enemy could not be seen by us, he being on the wooded ridge on the opposite bank, and thus concealed from our view.

and the remainder of the artillery, and they were brought up. The companies of the 24th were placed in position, in good order, to the left of the ford, in a space not occupied by Colonel Hays' regiment [and on the left of the latter], and the remaining guns of the Washington Artillery were unlimbered on a line with the first two pieces and to the right of the road. A scattering fire of musketry was kept up for some time, but the enemy finally ceased firing, and evidently retired to the hill, where his guns were placed, having no doubt observed the position of our pieces of artillery, for a fire was soon commenced on them by the enemy's artillery, which was responded to by ours, and the cannonade was continued for a considerable time with great briskness on both sides, the balls and shells from the enemy's battery being directed with considerable accuracy upon ours; but the enemy finally ceased firing, and did not renew the attack with musketry. During all this firing, when the balls and shells were passing over the heads of the men on the banks of the stream, they remained at their posts coolly awaiting the renewal of the attack with musketry.

The affair closed late in the afternoon, and about dusk General Longstreet, by direction of General Beauregard, retired, with the two regiments of his brigade that had been engaged in the early part of the action, to the pines from which I had gone to reinforce him, leaving my brigade and Colonel Garland's regiment of his brigade on the ground for the night.* When I first arrived on the ground I found General Longstreet very actively engaged in the thickest of the fire in directing and encouraging the men under his command, and I am satisfied he contributed very largely to the repulse of the enemy by his own personal exertions. The officers and men belonging to the Washington Artillery behaved very handsomely indeed under a well-directed and galling fire from the enemy, displaying great coolness and skill in the management of their pieces. The regiments of my brigade came for the first time under fire; and while one regiment was thrown for a few moments into confusion, without retiring it rallied under fire on the same ground, and took the position assigned it and retained it.

Some parties sent across the stream after the close of the fight reported about forty of the enemy found dead on the ground occupied by his infantry during the fight. We were not enabled to examine the ground occupied by his battery and the regiments of infantry supporting it, because it was evident that a heavy force was in the neighborhood; and the whole of next day the men were engaged in throwing up embankments to strengthen our position, which was on ground lower than that occupied by the enemy.†

About one hundred muskets were picked up on the opposite hill-sides, with a large number of hats and other articles. From all the indications the enemy's loss must have been much larger than our own.

*All the pieces of artillery were also carried to the rear at the close of the day, and none of them rejoined the brigade.

†The embankments thus made were constructed principally by the use of rough bowie-knives which some of the men had, and the bayonets of the muskets, as we had only a very few picks and spades. There were no intrenchments of any kind at this place when the action began.

The ranks of the 7th Virginia and 24th Virginia regiments were much thinned by sickness, and the whole strength of my brigade did not exceed 1500 men.

I have already furnished Brigadier-General Longstreet with a list of the killed and wounded.*

Captain Fleming Gardner, my aide and A. A. A. General, and Captain George E. Dennis, Assistant Commissary of the 24th Virginia Regiment, who acted as aide during the engagement, discharged their duties to my entire satisfaction.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. A. EARLY, *Col.-Comd'g Sixth Brigade.*

Lieut.-Col. THOS. JORDAN, A. A. A. Gen.

REPORT OF MAJOR-GENERAL FITZHUGH LEE OF THE
OPERATIONS OF THE CAVALRY CORPS A. N. V.,

From March 28th to April 9th, 1865 (both inclusive).

RICHMOND, VA., *April 22, 1865.*

General R. E. LEE:

General:—I comply with pleasure with the desire expressed by you to have a report of the last operations of the cavalry of your army, and have the honor to submit the following:—

On the 28th of March my division moved from its position on the extreme left of our lines in front of Richmond, on the north side of James River, marched to Petersburg and up the Southside Railroad, reaching Sutherland Station, nineteen miles from Petersburg, on the 29th. In compliance with verbal instructions received from you, I marched the next day (30th) towards Dinwiddie C. H., *via* Five Forks, to watch and counteract the operations threatened by the massing of the Federal cavalry at Dinwiddie C. H. under Sheridan. After passing Five Forks, a portion of the enemy's cavalry were encountered with success and driven back upon their large reserves near the Court-House. Night put an end to further operations, and my division was encamped in the vicinity of Five Forks. My loss, though slight, included Brigadier-General W. H. Payne amongst the wounded; and the loss of the services of this bold, capable officer was severely felt in all subsequent movements. I was joined during the evening by the divisions of Major-Generals W. H. F. Lee and Rosser, and by order of the Commanding General took command of the cavalry corps.

On the 31st of March, Pickett coming up with five small brigades of infantry, we attacked the very large force of the enemy's cavalry in our front at Five Forks, killed and wounded many, captured over one hundred prisoners, and drove them to within a half-mile of

*I had, I believe, only one killed in my brigade, but there were several wounded.

Dinwiddie C. H. Munford, in command of my old division, held our lines in front of the enemy's position, whilst the remaining two divisions of cavalry, preceding the infantry, moved by a concealed wooded road to turn and attack their flank. A short stream, strongly defended at its crossing, presented an unexpected obstacle to the sudden attack contemplated. It was finally carried, however, with loss in W. H. F. Lee's and Rosser's divisions. Munford, attacking about the same time, also successfully carried the temporary works thrown up in his front, and by a gallant advance again united his command with the other division. Darkness put an end to our further advance. Amongst the wounded were numbered Major-Gen. Rosser, slightly, Captain Dawson, my very efficient and gallant Chief of Ordnance, severely, and Lieutenant-Colonel Fields, Third Virginia Cavalry. Lieutenant Croxton, Fourth Virginia, was killed, and a number of others whose names I have not been able to obtain.

Our position in the vicinity of Dinwiddie C. H. brought us in rear of the left of the infantry confronting the right of our line of battle at Burgess Mill, and ascertaining during the night that that force, consisting of the Fifth Corps, had about-faced and was marching to the support of Sheridan and his discomfited cavalry, which would have brought them directly upon our left flank, at daylight on the 1st we commenced moving back to our former position at Five Forks, where Pickett placed his infantry in line of battle. W. H. F. Lee was on his right, one regiment of Munford's command on his left, uniting with the pickets of General Roberts' command, who filled the gap between our position and the right of our main army, then at Burgess Mill. Rosser was placed just in rear of the centre as a reserve, Hatcher's Run intervening between him and our line.

Everything continued quiet until about 3 P. M., when reports reached me of a large body of infantry marching around and menacing our left flank. I ordered Munford to go in person, ascertain the exact condition of affairs, hold his command in readiness, and if necessary, order it up at once. He soon sent for it, and it reached its position just in time to receive the attack. A division of two small brigades of cavalry was not able long to withstand the attack of a Federal corps of infantry, and that force soon crushed in Pickett's left flank, swept it away, and before Rosser could cross Hatcher's Run, the position at the Fords was seized and held, and an advance towards the railroad made. It was repulsed by Rosser. Pickett was driven rapidly towards the prolongation of the right of his line of battle by the combined attack of this infantry corps and Sheridan's cavalry, making a total of over twenty-six thousand men, to which he was opposed with seven thousand men of all arms. Our forces were driven back some miles, the retreat degenerating into a rout, being followed up principally by the cavalry, whilst the infantry corps held the position our troops were first driven from, threatening an advance upon the railroad, and paralysing the force of reserve cavalry by necessitating its being stationary in an interposing position to check or retard such an advance. The disastrous halt was made at Five Forks, upon the day of our retrograde movement from Dinwiddie C. H., on account of the importance of the location as a point of observation to watch and

develop movements, then evidently in contemplation for an attack on our left flank, or upon our line of railroad communication ; the importance of preserving which intact could not be overestimated. It was thought Pickett's infantry and my cavalry could successfully contend against the superior numbers of the enemy's cavalry (and which the fighting the day before amply verified), and should their infantry be withdrawn from the position of their lines contiguous to our operations, a corresponding force of our own would have thus been made available, and could be used to restore the status ; the distance from Burgess Mill, the terminus respectively of the right and left of the two lines of battle, being short from Five Forks, with a plain road joining the two.

I remained in position on Hatcher's Run near Five Forks during the night, and was joined by the cavalry which was driven back the previous afternoon, and by Lieutenant-General Anderson with Wise's and Gracie's brigades, who leaving the position at Burgess Mill, had marched by a circuitous route to our relief. Had he advanced up the direct road, it would have brought him on the flank and rear of the infantry forming the enemy's right, which attacked our left at Five Forks, and probably changed the result of the unequal contest. Whilst Anderson was marching up, the Fifth Corps was marching back, and was enabled to participate in the attack upon our lines the next day. Whilst the services of the *three* infantry brigades (which General Anderson reinforced us by, too late for use), and the five with Pickett's by their absence, increased the disparity between the contending forces upon the next day for the possession of the lines circumvallating Petersburg.

On April 3d, General Anderson learning that the enemy had been successful in penetrating our lines, and that our army was withdrawing from the vicinity of Richmond and Petersburg, commenced moving back on the Namozine and Tabernacle road towards Amelia C. H. I followed, protecting his rear, and skirmishing with the enemy's advance until Amelia C. H. was reached on the 5th inst. At Deep Creek, *en route*, the command was placed in line of battle to take advantage of the defensive position offered, and to give a check to the enemy's rapid advance. Wise's and Hunton's brigades constituted a part of the rear-guard at that time. The attack was not made upon us until after dark, and was principally sustained by Munford's command, of my old division, with a steadiness reflecting high credit upon the valor and discipline of his men. Owing to the fact that General Heth's troops were expected to arrive by the road by which the enemy advanced, they were permitted to approach very close to our lines, and it was not until Lieutenant-Colonel Strother, 4th Va. Cavalry, was sent to reconnoitre, that it was ascertained who they were ; he having walked into their line of skirmishers, which were so near to ours that the questions asked him were distinctly heard by our troops. At another of the temporary halts upon this march to check the enemy in the vicinity of Namozine Church, that very excellent North Carolina brigade of W. H. F. Lee's division suffered severely. The troops had been placed in motion again to resume the march. This brigade was the rear of the column, and I was obliged to retain it in

position to prevent the enemy from attacking the remainder of the command. Whilst getting in motion, their rapidly arriving forces soon augmented the troops it was so gallantly holding in check, and produced a concentration impossible for it to resist. Its commander, Brig.-General Barringer, was captured whilst in the steady discharge of his duties, and his loss was keenly felt by the command. I also had the great misfortune to be deprived of the services of my most efficient and untiring Adjutant-General, Major J. Dugin Fergusson, who was captured about the same time, and whose assistance, always important, was especially desirable at this time.

Reporting to the Commanding General at Amelia C. H. on the 5th, I was ordered to move with my command on the Paynesville road to protect the wagon-train, a portion of which was reported to have been attacked by some of the enemy's cavalry. W. H. F. Lee was detached and sent in advance of Longstreet, who was moving from the Court-House towards Jetersville. I found the enemy had attacked and burned a portion of the cavalry train, including my own headquarter wagons, and had retreated again towards Jetersville. I started at once in pursuit, and soon closed up on Gary with his brigade, who had been previously dispatched in that direction and was engaging their rear near Paynesville. Reinforcing him, the enemy were rapidly driven within a mile of Jetersville, where their infantry were formed in large force. (A dispatch captured that night showed General Grant to be there in person.) The pursuit was discontinued, and the command placed in camp at Amelia Springs. In this encounter thirty of the enemy were killed, principally with the sabre, and one hundred and fifty wounded and captured. The attack was made with Rosser's division mounted, supported by a portion of my old division dismounted. The gallantry of Brigadier-General Dearing in leading the charge of his command was here very conspicuous. Our loss was not very heavy, and I can only recall in the connection the mortally wounding of two of my bravest and best young officers, Captain Hugh McGuire, Eleventh Virginia Cavalry, and Captain James Rutherford, A. I. G. General Dearing's staff. The portion of the enemy's cavalry engaged in this raid had preceded the column which had been marching on our left flank, and had reached Jetersville on the Danville Railroad before Longstreet arrived in that vicinity. Their cavalry crossed the railroad and swept around on the north of our right marching flank, and hence came upon the wagon train. During the night, at Amelia Springs, Longstreet's corps, deflected from its original line of march by the occupation of Jetersville and Burkesville by the enemy, passed by. The Commanding General arrived also, and I received from him orders to march at daylight after General Longstreet. The main body of the enemy's cavalry had ceased to follow our rear after our approach to Amelia C. H., and was moving on a parallel route upon our left marching flank.

The next morning (6th of April) I started the main portion of my command under Rosser (the senior officer present), and remained in compliance with instructions to explain in person to the first infantry officer who came up the situation of things, and to urge the import-

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THE ODD TRUMP.

BOOK V.—SOME ODD TRICKS.

CHAPTER LV.

LOSS AND GAIN.

WHILE Mr. Radcliffe Merton was delivering his impassioned address on the South Terrace, the sharp eyes of Heloïse were taking in all the gestures ; and though she gave courteous attention to Mrs. Wailes, she was snapping her white teeth with a click, and mourning that she did not have Mabel's disengaged fingers between them. The light of the stars was not sufficient to show Mabel's look of horror and repugnance at the discreet distance of twenty yards, though Mr. Merton could see it very distinctly. It was all over in a minute or two, and when Mabel whisked through the door into the library, the young gentleman stepped down from the terrace and approached the two ladies.

"It was horridly rude of me," he said, "to invite you to retire ; but I had a word to say to Miss Grahame that I was not at liberty to say in public. Allow me to escort you back to the terrace."

"Do you not feel cool?" said Mrs. Wailes to Heloïse, when they resumed their seats.

"Oh no, Madam ; the air is charming."

"Well, I do. If you will excuse me, I will get a shawl."

"Allow me, Madam —"

"By no means. I will return presently ; but I think you had better come indoors."

"If Monsieur is cold—" said Heloïse.

"On the contrary," answered Radcliffe, "I am stifling." This was a slight exaggeration, but his cheeks felt comfortably warm. He had a vague impression that his ears had been boxed soundly by the little hand he had rudely seized a moment before.

Mr. Grippe was still somnolent as Mrs. Wailes crossed the room. She found her shawl, and hearing the young people in animated conversation on the terrace, she ascended the staircase in search of Mabel. Her door was ajar, and she saw her sitting in the corner, her face covered with her hands. Without hesitation, Mrs. Wailes entered her chamber, and kneeling by the sobbing girl, took her in her arms.

"Monsieur speaks French?" said Heloïse, when Mrs. Wailes left them.

"No—that is, not well enough to converse; but you speak English charmingly."

"I have taken some lesson," answered Heloïse. "I have a letter in English which I obtained at the Madeleine; some gallant gentleman have write the letter to instruct me and to amuse himself." She took a letter from her pocket as she spoke. "See, it is here. It say many pretty English words. I have learned them all. But hélas! the pretty words are all lies," and she tore the letter up in minute fragments and scattered them upon the terrace.

"This is a devil of a mess!" muttered Radcliffe; "and I'll be hanged if I can see my way out of it."

"It is the English style, is it not?" continued Heloïse. "I am desolated to think Monsieur had such trouble. He have to make lies for Mees Sybil also, and for Mabel."

"If you will listen to me," said Radcliffe, "I will explain."

"Listen?" said Heloïse. "It does not need. Monsieur can write one letter again. He can make new lies, and say there is no Mees Sybil and no Mabel."

"I assure you," said Radcliffe, "that you do me injustice. You gave me no encouragement. When I came here to dinner and saw you—"

"And Mabel—it was to Mabel you look. You address to me not the word; and when Mabel was retired, you no longer could remain."

"I had to go to London and to Paris—"

"Ah then! you have to make more letters for the Madeleine, is it not?"

"You will not hear me!" said Radcliffe, rising. "I will leave you now and hope to satisfy you hereafter. You have destroyed my letter, and you drive me away. When your anger is over, I will come again. Ready, Tim! Au revoir, Mademoiselle!"

James, who had been lingering within call since Mabel had departed, opened the gates to give the dog-cart egress. Looking with stolid composure after the retreating vehicle until it was lost in the darkness, he reëntered and locked the lodge-gates. "That Merton is a bad lot!" he said, shaking his head solemnly. "Miss Gram was mistaken. It was not drunk—it was devil; and if it came in the way of duty, I'd like to punch 'is 'ead."

Mr. Merton meantime pursued his way to Gloucester. The Festive Club was his objective point. It was quite nine o'clock when he arrived, and the members were busy at their usual vocation — passing money from one to another upon the cast of a die or the turn of a card. There were no "debts of honor" due to or by the members of the "Festive," as their cardinal law forbade all gambling upon honor; "money up" was the invariable rule.

Radcliffe found a place at the roulette-table, and in the course of an hour or two had parted with all his loose money. He had Mr. Consol's cheque, however, and the obliging treasurer of the club cashed it for him; and just as Munseer Blowell was delivering his peroration at Merton Village, Mr. Radcliffe Merton resumed his seat at roulette.

Wine in abundance. Radcliffe liked wine, especially Burgundy; but he imbibed sparingly, though frequently, and lost a good number of twenty-pound notes. Convinced at last that he was "out of luck," he suddenly left the table, the larger part of his money gone.

"Curse that Dorado!" he said. "It has brought me into trouble all the time; and after getting out of it so nicely, I have squandered the most of the proceeds here. By all the gods! I'll put what's left of it upon the next roll, and then quit either way."

He counted out the remainder of his money, and putting on his hat and overcoat, laid the banknotes on the table. The ball spun round a short minute and fell into the wrong compartment — Dorado was all gone.

Tim was waiting at the door for him. Some unusual touch of human emotion flashed upon Merton's mind as he thought of Tim's long vigil out in the cold. He went back, and tossing off a bumper of Burgundy, refilled the glass and took it out to his groom. "Here, Tim, you have had a long watch; this will warm your blood. Drink."

"What is it, Mr. Radcliffe?" said Tim, doubtfully.

"Red Burgundy, you rascal! Not quite equal to old Grippe's; but 'twill do. Down with it!"

While the strange liquid trickled down Tim's throat, his master climbed up to his perch. Taking the empty goblet from his servant's hand, he tossed it carelessly into the street. "That will spoil the set," he muttered. "The 'Festive' will have a memorandum against me. G'long, Maggie!"

As he turned out of the high-street and took the Merton road, the town-clock struck five; the dawn was at hand.

Before he reached Beechwood he saw a man running at full speed, meeting him. The light was not strong enough to distinguish what he was like. "Hillo, friend!" said Radcliffe, as the figure flitted by; "is the devil after you?"

The fugitive made no reply, and as Merton pulled up his horses as if to stop, he scrambled through the hedge and disappeared.

"He has been at some villainy," said Merton; "but it is no business of ours. I hope he has been murdering that cursed Yankee!"

Past Beechwood and approaching Halidon. Another pedestrian, but walking soberly and with stately grace. The dawn was here.

"Miss Gram!" said Tim.

"What!" answered Radcliffe, checking his team.

"Miss Gram! No sich walk in Hingland!"

Radcliffe passed the reins to Tim, and stood in the road suddenly, confronting the lady. "By all the gods," he said as she stopped, "my luck has changed! Allow me to offer Miss Grahame a seat. Tim, turn the horses!"

Mabel passed him silently, but he caught her arm and drew her back. "Come," said he, with a brutal laugh, "your game is up! I am going to give you a drive," and he passed his arm around her waist. "Where are you going? To visit the Yankee? Rather early, I should think."

"How dare you, sir!" said Mabel, as she struggled to get free. "Release me and begone!"

"Begone! Certainly; but I shall take you with me. Tim, give me a lift!"

"Help!" screamed Mabel.

"Bah!" said Merton, catching her mantle from her shoulders and throwing it over her head. Drawing the folds tightly over her face, he raised her bodily and carried her to the roadside. She struggled violently, and tried to tear the mantle from her face. In vain. With Tim's aid he placed her in the bottom of the dog-cart, and kneeling by her side, held her down with the grasp of a giant.

"Listen!" said Merton, carefully uncovering a little pink shell of an ear, while he held the cloak tightly to her face—"Listen! Do you suppose I am going to rest under your scorn and hatred? Never! I shall take you where no eye but mine will see you, and keep you until you learn to look upon me with favor. You silly girl! you do not know what a devil you defy. If my infatuation were less, I might consider all the risks I incur in abducting a lady from the high-road and carrying her off to my den. But I heed no consequences! I would not release you now if I knew that death was the consequence of detaining you! I am glad to see that you have enough sense to cease your useless struggle. The sooner that you know you are entirely in my power, and entirely helpless, the better. Tim, drive to the Cottage!"

"Better not go down this road," said Tim, with drunken gravity. The Burgundy had fallen on top of six mugs of ale, which Tim had taken at regular intervals while waiting at the door of the club; and "harmless" as either was alone, the joint forces of ale and wine had been too much for Tim.

"Why not?"

"Cause we shall meet Merton people coming to Glo'ster, and shall pass two or three lodges, and day is coming."

"How shall we go then?" said Merton, irresolutely.

"There is a lane back yonder that comes out by the mill. It is longer, but is apt to be quiet."

"Go on then. Keep the rein tight on Maggie, and she will move faster. By all the gods! I believe the girl is smothered; she has not moved since we put her in. Drive on; I will uncover her face when we reach the lane."

And when they passed under the trees in the narrow lane, he

cautiously removed the cloak from the pale face. A flush crept over it, her eyes opened, and starting up with unexpected vigor as she caught sight of Beechwood and the two gables, she cried stentoriously, "Help! help! Mr. Wailes! Mr. Clinton! Help! help!"

CHAPTER LVI.

THE GHOST REAPPEARS.

"My dear Wailes," said Clinton, swinging the gate open, "welcome! I am ashamed of my thoughtlessness. And you have carried your portmanteau all the way from Rose Cottage! I could have sent Memnon, if I had not been so hopelessly thick-skulled."

"Pooh!" answered Trumpley, "it is only half a mile. I rode as far as Halidon."

"Indeed! Here, Memnon, take it to Mr. Wailes' room. You have dined, of course?"

"Yes," answered Wailes; "but you will have to give me some food before bed-time. My dinner was light, and eaten very hurriedly."

"That's jolly!" exclaimed Clinton, producing his whistle and sounding two notes. "Ah, here's Phillis. Phillis, my friend Mr. Wailes will be hungry anon. I give you no orders; I merely announce the fact."

"Werry well, Mars Clint. What time anon come?"

"Mr. Wailes, will you please answer the question?" said Clinton.

"Nay, the case is not urgent," answered Wailes; "you have your regular hours, of course. Whenever you call, I shall be ready."

"Mars Clint don't have no reg'lar hours for nuffin," said Phillis, discontentedly. "Him go to sleep in day-time, and walk about all night. Him eat dinner when mos' people done gone to bed one time, and don't eat none next day. Nebber mind — him git married some day; den we'll see about de hours! I'll have supper ready at ten o'clock, sar," and Phillis departed.

"That remark about marriage," said Clinton, as they entered the hall, "was partly prophetic and partly threatening. Wailes, my dear friend, if I ever get a wife, I shall have to thank you for rescuing her from great peril."

"I do not understand you," said Wailes, stammering.

"Do you not? Well, I have selected my future partner, and she is a lady who owes her life —"

"Pooh!" said Wailes, "don't talk rubbish. Where are we going?"

"Up to my den first," said Clinton; "the pipes are there. We will smoke a little, and I will tell you a story."

"About your ghost?"

"Yes; it is time you should know. The tobacco is in that canister; here are the pipes. What are you looking at so intently? The swords? Do you recognise them?"

"They certainly look like the Göttingen small-swords," said Wailes, taking the weapons down from the wall; "are they really the same?"

"Yes. When I got over my — little accident, I prevailed on the

master of arms to give them to me for a new pair. I thought I would renew the trial with Mr. Merton some day, and I had a fancy for the same weapons. Don't look so grave," he continued, laughing; "I have given up that intention. Your mother assaulted me one night, and — and — exorcised me; I had been possessed for years. I cannot tell you all she said, but the sum of it was, that I — conscious of superior skill — meditated cold-blooded murder under the guise of a fair encounter. It was every word true, Wailes. Lay down your pipe and let me show you something."

He took down a pair of foils as he spoke, and chalked the buttons.

"Now stand here," he said, giving a foil to Wailes. "You are wonderfully expert with the weapon, but you are no match for me. Button your coat, please — so! Now I will put four chalk-marks on your right breast in four passes, all within two inches of the second button. *En garde!*"

There was a rasping of steel against steel, a rapid interchange of thrusts, lasting two or three minutes only, and Clinton lowered his point.

"It is done," he said; "examine your coat. Did you feel any of the thrusts?"

"No," answered Wailes, in astonishment; "but here are the spots, beyond doubt."

Clinton returned the foils to their hook on the wall, brushed off the chalk-marks from his friend's coat, and coolly lighted his pipe. They drew up their chairs to the hearth, where a wood-fire was burning.

"Now, my friend," said Clinton, "you will begin to understand. I spent a year in incessant practice, with the best teachers I could find. I had one in Paris, and stuck to him until I mastered him. Then I went to Vienna and found another, and finally went to Naples, where I learned my best tricks. My instructor there invested his art with a certain glamour that charmed me; I stayed with him until he told me he could teach me no more.

"In all this time, and indeed until a few nights ago, I had one set purpose; it was to make the same kind of a hole in Rad Merton's body as the one he made in mine. I could afford to wait, I could select my own time; but all other plans were subordinate to this one. I really believe the devil had entire control of me during those years.

"You see how shabby the whole business is! I cannot tell you how heartily I blush when I think of it. It is like Rad's own tricks; it is about equal to playing cards with an ignorant booby, when you can read the backs. Pah! how could I be so base a whelp as to entertain the purpose? And how can I be grateful enough for the deliverance wrought by your good mother's agency?

"And — greatest marvel of all — I expected to go to this gentle girl, and ask her to take my bloody hand. Think of it, Wailes!"

"What did Mother say?" asked Trumpley.

"Rather what did she not say," answered Clinton. "I knew of course that the whole story was new to her. I told her that night after Mr. Grippe's dinner; and yet the lecture she gave me sounded like a moral essay read out of a book. She is a wonderful woman — wonderful!"

Wailles had a sly suspicion that Mrs. Wailles had quoted from the *Meditations*; he knew her tricks. But he was loyal and silent. While they sat and smoked, he recalled certain passages in the same fountain of wisdom.

"Obligations," quoth he, or rather quoted he, "must be founded upon relations. You can see that a man is bound to do certain things as a member of society, which he would not be bound to do if he were alone in the world. There are duties belonging to the subject of a state, differing from the duties demanded from the member of a household. I have always been taught that there is a law of brotherhood perpetually pressing upon the sons of men. It forbids selfishness; it banishes vengeance; it inculcates beneficence. The formulation of this law is found in the Decalogue; in the Gospel it is summarily stated in the axiom, 'No man liveth unto himself; no man dieth unto himself.' But his life and death have a far-reaching effect upon the whole course of human history."

"Go on, my dear fellow," said Clinton; "it sounds like a page from Paley."

"Paley be blowed!" answered Wailles, irreverently; "he did not begin to apprehend the law. There is more of pure ethics in a page of Sir William Hamilton than in the whole of Paley's writings."

"It is all very fine," said Clinton after a pause; "but the whole of human history just contradicts your axioms."

"Of course. Humanity is in an abnormal condition. Logic as really demands regeneration as revelation does."

"I hear the clatter of dishes," said Clinton—"prepare. Do you know what Phillis will give you?"

"No."

"Well, I will tell you; Pongoteague oysters. A barrel arrived to-day: fifteen days from Baltimore, and packed in ice. My friend, if you have never had Pongoteague oysters, you will have a new sensation. Let us go to the dining-room; Phillis will summon us to her feast in five minutes."

The sonorous announcement of midnight by the old clock in the hall startled the young gentlemen as they sat in the drawing-room after supper. Wailles prepared to retire, Clinton lighting his candle. As they were shaking hands, the door leading to the main hall opened, and with noiseless tread a lady entered the room. Her beautiful hair, white as snow, was arranged in broad folds upon her head. There was a longing expression in her eyes, as she advanced to Clinton, holding out her hands. "I want Daisy," she said, softly. "Did you not tell me I should see Daisy?"

Clinton sprang to her side, took her hand, and led her to the sofa. "Dear Aunt Dora," said he, "you will wait a little, will you not?"

"I cannot wait! I want Daisy," she answered, plaintively. "Send him for her," and she pointed her slender finger at Wailles.

"This is my friend Mr. Wailles," said Clinton.

"Yes—Trumpley Wailles. He told me. Ah! young gentleman, you are ill-named."

"Do not say so, Madam," replied Trumpley; "my mother was Edith Trumpley, and my name came from her."

"Edith!" she answered, dreamily. "Edith! Certainly; bring her also, De Witt."

"I will, Aunt Dora, at daylight. Will you wait until daylight? It will only be a few hours. Let me take you to your room."

She took his arm, nodding her head to Wailes as she went from the room. While Wailes was debating the question whether he should retire or not, Clinton returned.

"You may as well extinguish your bed-candle," said Clinton; "after seeing so much, you will not sleep until you know more. Do you know her?"

"You called her 'Aunt Dora,'" said Wailes; "she must be Dora Lennox. She is also Mrs. Hamet."

"And the widow of Harold Trumpley," said Clinton. "I will despatch a message to Doctor Maguire; the crisis of her disease is at hand. Memnon!"

The sable Greek appeared.

"Saddle Phaginnny. I will write a note to Doctor Maguire; you must go to Merton and find him. Don't return without him."

"All right, Mars Clint," and Memnon vanished.

"Excuse me one moment, Wailes; I must send for Mabel too. She can come at daylight; and we will go for Mrs. Wailes a little later." He opened an escritoire and wrote two notes. In five minutes the tramp of Phaginnny's hoofs was heard on the gravel. Clinton went through the conservatory and out at the secret door.

"When you get the Doctor started, Memnon," he said, "ride with him as far as Halidon; and get in there, and see that Miss Mabel Grahame gets this note at once. Away with you!"

"And now, Wailes," he said, as he returned, "come up to the den and hear a long story. No sleep for you to-night, my boy."

CHAPTER LVII.

APPROACHING A CRISIS.

Mr. Clinton deliberately divested himself of coat and waistcoat, and donned his dressing-gown. He exchanged his boots for moccasins, and recommended similar changes to his guest. Wailes was provided with gown and slippers; and with a log or two added to the fire, some bottles of bitter beer on the table, and the inevitable pipes, the two young gentlemen prepared to "make a night of it." Clinton closed the inside shutters, wheeled his great chair to one side of the hearth and the sofa to the other, and stretching himself out upon the latter, began his story.

"Aunt Dora will sleep now until five o'clock," he said; "she is very regular in her habits. I can talk with perfect freedom to you now, and indeed I brought you to Beechwood for that purpose; but I had arranged to have your mother also, and Mabel, to-morrow, and to tell you all together."

Wailes winced slightly at the mention of Mabel.

"You know Mabel?" continued Clinton; "that is, you saw her at Mr. Grippe's dinner. Had you seen her before?"

"Yes, certainly," replied Wailes, thinking this was a strange question to come from the man who had so recently thanked him for saving her life. The next sentence or two bewildered him still more.

"Captain Lennox had three daughters. The eldest, Mabel, was my mother; the second, Dora, you saw to-night. She is the widow of your uncle, Harold Trumpley of Halidon. This much I know positively, but there are mysteries about her marriage and her reported death that I cannot unravel. You will aid me anon. The third daughter, Daisy, was the mother of Mabel Grahame."

Wailes started to his feet, threw his pipe in the fire, walked round to the head of the sofa, shook Clinton's hand violently, and then resumed his seat. "Go on, you jolly old long-legged brick, go on!"

"Ah!" said Clinton, somewhat surprised at this demonstration, "that is your British fashion of recognising the family connection. Well, your uncle married my aunt, so we are almost kin. Better get another pipe."

Trump meekly selected a new pipe from the box, filled and lighted it, taking a sip of beer first.

"There is no such thing as Another," observed Trump.

"Another! There are forty at least," answered Clinton, "in the same box."

"Certainly. Excuse me," said Wailes; "I was thinking of something else. Proceed."

"You have disturbed the flow of my ideas with your confounded Another," said Clinton. "Well, I found all this out in America. The letters came to me at my Uncle Clinton's death, and — you shall see them — after reading them over a hundred times, until I had all the actors distinctly formed in my mind, I decided to come over here and hunt for kindred."

"Count me in, my dear Clinton. You shall call mother Aunt Edith."

"Thanks. That will be Another."

"Never mind," replied Trump, confused, "but go on."

"Well, I went to Baden first. Several of the letters are dated Maison Rouge, near Baden. I spent a month there. I went to Maison Rouge. It is an old tumble-down ruin, no tokens of life about its mouldering walls. Of all the places I ever saw it seemed the most dismal, except L'Abîme Noir."

"The Black Abyss! Do you mean the Pit of Darkness?"

"Pretty nearly. It is a chasm near Baden; a rift in the rocks on a sterile hill, surrounded by gloomy trees. The people who live there, ignorant and superstitious, have a hundred legends, all horrible. I found one old man living in a hut at the base of this hill, a maker of wooden clocks, who told me a coherent story of an English lord who had been murdered there the quarter of a century ago. I bought two clocks from him, and he told me the names of victim and murderer. The victim was Harold Trumpley; the assassin was Captain Merton. This corresponded with my old letters, as you will see. I went thence to Châlons, and after a week of patient toil I found La Sœur Clementine, who had seen the last of Aunt Dora. She had no doubt about her death; but by persistent inquiry I found that

her evidence was all circumstantial, and being hungry for kindred, I rejected her story. Then I came to England. Beechwood first, of course. By-the-bye, Beechwood is my property ; it comes to me as the sole heir of Mabel Lennox. I can prove my right without difficulty. But your beautiful English jurisprudence has covered Beechwood with so enormous a debt, that it is more profitable to deny ownership and pay the chancery rental.

"I found Aunt Dora first. Your mother helped me. Do you remember what she said that night we watched here together? The next night I watched alone, and found her in the conservatory. She has been somnambulic for years. I wakened her, and revealed myself. She was greatly shocked, and has been more or less demented ever since. Maguire promises her complete restoration, however. To-morrow I shall introduce Mabel and your mother, and the Doctor is very sanguine.

"Then I found dear Mabel. I did not know she was so near until the day of Mr. Grippe's dinner. I found an opportunity to say a word or two just before you started off so suddenly. By-the-bye, again it is curious, but she told me she had injured you in some way, mixing you up with Rad Merton, and — hey! — what is the matter now?"

Trump had risen again, throwing another pipe on the hearth, danced a most absurd *pas seul*, kicked a chair over, set it up again, and then resumed his seat. "Oh, what a blockhead! Mother was right. Go on, please, I am all attention. One more mouthful of beer."

"It's my opinion," said Clinton, "that you have had beer enough to-night. Help yourself, however, and welcome."

"It isn't the beer, Clinton," said Wailes. "I have been carrying a great load upon my mind, and am just getting relief. It is the reaction."

"My dear fellow, go to bed," said Clinton. "I am ashamed of myself for keeping you up so late, listening to my dull stories."

"If you say bed to me again I'll throw this beer-bottle at you! Go on."

"Decidedly inebriated!" ejaculated Clinton. "Wailes, your head is not worth shucks."

"What are shucks?"

"Shucks are the covering that nature provides for maize while it is growing. When it matures, the shucks are taken off and thrown away. I believe some Yankee has utilised them as a substitute for hair in mattresses."

"Thank you ; the explanation is lucid. Pray go on."

"There is not much more to tell ; I will give you the letters. Will you read them to-night, or wait?"

"To-night, by all means."

Clinton unlocked a cabinet and took out a bundle of letters, which he gave to his friend.

"There are no secrets in them which you may not know. I have told your mother of their contents, excepting so far as they related to her brother and Aunt Dora. Somehow I have shrunk from all refer-

ence to her, waiting until I can learn all the truth. I asked Aunt Dora once, but she repelled me so vehemently that I have not dared to renew the investigation in that direction. I did not tell Mrs. Wailes who Mabel was either, because —”

“Because?” said Trump.

“Because we were discoursing about Another,” answered Clinton. “The truth is, Wailes,” he continued, with averted face, “I am spoony, and Sybil was the topic last night. By-the-bye, she never tires of talking about Trumpley Wailes. Maybe you are spoony too?”

“Mr. Clinton,” said Trump, with stoical indifference, “calm your apprehensions. I am in pursuit of something substantial: I am seeking money. I give my best energies to my daily business. I like it: it is promising. If no unusual calamity befall us, in the course of ten or fifteen years I shall be in a position to indulge in these dreams. I admire Miss Sybil greatly, but as for spoons — Pshaw! Do I look like a man that would grow spoony?”

“What a tremendous philosopher you are!” answered Clinton, with admiration. “I had a sneaking hope that you would be attracted by a dear little lady that I know. But I’ll tell her that your soul is swallowed up in money. She will hardly believe it —”

“Don’t trouble yourself,” said Trumpley; “my remark was almost too sweeping. I knew you were frightfully jealous, and only wished to ease your mind. But I can easily imagine that a precious angel — such as I have dreamed about — could blow my money schemes to the dogs with one flap of her wings. Besides, my dear mother should have a companion. I may conclude to marry for her sake.”

“Very kind of you, Wailes,” replied Clinton, stretching himself out upon the sofa; “read the letters, you deceitful old humbug, and I’ll take a nap.”

Within the hour the nap was interrupted by the arrival of Doctor Maguire and the return of Memnon. The note had been delivered at Halidon; Miss Grahame had not retired, and she sent a dainty little note in reply, saying she would be at Beechwood early in the morning, and that Mrs. Wailes would follow later. Dora was sleeping peacefully, and Doctor Maguire retired. The house was quiet again, Clinton making good progress in his second nap, and Wailes engrossed in the letters, when the hall-clock struck four.

The letters were all from Daisy Grahame or her husband, and were all addressed to Mrs. Mabel Stratton. The first related the story of Daisy’s marriage, and referred to Mr. Trumpley’s courtship of Dora. The second told circumstantially of Dora’s marriage in Paris; this was the first letter dated at Maison Rouge. There were half-a-dozen letters, all written within the month, referring to their life at Baden, hinting vaguely at some cause of distress, and once alluding to Mr. Trumpley’s unfortunate “entanglements.” A later letter, written by Mr. Grahame after Trumpley’s death, expressed the writer’s conviction that he had been the victim of a wicked conspiracy, in which Captain Merton and “the woman Radcliffe” were chief conspirators. Trump read this letter carefully, twice. The next letter told of the burial of Mr. Trumpley at Merton, and deplored the serious illness of Miss Edith Trumpley. “If I could have seen her,” Mr. Grahame

wrote, "I would have explained many things to her which I cannot venture to write. If Daisy gets strong again, we will return to Gloucester in the spring." He also regretted that "Mr. Grippe, a young banker at Gloucester, who had been at Baden when they were there, was confined to his room by a frightful attack of asthma. He had seen Harold the day before he died, and might possibly have told me some things I desired to know."

Hist! What noise is that? Oh, the clock, striking five. No, some one is moving in the hall below. The outer door has a peculiar creak; Wailes had noticed it when he entered the house. Surely, the door opened.

He laid down the letter, and taking the candle, moved softly to the door. No harm to go down and look. Ah! here are the Göttingen blades; he would take one. As he opened the door, Clinton awoke. At the same instant, the snap of a key slipping from the wards was heard. Clinton with moccasined feet came noiselessly to his side, wide-awake and composed as possible.

"Burglarious!" he whispered; "the rascals are working at the plate-chest. Hold a moment."

He threw off his gown as he spoke, took a revolver from the wall and stuck it in his waistband. Then seizing the other sword, he nodded to Wailes, and they passed out into the corridor.

"Be discreet, Wailes," he said; "don't kill if you can help it. We may have to maim the rogues, but let us be merciful."

CHAPTER LVIII.

THE SECOND RESCUE.

Munseer Blowell's repeater had deceived him. It was not one and three-quarters, but four o'clock that it announced. Time had flitted away on silken wings while they walked from Merton; and while they rested on the mill-bench, and while they were discussing the rights of man and very uncommon sense in the quiet lane, they loitered and time sped on. The hall-clock struck five as the locksmith threw back the bolts on the outer door.

Thick darkness in the hall. Munseer Blowell, dagger in hand, stepped lightly past his companions and entered. The others, encouraged by his bold example, followed. Moving cautiously along the wall, the locksmith found the great chest. He announced the fact in a hoarse whisper. "Here it is! Now you two keep quiet and listen."

A faint rattle of the skeleton-keys; he had to select the proper one by feeling. Presently they heard it grating in the lock. Almost too much noise, Mr. Locksmith!

"Cuss the tumbler!" said he, after a futile effort or two; "it falls in a new place every time."

"My goot friend," said Munseer Blowell, "I have matches in my pocket. Will a light aid you?"

"Don't want no lights, Johnny," said Podd; "can't you bust the lid open?"

But light came very unexpectedly. The door at the end of the hall opened suddenly, and a flare of light poured in. The back corridor illuminated by two candles placed on a bracket against the wall just opposite the door. Two men in their shirt-sleeves, each with a shining blade in his right hand, standing in the doorway. The locksmith dropped his keys as he rose, and with prompt courage dashed through the door by which he had entered, pulling it after him, to baffle possible pursuers, and fled gallantly to the main gate on the highroad. It was locked, but fear lent him vigor, and he cleared the hedge at a bound. Taking the road to Gloucester, he ran with increasing speed, until a passing vehicle met him. Then, tearing through the hedge again, he continued his flight by lanes and byways until he reached Gloucester common. He lay down here under the trees, watching the fading stars until he regained his breath, and then walked soberly into the city.

"Monsieur Blauvelt!" said Wailes, as Johnny disappeared; "and in a new rôle!"

"Zee odd Tromp!" answered Munseer Blowell; "*sauve qui peut!*" He darted to the front door, which Podd had opened, after fumbling with the lock two or three precious minutes. Out in the air at last, he rushed past Podd, reached the gate below the stables, and raced down the lane, Podd following, and gradually gaining on him. He caught his arm at last, a short distance from the gate.

"Hold on, pardner!" said the gardener; "this is not English fashion, to run like hares at the first blow. If Johnny had stood by us—"

"A thousand thunders!" replied Munseer; "quit my arm, or I'll use my dagger on you! Ha! they come! They bring chains, I hear them rattle!"

"Chains be blowed!" answered Mr. Podd, angrily. "Put up your frog-sticker. Cuss your French liver!"

"Ah, you will have it then," said Blauvelt, turning suddenly upon Podd, who retreated a step before the gleaming dagger. And as they glared at each other, a new actor appeared, just visible in the twilight.

Tiger, his chain dragging after him. His vision was better than that of bipeds, and he quickly recognised the king, and the antagonism between the monarch and the courtier. Rearing his huge body on his hind legs, he threw himself upon Blauvelt, and fastened his yellow fangs in the Frenchman's throat. There was a momentary struggle, and man and dog rolled together upon the ground.

This is a sorry termination of an illustrious career, Mr. Blauvelt! But there is no help for it.

Podd seized the chain and tugged manfully at it. In vain. Tiger had been fasting, and he tore away at Blauvelt's throat, regardless of cuffs and kicks. Then Podd knelt on the ground beside him, and seizing Blauvelt's dagger which lay on the grass, he drove it into the dog's neck.

It was the common mistake of those who practise kingcraft. The subject, loyal and obedient, who had been content to serve with un-murmuring fidelity, who had taken cruel treatment so long and patiently, licking the hand that smote him, forgot everything but this

last injury, and quitting the still carcase of the courtier, caught King Podd by the shoulder, and with savage fury tore at his tough muscles.

Clinton and Wailes had followed the fugitives, and reached the scene at this critical moment. The dawn had come.

Tiger was embarrassed by his riches. So far backward as his canine memory extended, he had been chained to a box, and had only been able to growl and snap at passers-by. But here, suddenly, with new freedom thrust upon him, he had very nearly committed two murders, and now two more were possible. Releasing Podd's shoulder, he dropped his head and rushed at Clinton, his jaws dripping blood.

It was the common mistake of democracy, learned in nothing but the invincibility of brute-force. Tiger's loyalty to Podd was a caricature of the allegiance due to the lord of creation from the subordinate orders. Tiger's assault upon Clinton was a flagrant denial of this lordship, albeit enforced by intellect and virtue.

Clinton stuck the sword in the ground, drew the pistol from his waistband, and put a bullet in Tiger's brain when he was within three feet of him. The dog rolled over on the roadside, jerked out his legs convulsively once, and then remained motionless.

"It is the miller's dog," said Wailes.

"Then he has met his proper doom," answered Clinton. "What an enormous brute he is! He has throttled both our burglars, I believe. Is not this Podd?"

"Yes."

"Hillo, Podd!" said Clinton; "look up, man! Where are you hurt?"

Podd answered with a groan. He was meditating a plan of escape, and meantime silence was golden.

"He has been wounded somewhere," said Wailes; "look at this bloody dagger."

"This is Blauvelt beyond doubt," said Clinton, "and I think he is sped. The dog has lacerated his throat terribly. Wailes, we must get them to the house somehow. I will go for Memnon. Will you wait here?"

"Yes; but hark! I hear wheels."

"Ah!" said Clinton, "they are coming down the lower lane. Run down to the fork, and I will cross here; one of us will intercept them. What's that?"

A shrill cry came floating over the hedges.

"Wailes! Clinton! Help!"

The two men heard. Clinton knew it was a woman's voice, and that she called on him for aid. He leaped the hedge, rushed across the triangular meadow, and reached the lower lane as the vehicle rattled past.

Wailes knew it was Mabel's voice; he had heard it once before, when she, recovering from her swoon, thought she was in deadly peril. She was in peril again, and called him—him! Down to the fork of the lanes like a shot. The distance was not measured, nor the time recorded; but when he stood there breathless, watching the

approaching vehicle, it seemed to him that he had reached the goal at one leap.

Rad Merton's trap. Tim driving furiously. Rad kneeling on the back-seat, holding Mabel in his arms, and forcing a cloak over her head. He planted himself in the middle of the lane, sword in hand. He would stab the lead-horse, leap aside and throttle Merton. Foolish boy! the onset of that furious team would brush you out of the road like a heap of chaff. But he stood there without doubt or trepidation.

A shot. Maggie leaped from the ground and fell. The horse in the shafts stumbled over her body, and Tim rolled down from his perch. A pale face, relentless as death, came up the side of the wrecked dog-cart, and a pair of iron hands caught Merton's collar and hurled him in the dust beside his stunned servant; and the same hands, transformed into velvet, lifted Mabel from the seat and bore her swiftly away. She freed her face from the mantle and peered anxiously at her rescuer. "Is it you!" she murmured; "is it indeed you? Ah, I am safe now!"

Trumpley made no reply. He threw away his weapon and crushed her delicate body in his arms.

"Let me down, please," she said; "I can walk. I am not hurt. Did you kill him?"

"Oh no; but I'll go back and kill him if he has harmed you."

"No, no! do not leave me. Where am I?"

"At Beechwood. Don't look over there; a fellow got hurt this morning — dog bit him."

"Did you hear me call you?" she said, blushing.

"Yes; I should have heard you if I had been dead."

This was an original proposition, and required meditation. Mabel was silent.

"How did it happen?" said Trump.

"He met me in the road. De Witt sent for me last night, and I started at dawn. James opened the gate for me, and went back for his coat. Instead of waiting for him, I walked up the road. But it would have made no difference; that wretched man had his groom with him, and they would have murdered James probably, if he had been with me. Still, I cannot account for his absence."

James had snatched up his coat, and while struggling into it in the dim light, missed his footing and rolled into the kitchen-area, striking his thick skull on the stone steps, and falling senseless at the bottom.

"What did he say to you?" said Trump. "Never mind the dog, he is dead."

"I cannot tell you. Ugh! he said he loved me — the brute!"

"Did he? When did you see him first?"

"On that day when I ran away. Ah! you have never cared to ask me why. And now you have saved me the second time —"

"We will talk of it hereafter. I know you had a good reason for your flight. You shall tell me this evening. Here is Clinton."

Clinton came flying over the hedge and joined them. He caught Mabel's hand and kissed it, laughing hilariously.

"We are even, Wailes," he said. "That was a neat shot. Do you

know that Mabel kept popping her pretty head in the way? I had to wait until they were almost upon you before I fired. You reckless vagabond! they would have trampled you to death in another minute. Let us get my pretty cousin to the house, and then we will go back and look at the wreck. Where's Podd?"

That estimable citizen was reposing on the other side of the hedge. He had crawled away from the scene of conflict as soon as their backs were turned; and when their voices died away, he took to his heels again, and reached the mill as the sun appeared above the eastern horizon.

Mabel told her story more succinctly as they proceeded. Clinton led them to the conservatory wall, and opening the secret door, led the way to the drawing-room. Dora was there, and Dr. Maguire was feeling her pulses. Clinton paused upon the threshold, but Maguire beckoned him in.

"All right, me boy," he said. "Pulses as calm as an infant's; no oppression about the head. All we want is quiet, and the gurrill you were to get. Have you brought her? The drowneded Duchess, be jabbers!"

"Aunt Dora," said Clinton, "I could not bring you Daisy; but I have brought Daisy's daughter Mabel. Take her to your arms."

Which she did.

CHAPTER LIX.

SWORD-PLAY.

Taking Memnon and the doctor, Clinton and Wailes went back to the spot where Blauvelt was lying. Memnon took a stable-door from the hinges, and they placed the unfortunate philosopher upon it. He was not dead.

"I am thinking he is beyond the reach of drugs," said Maguire, examining his throat; "but we will see what can be done. Lift him gently, and we will get him to the house and put in a stitch or two. You are only in the way, Mr. Clinton; we three can carry him."

Clinton relinquished his hold, and seeing them through the gate, returned for the sword he had left sticking in the ground. Where was the other? Why, Wailes had it. He saw it in his hand when he put the bullet into Maggie's ear. He must have thrown it down in the lane. Only a step; he would go look for it.

Before he reached the fork he found it. It was in the hand of Radcliffe Merton. Clinton suppressed a sigh of regret, and accepted the inevitable.

His neat attire torn and dusty, his brow scratched and bleeding, he was not attractive in appearance. Over the malignant face that confronted Clinton, the fine gauze of conventional propriety was drawn.

"Are you seeking me?" said Merton, bowing politely.

"No; I am seeking the weapon you carry," answered Clinton, with cold composure.

"Ah! Well, you shall have it presently. Am I right in supposing you shot my mare?"

"Yes. I had some thought of shooting you instead."

"Indeed! May I ask your reason?"

"You were abducting a lady with brutal violence —"

"Is that all? Cannot one pick up a stray milliner or governess in the road without incurring your displeasure?"

"We will not discuss the matter," said Clinton, gravely. "Oblige me with the sword, if you please, and get away."

"I am afraid you will have to take it," replied Merton. "It is such a fine, bright morning, that a little exercise will do you good."

"Excuse me," said Clinton; "I cannot consent to gratify you."

"The last time, I had the pleasure of making a hole in your Yankee body. I was younger then, and only half did the work."

"Let that suffice," replied Clinton. "I have kept these swords ever since you wounded me at Göttingen, intending to renew the contest some day; but the obstacles are insurmountable. Give me the sword and begone."

"Pardon me. Can I not say something or do something that will induce you to change your mind? Are you interested in this Grahame wench?"

"Shame on you, Merton! I will not talk with so utter a blackguard. Keep the sword if you will, and go to the devil!"

"All in good time. Please enumerate the obstacles you spoke of before you go. Will you excuse me if I remove my coat; I see you are without yours?"

"Mr. Merton," said Clinton, "look you, I am not the clumsy boy you wounded in Germany; I am an expert swordsman. I do not know the man among my instructors who can master me. The chief obstacle is the dead certainty that I should kill you."

"How considerate!" replied Radcliffe, "and, if you will excuse me, I will add, how conceited! Two minutes will suffice to convince you of your error."

"I promised a gentle lady that I would spare you," said Clinton, reluctantly. "I must keep my word."

"How gallant!" answered Merton, stepping back and taking off his coat. "If you turn, I will stab you in the back. You miserable adventurer! you insolent Yankee sneak! defend yourself, or die without resistance!"

With two strides he reached the middle of the lane, and crossed swords with Clinton, who coolly awaited his approach.

The bright blades glanced in the sunlight as they went through the ordinary parades of thrust and parry. In Radcliffe's baleful eyes there were desperate determination and malice. Over Clinton's manly countenance there gathered a stern tranquillity that was portentous. He soon discovered that Merton demanded all his attention, and that the most exact precision was needed to deflect his sword from his body. His skill was a vast improvement upon that of the German student.

Then there was a rapid interchange of thrusts, and the hilts of the weapons clashed together so violently that Merton was driven backward two paces.

"Let it end here, I pray you," said Clinton. "You have doubtless discovered that you are no match for me; I could have killed you twice."

"Yankee brag, Mr. Stratton ! Let us resume."

At the second encounter Clinton faced the sun. Radcliffe had gradually drawn him into this position across the narrow lane. The American discovered the trick on the instant, and drew the point of his sword across the other's face. It was a mere scratch ; but Merton drew back a step, and Clinton turned his back to the sun as he gained the middle of the lane again. With patient skill Radcliffe worked around his antagonist, and once more got the sun in his eyes. Pressing upon him with rapid thrusts, the hilts clashed together again, and again Merton was driven backward.

They stood apart a minute. With all Merton's rascality, he was a man of dauntless courage, yet there crept into his mind a gloomy conviction of his inferiority. He glanced at Clinton's face, cold, stern and confident, and once more approached with extended weapon.

"Take notice," said Clinton as the swords crossed, "I will not have the sun in my eyes. So long as you keep in the road, well ; but if you persist in driving me to the hedge, I shall do you some terrible injury."

Radcliffe made no answer ; he had made up his mind. He would take a thrust if he must, but he would kill Clinton on this round.

"I will give you another warning," said Clinton. "Your waistcoat is buttoned with three buttons ; I will take off the middle one."

There was another sharp struggle, the blades flashing like electric streams between them, and Clinton sprang backwards, lowering his point.

"The button is gone," he said, composedly. "Will it satisfy you?"

It was a white Marseilles waistcoat, double-breasted. The buttons were little golden balls, secured in the eyelet-holes by rings. Radcliffe was partial to finery of this sort, especially in evening dress. He took off the garment and laid it on his coat by the roadside, and striding forward, confronted Clinton once more.

"You are expert," he said, as their blades clashed ; "but that is not very remarkable. Yankees have a natural aptitude for picking up gold. Perhaps you got your money in that fashion."

The grassy lane was trampled in a large circle, which they had traversed many times as they changed their positions in the fierce encounter. The chirp of a bird in the hedge was the only sound heard in the still morning, except the sharp click of steel and the tramp of their feet as they moved around on their battle-ground. Pressing upon Merton, Clinton gradually backed him up to the hedge, and with a sudden sweep of his blade tore Radcliffe's weapon from his hand. Advancing a step, he placed his point on his adversary's throat for an instant, and again stepped backward, lowering his sword. Merton stood motionless before him until he retired, then, leaping into the circle, regained his sword, and faced him again, panting and indomitable. Clinton held up his left hand with imperious dignity, and Radcliffe paused.

"How often shall I give you your life?" said Clinton, sternly ; "let this end here. By all rule you are bound to acknowledge yourself vanquished. If you are a gentleman, you will accept your defeat and begone."

"My life is worthless to me so long as you live," answered Radcliffe. "You have some tricks of fence that are novel, but I am learning. Let us resume."

"Hear another word," said Clinton: "you are a bad lot, Merton, but you face death so manfully that I cannot find it in my heart to harm you. Get away now with a whole skin, and let me keep my promise."

"Was it silly Sybil who pleaded for me?" answered Radcliffe with a sneer. "Pooh! you must have done some extensive bragging as well as some extensive lying to extort the plea from her. I know you have been sneaking about Merton Park traducing me, and I am going to pay you off this morning. Come on!"

"It is inevitable!" said Clinton, furiously. "Look your last upon the sunlight! You are a blot upon the fair face of nature, and I am about to take you off!"

In this last encounter both men fought with the most elaborate precision. Merton exposed himself recklessly, yet pressed so vigorously upon his adversary that he was kept upon the defensive. Twice Clinton's exact parry merely deflected Merton's blade enough to escape the thrust, which passed through his shirt-sleeve. Instead of the usual interval between them, they gradually worked closer each to the other, and each intent upon what he meant should be the final *coup*. Clinton's purpose was to inflict upon Radcliffe a precisely similar hurt to that he had received at Göttingen. The slender blades quivered in their strong hands, and seemed to twist themselves together in the rapid interchanges. The muscles of their right arms swelled out in knots as with grim ferocity they stamped upon the dewy grass and circled around in the lane. Each watched for the crisis, and at last it came.

"*Un, deux, coupée; habet!*" said Clinton; "straight carte over the arm!"

The fencer will understand the manœuvre, which, if rapidly executed, is effectual. Instead of the parry, however, Radcliffe recoiled a half-step, turning his wrist in the parade of *seconde*, and throwing Clinton's sword upward with his forearm, the sharp point caught Merton above the eye, while his blade passed through Clinton's arm, under the muscles of his shoulder, grazing his ribs, and so out at the spine, pinning his arm to his body. They fell apart without a word, and the faintness that crept over the stalwart American brought to his memory the German duel. Merton, relinquishing his sword, stumbled across the lane and fell.

"Wailes, me boy," said a voice, "he is here; and — be jabbers! so is Rad Merton! — and we want two barn-doors."

"I don't need any, Doctor," said Clinton. "If you will please pull this infernal hot skewer out of my arm I can get along. Jewhilliken! how you hurt! Look to Mr. Merton, Doctor; I am afraid he is hurt more seriously."

"And who the devil hurt him?" said Maguire. "Tare an' ages! what possessed you to play wth such dangerous implements? It is a wonder you arn't both kilt."

"Doctor," said Radcliffe, "am I blind?"

"It looks very like it. We'll take you to the house and examine—"

"Never! My groom is in the lane below, not the quarter of a mile off. If you will lead me to him I can get to Gloucester. Will you lend me your arm? My coat is here somewhere. Ah! thanks. Now I can walk if you lead me. Can't you bind my handkerchief over my eyes?"

Trumpley took the handkerchief, folded it, and tied it over his brow. With the blood streaming from his arm and back Clinton drew near.

"Merton," he said, his voice tremulous with tender pity, "I would freely give one of my eyes to restore yours if I could. The memory of this morning's work will embitter my future life. I entreat you to come to Beechwood and have your wound—"

"Many thanks," said Radcliffe; "no! I should die there when I might recover anywhere else. Harken! Do not waste sympathy upon me; the chief regret I shall feel, if my hurt is serious, will be that I cannot see to kill you. Good-morning!"

Tim had repaired damages to a certain extent. The dead mare was lying stiff in the lane, but the other horse was unhurt, and the harness patched up; and with the fumes of the Burgundy still confusing his brain, Tim drove slowly back to Gloucester, his wounded master sitting erect and silent beside him, enduring agony, yet making no sign.

CHAPTER LX.

HIGH DUTCH.

The breakfast at Beechwood was delayed. Blauvelt's wounds were dressed by Doctor Maguire, and he was sent to Gloucester Hospital. The pony phaeton was despatched to Halidon for Mrs. Wailes, and upon her arrival she and Mabel were left with Dora, while Maguire gave attention to Clinton's hurts. The doctor put in sundry stitches with grim satisfaction; while the patient groaned, and heroically refrained from objurgatory remarks. It was done at last, the arm bound up in pasteboards, and Clinton remanded to bed under pain of fever, gangrene, tetanus, and dissolution. Mrs. Wailes made tea, and her son and the doctor wrought havoc among the biscuits and chops that immortalised Phillis. Mr. Grippe stopped at the gate, and took Trumpley to town with him. Doctor Maguire invaded Dora's chamber, found her pulses accelerated, administered an opiate, sternly ordered perfect quiet in a darkened room, and departed for Merton, promising to return in the evening. He was also required to carry the intelligence of Radcliffe's "accident" to Merton Park, and to suppress or embellish the narrative according to his own excellent judgment. As soon as the gig was out of sight, Clinton summoned Memnon, and with his assistance dressed, buttoning his coat (with an empty sleeve) across his breast, and was driven to Gloucester.

Mrs. Wailes and Mabel had possession of Beechwood at luncheon time. Mr. Clinton's instructions to Phillis were simply to take her orders from the ladies. He returned in the afternoon, went soberly to bed, and waited for the doctor's return and his permission to rise.

The dinner was rather more lively. Mr. Clinton was allowed to come down, and lie upon the sofa while his guests dined. Dora was better: tranquil, and disposed to sleep. Milly Galt, overflowing with happiness, had been formally inducted into the office of lady's-maid to Dora, having been sent by the doctor early in the day. Clinton was making sundry wry faces over a bowl of panada, which was the only nutriment the inexorable medico permitted.

"This duck is positively enchanting," quoth the doctor, who occupied the head of the table. "Mrs. Wailes, let me send you a wing."

"Give it to Mr. Clinton, Doctor," said Mrs. Wailes; "he will starve on that panada."

"Not a morsel! Starve? He would live on pure water ten days. Panada is strong diet for him."

"How long shall I live, Doctor, if I take a little bread and meat?" asked Clinton.

"Not over a week."

"And how long do you intend to feed me on panada?"

"If we heal up with the first intention," said the doctor, "you may have tay and toast a week hence."

"Very well. I'll make my will to-morrow, and then commit suicide on beef and mutton."

"If you keep quiet in bed all day to-morrow," said the doctor, "it is barely possible that I'll give you tay and toast at night."

"Tea and toast be — that is, I'd as lieve stick to panada. Wailes," he continued, in Greek, "I went to Gloucester this morning to see about Merton. He will not be blind."

"Where did you find him?" answered Wailes, in the same tongue.

"He has my old rooms in Queen Street. They have sent to London for Sir Thomas Morgan, the great oculist. But his eyes are not seriously injured — Heaven be praised!"

"What are you young gentlemen saying?" said Mrs. Wailes.

"Clinton is only airing his Greek a little, Mother. You will excuse him, ladies, as he is feverish and his mind is wandering."

"Certainly," interposed Maguire; "let him go on. It will do him good."

"Wailes," continued Clinton, "I *tried* to kill him. He was so fierce and bloodthirsty, that I lost my temper for one short minute, and it was done. But my point glanced on the bone, and only tore the flesh over his right eye, passed through the left eyelid, but did not wound the organ. I was with him when the doctor made the examination."

"With him?" said Wailes.

"Yes. He was savage at first, when Tim told him I was there. I went in without invitation or announcement. I told him about Gretchen and her death; he had to hear me. And I discovered at last the cause of his insane desire to kill me. What think you was the provocation?"

"The old quarrel in Germany?"

"No. He thought I was courting that lovely maiden by your side; and he was wonderfully mollified when I told him she was destined for Another."

"Gentlemen," said Mabel, in melodious Greek, "it is proper that I should tell you I understand you."

"The devil!" said Clinton, in good English.

"I think you had better keep to your gibberish," said Mrs. Wailes, highly offended.

"I beg a thousand pardons," said Clinton, humbly; "but you did not hear what Mabel said?"

The violet eyes were sparkling with merriment.

"Well, Ma'am," continued Clinton—"Oh! how my arm hurts!—She merely announced that she understood Greek, after Wailes and I had told no end of secrets."

"Greek is a very unsafe tongue, Mr. Clinton," said Maguire. "I allowed you to go on because I was interested; but how the blazes do you think I could have got on in my profession without a smattering of the ancient tongues. And now I can tell you that Radcliffe may have inflammation; that will play the mischief with your diagnosis."

"And I suppose I may as well add," said Mrs. Wailes, "that Trump recited his early Greek lessons to me, and that I also am tolerably familiar with that tongue."

"Of all the awful sells I ever heard of," said Clinton, "this is the worst! This arm will drive me mad! I think I will go back to my dismal couch."

"Suppose you thry a bit of Haybrew," said the doctor, with a strong brogue.

Clinton groaned.

"Please continue your account," said Mabel. "You can resume the vernacular; only your Greek is far better than your English."

Clinton raised himself on his unhurt arm and glared at her speechless.

"I have made a little vocabulary," continued Mabel, "which we will go over presently. Tell us more about that unhappy man."

"But the very thing I wished to tell Wailes you must not hear," answered Clinton.

"It will keep, probably," said Mabel, with a blush. "Mrs. Wailes desires to hear a more coherent account of your doings this morning."

"I am too faint to talk," replied Clinton; "loss of blood and starvation begin to tell upon me."

The doctor took up the wing of the duck, shook off all the fragments of dressing, put it on a plate with a small slice of bread, and sent it to Clinton.

"After goin' to Gloucester," said the doctor, "in disobedience to my orders, you don't deserve a taste. But I'm forgiving in my disposition. Masticate thoroughly!"

"Memnon," said Clinton, with his mouth full, "throw this panada out of the window! Doctor, may I have another wing?"

"Not a feather!"

"I've a great mind to eat the bone, then."

"Clinton, tell us about your encounter," said Trump, "and I will smuggle some food to you to-night."

"I walked down the lane," responded Clinton, promptly, "got the sword I had left there, and then went for yours. You threw it away,

and no wonder! I think you had enough to carry without it—I mean a feminine walking dictionary.”

“You should say ‘keyarry,’” answered Mabel spitefully, “as you say ‘keyar’ for car, and ‘keyarpet’ for carpet.”

“Very well,” said Clinton; “then I met Mr. Merton, who had obligingly brought Wailes’ sword with him. He asked me if I shot his mare, and candor compelled me to acknowledge the fact. He then made other remarks the reverse of complimentary, and finally invited me to renew a contest which we began in Germany some years ago.”

“Well?” said Mrs. Wailes.

“I declined, Ma’am, most positively. He refused to give up his weapon, and I told him to keep it. He then said he would stab me in the back if I refused to face him, and he meant all he said. There was nothing left for me to do but defend myself.”

“What next?” said Mrs. Wailes. They had all risen from the table and were standing in a circle around Clinton’s sofa.

“I can hardly tell. I know my purpose was unwavering to content myself with defensive warfare. Several times he exposed himself, but I did not harm him, except to scratch his face, and that only by way of warning. I cannot tell how long we were at it. I had my hands full, Wailes! The fellow fences like an expert. At last he said something that exasperated me furiously, and he glared so malignantly at me out of his cat-eyes that in the last fierce skirmish I tried to kill him. I knew I was going to catch it, before he hit me. He assaulted me so resolutely, so vigorously, and yet so recklessly, exposing himself without hesitation, that I saw clearly I must disable him or die. If I had not thrown up my arm when I felt his point, it would have gone through my body. Once I disarmed him and put my sword to his throat—like those Dutchmen used to do, Wailes, you remember. He stood like a statue, with his arms folded, gloomy and defiant; and when I stepped back, he clutched his sword again and came at me. He is a born devil!”

“Poor Radcliffe!” said Mrs. Wailes. “What will be the end of this? What will people say—”

“People will know nothing about it, Ma’am,” said Doctor Maguire. “I told a cock-and-bull story at the Park; nobody knows how his eyes were hurt, nobody knows how Mr. Clinton was hurt. The burglars will get the credit of most of the damage. Let us all kape quiet, and decline any conversation on the subject, in view of pending legal proceedings. Radcliffe will not be apt to spake of it; his groom is a close-mouthed rashkill, and will tell nothing about the drunken frolics of his master. He was blind drunk av coorse, or he would niver have tried to carry off the Duchess—”

“Why do you call me Duchess, Doctor?” said Mabel.

“Mars Clint,” said Memnon, putting in his head, “’skuse me, Sar, but Mr. Grippe done wait half-an-hour in de parlor. He come in while you was all talkin’ Dutch.”

“Bedad,” said the doctor, “there’s your answer, Miss Mabel.”

HISTORIC TINSEL.

“FOR all the Athenians spent their time in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing.” *Mutato nomine de te fabula narratur* is a truthful proverb, gentle reader, and it needs but a very limited amount of reading to convince any one that the modern historian writes as though he were addressing the very same “men of Athens” whom Paul harangued on Mars Hill. Instead of the dry judicial summaries of events and characters with which we used to be familiar, we have a criticism which seeks eagerly for some new light to cast on dark or well-known places, and an eager partisanship that burns with all the intellectual fire of the impassioned advocate. In a multitude of counsellors, however, there is wisdom. If Mr. Froude chooses to ride a tilt against Mary Queen of Scots, he finds more than one ardent champion ready to break a lance in her cause ; and with a little care in weighing evidence and argument, the intelligent jury, which is known as public opinion, can discern the truth through the dust of battle. No harm then is done by the partisan style of writing history ; on the contrary, good seems to result from it. In the first place, more thorough researches are made, more facts are laid before us, more fictions disposed of ; secondly, we are in a certain measure compelled to form our own opinions from facts, instead of borrowing them ready-made from others, for our authors are often so diametrically opposed that it is unsafe to follow the lead of any one of them ; lastly, the brilliant, fascinating style, the keen relish for their subjects that glows in the pages of such writers as Macaulay and Carlyle and Froude, hurries us on in spite of ourselves, and makes us perforce study what we would pass by were it presented to us in the dry phraseology of Hume or with the parrot-like prattle of Rollin.

Of course, where such a school as this is in vogue we may be sure that the changes in preconceived ideas will be great. The motto of Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, is the rallying cry of modern writers, and “thorough” is the system they adopt. How different is Mr. Froude’s Henry VIII. from our old conceptions of his character ; Carlyle has naught, but praise for that crazy old brute Frederick William ; nay, even Robespierre, “sea-green incorruptible,” has found a champion ; poor Tiberius Cæsar grows pure as marble with many a coat of whitewash ; “ugly Jack Wilkes,” of whom it is said that a lottery-dealer used to pay him ten guineas not to pass by his shop whenever the numbers were drawn lest he should cross the luck, becomes in Mr. Rae’s eyes* a marvellous proper man, and by no means as black as he is painted. It was not so long ago that an American reviewer† undertook to *exploit* the theory that Alexander VI. was worthy of canonisation ; and now Germany of all countries in

*Wilkes, Sheridan, Fox. *The Opposition under George III.* By W. F. Rae. 1874.

† In *National Quarterly Review*.

the world produces an astute historian who in his latest work* undertakes to prove to us that our old friend Lucrezia Borgia was not only a sweet, tender-hearted little thing, but a quiet, respectable, domestic matron as well, only just a trifle too easily influenced by that *mauvais sujet*, her brother Cæsar. Here is work for the writers of *libretti*. Fortunately we are not yet so far the converts of the musicians of the future but that the same notes may express to us equally well a dozen conflicting emotions. Like the Lesbian rule, the score will easily adapt itself to the altered circumstances of the theme to which it is applied. Under the new theory the stormy duet of duke and duchess in the second act might represent a discussion about cold mutton or the servants, while the "quai se ti sfogge" would lose nothing of its sweetness if accompanied by the singing of the domestic tea-kettle.

But the whitewashing system is by no means the only one that finds favor. The iconoclasts too are hard at work. Mr. Bancroft dashes into that group of worthies which clusters around the camp-fires of the Revolution, striking right and left with vindictive pen; and the descendants of these same worthies, who have no doubt prayed for the last thirty years that their lives might be spared till his volumes appeared, gird up their loins and step gaily into the arena to do him battle. Virginia of all places on the face of the earth produces an author who boldly proclaims that Patrick Henry was no orator; while an ingenious gentleman in Minnesota† publishes some four hundred pages to prove that there never was any such person as Christopher Columbus, and that the individual who sailed to the West Indies under the auspices of Ferdinand and Isabella was only a "nameless pirate" who was guilty of every crime in the Decalogue, and to whom he even denies the fact of sepulture.

These are the pitched battles of historic literature, well fitted for the heavy artillery of the quarterly reviews; our own lighter batteries must seek a more modest field, and we need not go far to find it. Accessory to the general engagement there is a constant succession of little skirmishes going on. The supernumeraries engaged in these minor actions are those pleasant little episodes familiar to the literature of our childhood, and those epigrammatic sentences, pinches of Attic salt, which the French call *mots*, and which are used so plentifully to add a flavor to the historian's page. Many a cherished little anecdote has gone down in this desultory fighting; and we might regret their loss were it not that the removal of the spurious enhances the value of the genuine. If the truth should be loved for its own sake, we can bear to give up some of our pleasant illusions, while we may be sure that there has been enough of wit, wisdom and romance in the world to give us all we need of this kind of literature, without evolving any examples from our inner consciousness.

So great has been the slaughter of the innocents in the last fifty years that a French writer‡ was able some time ago to fill a little pamphlet with their obituaries. Some, however, have been scotched,

* *Lucrezia Borgia: nach Urkunden und Correspondenzen ihrer eigenen Zeit.* Von Ferdinand Gregorovius. Stuttgart, 1874.

† *The So-called Christopher Columbus.* By Aaron Goodrich. Published by Appleton & Bro. 1874.

‡ Fournier. *L'Esprit dans l'Histoire.* Paris. 1860.

not killed. It was in 1838 that Carlyle disclosed the inaccuracy of the popular account of the sinking of the *Vengeur*; but there are still Frenchmen who regard his exhaustive essay as a base invention of "la perfide Albion," and it is a matter of gospel faith to them that the gallant frigate went down with the tricolor at her masthead and her crew shouting "Vive la République!" Jules Verne, beloved of our children, works up this story into the catastrophe of his *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea*, and embalmed in his fascinating pages, Barrère's ingenious little lie is again sown broadcast among the rising generation.

Without going back to the semi-mythical periods of Greek and Roman history, which have been critically examined by Niebuhr, Curtius and Mommsen, and without any attempt at systematising, we propose to string together in this article a few of those historical decorations which have been found to be spurious, and which for want of a better name we may call Historic Tinsel.

"Tout est perdu, fors l'honneur," is the noble language in which Francis I. is said to have announced to his mother the crushing defeat of Pavia. The gallant king, however, was somewhat of a sensualist; his instincts were more corporeal than sentimental, and to one who has studied his character it will be no shock to learn that though he did write this, he wrote a little more which rather spoiled the effect. The original letter has been reprinted by M. Champollion from a MS. of the period, and the words used were: "de toutes choses, ne m'est demouré que l'honneur, et la vie qui est saulé." On the monument of Desaix (at Père la Chaise, we think) appears the inscription, purporting to be his dying speech, "Dites à le Premier Consul, que je suis mort pour ma patrie." Napoleon said at St. Helena (although in his first bulletin he had ascribed a similar speech to the dying general) that Desaix died without a word; but what he did say, as generally believed in better-informed French circles, will not bear full citation—"Je suis — mort." That Cambronne did not say "la Garde meurt, mais ne se rend pas," and what he did say, is well known to every reader of *Les Misérables*. Long before Victor Hugo's book appeared, however, it was generally supposed that the speech attributed to him, and which was inscribed on the statue erected in his honor, was spurious. In fact, the gallant officer always denied that he ever uttered any such words; but the correct version was known to very few. It is related that a pretty woman once asked him plumply, "M. Cambronne, what did you really say at Waterloo?" None but a Frenchman could have parried the question as he did—"Ma foi, Madame, je ne sais pas au juste ce que j'ai dit à l'officier Anglais qui me criait de me rendre; mais ce qui est certain est qu'il comprenait le français, et qu'il m'a répondu, 'mange!'"

The heat of combat often generates ribaldry, and many a one of those stereotyped heroic speeches which challenge our admiration has been gracefully rounded off by the historian, because in its original shape it was too coarse for preservation. Of course these forms of expression are by no means confined to the French; but whether it is that a certain nervous strain in the temperament of the

Latin races tends to their more frequent production, or the absence of a restraining public sentiment allows them more frequent expression, or a certain laxity of speech and writing permits their preservation—certain it is that the annals of the French army are most prolific of them. The singular figure of speech which was used by Desaix has so fastened itself into the language of the French camp, that for the purpose of expressing the ascendancy of one power over another it seems to have become really essential. Mr. Kinglake in his *Inkermann* volume cites two instances of its use. One of these is that of a French general officer, who, after an interview with Lord Raglan, came into the aides-de-camp room, and there disburthened his soul of the indispensable phrase, doing this, not lightly at all, for he was in a distressing state of anxiety, but on the *expressed* ground that his omission to venture on a coarse word in the presence of the English commander-in-chief had prevented him from fully conveying his meaning.*

Mr. Abraham Hayward, the English essayist, on the authority of Henry Beyle (*Stendhal*), who served with the French army in the Russian campaign of 1812, states that on one occasion a white-haired old brigadier undertook to lead a desperate charge, and, unable to think of any of those brilliant epigrams which history always puts in the mouths of its heroes, he turned to his troops, waved his sword in the air and shouted with stentorian lungs: “*Suivez-moi, mes braves, mon derrière est rond!*” The words answered their purpose as well as better ones, and the charge was alike gallant and successful.

Spurious battle-cries, however, are by no means confined to French historians. “England expects every man to do his duty” was not signalled by Nelson to the fleet. He ordered the signal “*Nelson expects,*” &c., and it was only by the interposition of Capt. Hardy that the order appeared in the shape in which it has come down to posterity. Wellington at Waterloo never said “Up, Guards, and at them!” nor anything like it; his remark, “What will they think of us in England if we are beat?” was addressed, not to a shattered battalion, but to a small group of officers. There is another old stock story told of Nelson, originally by Southey, who might be supposed to have been correctly informed. At the battle of Trafalgar, according to this biographer, he wore “his admiral’s frock-coat, bearing on the left breast four stars”; his officers wished to speak to him on the subject, but were afraid to do so, knowing it would be useless, he having said on a former occasion when requested to change his dress or to cover his stars, “In honor I gained them, and in honor I will die with them.” The truth is that Nelson wore on the day of Trafalgar the same coat which he had commonly worn for months, on which the order of the Bath was embroidered, as was then usual. Sir Thomas Hardy did notice it to him, observing that he was afraid the badge might be marked by the enemy, to which Nelson replied that he was aware of that, but that it was too late to shift a coat. Sir Thomas Hardy gave this version to Captain Smyth, who told the story to Dr. Arnold of Rugby.

Among these historical *mots* and anecdotes we often find a remark-

* *Invasion of the Crimea*, Vol. v. p. 398.

able parallelism, which might seem to indicate that they have been manufactured by the historian. The words attributed by Thiers to Desaix, upon his arrival on the field of Marengo—"Yes, the battle is lost, but it is only three o'clock; there is still time to gain one"—recall the reply of the Baron de Sirot, who commanded the French reserves at Rocroy, when told that the battle was lost: "No, for Sirot and his companions have not yet fought." It is related of Baudesson, Mayor of St. Dizier, that he was so much like Henry IV. that the Royal Guards saluted him. "Why, friend," said the King, "your mother must have visited Béarn." "No, Sire, it was my father who resided there." The same story is told of Louis XIV. and of Augustus by Macrobius. The disputed paternity of the epigram, "the true use of language is to conceal thought," is well known, and is another instance in point. Mere similarity alone, however, is no valid ground for announcing a historic decoration to be tinsel. The authenticity of no two battle-speeches is better established than the following, which are certainly similar enough.

During the action known as the passage of the Nivelles in the Peninsular campaign, Wellington rode up to the 85th regiment with the words, "You must keep your ground, my lads, for there's nothing behind you." When Sir Colin Campbell, with a part of a single Highland regiment, undertook to check the advance of Liprandi's forces upon Balaklava, he turned to his handful of troops and exclaimed, "Remember there is no retreat from here, men; you must die where you stand"; and the men replied "Ay, ay! Sir Colin, we'll do that!"

Returning to our collection of tinsel, we find the following: Dr. Guillotin is constantly cited as an instance of the "engineer hoist with his own petard." So far from perishing by the instrument he invented during the Reign of Terror, he died peaceably in his bed in 1814.

We all remember Sir William Gascoigne, Henry IV.'s Chief Justice, and in reading of him in Shakspeare's pages, we hardly know whether to admire most the dignified and high-spirited judge, who did not fear to commit the heir-apparent to the throne, or the prince, who when he was king forgot the affront, and bade the upright judge still bear the balance and the sword. But Mr. Foss in a recent book* has conclusively proved that Gascoigne was not Chief Justice to Henry V. after all; and as Sir William Hankford was appointed to the office just *eight days* after the new king's accession to the throne, the inference is irresistible, that so far from Henry's addressing the upright magistrate in the magnanimous words that Shakspeare puts in his mouth:

"—you did commit me;
For which I do commit into your hands
The unstained sword that you have used to bear,"

he showed his resentment by depriving the Chief Justice of his office.

It is related that an English governor once agreed to surrender a fortified place to the celebrated French general Bertrand du Guesclin, unless he was relieved by a certain day. Du Guesclin died before

* *The Judges of England*; a much better authority than Campbell's *Lives of the Lord Chancellors and Lives of the Chief Justices*. Brougham used to say that he did not fear death, were it not that should he die before Campbell, the latter would be sure to write his life.

the appointed time, and the governor came with his principal officers and laid the keys on the bier of the dead general. A contemporary chronicle has been published, which shows that the garrison tried to back out, and were only brought to terms by a threat to put the hostages to death.

For over forty years it was supposed (and the story is still repeated in recent histories) that Mirabeau replied to M. de Dreux Brézé, who ordered the Tiers Etat to disperse on the 20th of June: "Go tell your master that we are here by the will of the people, and will not depart unless driven out by bayonets." In 1833, during a session of the Chamber of Peers, it was proved by ear-witnesses (at the request of the son of M. de Dreux Brézé) that the words used were, "we are assembled by the national will, and will only go out by force"; the words "go tell your master" being never uttered by Mirabeau.

Until the publication of Beugnot's Memoirs it was supposed that the speech attributed to the Count d'Artois (afterwards Charles X.) on reëntering Paris in 1814, "rien n'y est changé, si ce n'est qu'il s'y trouve un Français de plus," were genuine. It seems, however, that the Prince only babbled out a few incoherent expressions of gratification, and the *mot* as prepared for the *Moniteur* of the next day was a happy inspiration of Beugnot himself.

The story that Alfred of England ventured harp in hand into the Danish camp is not told of him by any of the old Saxon writers, and is presumably a bit of tinsel.* That Blondel wandered over the Continent with the same musical instrument to discover his master's place of abode is a useless invention, as Richard's seizure and imprisonment were matters of European notoriety.

Mr. Freeman† tells us that William Wallace was by no means the faultless hero he appears in Scotch romance; that he was emphatically a causeless rebel; that his atrocities in England were fiendish. He also discovers a bit of tinsel in the fine old crusted story of his betrayal by Sir John Menteith, who gave the signal for his seizure by means of a loaf of bread. He was betrayed not *by* Menteith, but *to* Menteith, who was Edward's commander at Dumbarton. The traitor was one Jack Short, his own servant, from which circumstance the English chronicler Peter Langtoft draws the moral that there is no honor among thieves.

The head of the English column at Fontenoy advancing over a slight rise of the ground, found itself suddenly face to face with the regiment of Gardes Françaises. The officers of the latter doffed their hats; the English did likewise, and one of them stepped to the front, as if wishing to say something, toward whom the Marquis d'Auteroche, grenadier lieutenant, with an air of polite interrogation, not knowing what he meant, made a step or two. "Monsieur," said the English officer, "faites tirer vos gens." "Non, Monsieur, nous ne tirons jamais les premiers." Such is the account which, on the authority of Espagnac and Voltaire, was accepted as correct until 1858. In that year there was published in Carlyle's *Frederick the*

* It is not mentioned by Asser, who as Alfred's friend and familiar would certainly have known of it; but rests upon the authority of Ingulf and William of Malmesbury. It has, probably, been transferred from the similar anecdote of Aulaf and Athelstan in the next century.—ED.

† Freeman, E. A. *Essays*. First Series.

Great a letter from Lord Charles Hay, Lieutenant-Colonel of the First Regiment of Foot Guards, written about three weeks after the battle. It is dated "Ath, May 7e 20th O. S.," addressed to the gallant officer's brother John, fourth Marquis of Tweeddale, and found by the historian at Yester House, East Lothian. The correct version of this little episode is therein given as follows: "It was our regiment that attacked the French Guards, and when we came within twenty or thirty paces of them, I advanced before our regiment, drank to them, and told them that we were the English Guards, and hoped that they would stand till we came up to them, and not swim the Scheldt, as they did the Mayn at Dettingen. Upon which I immediately turned about to our own regiment, speeched them, and made them huzzah. An officer [D'Auteroche] came out of the ranks and tried to make his men huzzah; however, there were not above three or four in their brigade that did." Very different this from the elegant epigrammatic version of the French accounts; but no one can read it without feeling convinced of its truth. Human nature is the same in every age and clime, and Lord Hay's rough banter recalls alike the *ἔπεα πτερόεντα* of Homer's heroes and the "chaffing" of the modern picket-line.

That Charles IX. stationed himself on a balcony of the Louvre during the massacre of St Bartholomew, and fired with an arquebuss at fugitive groups of Huguenots, remained unquestioned till M. Fournier's book appeared. He has devoted several pages to this subject, and upon a careful examination of the evidence, feels justified in bringing in a verdict of not guilty.

The story of Columbus and the egg is undoubtedly spurious; it is related by none of the Spanish historians, and is told of Brunelleschi, the architect of the Church of Santa Maria del Fiore at Florence. With regard to the promise made to his mutinous crew that he would turn back unless land was discovered within three days, Humboldt was the first to point out that there is no good authority for the statement that any such promise was ever given or required. Every school-history of the United States informs us that America was named in honor of Amerigo Vespucci. A recent writer* shows that the name was coined by an obscure bookseller at St. Dié, who never could have heard of Vespucci under any other name than Alberigo; he also thinks that the name was derived from "Americ," or Emeric, a mountain or district on the Nicaraguan isthmus.

It is still stated in books of more or less pretence that Cromwell, Hampden, and Arthur Hazelrig, despairing of the liberties of their country, had actually embarked for New England (in 1638), when they were stopped by an order in council. The incident is not mentioned in any of the best authorities, including Clarendon, and there is no direct proof that either of the three belonged to the expedition in question, which after a brief delay was allowed to proceed.

Another English Roundhead has furnished the material for a scrap of historic tinsel. Readers of *Peveril of the Peak* will remember the story of the sudden, almost miraculous appearance of Colonel Goffe, the regicide, during the Indian attack on the village of Hadley, Mas-

* In *Atlantic Magazine*, March, 1875.

sachusetts. Palfrey in his *History of New England*, following the account given by earlier writers, glowingly describes the scene. The story is, however, purely mythical; the only evidence in its support is a passage in Mather which states that on a certain fast-day there was an *alarm* at Hadley, but makes no mention of an attack. Its origin has been traced to Hutchinson's history, where, after quoting from Goffe's diary (which makes no mention of the occurrence), the author says: "I am loth to omit an anecdote handed down through Governor Leverett's family," and gives a brief outline of the incident. A recent writer has clearly shown that there was no attack on Hadley on September 1, 1675, and that at the subsequent attack Goffe was not present.*

In order to show more in detail how spurious incidents may be interwoven with genuine, how long-lived they are, and how they are sometimes detected, we will take an instance from the history of our own country.

When Wolfe fell victorious on the Plains of Abraham and was borne to the rear, he sank into a state of coma. Suddenly the cry "They run! they run!" broke on his ear. Like one aroused from heavy sleep, he demanded "Who—who run?" "The enemy, sir; they give way everywhere." "Go one of you, my lads, to Colonel Burton; tell him to march Webb's regiment with all speed down to Charles River to cut off the retreat of the fugitives from the bridge. Now, God be praised! I die in peace." These were the last words of the English general.† Now when we examine the authority for the stirring episode, we find it a genuine bit of historic gold. Captain John Knox, who was present at the battle, and who published a journal of his campaigns in 1769, says that there had been already some dispute as to Wolfe's exact words (an important factor, be it observed, in the production of a true account), and that the version given above was obtained by him from a lieutenant of the Twenty-second Regiment, who with two privates and an artillery officer, was the only person near Wolfe at the time. Here the most careful examination fails to detect the slightest trace of tinsel. When, however, we turn to Montcalm the case is different. There are several accounts of his last moments written by contemporaries who were in a position to know the truth, and they by no means agree. That he said when told he only had a few hours to live, "Thank God, I shall not see the surrender of Quebec," is generally conceded; but while some represent him as giving advice and counsel to the leaders of the beaten army, encouraging them to persevere, others state that he told M. de Ramezai, governor of the citadel, that he had more important matters to attend to than his ruined garrison. This discrepancy of the accounts is not so strange, as there were probably but few eye-witnesses of his last moments, and those who wrote were all more or less under the influence of some bias which would lead them to distort the truth. When, however, we come to the neutral question of

* Hon. George Sheldon, in *N. E. Historical and Genealogical Register*, October 1874.

† Why are they so shamefully docked in every popular history? Surely the sentence which discloses the ruling trait of Wolfe's character—an eager, ever-present wish to do his duty, and his whole duty—is as worthy of being handed down to posterity as the exclamation of gratitude at being spared to see his victory.

his place of death, there is confusion worse confounded. Some place it in the general hospital outside the city wall; others in the Château St. Louis; others again in his private residence; others at the Ursuline convent. Now this is very extraordinary. Here we have the death of the commander-in-chief of the French forces, an open and notorious event, known probably to nine-tenths of the inhabitants and of the victorious army, recounted by several contemporary writers, and yet we cannot with certainty say where that death occurred. Here is a fine opportunity for the production of a little tinsel, and the spurious decorator (name unknown) soon took advantage of it. "Montcalm was buried in a *trench, formed by the bursting of a shell, outside the Ursuline convent.*" So say histories and guide-books. Even so late and so accurate a writer as Mr. Parkman* gives currency to the story, while it is perpetuated in the inscription on the monument erected in Montcalm's honor by his companions-in-arms in this very campaign. The register of burials, however, states that he was buried *inside* the chapel, and contains no mention of the warlike formation of his grave. In 1838 the remains were disinterred, and a nun then living, who as a little girl had been eye-witness to his burial, stated that so great was the confusion in the city at the time that it was a difficult task to get a carpenter to make a coffin or any one to dig a grave. At last a person connected with the convent procured a few old boards and constructed a rude box, and a shallow trench was dug in which the body was placed. The remains were found in the place she pointed out, and were identified by certain wounds; but to this day the "bursting bomb" story is a staple topic for all tourists, and thousands every year make some commonplace remark on the singular appropriateness of the grave in which the last champion of the old régime was laid to rest.†

But there is still another bit of tinsel connected with the fall of New France, and again do we owe the detection of it to Mr. Carlyle. Whatever may be said of his faults of style and his hero-worship, no historian ever had a keener eye for the counterfeit, and none cites his authorities with more fulness. He follows the legal rule, and not only produces the document on which he relies to prove the accuracy of his statements, but shows its *custody* as well. Here is an instance of his untiring industry in detecting tinsel. There are three letters of Montcalm, one (dated Aug. 24, 1759) to M. Molé; two of somewhat earlier date to M. Berryer, Minister of Marine. These contain a most extraordinary series of predictions; not only as to how "M. Wolfe, if he understands his trade, will beat me," but also as to the consequences to England. "If he beat me here, France has lost America utterly. Yes, and one's only consolation is that in ten years further America will be in revolt." He gives the minutest details as to the origin of the future quarrel between the colonies and the mother-country; details entirely justified by the event. These letters are quoted, referred to and commented on by almost every Canadian historian down to Watson,‡ who writes in 1874. In the edition of

* *Conspiracy of Pontiac*, vol. 1.

† See the true account in Miles' *Canada under the Old Régime*, published by Dawson Bros., Montreal.

‡ *Constitutional History of Canada*.

Frederick the Great which appeared in 1865 Carlyle alludes to them, remarks on the singular verification of the predictions, but lays not much stress on them, as he has never seen the letters as originally printed, only quotations from them, being unable to find copies in the British Museum Library. In the Boston *Saturday Courier* of April 19th, 1868, it was stated that there was a "copy of them in the Boston Athenæum Library, published in 1777 by the notorious J. Almon." This gave the historian a clue he was not slow to follow up; he found copies at the Temple Library, and on careful examination pronounced them a forgery, especially the letters to Berryer, Minister of Marine, who at that date was not yet minister of anything, nor thought of as likely to be for some months. There was also internal evidence sufficient to show their spuriousness, when once examined critically by a shrewd observer. The forger, probably some American Royalist, anxious to do the insurgent party and their British apologists an ill turn in that critical year, "had shot off his pamphlet to voracious Almon, who printed it without preface or criticism."

Although we proposed to confine our attention to examples drawn from modern history, we must allude to one singular bit of ancient tinsel. Who was the author of the phrase "Et tu Brute?" and how came this to be substituted for the touching reproach which is put in the dying Cæsar's mouth by the only writers who pretend to give the precise words. According to Plutarch, Casca having struck the first blow, Cæsar turned towards him and seized his sword, and they exclaimed simultaneously, the one in Latin, "Villain, Casca! what doest thou?" the other in Greek, "Brother, help!" No other word was uttered. According to Suetonius, Cæsar received twenty-three wounds in silence, save one groan at the first blow; "although some have handed down that to Marcus Brutus, rushing on, he said καὶ σύ τέκνον — καὶ σύ εἰς ἐκείνων (and you, my son — and you are one of them.)" In explanation of the word τέκνον, Suetonius says that Cæsar was suspected of an intrigue with Brutus' mother.

Carelessness and a blind reliance on authority is a prolific source of historic tinsel. In Lamartine's *History of the Girondists* there is the following passage descriptive of Marie Antoinette: "Daughter of Maria Theresa, she had commenced her life in the storms of the Austrian monarchy. She was one of the children whom the Empress held by the hand when she presented herself as a suppliant before the faithful Hungarians, and the troops exclaimed: * 'We will die for our king, Maria Theresa!'" Now many persons have rather hastily assumed that because M. de Lamartine has written certain books called histories he must be himself a historian, and reading the above incident in his pages, take it for true. We have seen innumerable allusions to this episode in the life of the unfortunate Queen of France, principally by way of contrast to her subsequent experience with the nation over whom she was afterwards called to reign. But M. de Lamartine, although a poet and a romancer, was very far from being

* As matter of fact, the Hungarian Diet uttered no such spontaneous cry: nor are the incidents given correctly in the ordinary version. Mailáth (a Hungarian) exploded the fable in 1850, and the true story may be read in Carlyle: we forbear to give it, as we have already quoted so largely from the sage of Chelsea.

a historian ; he did not possess that keen desire to state the exact truth, that impatience of all error no matter how trivial, which is indispensable. What can be thought of the accuracy of a writer who makes the above statement, when the slightest examination of his dates would have shown him that Maria Theresa presented herself to the Hungarian Diet in 1741, while Marie Antoinette was not born till 1755. The same brilliant writer has made another similar slip. In a *feuilleton* from his pen, published in the *Constitutionnel*, appears the following : "The tombs of great poets inspire great passions. It was at Tasso's tomb that Petrarch nourished his respectful remembrance of Laura." Now Petrarch died in 1374 and Tasso published his "Jerusalem Delivered" in 1581.

Sometimes when a bit of tinsel has been detected, its usefulness in pointing a period insures its preservation among those who as professed teachers of others should be the first to discard it. Mr. Wendell Philips furnishes us with an example. In his brilliant lecture on the French Revolution he alludes to the horrible statement made to the States General on August 4th, 1789, to the effect that in some parts of France the lord had a feudal right, when weary with the chase, to warm and wash his feet in the blood of his vassal, ripping him open for the purpose. It has been shown that Laponte, who made this statement, was in error, and mistook the word "cerf" for "serf." Mr. Philips is of course well aware of this correction, but he still* uses the spurious story to round off his eloquent phrases.

The newspaper press has been most prolific in the production of tinsel. Captain Basil Hall, on the authority of Thomas Jefferson, relates a curious instance of this. The Abbé Raynal, in his history of the European settlements in America, made certain statements implying the existence of a peculiar law in New England. At a dinner-party in Paris he was once taken to task by several Americans, who stated emphatically that there was no such law in existence. The Abbé, although unable at the time to give his authority, insisted that he had evidence for his statements which did not admit of doubt, and the discussion grew warm, when Franklin, who was present, interposed. "You are both right," he said. "The Abbé had certainly good reason to suppose that his evidence was convincing ; but it was none the less false. He saw the law in a newspaper, of which I was editor, and as I was short of news at the time, I invented the whole story !"

It was an editor who invented the apostrophe which history has placed in the mouth of the Abbé Edgeworth on the scaffold of Louis XVI.—"Son of St. Louis, mount to heaven !" The Abbé told Lord Holland† that he had no recollection of saying anything of the kind. Apropos of the same execution, it is generally stated that Louis was about to say something to the people, when Santerre, the brewer-general, gave the signal for the drums to strike up. Here the story as related in history is not so dramatic as the true version. The order to the drummers was given, not by Santerre, but by one Beufranchet, Count d'Oyat, a natural son of Louis XV. by an Irish mistress named Morphis or O'Morphi, and consequently *half-blood*

*At least he did three years ago.—E. H. L.

† See Lord Holland's *Foreign Reminiscences*.

uncle of the dying king. Some account of this same O'Morphi may be found in the works of that graceless scamp, Jacques Casanova de Seingalt.

Nor are the newspaper reporters the only wilful falsifiers. When Vertot, who had written an account of the siege of Malta, was offered some further authentic materials for his history, he replied, "Mon siège est fait." Another author, when informed that his statements did not harmonise with the known facts of the story he related, replied, "Tant pis pour les faits." Voltaire, in one of his historical works, made the statement that when the French became masters of Constantinople in 1204 they danced with women in the sanctuary of St. Sophia. When asked where he had gleaned this remarkable fact, he said, "Nowhere; it is *une espièglerie* of my imagination." Chateaubriand, in his *Analyse Raisonnée de l'Histoire de France*, relates that Philip VI., flying from the field of Crécy, arrived late at night before the gates of the Castle of Broye, and on being challenged by the châtelain, cried out, "Ouvrez; c'est la fortune de la France!" Bouchon, the learned editor of the French Chronicles, hastened to Chateaubriand with the genuine text: "Ouvrez, ouvrez, c'est l'infortuné Roi de France"; but the author of *Atala* was too well pleased with his tinsel to exchange it for gold.

Our limits will not permit a much longer catalogue, so we will close a list, which seems practically inexhaustible, with two of the latest samples of tinsel we have been able to procure.

There is a story which has been repeatedly told of Sydney Smith, that he once checked a certain freedom of speech on the part of Lord Melbourne with the suggestion "that they should consider everybody and everything to be damned, and come to the point at once." It was related originally on the authority of Lord Houghton, and was so pat to the characters of both parties as to be accepted unhesitatingly. Mr. Hayward, however, most brilliant of English reviewers (who, by-the-way, once quoted the story as genuine), now states,* *ex cathedra*, that Sydney Smith never made any such remark to Lord Melbourne, and as he is in a position to know the truth, we may accept his statement as settling the question.

Who has not heard of the white flag of the French Legitimist? But was it the original national ensign of France? No, replies M. Desjardins in a recent book, which, being based on a careful examination of well-authenticated documents, unearthed from the State archives, may be regarded as authority. According to this writer, the escutcheon of France is invariably presented in connection with the three colors, red, white and blue; while so far as regards the flags and banners of the army, each regiment had one of different design, and there is no trace at all of what we would call a national flag prior to the Revolution. The distinctive color of the House of France was blue; but though a blue flag, spangled with fleurs-de-lys, was used on solemn occasions (such as coronations), and regarded as the ensign of France, it was never used alone, but always accompanied by a flag bearing a white cross on a red ground. Red, white

* *Quarterly Review*, *apud* Greville Memoirs. Jan. 1875.

and blue were also the true colors of the House of Bourbon, and Henry IV. never used the white flag as the royal standard.

Poor Henry V. ! There have been times when but for his devotion to the white flag he might have mounted a throne. The queen of a noted French *salon* once remarked : "Ce pauvre Comte de Chambord avec son drapeau blanc me fait l'effet de Virginie qui s'est laissée noyer, plutôt que laisser tomber sa chemise." Unhappy prince ! it seems too bad that it must not only drown, but must even drown "sans chemise."

E. H. L.

A WOMAN'S JOURNEY.

FAR away on the Erie Railroad is a small, obscure village, in close proximity to regions of wonderful beauty that are little known to fame ; but artists and other stragglers who have wandered there, have returned in raptures over the picturesque wildness that greeted their astonished eyes.

An inexperienced traveller started from Philadelphia one autumn morning, for a week of quaint enjoyment with friends who had spent the summer in the obscure village, or rather who had *lodged* there, and gypsied around with a horse and buggy that were to be hired at a sum very much within the limits of reason. As these friends were at the other end of the route, the traveller had to go alone, and the journey looked somewhat formidable. But Abigail launched into it with commendable courage, as an unpleasant but necessary preliminary to an unlimited amount of happiness ; and establishing herself in the softly-cushioned car, she was just rejoicing in the fact of having a seat to herself, when she was confronted by an elderly lady of an inordinately stout turn of mind. Now Abigail is slender, and does not enjoy these elephantine people in close contact ; the intruder's remark, therefore, "I shall have to *trouble* you for a seat," was more literal than she would have cared to know.

Abigail could not understand why the painful necessity rested upon this stout personage, of singling *her* out to "trouble" when there were other empty seats ; but resigning herself to the inevitable, she summoned all the sweetness she could muster under the circumstances, and informed the intruder that she had not seen her until she spoke. As she had been industriously gazing out of the window for some time, on purpose not to see any one, this was scarcely to be wondered at ; but the old lady evidently got the impression that if Abigail had

spied her at the car-door she would have invited her to share her seat, and she took her at once into favor. As a consequence of this she began to talk most affably, and soon screamed her companion into a dreadful headache. She wanted to know all about her, where she came from and where she was going, and informed her as a touching coincidence that her "son went to Philadelphia last week."

"These seats are dreadful uncomfortable," said the stout lady, presently—"all petitioned off so," and she looked really unhappy to see that Abigail had as much room as herself.

"They *are* uncomfortable," rejoined that damsel, sweetly; adding to herself, "for *you*," but truth compels me to state that it was a source of wicked delight to her to feel that she was safely fenced off from the stout lady's aggressions.

The newcomer did not travel very far, and on leaving she told Abigail that she was very much obliged to her. Truly, thought that conscience-stricken individual, people sometimes find gratitude where they least deserve it.

A very uncertain male relative had agreed to meet the traveller at Jersey City, and convey her safely over the shoals and quicksands of that most unpromising portion of New York that has to be traversed in order to reach the Pavonia ferry; but after waiting an hour without a glimpse of the recreant knight, she was forced to set him down as a gay deceiver. Quite disheartened at being thus unexpectedly thrown upon her own resources at the worst part of her journey, and ready to cry with disappointment and headache, Abigail took up her solitary march toward the ferry. This march was effected by means of a car of the belt-railroad line, a line that seemed to be patronised chiefly by denizens of the Five Points on that unseasonably warm September day. The vehicle was crowded, as accommodation-lines always are; and the faces of all the passengers wore a vicious determination to stick their elbows into their neighbors and make themselves generally disagreeable. Just opposite Abigail sat a particularly unpleasant-looking young man, with frizzed hair, and beads of perspiration all over his face. He had unbuttoned everything that could be unbuttoned, leaving an open line of Nature's covering from his throat to his waist; and he had divested himself of all superfluous clothing to such a degree that he was scarcely fit for any society but that of the grand old gardener and his wife.

It was a relief to get out of this frying-pan; but Abigail rather feared that she had plunged into the fire as she sat waiting in the hot, glaring ticket-office for her trunk, which the expressman had solemnly assured her would be there as soon as herself. After buying her ticket, she ventured a timid inquiry to the high and mighty ticket-man respecting the train she wanted, and received an ambiguous answer, which, for all the information it conveyed to her, might as well have been rendered in High Dutch.

"Why is it," soliloquised this unprotected female, "that the mouths of these railroad-clerks seem to close with a snap, like Miss Murdstone's bag, after delivering a monosyllabic answer to a perplexed traveller? And why does a second inquiry usually result in the drawing down of the pane of glass, that appears to be designed as a

protection against such impertinences?" Her wrath increased, and she felt disposed to unburden her mind to the vacant-looking official as follows: "Can you crochet? or embroider? or write a story? I thought not! Well, *I* can; so don't take on airs because you happen to know that the four o'clock train is express and unstopping, and I don't!"

Abigail made two separate journeys across the street to the baggage-office, among horses and carts and trunk-wagons, in quest of her missing ark, that could have been seen by the naked eye at a respectable distance; but she shook her head disconsolately over all the property that was pointed out to her, and began to fear that her trunk had been appropriated by some houseless family as a temporary residence. Finally the baggage-master, a saucy-looking little fellow with a cigar in his mouth, seemed touched by her distress, and he concluded to branch out and do something uncommon. He expressed this intention by assuring Abigail that he'd "fix her"—a style of phraseology that is usually considered threatening. She was disposed, however, to be unsuspiciously confiding; and when she saw with what ease her new protector threaded the labyrinth of vehicles and animals, drawing her in his wake, she rejoiced over her good fortune in finding such a prize.

The wanderer was carefully guided to another office, where the little man took her ticket from her and presented it to an important-looking functionary, saying something about "lady's trunk aint come—wants to catch the train." Important-looking personage glanced at Abigail, nodded, and punched a hole in her ticket. Both men looked intensely satisfied with this cabalistic performance, and he of the cigar informed the lady that her "trunk would be *double-checked*, and she could go ahead now and not bother about it until she got there." Had he told her that it would be double-barrelled, Abigail would have been just as wise; but feeling that the baggage-man had been intensely good to her, she thanked him warmly, and he watched her with much interest until she reached the boat. Some one said that it was the last one, and she made a rush for it just as it was starting.

Arrived at the train, she found it full, and was obliged to share a seat with an old woman, who must have carried a scent-bag composed of all the dreadful odors that perfume the city of Cologne. To add to her enjoyment, when the conductor came for her ticket, he looked at that and then at her, and then gave her the pleasing information that "*this* train went to Port Jervis!"

"What *shall* I do?" exclaimed Abigail in a tone of utter despair. "I am entirely alone!"

"It won't make much difference," he replied, soothingly; "you can wait there for the other train. They are just an hour behind us."

Of course, and *that* was the train she should have taken, as directed, instead of hurrying off on the earlier boat. Abigail devoutly hoped that she would make no more serious mistakes than this before she reached the end of her journey; but she felt very little confidence in herself now. It was *some* comfort to hear that the other train could be taken at the very spot where she left this.

Port Jervis was reached at a quarter before nine, and an hour's waiting in the empty, cheerless station-room did not tend to raise the traveller's spirits. On the other side of the road stood an alluring picture of light and cheerfulness in the shape of a large hotel; and as Abigail gazed upon it, she meditated desperate deeds. In imagination she saw herself dashing over there in quest of a cup of tea, or petitioning to be admitted to the ladies' parlor in lieu of the dreary waiting-room, obtaining perhaps a book or paper with which to beguile that tedious hour. But alas! she belonged to the sex that wears chignons and doesn't go to hotels alone; so she continued to be orthodox and uncomfortable, until the long-wished-for train came tearing up to the platform on purpose, as it seemed, to pick up her insignificant self. Selecting the nearest car, she effected as graceful an entrance as a lady climbing unassisted up a perpendicular steep of several yards could be expected to make, and congratulated herself that, as there was no other change of cars, this gymnastic feat would not have to be repeated.

The car in which Abigail found herself was very dark and had a peculiar appearance. Common-looking men were lolling about, and not a woman was to be seen. The atmosphere was suggestive of the city of the eleven thousand virgins, with the addition of lager-beer and bad tobacco. Nearly distracted by such a prospect for the night, our traveller resolved to watch for the conductor and insist upon having more light. In the midst of these dreary feelings, a voice sounded in her ear, and looking up, she found a very pleasant face bending over her, while the owner of the face was telling her that he "thought she would be more comfortable in another car."

"Oh!" exclaimed Abigail, with scarcely suppressed delight; "*are* you the conductor?"

"No," he replied, smiling; "but I saw you get into the train, and I found that you have taken the smoking-car."

"*The smoking-car!*" she repeated in dismay, as she started up ready for instant flight. Down went all her belongings — all, at least, that were not attached to her person — and the benevolent stranger went down after them, searching vigorously in the half-darkness until they were found. He probably did not care to repeat this, as he requested the lady to hand him all her loose baggage; but she sagely held on to her satchel, remembering that he was a stranger, and that the satchel contained her portemonnaie.

Abigail was carefully conducted across the cars to one especially devoted to ladies; and when comfortably established in a place that looked, after what she had left, like a scene in the *Arabian Nights*, she felt a warm emotion of gratitude. Her benefactor inquired how far she was going, and then proposed the sleeping-car; but she had tried the delights of that institution and preferred remaining where she was.

The gentleman made a feint of retreating to the back settlements of the car, but he appeared at such frequent intervals for conversation that Abigail taxed her ingenuity how to get rid of him politely. At last she hit upon the happy expedient of feigning sleep at his approach, and this she did so effectually that she went off in good earnest.

When the conductor began his regular amusement of punching holes in the tickets, neither Abigail's ticket nor Abigail's face was visible, and the perplexed functionary found himself under the painful necessity of shaking the lady into a realising sense of what was expected of her. "What next?" thought our heroine, as she reflected upon the various evidences she had given of aberration of intellect.

After daylight the train passed over the famous Portage Bridge, and the passengers had a fine view of the Middle Fall on the Genessee River and the beautiful country around. The cars were stopped, and the conductor called attention to it, as though it had been a panorama. Photographs of the fall and bridge were offered for sale, and every passenger was presented with a printed circular setting forth the situation and dimensions of the bridge and the incredible amount of timber consumed in building it. Twenty acres of wood seem a great deal even for "the largest bridge in the world" to swallow up. It spans the Upper Fall of the Genessee at Portage, and the depot of the Erie Railroad is just beyond the farther end of it.

Abigail's beauty-loving eyes were drinking in all that could be seen, under the circumstances, of the charms that had beguiled her into such a venturesome journey; and long after the cars had passed the spot she was roaming in imagination through the scenes that she hoped soon to visit bodily. In the midst of these dreams she found herself stranded upon the platform at the ugly little village that was her destination, and beside her was the trunk that had been "double-checked;" standing on its head like a naughty boy, after a fashion that delights the hearts of porters and expressmen. She was just beginning to feel like a lone, lorn, unprotected female, when cheerful voices soon changed the current of her thoughts; the faithful band of two were there in full force, and with their help the traveller scrambled laughingly into the stage, the three all talking together during the ride, to the discomfiture of the driver, who, with the usual country sociability, tried hard to take part in the conversation.

The hotel was a long, low, white building, with a double veranda, and a tall sign in front painted with white letters on a dark-blue ground, and giving passers-by the valuable information that this was "Y. Blinn's Hotel." Abigail found life there very funny. It was a place where all that was quaint and clean and old-fashioned flourished in spite of steam; where the ceilings were low and the carpets of rags; where they had tea for dinner, and dinner at twelve, and "ginger-cookies" and pickles for breakfast; where the landlady ran about and waited upon the table, and where gentlemen who worked out by the day sat down with generous appetites and the thoroughly American conviction that they were "as good as any one."

The table was invitingly clean, and the viands were invitingly cooked, Mrs. Blinn being one of those wrong-headed women whom Gail Hamilton exhibits so startlingly as boiling up and baking down and frying away their minds, hearts and sensibilities; and the result was that those who went to the table seemed to go for the one purpose of eating. Meats, vegetables, pickles and pies disappeared in solemn silence, and conversation appeared to be regarded as a frivolous inter-

ruption. But Abigail was enterprising in this way, and one day she ventured to ask her opposite neighbor, who was of the female persuasion and looked rather more promising than the others, if she had read *Enoch Arden*.

"No," was the reply, after a deliberate consideration of the matter ; "it's about flowers, I presume?"

Every one "presumed" in N——; but Abigail prostrated herself before the shrine of silence with a fresh conviction of its auriferous value.

Long before daylight at "Y. Blinn's Hotel" a terrific bell was agitated violently to summon the working gentlemen to their breakfast—a meal that they took in a body by themselves—and the thought involuntarily suggested itself to Abigail that it would be a saving of time and trouble to give it to them the night before. At an hour not much more civilised came the summons to the general breakfast, and Abigail decided that, whatever may be said in favor of early rising, it gives those unaccustomed to it the impression that they are walking in their sleep.

A person dropped from another sphere of existence into the midst of such stagnation as that of a country hotel, involuntarily wonders what is the aim and object of such people's lives. What do they live for? and what do they look forward to? They eat, drink, sleep and work—only this, and nothing more. Mrs. Blinn said that "she toiled and moiled from morning till night, and that although she had been running a race with her work for thirty years, she had never been able to get ahead of it." One of these days the race will be over; there will be a coffin in the parlor-bedroom—two eyes closed in dreamless sleep, two hard-working hands calmly folded on the pulseless breast, but the work will still be there for some one else to go on with. After all there is but sixpence difference between those who work and those who play, and those who play get the sixpence.

There was not much beauty in the immediate vicinity of the hotel, except the beauty of autumn skies and distant woods ablaze with glory, and glittering hoar-frost on blades of grass at morning prime. But there were Portage Falls within a few miles, and there was the horse and buggy; and Abigail, most abject of cowards, was speedily induced to drop her prejudices against a woman's driving, and also her hoop-skirt that the three might contrive to get into the buggy at once. She had misgivings lest it should prove to be a John Gilpin sort of ride on a larger scale; but the bracing autumn air had wrought her up to daring deeds, and it was some comfort that if anything happened, there were three of them for it to happen to.

The air was soft and delicious, the roads like June, and the exquisite mist of Indian summer brooded over the hills. In view of an admiring group of laborers, who were moving a house to some more convenient locality, the ladies effected an entrance into the vehicle that awaited them, and grasped the reins. One of the laborers obligingly guided the horse past the perambulating house; and with a substantial luncheon-basket stowed safely under the seat, the adventurous trio proceeded on their winding way.

Portage is a complete astonishment to those who visit it for the first time, the turning of an unsuspected leaf of beauty in the book of nature ; for in spite of its wealth of loveliness and grandeur, it is comparatively little known. There are abundant scenes of interest for poet and painter, but people of culture and travel are far more familiar with the land of Hiawatha than with this region of beauty that lies closer at hand.

Having safely disposed of the horse by accomplishing the feat of tying him to a tree, the party turned into a piece of woods to go in quest of the Lower Fall. This is the most extensive one of the three, although not so *high* in any place as the Middle Fall. Soon they emerged upon a full view of the water, and stood in breathless silence to drink in the grand, wild beauty before them. A diminutive edition of the Horseshoe Fall at Niagara was near the yawning chasm on their left, and close by the water came glittering down like sprays of diamonds ; while the constant change and variety prevented any two spots from looking alike.

Farther than the eye could reach, the foaming rapids leaped and dashed, and the party gazed spell-bound on the rolling waters with a sensation of gradually slipping from their rocky perch, through the influence of some resistless force that impelled them toward the angry flood. But a gay-looking butterfly of an autumn leaf, red and gold and purple in the sunlight, came dancing heedlessly along, just skimming the face of the water, when suddenly some wicked power from below drew the heedless trifler down to destruction. Wildly eddying round with the current went the poor leaf, until it was precipitated into the abyss, and after this warning the explorers decided to "move on" and follow the rapids to their source.

Then began a slippery pilgrimage. The wet rocks were in layers that rose higher and higher, in many places looking almost like a regular flight of steps, so evenly were they worn by the ever-dashing water, and in other places the very narrowest of ledges scarcely afforded a precarious footing. Sometimes huge boulders loomed up before the pilgrims, utterly unclimbable, and then they had to descend a step or two and continue on a lower ledge. The rushing waters seemed to bear them on ; the roar sounded dreamily in their ears ; on their right the still, woody depths of the lonely forest were far above them, while the solid rocky banks on their left frowned down upon them like battlements, and through all sounded the sad refrain :

"Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O sea !"

At length the party stopped by mutual consent, and drew breath just in front of a chasm deeper and more fearful than they had yet seen, where the river leaped madly down an incredible distance. But having performed this feat, just beyond it danced and sparkled in the sunshine like a child at play, till mischievously playing hide-and-seek it suddenly turned a sharp corner and was lost in the woods.

Having seen the last of the rapids, there was nothing left but to retrace their steps and take another route to the Falls. There was the same ground to go over again, the same boulders to evade, the same

fissures and puddles and slippery rocks ; and utter weariness took possession of all the adventurers before they got back to the first chasm. Then there was the getting up again to the level of the road, for all this rocky plateau seemed miles below it ; but a shaky bridge of fallen logs that formed its sole connection looked so very unpromising, that they conceived the brilliant idea of climbing the perpendicular bank instead. The poor pilgrims soon found that the most fearful and laborious part of the whole expedition was before them. After a few efforts to walk erect up the steep ascent, they took to scrambling up quadruped-fashion, ignominiously clinging to slimy roots and convenient bushes whenever opportunity offered. The deep solitude around them was rather exhilarating than otherwise, as any chance of spectators would have filled the scramblers with dismay.

While this feat was in progress, Abigail devoutly wished herself in the cars on the way back to Philadelphia. To look backward made her sick and dizzy ; to look forward was discouraging. A dreadful feeling of faintness and seeing things go round had to be repressed as a dangerous indulgence, and never was a position of safety finally attained with more gratitude than the top of that bank at Portage.

The Middle Fall was approached by stairs, two hundred and ninety in number ; and the first glimpse of the interminable flight was rather appalling to weary pedestrians. The rocky bank supported them on one side ; on the other, a rough balustrade afforded some protection against the danger of falling into the chasm below. The descent was begun hesitatingly, and with long lingering on the first landing to gaze upon the glorious scene. On their left was a pretty waterfall, that had its rise in a mad little brook spanned by a rustic bridge, dashing itself quite out of its own identity and turning to silvery foam as it leaped from rock to rock and ledge to ledge, accomplishing four hundred feet of somersaults, and finally losing itself amid the dense foliage at the bottom. But this was a comparatively innocent cascade — a sort of branch institution that was as nothing in comparison with the Fall itself. It seemed to be a merely ornamental appendage, and admirably fulfilled its mission ; while the river, green and oily, looking now like the Niagara, swept around a sudden curve that hid it completely from sight.

It was dizzy work looking down into the apparently endless depth of that abyss ; and those crazy stairs seemed to wind away and lose themselves beyond the power of vision. Abigail wildly clutched the balustrade, in terror of falling at every step, and feeling as if some weird enchantment would keep her going on in this way for ever. There were lovely ferns and mosses clinging to the damp old trunks that seemed to be twisted in with the rocks, and the excursionists rifled the dead wood of its treasures, and piled them up against their return.

Down, down, and still down, until the dizzy brains began to reel ; but this was the darkness before the day, and quite repaid by the magnificent view that burst upon them all at once. They found themselves in a vast amphitheatre, covered with broad acres of the primeval forest, and walled in by the everlasting rocks. They seemed to be gazing up from the very heart of the earth, with those gigantic

rocks towering miles above them, while the sky looked vague and far, as though seen through an opening in a mine. Climbing over rocks, mosses, and broken limbs from the trees, the sight-seers emerged from the thicket on the water's edge. Here the deafening roar of the cataract burst full upon them. Clambering over more stones, and rounding a towering rocky ledge, a sudden gust of wind made a spiteful attack upon them, and fairly blinded them with a shower of mist. Recovering from this onset, they found themselves just below the Middle Fall. That beautiful cascade! that glorious snowy mass of water! the mist like a fleecy veil wrapping it round; while, with one clear leap, the Fall, unbroken in its descent, precipitates itself into the chasm; and lost in the great depth below, reappears an instant after, as the quietest and best-behaved river in the world. The scene has been honored by discrowned royalty, as Louis Philippe and his companions pitched their tents there long years ago, fascinated by the rushing waters and rocky cliffs, and lingered for several days, loth to leave such glorious pictures.

Toiling back up the endless stairs, Abigail and her friends gathered up their treasures of mosses and deposited them in the buggy; then, armed with luncheon-basket, they wended their way to the grounds of a charming dwelling overlooking the Middle Fall. These grounds were hospitably open to strangers, though the house was closed for the season. The place was like a beautiful dream. The house, rather low, and surrounded by verandas draped with vines, looked out upon the cataract and its rugged banks, and away to the fairy bridge rising over a cloud of mist from the Upper Fall. Rustic seats were plentiful on veranda and lawn; and upon one of these, far down toward the Fall, the party deposited themselves, to feast upon the scene and the contents of their luncheon-basket at the same time.

A beautiful rainbow glistens over the fall, and reaches as far beyond the bank as eye can follow it, whence the name Glen Iris, that belongs to the paradise the pilgrims had invaded. The cascade forms a perfect arc, and the foaming waters dash suddenly down to the depth of eighty feet, hurried along by the boiling rapids that seem to rush out from an old mill, now silent and going to ruin — or rather what has been left of it by a fire, that seems like a righteous judgment on the priests of mammon who set up the ignoble worship of dollars and cents in the very face of this grand cathedral.

There was a sunny warmth in the air on that bright October day, which seemed to have given to grass and sky fresh tints of beauty. But notwithstanding the beauty and grandeur on all sides of them, Abigail and her companions did full justice to their luncheon, and the result of their combined efforts was similar to that of the domestic banquet given by J. Sprat and lady. They were grovelling, of course; but they had worked very hard, like most pleasure-seekers, and under the circumstances, Mrs. Blinn's doughnuts and ginger-cookies seemed food fit for royalty.

But the "noon-mark" had been passed long ago, and the revellers must be up and doing. They had a long walk before them to the bridge that formed so prominent a feature in the beauty of the picture, and which it would not do to leave unvisited. Taking a foot-

path that led to a gate, they soon struck into the woods, where summer bowers of leafy greenness seemed to whisper of love and beauty all day long. Perfect stillness reigned everywhere, and they passed along the broad avenues without encountering a human being. On and on into the depths of the forest, winding and turning, down into the woodland glades and up again into the high places, with eyes eagerly strained for a glimpse of the bridge.

At length—*could* that be it?—that uncouth sort of scaffolding above them, looking as though left there carelessly after the completion of some vast machinery? Could *that* be the light, elegant-looking bridge, that appeared when viewed from a distance to be made of wire or light iron framework? They were reluctantly compelled to admit that the "fairy" bridge was very prosaic on a close survey; and it was not so difficult to believe *now* that it represented twenty acres of wood.

After some little search a flight of stairs was discovered, charitably cut in two by a hospitable landing, with a bench on it for the accommodation of weary travellers. The view that stretched out before them as they rested on this bench was worth gazing upon. It seemed to Abigail as though she was suspended in a box in the middle of the universe. There were the grand hills in the distance, with the sunlight resting full upon them; the rich autumn coloring of the various trees; the canal and the river running a quiet race together, separated only by the narrow strip of sandy-looking soil. The deep ravines and chasms and surging waters seemed such a long distance below that it made one dizzy to look down upon them.

But it would not do to spend too much time in resting—"up and on" was the pilgrims' motto; and they toiled up the remaining steps, which had at least the recommendation of being firm and even. The walk over the bridge was scarcely a labor, but Abigail was obliged to gather up all her remaining strength for the return tramp through the woods.

The faithful quadruped, who had been left to his own reflections so long, mutely expressed his joy at the return of the wanderers, and after the feat of untying him was accomplished, they triumphantly entered the vehicle and turned their faces homeward. It was rather alarmingly late, but they got on very well until two roads met, and they were obliged to decide between them. With a nervous feeling of being wrong they turned to the right; but nothing looked natural, and finally they became desperate and drew up at a house, where Abigail alighted and interrogated a man who came towards them with a somewhat puzzled air. He was elderly and benevolent-looking, and when the ladies had propounded their question concerning the road, he pleasantly informed them that they were quite wrong, and proceeded to turn the horse around. The only sign he gave of amusement was while performing this service, when, looking up at them with an indescribable expression, he asked, "*Was you goin' this road to N—?*"

That honest but intensely-amused face pictured against the evening sky would have been a study for a painter.

And the evening sky itself, with its rich shades of violet and crim-

son and gold so gorgeously mingled, would have been another study. The excursionists drove along beneath that magnificent canopy, spangled here and there with stars, feeling satisfied that to the best of their ability they had explored the wonders of Portage.

ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

THREE OF SHAKSPEARE'S MERRY MEN.

FESTE, THE JESTER.

AS I turn to *Twelfth Night*, and seek to examine into the character of that joyous jester Feste, one of the most mercurial of Shakspeare's creations in intellect as well as in animal spirits, Mr. Ruggles's curious and ingenious work, *The Method of Shakspeare as an Artist*, comes handsomely to my aid. The theory Mr. Ruggles advances he may sometimes perhaps push a little too far, as men are apt to do with every hobby they ride. But it is a theory sound enough at bottom, and some of its applications yield striking results.

His principle, briefly stated, is that Shakspeare, working, as every great artist must work, with his powers all bent upon an art-idea which constituted for the time a visionary world to him excluding all thoughts that could not survive in the new atmosphere, stamped upon his very metaphor and diction the leading idea of the drama. Commenting on *Twelfth Night*, among other plays, to confirm this principle, he endeavors to show from the language of all the characters, as well as the incidents of the play, that the organic idea of this play is to portray the domination of the lower and sensual side of man's nature over the nobler faculties, and the dangers resulting from yielding to this domination so easily established. He admirably expresses what he regards as the controlling idea of the play in these words:

"Shakspeare always fills his play with allusions to those senses, organs, or faculties, the objects or influence of which tempt man into a violation of that rule of life involved in the moral basis of the piece. In *Twelfth Night*, this rule is temperance in the indulgence of pleasure, a love of moral rather than of physical beauty."

This is the way in which he applies this principle of criticism to the character of the jester Feste and the part played by that light-hearted fellow in the comedy:

"Among the other characters, all of whom are absorbed in the pursuit of their own ends, stands idly the wise, cool-headed jester,

Festé. He reads the minds of all, penetrates their designs, and sees clearly in what 'admirable fooling' they all are. A respecter of times and persons, he adapts himself to all in turn. The incoherent jargon with which he tickles the ears of the silly Sir Andrew, who thinks it 'the best fooling when all is done,' becomes keen and logical satire in his colloquies with the cultivated Duke. He is aware 'that foolery does walk about the orb, like the sun; it shines everywhere,' and this truth gives him high regard for his own profession. Fool as he is, he 'wears no motley in his brain,' but is a serious, thoughtful man [yet light-hearted and merry for all that, Mr. Ruggles, as are the most really thoughtful men, the wisest holding it to be wise *desipere in loco*. But, even thus qualified, Mr. Ruggles's opinion of the jester's wisdom, I think I shall show to be not well founded.] His 'practice is as full of labor as a wise man's art.' He puts forth all his professional ability to roast Malvolio, not only because between them there is the natural aversion which must exist between the intolerant and the all-tolerant, but more particularly because Malvolio sought to discredit him and his vocation with his mistress. His concluding remark, as he exults over the mortified steward, 'thus doth the whirligig of time bring in his revenges,' is more philosophic than would befit the mouth of any other personage in the play.

"In fact, the clown, like most of Shakspeare's clowns, is an embodiment of the fundamental idea in its most abstract form. In Viola, the *observance* of the rule is manifested in its results,—in the modesty and decorum of her deportment, and in the taste with which she clothes her fancies in rhetorical forms; but in the clown, the sources of the rule—that is, the judgment and reasoning faculty—receive a fantastic embodiment, and his whimsical wit invests itself in the forms of logic. He is the logician of the play,—'a corrupter of words.' His more elaborate witticisms are arguments that lack little of regular syllogistic form. Take, for instance, the passage in which he excuses himself to the Lady Olivia for his absence by an argument, somewhat cloudy, it is true, that virtue and sin are alike folly, and concludes by proving her a fool.

"Equally cogent, though more whimsically expressed, is his argument with the Duke that a man is the worse for his friends, and the better for his enemies.

"The poet has seen fit, moreover, to put into the mouth of this ratiocinative fool the two fundamental principles of all logic: the law of identity and the law of contradiction. . . . It is noteworthy also, that the fool excels in mimicry, and is the only clown in Shakspeare's plays who is introduced with a tabor.

"But, although in keeping with the artistic design of the piece, the fool is an exemplar of the clowns—the Tarletons and Kempes of Shakspeare's stage—he nevertheless represents in the thoughtfulness of his character, and the foil which his satiric wit lends to the follies of others, that deep seriousness which forms of necessity the background of the comic. The ridicule of comedy would have no meaning but for the comparison that is silently carried on between the follies portrayed and the standard of propriety in our own minds; for all comic representations of life present only the relations of man's folly

and caprice to the governing reason, and depend for their effect upon the constant recognition of the dignity of man's being and destiny. If life were actually the farce, and man the frivolous creature comedy depicts, it would hardly move our mirth. The laugh comes from the gravest side of our nature; hence, in all the characters of *Twelfth Night*, notwithstanding their immoderate indulgence of fancies, whims and appetites, we see a substratum of shrewdness and good sense. Even Sir Andrew has moments of sober reflection, and though he has no 'exquisite reason' for his opinions, he has 'reason good enough.' Hence too, the paradoxes of Sir Toby and the syllogisms of the clown, which are not merely casual strokes of humor that occurred to the poet in the heat of composition, but are organic outgrowths of his radical idea. This background of rationality, to which as a standard speech and conduct are referred, heightens the force of the ridiculous, and is of the very essence of the comic."

This is well put; and I have quoted the whole passage, partly because I needed it, and partly that I might thus perhaps send other readers to the work, which is undoubtedly clever.

Yes, Feste is emphatically a "corrupter of words," a Sydney Smith in cap-and-bells and in a different service from that of the church, a Hood in prose. But Mr. Ruggles does not take me with him when he would seem to insinuate that because the jester has nearly all the wit of the play, and is "all things to all men"—can govern himself wisely when he chooses—he is therefore the embodiment of the intellectual part of discretion. To me he seems the very incarnation of intellectual riot, of the deliberate choice of mirthful mischief in preference to sober rule of self. He is an unmalicious Reynard the Fox; he is Mephistopheles without the devilish intent. The madcap mischief-brewers, the plotters of practical jokes, native to the fun-loving city of Florence, whom Boccaccio and his followers describe with such gusto, seem to me nearer to the character of Feste than any other typical merry-makers in literature. Bruno and Buffalmacco, who used Simon di Villa even more mercilessly than Feste and his confederates used Malvolio, would have been sworn brothers to our jester.

But let us turn to the play, and follow him through his various appearances, that we may note the complex features of his character. In spite of the admirable remarks of Mr. Ruggles, I am not altogether certain that he knows him. His versatility and his reminiscences of scholastic training—making one suspect that he must have been educated for the church and have ruined his prospects by some wild prank—seem to have deceived Mr. Ruggles.

Both titles of the play indicate its festive character. It is called *Twelfth Night, or What You Will*, the first probably pointing to the fact that it was composed for representation on Twelfth Night, that is, the twelfth after Christmas, which had always been a famous time for revels; the second adding to the definite character of joyousness proclaimed in the first, an air of free choice and uncurbed liberty of will, fully borne out by the incidents, characters and general tone of the play. The Illyrian land, and Olivia's house especially, would seem to be freed from any entangling restrictions upon individual

tastes, whims and sudden fancies, and the impulses of every character are allowed to run their full career.

The romantic part of the story Shakspeare borrowed from one of Barnaby Rich's tales, the story of Duke Apollonius, the widow Julina, and the disguised Silla of Cyprus. Rich himself had borrowed the story from Bandello's Italian version of it, or from Belleforest's French version. Belleforest had it from Bandello, and Bandello had it from Cinthio, and it is likely that it was an older story still, which any one who chose might throw into new form. The early fiction of almost all the Indo-European races has the same general set of incidents.

I believe that the comic part of the play has not yet been traced to any source ; but as Shakspeare does not seem to have ever taken the trouble to invent, and as his reading furnished him with an infinite number and variety of plots ready-made, which he shows great facility in combining whenever he wished fun and farce as a foil for romance, it is probable that he borrowed this part of the play also from some gay work which antiquarians have not yet succeeded in finding.

Feste does not appear until the fifth scene, when Maria meets him and scolds him for his absence. Later on in the play we learn that he had been "a fool that Lady Olivia's father took much delight in." He was therefore a long-established inmate of that baronial mansion, which we are to imagine Lady Olivia's house to be. He afterwards tells Viola that he lives by the church ; "for," says he, "I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church." When Shakspeare wrote this, he was probably conceiving Feste as a retainer of the Lady Olivia's father, settled hard by the church and with some hereditary claim to service and preferment in it ; but as having missed his vocation in some way, and fallen back upon this, his real vocation as a jester, in lieu of the other living, greatly helped in the new walk by the clerical training he had received.

He is a good singer, and, as he says himself, takes pleasure in singing. The Duke is enamored of his songs of sentiment, especially

that piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last night ;
Methought, it did relieve my passion much ;
More than light airs and recollected terms,
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times ;—

the tune to which so pleased Viola as to make her say of it :—

It gives a very echo to the seat
Where Love is thron'd ;—

and of which the Duke again says in his enthusiasm when Feste appears :—

the song we had last night :
Mark it, Cesario ; it is old and plain :
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,
Do use to chant it ; it is silly, sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.

Those wild roysterers, Sir Toby Belch and Sir Andrew Aguecheek, are every whit as well pleased with his love-songs of lighter sort, his

catches, and his "songs of good life," which last indeed Sir Andrew will none of, as he says he "cares not for good life." Sir Andrew is especially a witness to his singing powers. "By my troth," says he, "the Fool has an excellent breast; I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing as the Fool has." "A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight!" cries he, when the jester has sung the love-song. "A contagious breath," adds Sir Toby. "Very sweet and contagious, i' faith," says Sir Andrew. "To hear by the nose," Sir Toby goes on, playing upon his brother knight, "it is dulcet in contagion."

We see, then, some of the qualities which ensured Feste welcome with the Illyrian duke, and "cakes and ale" at the Lady Olivia's: he had a good leg, and a sweet voice, and found a pleasure in singing quaint and melancholy ditties and rollicking airs alike. He was the domestic jester of so great a lady as Olivia, privileged from her father's day. As we follow him through the play, we shall find him ready in wit, full of much acute nonsense, clear-sighted as to the follies and foibles of all around him, but at the same time brimming over with high animal spirits, and hating, with as hearty a hatred as a mischief-loving yet good-natured soul can hate, the narrow-minded, sour-tempered, self-seeking, and absurd precisian, Malvolio.

Before Feste is introduced, we have already had a view of the music-loving, sentimental, and fanciful duke, who opens the play with a speech of exquisite poetry; and his love for Olivia, analogous to Romeo's love for Rosaline, the "high-fantastical" forerunner of true love, is revealed. Viola has already been introduced, and has been placed in service with the duke under the disguise of a page, has won his favor, and has been sent by him to press his suit to the Lady Olivia, already described as "a virtuous maid, the daughter of a count that died some twelvemonth since; then leaving her in the protection of his son, her brother, who shortly also died: for whose dear love, they say, she hath abjured the company and sight of men." We have also made the acquaintance of Sir Toby, the Lady Olivia's relative, and "a foolish knight," as Maria calls him, Sir Andrew, whom Sir Toby is persuading to woo his niece, as well as that of Maria herself. Sir Andrew is one of Shakspeare's most admirably conceived fools, and I shall perhaps have somewhat to say of him; but our present business, good readers, is with the jester.

His first appearance brings him before us in trouble. He knows that what Maria says is true, and that his mistress will rate him for his remissness. Through all his quibbles and word-twistings in this colloquy with Maria, and in spite of his assumed indifference, I think one can espy a trace of uneasiness. Troubled as he is, however, by the doubt as to whether he can escape blame, he shows even in this short conference with the serving-woman his sagacity and penetration. He says truly of Maria that she is "as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria"; and he has read her ambition, afterwards accomplished, of winning Sir Toby to marry her, though, characteristically, he puts both propositions into the conditional form. She evidently understands the hint, for she says at once, "Peace, you rogue! no more o' that."

Instead of excusing himself to his mistress, who now enters with Malvolio, her steward, he has recourse to impudence. Olivia snubs his attempts at pleasantry, and accuses him of dishonesty, which he does not deny, but pleads, as it were, by "confession and avoidance." Here begins some of that ratiocinative play of which Mr. Ruggles makes so much. "Anything that's mended is but patch'd ; virtue that transgresses is but patch'd with sin ; and sin that amends is but patch'd with virtue. If that this simple syllogism will serve, so ; if it will not, what remedy?" The logical forms are sound enough, whatever may be said of their fruit ; and in their formal statement the propositions run thus :

Major Premise — All mended things are patched things ;

Minor Premise — Broken virtue is virtue sin-mended ;

Conclusion — Therefore broken virtue is sin-patched.

This is the categorical form ; now let us put the other proposition into the conditional :

Major Premise — If sin amends, then sin is mended ;

Minor Premise — But mended things are patched things ;

Conclusion — Then sin is patched.

The unexpressed fact, upon which both the syllogisms rest, is of course that human nature is neither absolutely good nor absolutely bad ; that the man of virtue sometimes sins, and the man of sin sometimes amends ; and hence, whether virtue or sin be present in any, it must needs be patched with its opposite. That the whole thing is nonsense, as an argument for maintaining that virtue and vice are things indifferent, is only an additional bell to the fool's cap.

His *Cucullus non facit monachum* is another stone to be added to my theory of his having had a clerical education. His wit in the dialogue, as it goes on, evidently takes the mind of his mistress, and withdraws it from its pre-occupation ; and, when Malvolio thrusts in his ugly temper of straitlacedness and speaks in envious and bitter terms of Feste, she replies to him : "O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distemper'd appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon-bullets. There is no slander in an allow'd fool, though he do nothing but rail ; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove." On which the jester characteristically exclaims : "Now Mercury endue thee with leasing, for thou speak'st well of fools !" that is, "May the patron-god of liars guide thy tongue ever, that my profession may be cried up to the skies !"

Viola, as the Duke's page Cesario, is now announced to be at the gate, and while Malvolio is sent to inquire his business, Sir Toby appears, "half-drunk," and Feste gives in answer to Olivia that pointed definition of a drunken man : "Like a drown'd man, a fool, and a madman : one draught above heat makes him a fool, the second mads him, and a third drowns him." The fool goes out, as he says, to look to the madman ; and thereafter follows the first of the charming scenes between Olivia and the disguised Viola.

Act Second introduces Sebastian and his loving friend the sea-captain Antonio, and brings us soon to the carousing scene in which

Feste helps the two debauched knights "make the welkin dance indeed," and "rouse the night-owl in a catch that will draw three souls out of one weaver"—whatever that feat may mean, for I have never seen it at all satisfactorily explained. It is here that Sir Andrew informs us of the jester's story-telling powers, when he recals the doings of the night before: "In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night when thou spok'st of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus; 'twas very good, i' faith." Dr. Brewer very neatly describes this equinoctial line thus: "This line has Utopia on one side and Medamothi [one of the wonderful places visited by Pantagruel and his comrades] on the other. It was discovered on the Greek Kalends by Outis after his escape from the giant's cave, and is ninety-one degrees from the poles." It is indeed not at all unlikely that the clerically educated jester conceived by Shakspeare was familiar with all the stores of fabulous voyaging literature could furnish, from Homer and Lucian down to Rabelais and Sir Thomas More.

His reply to the question of the foolish knight in regard to the sixpence he had sent him, is apparently a whimsical series of inconsecutive ideas; but examined closely, it will be found not to lack continuity: "I did impeticoes thy gratillity, for Malvolio's nose is no whipstock, my lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses"; that is, "I pocketed thy trifling gratuity [for he seems to me to mean a hidden sneer by his diminutive], because Malvolio would soon nose me out if I abstracted wine from the steward's stores; my lady [not Olivia, but the girl Sir Andrew sent him the sixpence for] has too white a hand to condescend to common tippie, and the tavern called The Myrmidons, where I would regale her, is no place for cheap drink." This view of the meaning of his speech is well illustrated by the anecdote Halliwell quotes from *Festes to Make you Merie*, a tract of the period: "One demanded of his friend what was the reason that when a man meets a light wench, the first word he speaks to her is, Gentlewoman, will you go to the tavern? O, says the other, a *leman* is never good without wine."

Then follows the clown's song:—

O mistress miné, where are you roaming?
 O stay, for here your true love's coming
 That can sing both high and low:
 Trip no farther, pretty sweeting;
 Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
 Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
 Present mirth hath present laughter;
 What's to come is still unsure:
 In delay there lies no plenty;
 Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty;
 Youth's a stuff will not endure.

This is pretty and pastoral, and "sweet and twenty" has more sense and better grammar and more poetry in it than the modern "sweet sixteen." It has been doubted whether it is Shakspeare's, some thinking it a popular song which he introduced into the play, as was

no unusual custom with the dramatists of that age. But the ground for this belief is that the song is found in one of the song-books of the year 1599, and the current of evidence touching the time of the first representation of the play tends to fix it for the same year. Is it not likely that the song was Shakspeare's and became at once so popular as to be gladly embodied by Morley in his song-book? Collier, however, thinks that this comedy was not written until 1601.

As the scene continues, we have some specimens of Feste's plays with words. Sir Andrew responds to Sir Toby's proposal that they shall sing that powerful catch of which mention has already been made:—

—An you love me, let's do't: I am a dog at a catch.

Clown. By'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

Sir Andrew. Most certain: let our catch be, *Thou knave.*

Clown. Hold thy peace, thou knave, Knight? I shall be constrain'd in't to call thee knave, Knight.

Sir Andrew. 'Tis not the first time I have constrained one to call me knave. Begin, Fool: it begins, *Hold thy peace.*

Clown. I shall never begin, if I hold my peace.

Sir Andrew. Good, i' faith. Come, begin.

Maria comes in to stop their "catterwauling," and warn them that Malvolio has been sent by Olivia to turn them out of doors. But Sir Toby is now too drunk to take good counsel, and replies:—

My lady's a Cataian, we are politicians, Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsay, and *Three merry men be we.* Am I not consanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tilly-vally! lady! *There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!*

He has a perfect medley of old songs in his head. The epithet he applies to Olivia means a native of Cathay, the great Tartar empire visited by Marco Polo, and is used as a term of opprobrium. Elsewhere in Shakspeare (*Merry Wives of Windsor*) it seems to mean a liar. Here it probably has no special meaning, but is simply used in drunken disdain. *Three merry men be we* was an old catch. There were several sets of words to the same tune, and Collier, from *An Antidote against Melancholy: Made up in Pills, Compounded of Witty Ballads, Jovial Songs and Merry Catches*, gives one version:—

The Wise men were but seven, ne'er more shall be for me;
The Muses were but nine, the Worthies three times three:
And three merry boyes, and three merry boyes are we.

The Vertues were but seven, and three the greater be;
The Cæsars they were twelve, and the fatal sisters three;
And three merry Girles, and three merry Girles are we.

Sir Walter Scott gives another version when in *The Fortunes of Nigel* he makes Captain Colepepper sing:—

And three merry men, and three merry men,
And three merry men are we,
As ever did sing three parts in a string,
All under the triple tree.

"Tilly-vally" is an exclamation of contempt or indifference equivalent to "Nonsense!" "Fiddlesticks!" "Pooh-pooh!"

The last song mentioned by the tipsy knight has a refrain which every one will recall as the same as that which the gay Mercutio sings in taking leave of Juliet's nurse—his "lady, lady, lady." It is taken from the ballad of Susanna (A. D. 1592). The following stanza of it is given in Percy's *Reliques*:—

There dwelt a man in Babylon
Of reputation great by fame;
He tooke to wife a faire woman,
Susanna she was called by name:
A woman faire and vertuous:
Lady, lady:
Why should we not of her learn thus
To live godly?

There can be no dispute about the correctness of Feste's opinion that "the knight's in admirable fooling," while Sir Andrew is equally just and admirably discriminating for one of his imbecility, when he says of Sir Toby and himself, "he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural."

Sir Toby is just beginning another song, when Malvolio enters with his very proper remonstrance in his mouth. He is certainly very badly treated by the revellers, and has every right to our sympathy, though I am afraid he does not get it. And just here let me say, that unpleasant as is Malvolio's peculiar disposition, and ridiculous as is the attitude which he is afterwards made to assume by the machinations of the domestics and that sad scamp Sir Toby, or to put the blame and fame upon the really responsible person, of Maria, "the youngest wren of nine"—every dispassionate student of the play will agree with Charles Lamb in his judgment, that Shakspeare's intention was to exhibit Malvolio to us as a person of reputation and consequence, and only so much of the formal fool as are a large number of those who discharge useful functions in the community with credit to themselves. As my object is merely to gather from all quarters whatever may illustrate the character of Shakspeare's jesters and may make clear their relations to other personages in the play, and I have resolutely shut my eyes to the fear of becoming tedious, I shall give Charles Lamb's opinion of Malvolio, knowing well that a mere reference does not always send the reader to the book referred to, even if it be at hand.

"Malvolio," says Elia, "is not essentially ridiculous. He becomes comic but by accident. He is cold, austere, repelling; but dignified, consistent, and for what appears, rather of an over-stretched morality. Maria describes him as a sort of Puritan; and he might have worn his gold chain with honor in one of our old Roundhead families, in the service of a Lambert or a Lady Fairfax. But his morality and his manners are misplaced in Illyria. He is opposed to the proper *levities* of the piece, and falls in the unequal contest. Still his pride, or his gravity, (call it which you will) is inherent and native to the man, not mock or affected, which latter only are the fit objects to excite laughter. His quality is at the best unlovely, but neither buffoon nor contemptible. His bearing is lofty, a little above his station, but probably not much above his deserts. We see no reason why he should not have been brave, honorable, accomplished. His careless

committal of the ring to the ground (which he was commissioned to restore to Cesario) bespeaks a generosity of birth and feeling. His dialect on all occasions is that of a gentleman and a man of education. We must not confound him with the eternal old low steward of comedy. He is master of the household to a great princess ; a dignity probably conferred upon him for other respects than age or length of service. Olivia, at the first indication of his supposed madness, declares that she 'would not have him miscarry for half of her dowry.' Does this look as if the character was meant to appear little or insignificant? Once, indeed, she accuses him to his face—of what? of being 'sick of self-love'—but with a gentleness and considerateness which could not have been, if she had not thought that this particular infirmity shaded some virtues. His rebuke to the knight and his sottish revellers is sensible and spirited, and when we take into consideration the unprotected condition of his mistress, and the strict regard with which her state of real or dissembled mourning would draw the eyes of the world upon her house-affairs, Malvolio might feel the honor of the family in some sort in his keeping, as it appears not that Olivia had any more brothers or kinsmen to look to it—for Sir Toby had dropped all such nice respects at the buttery-hatch. That Malvolio was meant to be represented as possessing estimable qualities, the expression of the Duke, in his anxiety to have him reconciled, almost infers : 'Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace.' Even in his abused state of chains and darkness a sort of greatness seems never to desert him. He argues highly and well with the supposed Sir Topas, and philosophises gallantly upon his straw. There must have been some shadow of worth about the man ; he must have been something more than a mere vapor, a thing of straw or Jack-in-office, before Fabian and Maria could have ventured sending him upon a courting-errand to Olivia. There was some consonancy (as he would say) in the undertaking, or the jest would have been too bold even for that house of misrule."

All this is very true, and admirably bears out what Charles Lamb, felicitous critic and glorious humorist, was contending for : that the character should be acted with some strain of dignity. But is it not at the same time true that we sympathise with the wicked plotters against his peace and dignity rather than with the misused man, and that Shakspeare meant it to be so? What is the reason for this? Can it be that rectitude is distasteful to us all, and that we applaud heartily when folly and mischief persecute and entrap it? This seems paradoxical and alarming, when we believed ourselves to be such devotees of abstract right. But the truth is we are really not to blame, except for that said pre-conceived theory of abstract right, which is the nonsense of moral philosophers and has no existence conceivable by humanity. Rectitude is a relative thing ; and though Malvolio may be a very honest and diligent steward, his inordinate pride and self-conceit, his ungenial temper, and the uncomfortable social and moral atmosphere about the man, are simply disgusting to the general sense of mankind, and are worse sins than the common-place peccadilloes of the roysterer set who take advantage of his most palpable foible. It is the old story of People Who Bore Us. Some of the worthiest men I know

—worthy in many ways but not pleasant—are really altogether unendurable for even a half-hour's talk. There is about them some unhandsome form of the worship of self, so unsympathising, so monstrous in its exacting persistency, that one feels that any *bon diable* of a gregarious turn of mind—some club-able man—would be an infinitely preferable companion. Who has much compunction for a hearty laugh over some inconceivable absurdity into which one of these highly estimable prigs has been betrayed? Nothing in nature, perhaps, can be so insufferable as one of these creatures of unvarying self-complacency. One may have, and indeed ought to have, large sympathy for every kind of fool, and for many kinds of knave something very like sympathy, but very slight indeed for the type we call ass. Of this order Malvolio unquestionably is a distinguished member; and hence, however excellent may be many of his qualities, and however we may admit that the man should be treated at any place met in Illyria with the same grave courtesy we should extend to Justice Shallow in England, we may have our laugh at both without hurt to any good principle, and we may heartily despise both with fine credit to our humanity.

To return to the scene in which the refractory kinsman, sustained by the jester and the silly knight, his boon companion, defies the Lady Olivia's ambassador, and treats his remonstrances with contempt: Sir Toby sings snatches of song, which Feste echoes or comments on, with an occasional word of attempted rule or of horrified disgust from the astounded Malvolio. In the course of the wild disorder there occur those fine words of revolt against eternally staid discipline, with which the human heart sympathises at once so naturally and so warmly. They are divided between the tipsy knight and the frolicsome jester:—

Sir Toby. Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

Clown. Yes, by Saint Anne; and ginger shall be hot i' th' mouth too.

A good and sound protest, though from riotous lips; and it is because we feel this truth that we naturally and rightly resent the spirit of Malvolio and his like, though in this instance he proceeds by just authority and is aiming to bring the household into the limits of decent order. His manner, however, even here has been so arrogant, and his air of superior scorn and immaculate virtuousness so irritating, that they all long to punish him, and Maria's wit eagerly supplies the method. Her acuteness has perceived that he thinks himself "so cramm'd with excellences that it is his ground of faith that all that look on him love him," and says she, "On that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work." She plans to deceive him with that pretended letter of Olivia's, which we all know so well, and which worked so aptly upon his large conceit of himself that it had the desired effect of putting him completely in the power of the conspirators.

In the next scene the Duke would feed his sentimental melancholy with music, and Feste, who is about the house, is called in to minister to his love-sick appetite for the great emotional soother. Feste now

sings "that old and antique song" which had so pleased the Duke the night before, of whose tune Viola has said that —

It gives a very echo to the seat
Where Love is thron'd.

I give it here, because, although you can all turn readily enough to your Shakspeares, I have not the heart to pass by the songs of his plays.

Feste's Song.

Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O prepare it;
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown.
A thousand, thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where

* Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there.

This sad strain, sung evidently with taste and feeling by our Feste, to please the Duke so well, helps to point us to the real character of the jester. The true significance of the great dramatist's putting this wailing dirge into the clown's mouth seems to me to be that he wishes to indicate his conception of the character as that of one whose culture and native gifts have been both overborne by some imperious and ineradicable foibles, aided by the force of circumstances. Capacity for thought, still manifested in those metaphysical tendencies of expression on which Mr. Ruggles lays so much stress, and capacity for sentiment, still manifested by his musical ability and the power with which he evidently rendered this song, indicate versatility of mind and character. To this we must add the histrionic capacity afterwards shown when he deceives Malvolio by feigned voice and style into mistaking him for the Parson. This versatility might have borne better fruit than the life of a great lady's jester but for the large development of certain lower tastes and passions, which one cannot help noting in Feste, and also the opportune opening for him in the new profession, when his lively pranks shut him off from the clerical career for which he seems to have been originally destined. Something in his personal appearance too, as we shall see further on, operated against his entering that profession, and fitted him peculiarly for the cap-and-bells and the motley garb.

In his new profession certain natural qualities of his mind were of course quickened. Quickness of observation, readiness of repartee, and the keenness essential for intrigue we see largely developed. An instance of the first is to be noted in the scene before us. When the Duke dismisses him, his words on retiring show that he has fully taken the measure of that humor of sentiment which now leads the Duke to fancy himself in love.

Now the melancholy god protect thee ; and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffeta, for thy mind is a very opal !—I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be everything, and their intent everywhere ; for that's it that always makes a good voyage of nothing.

He seems to say this aloud to the Duke, in the privilege of his profession. It is somewhat the pity that we have not in this day fools privileged to speak out the truth boldly. Our modern fools quack anything but truth.

Next follows the beautiful passage between the Duke and Viola, in which the disguised lady talks of her undiscovered love. But the jester is away, and it is only with him that we have to do.

The scene in Olivia's garden comes after, in which Maria's net catches Malvolio ; and Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian watch the sport. This scene is rich, but it must not tempt us to leave Feste out of sight.

The next act opens with the talk between Viola and the jester, in which the latter lets us into the secret of his residence by the church, and proclaims himself, not the Lady Olivia's fool, but "her corrupter of words." In this passage Feste shows some of his skill in begging, which fine trait indeed is fully brought out elsewhere. The propensity to beg impudently and importunately, his aptness for indulgence in the carouses of the two knights, the gregarious instinct which makes him haunt the Count Orsino's as well as his lady's mansion, his pleasure in roguery, and the hint as to his filching propensities conveyed in Olivia's assertion that he "grows dishonest,"* all furnish the best of reasons why his higher qualities have done no more for him, and show the influences of his function. When he leaves Viola, to announce her coming, she comments thus on him :—

This fellow is wise enough to play the fool ;
And to do that well craves a kind of wit :
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of persons, and the time ;
And, like the haggard, check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice
As full of labor as a wise man's art :
For folly, that he wisely shows, is fit ;
But wise men's folly shown, quite taints their wit.

In the scenes that follow, Olivia falls still more in love with the disguised Viola ; Sir Toby and Fabian play upon Sir Andrew's imbecility of brain, and persuade him to assail the Duke's page ; Maria reports to Sir Toby the absurdities of dress and demeanor into which the dropped letter has betrayed Malvolio ; Viola's brother, so like her, comes upon the stage ; the beguiled Malvolio is made to conduct himself so outrageously to Olivia that she suspects him to be mad, and commits him to the care of her people, who bind him and put him in a dark room ; and Antonio, Sebastian's friend, is taken by Illyrian officers of justice.

* It is due to Feste's character that I should mention here the suggestion of a critical friend, who remonstrates with me touching my ill-considered acceptance of the term "dishonest" in its present construction. His words are,—and, accepting them as well-founded, I am very grateful for the removal of an imaginary stain from the witty clown's good name :—"Do you think Olivia used 'dishonest' in the sense of *knaveish*, when she charged Feste with 'growing dishonest' ? I rather think she means *dishonnête*, 'disreputable,' no longer *honestus* ; the allusion being to his bousings with Toby. Nothing looking to dishonesty (in the sense of to-day) on the jester's part appears in the play.

Act the Fourth opens with a talk between Sebastian and Feste, the jester mistaking the former for his sister, the supposed page Cesario. Here the clown used those expressions which Mr. Ruggles points to as indicating his knowledge of the logical laws of identity and contradiction, or, as some logicians prefer naming it, non-contradiction.

Sir Andrew comes in with his backers, Sir Toby and Fabian, and strikes Sebastian, thinking him to be Cesario, but is soon undeceived as to the supposed cowardice of his opponent. During the squabble the clown hurries off to tell his mistress, who comes forth and persuades Sebastian to come into her house.

The next scene introduces Maria and Feste making ready to have further sport of poor Malvolio. From what Feste says, when he puts on the clerical gown and assumes the character of Sir Topas the curate (in early days the parson was called "Sir" as well as the knight; and, when the Reformation permitted him to marry, his wife was often called "Lady"), it may perhaps be inferred that diminutive size, or insignificant appearance, or even ludicrous physical disproportion had helped to keep him from becoming a clergyman. "I am not tall enough," says he, "to become the function well, nor lean enough to be thought a good student." We know that jesters were greatly aided in their calling by some grotesque feature, or oddity of manner, or peculiarity of voice, and that dwarfs were in mediæval times a favorite ornament of courts. It was in this very age, and indeed after it, that we find the Spanish court so marked by this feature that the court-dwarfs figure in more than one of the paintings of Velasquez. Readers of *Peperil of the Peak* will remember at what a late period in English history the court-dwarf was an essential part of the frivolous life of effeminate royalty. These considerations, the language Feste uses here, and the fact that we find him with the clerical education and without the clerical office, make it very probable that he was thick-set and of low stature, and so undignified in general appearance as to preclude him from receiving holy orders. As late in English history as the age of the Stuarts we find Archbishop Laud unwilling to consecrate to the ministry one whose sole disqualification in his eyes was an unsightly mole on the face.

Maria brings in Sir Toby to see Feste in his new trim, and the jester answers the Knight's greeting with high legendary and logical absurdities: "*Bonos dies*, Sir Toby; for, as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of King Gorboduc, 'That that is, is': so I, being Master Parson, am Master Parson: for what is that, but that? and is, but is?"

Sir Toby urges him to make trial of the imprisoned Malvolio in his assumed character, which he does, and, by the testimony of Sir Toby, in admirable style, mimicking the voice and manner of the Parson to perfection. Let us look on while this famous colloquy is once more uttered, and listen to that rhetoric of a bygone philosophy:

Clown. What, ho, I say,—Peace in this prison!

Malvolio. Who calls there?

Clown. Sir Topas the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.

Malvolio. Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady.

Clown. Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou this man! talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

Malvolio. Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged : good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad ; they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

Clown. Fie, thou dishonest Sathan ! I call thee by the most modest terms ; for I am one of those gentle ones that will use the Devil himself with courtesy. Say'st thou, that house is dark ?

Malvolio. As Hell, Sir Topas.

Clown. Why, it hath bay-windows, transparent as barricadoes, and the clear stories towards the south-north are as lustrous as ebony ; and yet complainest thou of obstruction ?

Malvolio. I am not mad, Sir Topas ; I say to you, this house is dark.

Clown. Madman, thou errest : I say, there is no darkness but ignorance ; in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.

Malvolio. I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as Hell ; and I say, there was never man thus abus'd : I am no more mad than you are ; make the trial of it in any constant question.

Clown. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild-fowl ?

Malvolio. That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

Clown. What thinkest thou of his opinion ?

Malvolio. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

Clown. Fare thee well : remain thou still in darkness. Thou shalt hold thy opinion of Pythagoras, ere I will allow of thy wits ; and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Malvolio. Sir Topas, Sir Topas,—

From the talk of the jester it is evident that he well knew how the curate was wont to discourse, not only as to voice and intonations, but as to matter and manner as well. His deception of Malvolio is complete, and the hapless steward does not seem for a moment to suspect the identity of his visitor. So high a dignitary in the Lady Olivia's household as her stately steward must have known the curate well, and Feste's perfect imitation of the parson argues a still more familiar acquaintance. Couple this with the fact that Feste lived near the church, and the view I have suggested, that he was himself originally educated for the church, is greatly strengthened.

Feste now assumes his own voice again, and sings :—

Hey Robin, Jolly Robin,
Tell me how thy lady does.
"My lady is unkind, perdy."
Alas, why is she so ?
"She loves another —;"

Malvolio all the while calling to him, "Fool,—Fool,—Fool, I say,"—which Feste pretends to hear at last, and breaks off his song with, "Who calls, ha ?"

Malvolio. Good Fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper ; as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't.

Clown. Master Malvolio !

Malvolio. Ay, good Fool.

Clown. Alas, sir, how fell you beside your five wits ?

Malvolio. Fool, there never was man so notoriously abus'd. I am as well in my wits, Fool, as thou art.

Clown. But as well ? then you are mad, indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Malvolio. They have here propertied me ; keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clown. Advise you what you say ; the minister is here. [Here assuming the voice and manner of Sir Topas once more, he calls out :] Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the Heavens restore ! endeavor thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble-babble.

Malvolio. Sir Topas —

Clown [still mimicking Sir Topas]. Maintain no words with him, good fellow. —[again in his own voice] Who, I, sir? not I, sir. God b' wi' you, good Sir Topas.—[in the curate's voice] Marry, amen.—[in his own] I will, sir, I will.

Malvolio. Fool, Fool, Fool, I say—

Clown. Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am shent for speaking to you.

Malvolio. Good Fool, help me to some light, and some paper; I tell thee I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria.

Clown. Well-a-day, that you were, sir!

Malvolio. By this hand, I am. Good Fool, some ink, paper, and light, and convey what I will set down to my lady; it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

Clown. I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed? or do you but counterfeit?

Malvolio. Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.

Clown. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman till I see his brains. I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

Malvolio. Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree: I pr'ythee, be gone.

Clown. [sings]

I am gone, sir,
And anon, sir,
I'll be with you again,
In a trice,
Like to the old Vice,
Your need to sustain;

Who with dagger of lath,
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries, Ah ha! to the Devil:
Like a mad lad,
Pare thy nails, dad,
Adieu, goodman Devil!

We see with what zest Feste enters into this frolic, and how evidently he enjoys the whole course of mystification. There is manifest in him here that glee and glorying in practical jokes which is the very spirit that overturns success in grave pursuits. This side of his character sufficiently explains of itself his failure to attain the clerical office for which he seems to have been educated. The scene is rich in fun, and it is easy to imagine the quiet but heartily enjoyed chuckle with which this mischief-loving varlet played off his double personality upon the incensed prisoner.

The next scene gives the betrothal of Sebastian and the Lady Olivia. The last act opens with Fabian's entreating to see Malvolio's letter, which Feste is, according to promise, carrying to the Lady Olivia. It seems to me that it is not without significance that the jester is made to open the three last acts of the play. It is to show, as it were, the growing spirit of mirth and mistake, misconception and mischief, blundering and confusion, as in a masquerade, which appertains to the season of revels from which the play takes its name. To make this the more apparent, the personification of the spirit of mischief-making, the jester Feste, is thus made prominent, opening the third act with Viola, the fourth with Sebastian, and the fifth with Fabian. So that, play-loving old Pepys was wrong when he jotted down in his *Diary* his great objection to *Twelfth Night*, that the name had nothing to do with the play.

The Duke, with his suite, comes in, while Feste is jesting with Fabian; and in the colloquy between the Duke and the jester which

ensues, the latter gives the following admirable reason for being the worse for his friends and the better for his foes: "Marry, sir," says he, "my friends praise me, and make an ass of me; now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass: so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself; and by my friends I am abused: so that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why, then the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes." It is, by the way, not the least among the merits of those charming books that narrate the Adventures of Alice in Wonderland and in Looking-glass World, that the style of reasoning and the use made of school-room bores for fun-making remind one very strongly of the peculiar humor of our old friend Feste.

The Duke being pleased with his pleasant sophisms and giving him gold, Feste is encouraged to his most stupendous piece of impudence in the begging line.

After this come the scenes in which all the misunderstandings are cleared up, and the mystery of the likeness between the supposed page Cesario and the unknown Sebastian is unravelled to the satisfaction of all. The jester appears, in the midst of this leash of discoveries, with Sir Toby, whom he leads in drunk. He soon retires, taking with him the drunken knight and the broken-headed Sir Andrew. He reappears again with Malvolio's letter, of whom he reports to Olivia: "Truly, Madam, he holds Beelzebub at the stave's end, as well as a man in his case may do: has here writ a letter to you; I should have given it to you to-day morning, but as a madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much when they are deliver'd." The allusion in this speech to the Gospels and Epistles of Holy Writ, though a thought profane perhaps, is characteristic of one whose studies have been clerical.

Malvolio is sent for, and the plot by which he had been beguiled is confessed by Fabian. Perhaps the gull might have borne their "sportful malice" with better grace, had not Feste, gloating over his shame, made the occasion still more bitter by his taunts in the presence of so many of birth and condition. "Why," cries he mockingly, and doubtless with a face of most aggravating merriment, diverting to all but the wronged Malvolio, "'some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them.' I was one, sir, in this interlude; one Sir Topas, sir; but that's all one: —'By the Lord, fool, I am not mad'; — But do you remember? 'Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal? an you smile not, he's gagged.' And thus the whirligig of Time brings in his revenges." Malvolio goes angrily away, crying: "I'll be reveng'd on the whole pack of you;" but the Duke tells his people, "Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace;" and it is probable that the madcap doings of these Twelfth Night revellers brought no further mischiefs with them. The play closes with Maria married to Sir Toby, the Lady Olivia to be soon wedded to Sebastian, and sweet Viola to the Duke Feste steps to the front, and fitly dismisses us all with his last song.

When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
'Gainst knave and thief men shut their gate,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came unto my bed,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
With toss-pots still had drunken head,
For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.

The philosophy of which seems to be, that, though the wail of wind and the dreary dripping of rain are the fit refrain of life, seeing that its sorrows have no end ; that, though in childhood toys are our joys, and in manhood we must guard against the wiles of the wicked, and in domestic life we must try to forget that we are theoretically the heads of the house, and any undue conviviality makes an aching head, and the world is very old, which is a very sad thing to consider, — still the play of life must go on, and we must still strive to please our fellowmen every day, in the professions and trades and civil offices wherein each of us labors. And so, good readers, must we workers with brain and pen strive to please you.

FINIS.

SO we have parted now, never to meet again ;
All that is left of love useless passion and pain.

This is the end of all. God in His infinite grace
Keep me from cursing the day that ever I saw her face.

Fain I would forget, but it will come back again :
The garden shady and sweet, and, passing, the funeral train.

Music upon the air — low minor wails of death ;
And there I sat by the lattice, holding my heart and breath.

A glance, as the carriage passed, of a white and agonised face,
And there I stood by the lattice, reaching my arms into space —

Moved by an impulse blind to dash the mourners apart,
And before God and angels gather her to my heart.

What came after that? I loved till I thought it sweet
To touch the hem of her garment or kiss the dust from her feet.

Twice since then have the skies been blue and the pastures green—
God! that a human heart should know what lies between.

I only pray to forget; I cover my ears and eyes.
Did Adam and Eve in exile speak of Paradise?

Fair she is as of old, cold and in nowise moved,
Touched not by faint regret that ever we met and loved;

While I, when my heart is old and my hair is gray,
Shall be sadder for having suffered the passion and pain of to-day.

HUGH LYND SAY.

MY THREE CHANCES.

MISS MANNING'S carriage stops the way!
I am Miss Manning, and so it is to be presumed that it is my carriage that stops the way. Well, let it be so supposed; I encourage the delightful delusion myself, as I hold the white reins, and speak soft, caressing words to the black ponies as the phaeton bowls lightly over the smooth roads and past the emerald fields fresh with the dew of a fragrant June morning. In reality this luxurious little phaeton and these dear little ponies belong to my Cousin Carrie; but I feel as happy and complacent as if they were actually mine, and I wonder if my cousin has enjoyed them half as much altogether as I have done this morning. Upon my word I doubt it.

My Cousin Carrie is a very worldly woman, and yet, when she can afford to be so, she is kind-hearted. She has always taken an interest in me, but heretofore it has been an interest rather by anticipation, for I was always given to understand that the bestowal of her favors would not take place until I was grown. What the nature of these favors was to be I have never been informed, but she frequently

assured Mamma that when I was older she would "look out for me." That expression of course being provokingly intangible, I am now busy with conjectures; for, by the delightful means I have just described, I am *en route* for a visit to my cousin's country house, and naturally I divine that the time has arrived for her to make good her promises. Heretofore all she has done in my behalf is to effect an improvement in my name. I was baptised "Penelope," and my cousin's horror was something quite appalling when the fact was announced to her. A letter came by return mail, insisting that I should be called "Pency," and claiming great credit for herself in concocting a euphonious abbreviation of my frightful name. This was so much shorter and more convenient that I have borne it ever since.

So, my friends, I am Pency Manning, *ætat.* nineteen, and with an amount of buoyancy and exuberance consequent upon my tender years, a lively anticipation of a visit to my grand cousin and its accompanying delights, and the being at the present moment behind the loveliest pair of black ponies, imaginable, to say nothing of their captivating white harness. Fortunately the footman is behind me, and he cannot see the expression of idiotic delight written on my face—a look far too beaming and happy for good breeding. I am aware of this, and I am determined to tone it down and look appropriately nonchalant and grave by the time I reach the end of my drive.

I wonder if I *can* look sober and quiet after this exhilarating exercise. I hope so; for I pride myself upon the possession of a certain amount of worldly wisdom, and I mean to display it all to Cousin Carrie's admiring gaze. At last there is "Landon Heights"; its carved chimneys and tall cupolas loom up imposingly. I knew Cousin Carrie was delightfully, charmingly rich, but I did *not* know she lived in such a grand place as this. Really its magnificence occasions quite a revulsion of feeling; for, as the heavy gates are flung back and the several stately servants sally forth to minister to my wants, I feel some apprehension lest the awe-inspiring aspect of affairs may occasion the look of subdued indifference which I had intended, to be entirely an *assumed* expression.

I step lightly from the carriage and follow Cousin Carrie's French maid through the splendid hall and up the grand staircase. At the far end of the hall are several gentlemen in hunting-suits. I utterly ignore their stares, which my vanity construes as rather flattering than rude; and so I pass them by and am ushered into my cousin's boudoir. This room is divine. I am, on principle, opposed to gushing, but I will not retract that adjective even at the risk of its indicating in me a propensity in that direction. Cousin Carrie certainly keeps well. She is wonderfully pretty even in this negligée toilet, for it is yet early for such worldlings as she. She gives me a soft kiss and begins to apologise. It is a habit with Cousin Carrie to apologise—really the nearest approach to ill-breeding in which she indulges.

"Don't be hurt, dear, at no one's meeting you," she says; "I really intended to come myself, but the train arrived so *very* early. Mr. Landon is absent, you know, and I purposely avoided sending

one of the young men ; for usually travelling is so unbecoming, and first impressions are *so* important. I almost regret I did not now, for it is something worth exhibiting when a girl looks as well as you do after hours in the cars" (this with her head posed a little on one side and with a business-like air). "I would not tell any one at what hour you were expected, so that you might have leisure to make your toilet and appear at breakfast under the most favorable auspices. Now tell me, Pency, how's your aunt?"

"Very well, thanks — Oh, no ; I forgot. She told me to tell you she had a cancer," say I.

Cousin Carrie laughs. "You shocking child !" she says.

"Indeed !" say I. "I don't mean to be disrespectful, but no human bosom could contain so large an amount of compassion and credulity as to sympathise with and believe in each newly-discovered disease of my aunt's."

"And how's Dick?" Cousin Carrie asks. "Did *he* send me any message?"

I shake my head, but a remembrance makes me smile.

"Do tell me," says my cousin ; "I know Dick said something impertinent. Really I'd like Dick if he would let me ; he is so gruff and odd."

"It really wasn't a message," I say ; "he only told me at the train that he supposed he had looked his last at plain Penelope Manning, and must expect to greet on my return the arrant little fool that Cousin Carrie of mine would make of me."

Cousin Carrie laughs again. There really is some genuineness about her, and that bright laugh is altogether sincere. "There's something positively refreshing in Dick's honesty," she says. "How you must enjoy it, Pency, in this degenerate age of man !"

"Enjoy it !" say I ; "one must have peculiar taste to enjoy being treated as if one were a baby in intellect and a peacock in soul, because the informer of these agreeable facts is supposed to be ultra-honest."

"Pency, go and dress," says my cousin, looking at her watch, "and look your best, for I tell you there is at least one man here in whose eyes most women care to look well." (This with a significant smile and nod meant to excite interest and challenge inquiry.)

"One always likes to look well," say I, with an air of abstraction. "Are there many people here, Cousin Carrie?"

"Not many, but they come and go. Mr. Andrews is staying here."

"Mr. Andrews !" say I ; "I suppose he's the critic — the connoisseur. I don't like that kind of men."

"You won't object to *his* sort of criticism, and I'll venture you like *him*," says my cousin, rather warmly.

"Certainly, my dear cousin," I reply ; "your approbation is enough to insure that."

Then I follow Cousin Carrie to my room, which she enters with me, and says : "Do, Pency, let me lend you anything you may need about your toilet. Often in leaving home one does not know exactly what clothes to bring."

"Thank you very much," I say, "but I have escaped that perplexity

by bringing all the clothes I have, so I shan't call upon you — your things are much too fine for poor people like me."

My cousin raises her brows slightly; my last remark grates upon her sensitive ears a little, and strikes her as being in the slightest degree unrefined. However, with profuse apologies, she offers a morning toilet, "in case I do not feel inclined to go into my trunks before breakfast." I politely but firmly decline this, and with a look of anxiety on her face my cousin leaves me. I am wicked enough to be pleased at this expression, for I can afford to tease her a little, being delightfully conscious that my trunks contain a very pretty, though not a costly outfit. The distance between me and pauperdom is short; but, thank goodness! it is long enough to have enabled me, by dint of making some of my own dresses and bonnets, and other such unheard-of economies, to present myself at Landon Heights with a wardrobe that satisfies my desires; and surely nothing more is needed. I open my trunk and take out one of my pet dresses — a pale green lawn, which I have flounced and puffed in a manner I think quite bewitching. Arrayed in its clear, cool-looking draperies, I descend the stairs. I have been summoned five minutes ago, but being rather a deliberate person, I quietly and leisurely arrange at my throat a crimson rose which gives a very effective finish to my toilet. When I get into the hall, in full view of all the people in the morning-room, I stop and speak to a pretty child, who is just passing in his nurse's arms. The child holds out his hand and asks for my rose. I hesitate, but conclude I can afford to do without it, and so I offer it in exchange for a kiss. It takes another minute to conclude our bargain, and then I enter the room.

"I hope I have not kept you waiting long," I say to Cousin Carrie, who, if one might judge from the expression of her face, seems rather pleased at the delay; but a lady on her right, who holds her watch in her hand, rather scowls at me, I think; she longs to tell me how late I am, and she would also like to tell me that she thinks me very impertinent, but she cannot do either, and I know it. This lady is Miss Pierce; very large, very fine-looking, and evidently and essentially very rich — I feel sure of that. She has an expression of dollars and cents which is quite unmistakable. And quite as unmistakably she has eye-glasses. Now I grudge her those glasses; it puts her at an advantage with her fellows. If I had a pair I could play my cards twice as well. It strikes me as I see her look staringly through them now, that I might have done well to have affected a degree of short-sightedness to secure so valuable a weapon, but then it makes Miss Pierce look old and sharp; but I am convinced if they were out of the question she would not, *could* not, *entirely* lose that expression, and so I take comfort in my own youth and innocence of expression, and admit that these weapons are of stronger steel and more effective calibre. These reflections are not amiable. I know it, but I tell you them because they actually existed.

There is a Mrs. Moore and her daughter, who strike me as being simply quiet and nice. There is a Mr. Mitchell, who only strikes me as being in no way striking at all. There is a Mr. Fisher, who is very

fat, and a Mr. Reede, who is very handsome ; a Mrs. Gray, whose every characteristic seems lost in the fact that she is an invalid ; her husband, who is very savage, either constitutionally or because of delay about breakfast. I fancy it must be the latter cause, from the glance of dubious approval with which he regards me when I am presented. And then there is Mr. Andrews. I try not to notice him more than the rest, but it is hard to help it ; he is so much better worth looking at than even Mr. Reede, who is far handsomer. I have made up my mind to like Mr. Andrews because Cousin Carrie expected it of me. I am convinced now that my task will be an easy one ; his eyes are so fine, and he looks so thoughtful and good.

These are my cousin's guests, and these the hasty opinions I form of them as I comprehend them all in my first quick glance.

Breakfast is a charming meal. My ride has made me feel so well, and I am so pleased because people like me. Every one (especially the gentlemen) is so polite, and I am certain with regard to the latter that I do not in the least invite them to be so ; I am far more conversational with the ladies. Miss Pierce, who is on my right, I particularly affect. The harder I find my task, the more I enjoy it ; the more she tries to freeze me with her glasses, the more I try to thaw her with my smiles ; it is about an equal game of parry and thrust. She is terribly unapproachable, and so am I determinedly amiable. She shows that she dislikes me, and I feel that I am far more worldly-wise than she is because I show nothing, and I am silly enough to enjoy the idea.

After breakfast Mr. Andrews takes me to the conservatory. I don't know how it comes about ; Cousin Carrie, I suppose. Her manœuvres are always too admirably executed to be detected, and too delicate to be definitely fixed upon her. I learn one thing as I leave the dining-room with Mr. Andrews : that is, that Miss Pierce likes me less than ever ; but I turn my back to the glasses, and listen to Mr. Andrews' remarks about the flowers. He knows something of botany, but he soon discovers that I am too ignorant to appreciate his learning in that regard, and so he turns from the flowers to me, and asks with a searching look :

"Miss Manning, how many faces is a young lady supposed to possess?"

"Impossible to say," I answer, rather puzzled and feeling my way ; "their number is necessarily as indefinite as the occasions which may occur to call them into use."

"I have seen three on you already," he says, smiling and raising his brows.

"On *me* !" I exclaim, in surprise.

"Yes. I was in the lodge looking after my guns when you came this morning. The face that flashed past me then was bright with an honest, unconscious happiness. I liked its expression so well, that while you were winding round the drive I cut across the beds and joined the gentlemen in the hall. I assure you they said very pretty things about you, and I did not tell them that the face they admired was not half as pleasing as the one I had just seen ; it had lost its look of unconsciousness, and I thought that was the prettiest part.

Arnold fiercely resented this, and Washington, knowing the temper of the man, wrote him a soothing letter; but Arnold would not be soothed. He replied, offering to resign his commission, and saying: "The person who, void of the nice feelings of honor, will tamely condescend to give up his right, and retain a commission at the expense of his reputation, I hold as a disgrace to the army and unworthy of the glorious cause in which we are engaged." "I am conscious of the rectitude of my intentions. In justice, therefore, to my own character, and for the satisfaction of my friends, I must request a court of inquiry into my conduct; and, though I sensibly feel the ingratitude of my countrymen, yet every personal injury shall be buried in my zeal for the safety and happiness of my country, in whose cause I have repeatedly fought and bled, and am ready at all times to risk my life." Just in the same way Joseph Surface, with his friend's wife behind the screen and listening to him, was saying, "The heart that is conscious of its own integrity is ever slow to credit another's treachery." "When ingratitude bars the dart of injury, the wound has double danger in it." "The man who can break through the laws of hospitality, and tempt the wife of his friend, deserves to be branded as the pest of society." Benedict's sentiments are just as false and hollow as Joseph's, and there was as deep a purpose of treachery behind them. He did not intend to throw up his commission. He by no means desired a court of inquiry, for he was not "conscious of the rectitude of his intentions"; and least of all did he bury his sense of personal injury, for he nursed that and brooded over it till its corroding effects made him turn traitor almost entirely in a spirit of revenge.

The wonder is that anybody could be deceived by such professions. Yet Washington was far from being the only one so deceived. Richard Henry Lee, a cool-headed politician, of accurate knowledge of men and great judgment, complains in a contemporary letter that "One plan, now in frequent use, is to assassinate the characters of the friends of America in every place and by every means. At this moment they are reading in Congress a bold and audacious attempt of this kind against the brave General Arnold." And even Jared Sparks, with all the facts before him, permits Arnold's virtuous sentiments to deceive him, and says: "No man certainly could talk in a more patriotic strain; and perhaps it is not too great a tax upon our faith to believe that he was at this time as sincere as most patriots who are reduced to the extremity of enumerating their disinterested sacrifices and services, as a vindication of their character, and a proof that the public have done them wrong." The truth is, Arnold, while possessing many traits of the superior soldier—he combined bravery, audacity, endurance, with remarkable *élan*, great judgment, coolness, resources in all extremities, caution, skill—had others which made him intolerable either as commander or subordinate. He had no tact, he was cruel, false, treacherous—he was a military barrator, irritable, punctilious, but never considerate to others; he was vain, unthrifty, extravagant, unscrupulous, and as greedy a speculator as Massena. The sentiments he utters are not in accord with a single trait in his character; they are as absolutely professional as Joseph Surface's.

The "*mens sibi conscia recti*" is a favorite and oft-repeated sentiment of both our hypocrites, and they delight to ring changes upon that sacred word "honor," any man who takes which in vain deserves to be mistrusted. "Honor," said Arnold, in a letter to Congress, after his correspondence with the enemy had begun — "Honor is a sacrifice no man ought to make ; as I received, so I wish to transmit it inviolate to posterity." "Yes, yes—heaven forbid I should persuade you to do anything you thought wrong," said Joseph, seeking to corrupt Lady Teazle. "No, no, I have too much honor to desire it." The lady's cutting retort is exactly suitable to all this class of sentiments : "Don't you think we may as well leave honor out of the argument?"

Joseph and Benedict are always most profuse of their sentiments at the moment when their intentions are most dishonorable. Joseph gushes more abominably in the screen scene than in any other, and lies most flatly then too. Perplexed by the contretemps in which he finds himself, he vows, "I am really too much affected by the subject we have been speaking of to bestow a thought on my own concerns. The man who is entrusted with his friend's distresses can never—" And, with discovery of his intrigue imminent and almost certain to come, he tells Sir Peter that he holds the man of intrigue "to be a most despicable character." Just so Arnold, in his address in self-defence before the court of inquiry, lies most heartily, and fires off his sentiments in the most double-barrelled fashion into his accusers' breasts. "When one is charged with practices which his soul abhors," he says, "and which conscious innocence tells him he has never committed, an honest indignation will draw from him expressions in his own favor which, on other occasions, might be ascribed to an ostentatious turn of mind. . . . Conscious of my own innocence, and the unworthy methods taken to injure me, I can with boldness say to my persecutors in general, and to the chief of them in particular, that in the hour of danger, when the affairs of America wore a gloomy aspect, when our illustrious General was retreating through New Jersey with a handful of men, I did not propose to my associates basely to quit the General and sacrifice the cause of my country to my personal safety by going over to the enemy and making my peace." The boastfulness and malignity of these declarations are obvious enough, remarks Mr. Sparks, "but their consummate hypocrisy can be understood only by knowing the fact that at the moment they were uttered he had been eight months in secret correspondence with the enemy, and was prepared, if not resolved, when the first opportunity should offer, to desert and betray his country."

The hypocrite may lose countenance when detected, but the stream of his sentiments never ceases to flow. Joseph, caught in the act, avows that "the man who shuts out conviction by refusing to—" and Sir Peter's temper doubtless spoilt one of the best sentiments of the play. In his interviews with Sir Oliver pretending to be Rowley, Joseph exploits some of his handsomest and most barren moralities. "He that is in distress, though a stranger, has a right to claim kindred with the wealthy." "To pity without the power to relieve is still more painful than to ask and be denied." It is unquestionably a

mistake in nature, whatever may be its effect in art, for Sheridan to make Joseph confess his hypocrisy, even in soliloquy, as he does in this scene. No Joseph Surface in real life would have thought, much less confessed to himself, that "this is one bad effect of a good character ; it invites application from the unfortunate, and there needs no small degree of address to gain the reputation of benevolence without incurring the expense. The silver ore of pure charity is an expensive article in the catalogue of a man's good qualities ; whereas the sentimental French plate I use instead of it, makes just as good a show and pays no tax." No hypocrite can afford to be witty at his own expense ; he is too intensely selfish for that.

Joseph leaves the stage defeated, but with a sentiment upon his lips. Just so does Benedict Arnold make his final exit from the scene of American history. Detested, convicted, branded, despised, his sentiments know no abatement still. Writing to Washington, in completion of the farce of resigning his commission, he says : "I beg leave to assure your Excellency, that my attachment to the true interests of my country is invariable, and that I am actuated by the same principle which has ever been the governing rule of my conduct in this unhappy contest." This is the pattern Joseph should have followed, to be true to nature.

Arnold followed up this exquisite specimen with another and still more impudent piece of self-assertion. This was his published *Address to the Inhabitants of America*, which bristles with fine sentiments and patriotic ardor. He is all zeal for Protestantism, and in arms against the French alliance. He wants to save his oppressed fellow-countrymen from the clutches of a tyrannical Congress ; "and as to that class of men who are criminally protracting the war from sinister views, at the expense of the public interest, I prefer their enmity to their applause." "With respect to that herd of censurers," he says in conclusion, "whose enmity to me originates in their hatred to the principles by which I am now led to devote my life to the reunion of the British empire as the best and only means to dry up the streams of misery that have deluged this country, they may be assured that, *conscious of the rectitude of my intentions*, I shall treat their malice and calumnies with contempt and neglect."

EDWARD SPENCER.

SONNETS.

I.

“WATCHMAN! what of the night?” I hear one cry,
 Whose head is hoar, whose heart is crushed with doubt;
 “No streaks of morn yet tinge the murky sky,”
 Is still the dew-drenched watchman’s hourly shout.
 “Our lamps are dim, the Bridegroom tarries late,”
 The virgins say, who, at the gateway bars,
 All night with heavy eyes his coming wait,
 Whilst one by one slow sink the setting stars.
 O heart-sick one! in patience keep thy soul;
 Abide God’s time, to Him thy paths entrust;
 By scattered parts judge not the unseen whole;
 Ages are His, whilst we alas! are dust.
 Though vice exult, and wrong may right control,
 The plans of God, though slow, are wise and just.

II.

His last touch given, his chisel laid aside,
 While groups of friends in wonderment and awe
 Stood round his Christ without a fault or flaw,
 The sculptor wept in agony and cried:
 “My genius fails; alas! most cruel blow,
 I read my fate through these unbidden tears,
 See life’s ideal here, in marble glow,
 The face that haunted all my dreams for years,
 And with the sight my hopes of fame depart.”
 Be thine a greater triumph, to attain
 Christ’s likeness not in stone, but in thy heart;
 To carve a noble life without a stain,
 Lovelier than all the miracles of art
 Pantheons held or Vaticans contain.

SAM’L SELDEN.

THE TROUBLES IN THE SOUTH.

IT seems an almost puerile remark to say that before we can arrive at correct conclusions upon any question, we must be sure of the facts of the case ; and yet in regard to the troubles at the South, that self-evident truth seems to have been very generally overlooked. We can not suppose that the great body of intelligent men at the North desire anything but to know the exact truth ; and that known, to throw their influence on the side of the right ; but a very large part of them have been content to accept their information at the hands of the Radical press and carpet-bag emissaries, a body of witnesses whose direct interests are at stake, who are bound by no oath, whose information at best is but hearsay, whose bias is intense, who are exempt from cross-examination — in a word, who unite in themselves every possible disqualification that would exclude them from the witness-box in a court of justice. It may be admitted for the sake of argument, and for the sake of putting both sides upon the same footing, that no more reliance is to be placed upon the statements of the partisan papers of the Southern cause than upon those of the Radical side ; then, let them both be eliminated, and let us have recourse to such facts as are patent and historical. There are, however, certain circumstances, entitled to some weight, that should not be lost sight of. The Radical press represents a population among which are many zealots and fanatics ; these make the most noise, are active in agitation, and in consequence, although they may be in the minority, exercise an undue influence upon the more quiet and more solid majority. It is this class that the press is anxious to please by exciting their zeal against the South. This is exactly what happened many years before the war in the crusade of abolitionism. There were no doubt some zealots who were sincere, there were many who knew the right and advocated the wrong, but the great majority was merely influenced by these in refusing to the South its rights under the Constitution. Abolitionism is now a matter of history ; it was ostensibly a chief cause of the war, but there were other and more serious causes, which need not now be referred to. The war has settled some questions, so far as might makes right, but the causes have not been swept away or eradicated. There was a strong sectional feeling between the North and the South on the tariff question, and it was intensified by the addition to it of abolitionism and the war ; a sectional feeling, apart from these important questions, existed on account of dissimilarity of character and social conditions. Nothing has occurred calculated to allay this feeling ; on the contrary, much has occurred to increase its bitterness. This is to be regretted ; and it is merely mentioned as a fact which cannot be ignored.

It is under these circumstances that the question of outrages, or pretended outrages, in the South has been occupying the attention of the public. It would be very difficult for a stranger to the country to

appreciate or understand the matter. If he sought for information from the public papers of both parties he would be in a sea of troubles ; if he applied to partisans, their elucidation would lead him to results in direct opposition ; if he would arrive at a correct conclusion he must draw it from the facts alone. The only difficulty then is to know what are the facts when either or both parties misrepresent them.

There are, however, some facts so glaring that there is no mistaking them, and these are the condition to which the Southern States have been reduced by the effect of the so-called Reconstruction Laws, the effect of the introduction of the negro element in the governments, and the interference of the Federal Government in the local affairs of the States, the imposition of the carpet-bag governments in opposition to the will and consent of the governed. Wherever these have prevailed, oppression, fraud and theft have followed ; they have in the space of a few years ruined every State where they have been established. Where they have been put aside, as in Virginia, Georgia, and Texas, prosperity has been to a considerable degree restored ; in the other Southern States where they have continued in force, the ruin is almost complete, and the value of property destroyed by crushing taxation. These are some of the facts that require no proof, and the effects of which are evident.

But there is something more besides the dilapidation of the public revenues and onerous taxation, and the inordinate public debts which have been created ; it is in the small industries as well as the large, and the social relations. Petty thefts and depredations on property by the negroes have become so common, and so difficult to arrest or punish, that many small industries have become impossible in retired and thinly settled places, as small farms and gardens and the raising of stock and poultry. It is from this cause that many proprietors have deserted their small farms and have gathered in the cities and towns, and in consequence of it this kind of property has much deteriorated in value. Besides the depredations on property there are the outrages on persons, much the most grievous and insupportable. Both united render impossible many of the occupations of previous times. The Northern people do not understand this, or will not. They seriously argue that the labor of the negro is necessary for the country, to maintain supremacy in the production of cotton and for the supply of the manufactories ; that it is his interest as well as that of the owner of the land to be industrious ; that he is of a docile race, and proved his tractability by his good conduct during the war, when the white men were absent in the armies. But there is much error in these assertions ; the negro of 1875 is a very different creature from the negro of 1860. Changed circumstances have greatly modified his character, as well as the influences surrounding him. Before the war there was a rigorous system of police in the slave-holding States to keep the slaves in order, and to guard against the mischief sought by the abolitionists ; the negroes were faithful, trustworthy, and contented. They did not change within the few years that the war lasted ; they could not foresee how it would terminate, they could form no opinion ; they were contented and

happy, and had no cause to revolt. But how is it now? The negro has been demoralised by the carpet-baggers that followed in the train of the army, and by adventurers of all sorts. The negro, instead of being by nature the good and docile creature that he is represented, is naturally lower in his morals, sensual, and lazy. He is susceptible of development, as has been shown, but only under the rule of a master; as soon as left to himself he begins to return to his natural savage state. This is matter of history wherever the experiment has been tried. There is, and has been, no country in the world where four millions of Africans have been brought to a state of civilisation and Christianity except the Southern slave-holding States; and here they were under the constant influence and control of masters. The colonies of free negroes and escaped slaves who established themselves in the Northern States soon began to relapse into degradation. The statistics of the census show this, and that their numbers have been barely maintained, while in the South they have increased more rapidly than the white population. All political economists agree that a people's increase in numbers is evidence of a condition of prosperity and comfort; no one who has studied the negro can doubt that the effect of emancipation will be the gradual destruction of the race, unless they are controlled by the whites. These are the wards of the nation, for whom so much tender solicitude is entertained by their Northern friends. This solicitude has indeed been much misdirected for the good of the wards.

The so-much-talked-of "outrages in the South" are the direct results of what? or are they outrages at all, or are not the outrages the other way? Let us examine and see what has been the work of the reconstruction laws; the carpet-bag governments, maintained by the unlawful interference of the Federal Government in the local affairs of the States; the almost total ruin of the country by oppression, theft and misrule of every kind; the outrages of the negroes on persons, and depredations on property. The people of the South have suffered under these evils with singular fortitude and patience; they have appealed in vain to the courts for protection, and to Congress for the redress of wrongs; the courts were packed with partisan judges, and Congress actuated by partisan zeal; they have been refused and spurned; and now, when they undertake to protect and right themselves, the outcry is raised that the negro is oppressed and outraged. The *Pittsburgh Dispatch* in an article entitled, "Have we a Government?" (meaning thereby that the Government ought to put down these disturbances quickly by force) says, that the politicians and statesmen committed a great error in regard to the reconstructed States. And what was it? That the States should have been retained under a territorial government or martial law. Until when? Until the right and privileges of their wards, the negroes, had been thoroughly secured; until they should have been educated and become fit to exercise intelligently the right of suffrage, so as to become worthy citizens. Very well, for the four millions of negroes; but never a thought bestowed on the eight millions of whites to be kept in a state of subjection in the meantime; but this was probably to be only a punishment for their crime of rebellion. When

the writer said that a great error had been committed by the politicians and statesmen in regard to the reconstructed States, so far he was right; but the error committed was one of a different kind: it showed want of knowledge of political economy and want of statesmanship. Ought not the events of to-day have been foreseen? When the right of suffrage was conferred indiscriminately on an ignorant and debased race, ought it not to have been foreseen that their votes could be bought or controlled by unprincipled men? The history of the negro wherever he has been emancipated, as exemplified in the West India Islands and in the colonies of negroes in the free States, should not have been unknown or ignored by these statesmen. He has nowhere maintained a respectable rank in civilisation, except where he has been in contact with and dominated by the superior race. But not content with bestowing upon him a citizenship for which he was unfitted, he has been placed in public offices to the exclusion of the whites; he is not only protected by special legislation in all his rights and privileges, but the same rights are not vouchsafed to the whites. The consequences of this we see in the general ruin and debased condition of the country; and this is the work of the reconstruction laws of Congress, the work of grave statesmen in the nineteenth century! They turn a pyramid upside down, and cry "outrage!" when it totters.

The outcry of outrages in the South against the negroes is a misstatement of the question; what slender foundation it has, is but the unavoidable resistance to the outrages of the negroes. Scarcely a day passes but the papers record outrages of the negroes against women; burglary and theft in the cities have come to a chronic state; in the country, stock, poultry, fruit and crops are plundered continually and everywhere. If a farmer have no protection for his property he cannot keep up his farm; and if he cannot safely leave his family out of sight, what is he to do? Either emigrate, or defend his hearth and home. But he may not have the choice: if he has not the means to emigrate, he must defend himself, or he and his family starve. The right of self-protection antedates all law, and knows none. It must be supposed that legislators had some knowledge of the principles that govern men in given cases, and of political economy, but the reconstruction laws show abundantly the absence of such knowledge, or else a wantonness too horrible to contemplate.

The consequence of this insecurity of person and property will be better understood by going into details. Let us suppose one who has invested his means, perhaps the savings of his whole life, in a town-house and lot, or a farm, either situated out of the centre of population; the town-house in the outskirts of the town, where there are but few residents on the block, retired, and some distance from market, the grocery, school, church, &c. Such tenements are usually occupied by laborers, on account of the cheapness of rent; the man, or men of the family, having to labor at some distant place, is absent the whole day, and often part or the whole of the night. The women and children thus left, without even the protection of the police, are exposed to the outrages and depredations of the negroes.

Under such circumstances the property cannot be rented or inhabited with safety, and has lost its value. In the country the thing is naturally still worse. In a white community not robbed of the right of self-protection such a state of things would not be tolerated for a day. It would soon be remedied by vigilance committees and lynch law if legal remedies were insufficient; and still less tolerable is it when the offender is the negro, who has been taught to believe that he will be protected in his rascalities by his friends of the Radical party.

With the negro we have an elephant on our hands of the most unmanageable kind. How we got him does not matter; we cannot disguise or avoid the fact that we have him, and have to make some disposition of him. It is an arduous problem in politics and political economy to make of him a useful citizen, and to be exempted from the effects of his vices, and to make his labor valuable to others and himself. And here lies the great difficulty, to do this without infringing upon the privileges that have been conferred upon him. In seeking for the solution of this problem, we may consider that there was a time when there was no trouble with him, his labor was efficient, and he was contented and happy. Can coercion be used now as then? In every community that is regulated by law, it is indispensable that each individual yield a portion of his liberty and be held responsible to the laws. In this indispensable requisite, the amount or degree of coercion is to be determined by the characters of the individuals to be dealt with. If all men were just, honest, and moral, very little law would be required; if a large number are not so, the laws would have to be more severe and more rigorously enforced. In applying these rules to our situation, it will be seen that there must of necessity be a certain degree of restraint and coercion used, in the interest of the superior as well as the inferior race. The negro has proved incompetent to govern himself or others, therefore he must be excluded from any active participation in the government until he shall be competent; his ignorance and immorality render him unfit to be entrusted with the ballot, therefore he must, at least for the present, be refused the privilege.

In regard to the incapacity of the negro for governmental purposes, we find a striking example in the late disturbances in Louisiana and South Carolina. When the government of Kellogg was overthrown on the 14th of September, the negro militia that Kellogg had taken great pains to organise, arm, and equip as regular troops, proved to be entirely useless; in South Carolina Governor Moses had so little confidence in the negro militia, that he did not try to call them out to suppress a local disturbance in the little village of Edgefield, but immediately called upon the Federal Government for troops, and this in a State where the negro population is double that of the white. This proves, if it proves anything, that negro militia cannot be relied upon for service, especially when opposed to white men. If we cannot say exactly where the negro should be placed, we can at least see where he is out of place: as a voter, as an office-holder, as a participant in the government, as a soldier; and as we know that in general he will not work unless compelled, we have made a step in finding out what to do with the elephant.

In dealing with this question it should be considered as one that brooks no delay. If proof is wanted of the necessity, it is found in the actual experiment that has been made, and which shows conclusively the incapacity of the negro. It has been a costly one for the reconstructed States, and for the United States; and it is conclusive enough to dispense with any repetition; indeed, the conclusion might have been arrived at with sufficient moral certainty without the experiment. It is urgent that decisive measures be adopted now, because the matter gets worse and worse by a delay that brings no compensating advantage. The incompatibility on a footing of equality is a fact that cannot be brought in doubt; it cannot either be doubted that the negro can be made a good and useful member of society under proper control, as past history abundantly proves. It is not necessary nor desirable that he should be reënslaved; the former owner of slaves would not now take them back as a gift. Every one would much prefer to be rid of him altogether, slave or free; but he is to be considered an incubus which we cannot shake off or escape, and nothing remains but to deal with him the best we can.

During the abolition crusade by the zealots of the Northern States, the conflict was styled an irrepressible one. Those who first used the phrase only meant that the slave States could not resist the pressure that would be brought to bear upon them. But some few men of reflection and enlarged ideas did foresee and predict that the real conflict would not end with the abolition crusade and the emancipation of the slaves, but would grow out of the incompatibility of the races. This is the unavoidable conflict and the true issue, which we must look squarely in the face and deal with decisively. The North has forced upon the South the emancipation of the slaves without the shadow of right; the South has been deprived of its property without remuneration; the North has not any more right to force upon the South the equality of the races, unless it be admitted that might makes right. The right is entirely with the States who are alone concerned, to deal with such social questions. The ultimate and inalienable right remains with each individual to protect his life and property, when such protection is denied him by society.

It must appear evident to every reflecting mind that the great question has been evaded. The would-be politicians have passed through abolitionism, the war, reconstruction, negro suffrage, civil rights, &c., only to reach this point. The effect of the short-sighted policy of all these measures is now apparent. The outbreaks all over the country, although not yet very considerable, are sufficient as a warning and earnest of what may be anticipated. The negroes and the party sustaining them are under the impression that they are being persecuted; the whites see the necessity of association for protection against the outrages of the negro: both parties are organising into leagues and clubs. If this goes on, who can doubt what will be the result? The conflict of races has actually commenced: there are but two alternatives, expatriation, or submission of the inferior race to the superior.

The champions of the policy of the Federal Government in regard to the negroes (if it can be said that it ever had a policy), cry that

the great work for which so much credit is claimed, of making free four millions of slaves, has all been in vain, that the blood and treasure of the nation have been wasted, that the glorious results of which they boasted have come to naught. But, what if the whole thing was a blunder, and foredoomed to inevitable failure?

In every Republic the purity of the government depends upon the purity of the ballot-box ; nothing good can come from an impure source. At the time of our Revolutionary war the standard of virtue, morality, and patriotism was much higher than it is now ; a great national cause, the common safety and welfare of the whole country, caused the people to be united for one purpose — the establishment of liberty and self-government ; there was the material for a Republic, and the basis for all republican government, virtue in the people. There is now, at least as far as regards the South, the same great cause, the safety and welfare of the community ; but there is not the same unanimity, and the basis is sadly deficient. This state of things might be improved by the requirement of educational qualifications for voters, and this should be universal in the ex-slaveholding States.

It is now, at least, a question if a republican government can possibly maintain itself respectably with universal suffrage. No such government in history has had any stability. The United States form the only exception ; but its immunity is due to peculiar causes, and it remains to be seen if a change of circumstances will not modify previous happy results. Suffrage was not universal in the early times, and only became so in the latter part of our history, and by the influence of the demagogues. We may plausibly say that our best success was due to limited and qualified suffrage, if we consider how much we have fallen off since the change to unqualified suffrage has been introduced. How do our statesmen and public men of to-day compare with those of only one generation past ? That we have good material cannot be doubted. The difficulty lies in the want of a proper selection. The favor of the public has been caught by the demagogues with the ideas of enlarged liberty, self-government, and free suffrage. It was a sad mistake ; the doctrine has been more easily engrafted into our institutions than it can be eradicated therefrom. But shall we not make some attempt at a reformation ? Shall we let our country go to ruin because we have a difficult task before us ? The greatness of the evil should not make us despair. Let us rather hope that there is virtue enough left in the people to apply the remedy while yet it is time.

J. C. DELAVIGNE.

OVER OLD LETTERS.

QUIET winter even ; fog around is creeping ;
 White, ghostlike, impalpable, it searches round the door ;
 Drip against the casement the drenched brown twigs are weeping —
 Mourn not, O thou heavy heart, sweet days that come no more !

Tell me, O thou heavy heart ! whisper to me whether
 More unutterable pain the future years can bring,
 Than to read May letters in January weather,
 And to smile untenderly at promises of Spring !

H. HARDY.

THE TRUE STRENGTH OF THE SOUTHERN STATES.

WHEN we consider the magnificent empire composed of the Southern and Southwestern States, embracing a territory of more than eight hundred thousand square miles, with natural advantages superior to any portion of the world, we feel that no true son of the South, possessing a knowledge of these advantages, will, or can, despair of the future glory, prosperity and ascendancy of a people who possess such unlimited resources, agricultural, manufacturing and mineral. It is true that the enterprise and peaceful ambition of the Southern people have been thwarted, nay, almost crushed by the unwise legislation of the dominant party, directed by the unholy ambition of leaders who contemplate no genuine prosperity for the common country, but who in their blind hate and lust for power would sever the sinews which create the strength and grandeur of the North. We will not undertake within the limits of this brief paper to give more than a glance at that colossal power which with a lavish hand has poured foreign gold into Northern coffers ; but if common sense or a sense of self-protection can arrest the attention of men, we hope to present such data as will convince Southern men that their true strength lies in the products of their unequalled soil ; and Northern men that their true prosperity lies in protecting the labor and enterprise of the South, rather than the crushing out the spirit and industry of a brave and generous people.

The spirit of conciliation, of peace, of an abiding hope in the regenerated glory of the Republic, must prevail with the leaders of the Southern people and of the conservative elements of the North ; otherwise it will be impossible to arrest the tide of revolution which always springs from the reservoirs of rapacity and persecution. It is true that the people of the South have been overwhelmed, impoverished, robbed, and misgoverned ; it is true that the altars of our forefathers have been desecrated and their household gods crushed into very dust ; it is true that the pale hand of death upraised by poverty, destitution and despair, has fallen upon tens of thousands, and draped in mourning almost every honorable household of our unhappy land ; it is true we have seen the spirit of liberty fly away, as if forever, from the dome of the Capitol ; but still there lies within us an inherent power which can not only restore to us what we have lost, a peaceful lever more powerful than a thousand armies, that will not fail, if properly handled, to overthrow tyranny and misrule, and finally restore to our people the blessings of a just government — will place the feet of the people of the entire country upon the neck of the monster “Consolidation.” This grand lever is composed of genuine patriotism, resolution, moderation, energy and labor. Liberty in no land was ever born with a silver spoon in its mouth. *We must work for it.* Our cotton and corn-stalks are as millions upon millions of armed men, which will yet put to flight the vast flocks of birds of prey whose nature never admits of mercy to a wounded victim. Nevertheless, no cloud of oppression can eternally shut out the sunlight of independence and liberty, if they ever had a resting-place in the bosom of a people.

Profound, lasting peace, and a perpetuation of the union of the States, cannot be hoped for so long as the spirit of vindictiveness and prejudice is permitted to dwell in the hearts of Northern men. We deny that the spirit of war now excites the soul of the defenders of the Lost Cause. We insist that the cry of “peace, peace !” has gone from our land with a loud voice ; but we know, and the whole world knows, that the spirit of party has shut out that cry from the ears of the people ; that the lust of power has mutilated, subverted, and, in some instances, crushed out the sacred life of State sovereignty, and we have borne it with a patience more marvellous and heroic than history has ever recorded of a people once free. And we must still bear it, until the spirit of conciliation and enlightenment reaches the hearts and minds of the masses of the North — a day not long distant, when the usurpers and oppressors all over our land will be hurled from power, and be consigned to “the shade of dead eternities.”

Unless it be ordained of the gods that our devoted land shall again be desolated by a fratricidal war, unless it be decreed that as a republic we shall be resolved into dust, then the heroic policy of the Conservatives of the South is the only hope to restore to us the landmarks of liberty established by the fathers. Instead of presenting a sword to the breast of those we once met on the red field of battle, we will point them to the ploughshare as a means of mutual protection ; instead of cursing them for the embargo and ruinous taxation upon our products, we will show them how to put money in their

purse, by proving to them that a financial system founded upon the vast agricultural resources of the South can never fail, and hence prosperity to the North ; "instead of mounting barbed steeds to fret the souls of fearful adversaries," we will point them to our vast fields of cotton, rice, sugar and tobacco as the true source of the wealth of this nation, the very kernel of Northern riches ; instead of the dreadful charge "even to the cannon's mouth," we will roam with them over our vast forests and coal-fields, which are far more valuable than all the mines of gold and precious jewels upon the earth. To destroy us is but suicide to themselves ; for what are gold and jewels and silver without the means of supporting life ?

There can be no doubt that the vast empire of the South can support a country greater in extent, ten times greater, than the United States. This is more than evident from the following table, showing the population of the world as far as ascertained from recent reports observed by us, the area of square miles of the different countries, and the *per centum* of population to the square mile :—

Divisions of the State.	Population.	Area in square miles.	Population per square mile.
Europe	280,018,814	3,701,222	75.05
Asia	780,500,000	17,815,146	43.83
Africa	80,000,000	11,475,000	6.97
America	79,000,000	15,840,000	4.98
Australia	1,500,000	2,582,070	.58

Without space at present for comment, the reader will see at a glance the strength of the Southern and Southwestern States, comprising within their limits greater resources, variety of products, fertility of soil, and variety of climate, than can be found within the same space and latitude on the globe.

No sensible man from the North will deny that without the agricultural products of the South we can never count upon the balance of trade in our favor. The South has three different seasons for cotton, corn and wheat. According to the last census report, we surpass the North in the production of Indian corn. We have all the cereals, and we have more mules, cattle and swine, and a greater valuation of aggregate products than the North. Why is this ? We have perennial pastures, unlimited forests, immense cane-fields, richer lands and a more genial climate, and withal nearer the seaboard. This decides the question of future empire.

We do not say this in a spirit of boasting or odious comparison, but to stimulate our people to renewed exertion, and prepare them for the reign of peace which those resources will command. Look at the North with her frozen rivers and canals and railroads obstructed for five months in the year, her inability to raise more than a single crop on the same ground, the necessity of feeding and housing her stock of all kinds, her scarcity of fuel and severity of climate. Contrast with these our own sun-clad homes, our rivers and railroads always ready to meet the demands of commerce, our seasons various, living cheap and fuel abundant, and we make the strongest appeal to Southern pride and Northern self-protection.

The South should fully comprehend its own strength. Its manufacturing facilities are unexcelled. Experiments already made show conclusively that the cost of labor at the North exceeds that of the South. There are about 175,000 manufactories in the United States ; of these the South has perhaps over 30,000. The annual cost for labor in the Northern manufactories approaches \$380,000,000 ; in the South about \$52,000,000, showing that the cost of labor in the South is about one-third less than at the North. We have not space and time for figures, but such is the result. This is the natural result of producing the raw material, and furnishing cheaper food, fuel and clothing. In the manufacture of cotton goods there is no doubt that the peculiarity of the Southern climate enables us to spin a finer and a stronger thread than the North. Accurate statistical information discloses the fact that the manufacturers who handle the great staple of the South acquire a greater profit than the producer. It has been stated that in some of the French manufactories a pound of cotton has been increased three hundred times its original value.

The value of the cotton lands of the South is almost inestimable. It has been stated that over 666,196 square miles can be profitably adapted to cotton culture ; of this only 10,888 square miles are in actual use for that purpose, which is less than two per cent. This shows very clearly that the capacity of the South cannot be less than one hundred million of bales.

The facilities for raising and manufacturing wool in the South are superior to England and the States of the North. The latter require eight months in the year crib-feeding, whilst four months suffice in a majority of the Southern States. Experiments have been made and recorded in the official documents of the Government, establishing the fact that the South can grow as fine and heavy fleeces as any portion of the world.

In regard to the manufacture of iron the South presents superior facilities. It is wonderful that with the rich ore-beds of that country we will send to England for railroad iron, when it can be clearly demonstrated that it can be manufactured on the spot at least forty per cent. cheaper than the imported article. In Alabama, Mississippi, Georgia and Tennessee, there are rich ore-beds of the brown hæmatite species, rich in quality, and equal to the best Swedes, peculiarly adapted to the manufacture of machinery and agricultural implements. In fact the South has within herself the power to clasp her own prosperity with iron bands, if she only knew her strength.

The magnificent forests of that favored land are a source of great wealth ; yet with the recklessness that usually attends apparent superabundance, millions of acres of valuable timber are wantonly reduced to ashes, not for fuel or for other useful purposes, but simply to get rid of it. Whilst other nations are seeking means to replenish their exhausted forests, the South with spendthrift indifference is destroying this world of wealth. Many parts of the United States, and we a virgin nation ! are threatened with desolation from the loss of their luxuriant forests. This is especially true of the old world, including Alpine Europe. We have only space to give a cursory glance at this important subject, but when we state that according to the census

report there are in the United States sixty-six occupations depending on wood for support, employing over half a million of operatives, and representing two millions of souls, we give a startling and well authenticated fact. Indeed, there is perhaps no art that can do without wood.

The inexhaustible coal-beds of the South give that favored country a source of empire little dreamed of by many. The statesmen of England tremble when they contemplate the gradual consumption of their coal-beds; they behold in the prospective evil the gradual depopulation of the country. The London *Times* in an editorial declares that "England must look beyond this century. In three generations the coal of this island, which lies within four thousand feet of the surface, will be exhausted. Our population will follow coal wherever it is to be found."

It is to be regretted that the ambition of Northern Republican leaders induces them persistently to misrepresent the feelings and aspirations of the South. It is difficult to believe that political leaders for the purpose of self-aggrandisement will still seek to place the heel of degradation and persecution upon the neck of a proud and generous people, in spite of their protests against infamous charges; but yet it is so. Nevertheless, the only remedy for the South against this evil is time and patience. We of the South, in spite of the fanaticism of Northern leaders, in spite of the asperities of the late bloody contest, in spite of the misrule and outrage heaped upon our people, if we will but stand firm, *we can preserve the Union of the fathers* and restore tranquillity throughout the entire land. The same spirit that directed the councils of the nation in its infancy still dwells in the hearts of the Southern people; the proud emblem of freedom they hope never to see degraded as was the Roman eagle which once spread its wings over vast empires; but a time succeeded when the eagle in the hands of a Roman citizen was the ensign of slavery and degradation.

The time may not have arrived, as feared by Mr. Calhoun, when we have nominally a president, but in fact a king; but the time has arrived when the accumulated power of officials, based upon coercive and bastard legislation, is about to destroy the sovereignty of the States, which means the liberty of the people. Now it is clear that the liberty of the American people depends upon their ability to maintain it. If the strength lies with the South, and we think it does, we will assert it. The Bourbon could not drive the chariot which the great Napoleon placed upon the course. Fanaticism, or what is the same thing, illiberal radicalism, cannot perpetuate a remnant of republican liberty as established by the fathers of the Revolution. The dynamic force of war, a mere mechanic art, could not and did not destroy the genius of State sovereignty, otherwise we would not have left even the semblance of representation in the National Congress. We know that the Crusader fought for the tomb of Christ, but, as Bulwer exclaims, "He saved the life of Christendom." State sovereignty is not dead, it only sleepeth; true patriots throughout the entire Union will not cease to fight for this great principle, and we will not fail to save the life of republican liberty on this continent.

There is an adage that "Earnest men never think in vain, although their thoughts may be errors," therefore are we consoled if we have erred in the few words we have given to the public. We would send forth the dove of peace with charity glittering on its wing; but it is a mistaken charity if we tolerate the sappers and miners of liberty. The waters of the Alban Lake, which had its source within itself, shut in on all sides by solid mountains, were unmoved and placid for centuries; but a time came when the waters did rise, even above the mountains, to the wonder and consternation of the people. This is a fair illustration of the liberty of the Southern people: it is walled in by mountains of tyranny, but having its source within the hearts of the people, it will sooner or later rise and overwhelm the barriers which oppress them.

E. N. YERGER.

REVIEWS.

Politics for Young Americans. By Charles Nordhoff. New York: Harper and Brothers.

IT was Mr. Carlyle, we believe, that bestowed on Political Economy the title of the "Dismal Science," partly, we suppose, on account of the dismal views some of its authorities take in reference to mankind and its future, and partly on account of the dismal perplexities engendered in the mind of the student by the diversities of opinion in regard to the specific application of general principles. But there seems no reason why at least these general principles can not be made reasonably clear and moderately attractive even to young students; and there is a very special reason why, if such a thing can be done, it should be attempted in this country. For probably in no other country where the people at large have a voice in determining the legislation and policy of the government, is there so much ignorance among intelligent and generally well-informed men, of the elementary principles of political economy. To one who has a reasonable understanding of these, most of the discussions, printed or oral, about protection, centralisation, inconvertible paper, a national debt, &c., are as confounding as to a mathematician would be a discussion whether a plane triangle might not have more than three angles, or whether, under certain circumstances, x might not equal $x + 1$.

We are glad that a writer of such intelligence, fairness, and ability

as Mr. Nordhoff, has undertaken the task of presenting the fundamental principles of good government and public prosperity in a simple form, adapted to the comprehension of youth; and were the book purged of a few unimportant defects, we should be glad to know that it was adopted as a manual in our higher schools, where it might well supersede some less profitable study.

After a brief exposition of the nature and objects of government, and the advantages and disadvantages of free government as compared with despotisms, Mr. Nordhoff touches at once the very heart of the question—the citadel of our freedom—in his brief exposition of “Decentralisation.” This principle of entrusting to every department of government only such duties as necessarily belong to it, and strictly limiting its functions and its powers to these, is a principle of the most vital importance. It alone gives free political activity to the people, and prevents the government from becoming a despotism. The people then have easier control of those acts that touch them most nearly, and the responsible persons can be most easily made to feel their responsibility.

In the chapter on “Voting,” Mr. Nordhoff does not bring forward prominently enough the truth that to share in the government or in its constitution is a trust conferred by society on those whom it judges fit for the purpose; and therefore every independent community has a right to decide for itself who of its members shall vote; nor have those excluded (if the exclusion be on the ground of the general advantage) any just cause of complaint. The confused way of talking about “the right of suffrage,” as if it were some natural and inherent right, and not a trust, has led to much foolish discussion and some unwise legislation. When the Federal Government gave the negroes the power of voting, it exceeded its powers, as the States, as independent political communities, alone had the right to determine, each for itself, to what class of persons they would entrust the ballot. As the law now stands, it is a mere stultification: the States fix what qualifications they please, *but not* qualifications of race, color, or previous condition; so if they are convinced that women, ignorant persons, or poor persons are not qualified for the trust, nothing hinders their excluding them; but if they are far more deeply and unanimously convinced that emancipated African slaves are not qualified for it, they may not exclude them. And, as if to crown its absurdity, the Federal government denies to the States the right to let the Chinese vote, thus itself establishing a race-discrimination, against a far more intelligent people than the Africans. This is the kind of legislation that follows when statesmanship is abandoned for partisanship, and the government framed to meet party exigencies.*

The point that, in a republic, Constitutions are intended to limit the power of majorities, and that therefore the tendency of majorities will always be to favor a lax construction and enlargement of powers, while it is the duty of minorities, not only in their own interest, but in the interest of the whole community, to resist these and maintain, so far as they can, a strict construction, is perhaps not so sharply brought

* It is worthy of note that nowhere in the Constitution is the suffrage called or considered a *right*, until the phrase was foisted into the Fifteenth Amendment.

out as we could wish, considering that this fact lies at the root of all our political contentions for the last seventy years.

The subject of taxes is briefly, but very clearly treated. The fact that the government, in the proper exercise of its functions, produces nothing, and can therefore have no property originally its own, but only what the community chooses to give it to be expended — that is destroyed — in particular ways, is properly insisted on.

After this naturally follows the subject of *money*, which is not a mere "medium of exchange," but an intrinsically valuable article, the value of which is determined, not arbitrarily, but by the average amount of labor necessary to obtain it, in the same way as coal or slate. The peculiar qualities of the metal gold rendering it the best article for the purpose, have caused it to be chosen by civilised nations as the commodity which all will receive in exchange for other commodities; but for this purpose its intrinsic value is absolutely necessary. Now all that the government has to do in the matter is to take the gold sent to it for that purpose by its citizens, and certify its amount and fineness by a certain stamp.

If the government then has no money of its own, except trust-funds, and can produce none, what is the "greenback"? To this we will answer in Mr. Nordhoff's own words:

A greenback is a non-interest-bearing promise to pay money, issued by the government, and for whose redemption the holder has no security in his own hands. It is, so far, precisely like a bank-note; but it has two features which make it differ from a common bank-note: you can not sue the issuer of the note — the government, namely — and that has used its power to make it a legal tender. A bank-note has some of the features of a forced loan: the greenback has all — it *is* a forced loan. If I should compel you to give me your dollars in exchange for a piece of paper on which I had written simply "I O U" so much, that would be a forced loan — *you* would probably call it a robbery; and that is precisely what the government did when it issued irredeemable promises to pay, and made them a legal tender. . . .

If a banker were to set up a claim to issue one hundred thousand dollars in bills, *on the plea that he had no money or property at all with which to redeem them*, he would be rightly thought insane; and if he persisted in such an absurdity, he would be sent by his friends to the lunatic asylum. If he should demand, besides, that these bills which he desires to issue should be declared a legal tender, no doubt he would be put into a strait-jacket, or sent to the incurable ward. . . .

But this is precisely what the government does in issuing greenbacks. It issues promises to pay, on the plea that it has no money; and it makes them a legal tender because they are not good. For if they were good, it would not need to *force* us to accept them, which is the only object of the legal-tender clause; and if the government had money, it could have no excuse nor occasion for issuing notes.

For you must not forget, what was shown under the head of Taxes, that a government can earn or create nothing: it is not a producer. Again you saw that when the government coins money, it does not create gold or silver, nor does it add to their value by coining them: *it does not even own the metal it coins*; but only for the general convenience, stamps your or my or John Smith's gold with its certificate that each piece contains a specified quantity of the metal.

This service plainly gives it no right to declare anything else money; but if it did, it would be you or I or John Smith, and not the government itself, who would have the right to carry iron or paper to the mint to be stamped.

Nor does its authority to declare the gold it stamps a legal tender give it power to make anything—even gold—a legal tender for more than its actual and real value. For in all this it creates nothing: it only exercises a power delegated to it for the general convenience, *to make public declarations of a value already existing*.

Let me repeat once more that a government has no power to create value in any way or sense; for it does none of the things out of which, we have seen before, value

grows : it neither produces, nor exchanges, nor saves ; it only expends or destroys whatever is given to it by society. It is, in fact, like a pauper ; for, like a pauper, it exists by the contributions of others ; and as it can have no surplus, but necessarily lives from hand to mouth and by the labor of others, a pauper might as well put out demand notes as a government, for the bills of each would represent not existing values, but values destroyed and extinct, and therefore not values at all, but *nothing*. If you will reflect that in order to call in and redeem the greenbacks the government would have first to raise money by taxes—or by what is in the long run the same thing, by sales of bonds—you will see that the greenback is simply a certificate that the government has actually spent and destroyed that much property ; and that, as before said, it represents, not value existing, but value extinct, which is nothing.

You will see by this the extraordinary hallucination of those people who cry out for “more greenbacks.” In a time of war, when the expenditures of the government enormously exceeded the largest sum it could raise from taxes, it was authorized to borrow money. It borrowed many hundreds of millions upon bonds, or obligations promising to repay the lenders at a certain time with interest at a stipulated rate. This was perfectly legitimate and honest. But by a singular blunder the government also chose to borrow money by a forced loan from its citizens for which it gave, not interest-bearing bonds, but notes promising to pay, but neither stipulating time of repayment nor granting interest for the use of the money. Such a note made by an individual would be void ; made by the government it was tolerated, on the express ground that the government needed vast sums for its current expenditures, and must get money where and in whatever way it could.

But circumstances have changed, the taxes now equal the expenditures, and there is even an annual surplus. How then can we have “more greenbacks” ? On what excuse, in what way, for what purpose, can the government borrow money ? What shall it do with the money for which it is to issue more greenbacks ? The “more greenback” people seem to have perceived this dilemma, and to meet it they have begun to urge a great system of public works—canals, railroads, and other costly improvements. But if we are to run in debt for these, surely it is better to do so honestly, by selling bonds, than dishonestly, by increasing the amount of a forced loan which ought long ago to have been paid out of the surplus revenue, instead of redeeming bonds not yet due.

We have given this chapter almost in full, because in simple language it gives more sound sense on the subject than will be found in many a pretentious essay or lecture on the subject of currency and finance bristling with learned-looking phrases.

A clear exposition of commerce, and the advantage to the whole community of facilitating exchanges of values, leads to the topic of protective tariffs, the absurdity of which on economical grounds, and the injury they inflict upon the entire community for the sake of enriching certain favored interests, whose very plea, that they can not stand alone, is the precise reason why they have no claim upon the community for assistance—are very plainly and forcibly set forth.

In the article on banking, Mr. Nordhoff does not set forth clearly enough the objections to the National-Bank system. Of these the most immediate are three : the United States furnish these banks with circulation, the redemption of which (not in gold but in promises-to-pay) the government guaranties, securing itself by compelling the banks to invest a sum one-ninth greater in U. S. bonds, which are retained by the treasury. There is no objection to this ; but these bonds so deposited bear interest ; so that the banks are receiving interest on their capital as bondholders, while on the same capital they are making profit in the shape of discount—lending the same fund to the United States and to their customers and receiving interest from both. But the interest on the bonds is paid from the revenue ;

consequently the people are taxed that the banks may make double profit.

The second objection is, that the National Bank currency, being at par everywhere, is continually drawn to the great centres of speculation, to the detriment of other parts of the community. The State-bank circulation, even in specie-paying times, bore, for the most part, a slight discount outside of its own State, consequently it was always returned to the State, and thus a drain of currency was almost impossible. The finance of the country was then adjusted like a ship laden with grain which is partitioned off by bulkheads: slight shiftings are possible, but no dangerous shiftings. Now it is like a ship laden in bulk, where the whole cargo may shift from side to side at any lurch. This is the reason the South has been so drained of currency; if the foolish cry for more greenbacks were listened to, no relief would result, as they would be immediately drained away, and what money was left would be worth just so much less. The third objection is that the taxation of the circulation of State Banks, which operates as a prohibition against such circulation, creates a monopoly of an offensive and injurious kind.

As we said at the beginning, there are one or two points in this otherwise excellent manual, to which we must object, and we have specially in view the references which the author makes to the Southern States. Mr. Nordhoff writes with so much fairness and candor on all other topics, that we are forced to conclude that he has derived all his information with regard to the South from the Northern press, and hence errs through ignorance, not through intention. But when he says that if the negroes of the South had been allowed to vote in 1861, they "would have voted unanimously against secession," he exhibits an appalling ignorance of the negroes and their feelings at that time. Again, when, after advocating free-trade, he affirms that "the Southern leaders wished to destroy the Union because they imagined that they could set up home manufactures in the Southern States; and their attempt was *really a protectionist measure*," it almost strains our charity to attribute such a statement to ignorance. We trust that the author will revise some of these assertions.

W. H. B.

History of the United States, for Schools and Academies. By Joseph T. Derry. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

THE object of Prof. Derry has been to prepare an introductory history for younger pupils, who would find the excellent manual of Mr. Stephens too far advanced for their easy comprehension. For the same reason, the plan of alternate questions and answers has been adopted, so that the pupil can never be in doubt as to the answer he is to give.

So far as our examination has extended—and it has embraced those passages of our history that are most frequently misrepresented—Prof. Derry has given the facts, and not a garbled version of the facts; and this is especially the case with reference to those crises of our political history upon which our destinies have turned. We see

nothing in the book to object to, unless it be the rather excessive space given to the details of the War between the States ; and we can heartily commend it to Southern teachers.

English Portraits. By C. A. Sainte-Beuve. (Translated from the *Causeries du Lundi*.) New York: Henry Holt & Company.

EXCEPT among professedly literary men, little more than his name is known of Sainte-Beuve in this country, and yet the owner of that name, as his biographer remarks, "produced more literary work of the highest excellence than almost any one of his contemporaries." To any one looking at the twenty-five volumes of *Causeries*, and remembering that this comprises only about one-half of his work, it seems almost incredible that so vast a collection of detached essays, thrown off in the form of weekly articles, should not contain a great proportion of hasty, careless, superficial work, having only an ephemeral value if any ; and yet this is not the case. Sainte-Beuve never wrote carelessly nor superficially: he possessed in a quite exceptional degree the conscientiousness of his calling, and though for a long time his remuneration was scarcely more than that of a *fait-diversier* (local-item reporter), nothing left his hands until he was sure he could not make it better. In this way he did not amass money ; but he won a place in the literature of his country, he added to the wealth of the human mind, he opened new paths to its progress and helped it on the way, he left the world of intellect better, wiser, and richer for his having lived in it.

It has been objected to Sainte-Beuve that his judgments of men, books, and things, have been contradictory, a later criticism occasionally reversing the verdict of an earlier. But he did not set out on his literary career like Mr. Disraeli's hero, with "opinions already formed on every subject of importance, which could never be changed." He saw at the outset of his literary career that the true vocation of the critic is not that of a censor, to approve or condemn, but that of an interpreter between the artist, the author, or the poet, and the public. He must understand the causes, the scope, the tendency of the work before he can interpret it ; and to do this he must place himself at the heart of it, and study it from within. In this way he placed himself in the Romantic school of Hugo and the rest, he studied and explained St. Simonianism, the Liberal Catholicism of La Mennais and Lacordaire, the Calvinism of Geneva: he was not, as the public unaccustomed to such work imagined, successively a proselyte to these views ; he was interpreting them from within, instead of judging them from without.

Born in Boulogne-sur-mer, of a family of Picardy,* he early developed studious tastes, and after finishing his collegiate studies with credit, selected the profession of medicine. He was drawn, however, into journalism by the success of some articles he had written for the *Globe*, which also brought him the friendship of Victor Hugo, whose works he had reviewed favorably ; and so soon as he saw a definite

* It is worthy of note how small a proportion of French celebrities have been Parisians by birth or family. Paris, in this respect, seems to resemble classical Rome.

opening to a literary career, he renounced medicine at once and finally. He produced a volume or two of poetry, and a novel, but soon discovered that his true calling was that of a critic and essayist.

Between the years 1832 and 1839 Sainte-Beuve had produced five volumes of literary and critical contributions to the press, and these had given him so high a standing in the world of letters that he was offered the cross of the Legion of Honor—an honor which he declined—and was chosen as successor to Casimir Delavigne in the Academy. In the next year he was appointed keeper of the Mazarin Library, with a small salary, so that he was no longer entirely dependent upon his pen for his subsistence. While in this post an absurd incident befell him which had an important influence on his life. The room he occupied in the library had a smoky chimney. As the building belonged to the government, he applied to the Minister of the Interior for authority to have the chimney repaired, which was granted, and the department paid the bill. After the revolution of 1848, it was bruited about that the private accounts found in the Tuileries showed that many distinguished and professedly independent men, had been secret pensioners of the government; and among these Sainte-Beuve was mentioned as the recipient of a large sum. It was in vain for him to deny the charge, and to appeal to the ex-ministers for corroboration or explanation: even his friends shook dubious heads. Indignant at the injustice, he resigned his place at the Mazarin, and accepted a Professorship at the University of Liège. It was some time before the black list of government pensioners was made public, but when it was, Sainte-Beuve appeared as having received 100 francs from the civil list—the sum paid for repairing the chimney.

In another year he was back in Paris, and had begun his *Causeries du Lundi* in *Le Constitutionnel*. Nothing comparable to them in finish, in thought, in insight, or in versatility had ever appeared before in the columns of a French journal. Easy and spontaneous as they seemed, they were in truth the product of unwearying labor and care. He commenced each paper on Monday, first sketching the outline, then working at it for twelve hours a day until on Friday it was ready for the press. In this way he worked for twenty years. For these articles he received about sixty dollars each, and his biographer well remarks, "When it is considered that such an income as this was all that the first man of letters in his day in Paris derived from labor so exhausting as that involved in the production of the *Causeries du Lundi*, it is easy to understand why Prévost-Paradol said that he did not know what it was to be handsomely recompensed for his writings till after he had become a correspondent of *The Times*."

In 1865 he was nominated a Senator of the Second Empire, a post that brought with it an annual salary of 30,000 francs. This appointment gave an opportunity for much sarcasm on the part of his numerous enemies; but it does not appear that he ever forfeited his independence of action and speech. He believed that the Empire, with all its defects, was a better government than France was likely to have from any other source, but he did not give his support to such ministerial measures as he disapproved; and, though it gave offence

to the Imperialists, he became a regular contributor to the Opposition organ, *Le Temps*. At last his independence won him respect and honor from all parties.

Sainte-Beuve died in 1869 at the age of 64. "After forty-five years of intense and incessant labor, he had formed a good library and amassed property in the funds yielding 2000 francs a year." Such was the reward of the man who did more than any man of his generation to elevate criticism, to instil juster views of literature and its relation to the times, and to show how the man and the influences under which he lived were to be studied in the work.

Sainte-Beuve's method differs somewhat from Taine's. Taine regards every literary work as mainly the result of three forces: first, the race to which the writer belongs, and which, amid all the diversity of its members, imparts certain characteristics which are a constant quantity. An English writer may be grave as Mill or jocular as Dickens, as moral as Richardson or as loose as Reade, there is always something in him that stamps his work as English. Again all literature is the result of all preceding forces which have brought society and thought to such a point, and given them a certain force and direction, which have their influence on all new productions. Then there is the *milieu* — the existing condition of society, the form and pressure of the time in which the work is produced, and the special surroundings of the author, which make him what he is.

Sainte-Beuve gives more weight to the individual. In his view no literary work can be understood until we understand the mind of the producer: we must endeavor to see with his eyes, to think and to feel with him, before we can pronounce any intelligent and fruitful judgment upon it, or interpret it to the world. A mode of proceeding a hemisphere apart from the ex-cathedra style of criticism that fixes its canons of taste and of morals and pronounces its verdict of good or bad.

Taine, in reference to Sainte-Beuve's historical critiques, has said — we are quoting from the book under notice —

To paint is to depict, and to depict by-gone personages is a wholly special task. Should any one devote himself to it, it is necessary that he should be prepared for the artist's work by an artist's studies; that in youth he should have been a novelist like Walter Scott, and even a poet; that in virtue of this he should naturally and instantly perceive the slightest shades and the frailest links of sentiments; that the gradual advance of years and the results of reflection should have added the psychologist to the artist in him; that French finesse, Parisian delicacy, the erudition of the nineteenth century, the science of man and of men, should have formed in him an exquisite and unique tact. Thus endowed and thus furnished, he will undertake a gallery of portraits for literary men. He will glide round his personage, noting with a word every attitude, every gesture, and every air; he will retrace his steps, shading his first colors with fresh and lighter tints; then he will continue touching and retouching, never weary of following the complex and varying contour, the feeble and fleeting light which is the sign and as it were the flower of life. To attain it, one portrait will not suffice; he will feel that the painting must vary as the personage does; he will describe him in boyhood, youth, manhood, old age, at Court, in war, under all his dresses, under all his faces; he will equal the mobility of time and soul by the rejuvenation of his impressions and his sketches. For such a work he will find that the simple style of logicians and classics does not suffice. He will find it necessary to use more intricate sentences, capable of tempering and modifying each other, more technical words, carrying with them a long train of associations and memories. He will require to

be enjoyed rather than perused: the result forms one of the compounded and precious perfumes where twenty choice essences are inhaled at once and mollified by their mutual harmony. In describing the species, I have described the man. The reader has named Sainte-Beuve.

Sainte-Beuve, in his estimate of Taine, is less eulogistic, but quite as appreciative and more definite.

In Mr. Taine's hands literature is really but an instrument more delicate and sensitive than any other, wherewith to measure all the degrees and all the variations of the same form of civilisation, to understand all the characters, all the qualities and the mental shades of a people. But in approaching the history of literary works and authors directly and in front, his unsparing scientific method has frightened the timid and made them tremble. Rhetoricians thrown into disorder have taken shelter behind philosophers or those who are so called, the latter for greater safety have rallied behind the cannon of orthodoxy; they have all seen in the author's method I can not tell what threat presented to morality, to free will, to human responsibility, and they have cried aloud. . . .

M. Taine has done nothing else than try to study methodically the profound differences wrought in the constitution of minds, in the form and direction of talents, by races, positions, and periods. But it will be said that he can not adequately succeed in this; he may well depict to perfection the race in its general traits and fundamental lines, he may well characterise and bring into relief in his powerful pictures the revolutions of ages and the moral atmosphere which prevails during certain historical periods, he may well unravel with skill the complication of events and of particular adventures with which the life of an individual is occupied and as it were ingrained, something still eludes him, the most vital part of man eludes him, which is the reason why out of twenty men, or a hundred, or a thousand, apparently subject to almost the same intrinsic or external conditions, not one resembles the other, and that there is one among them all who excels through originality. In fine, he has not reached the spark of genius in its essence, and he does not display it to us in his analysis; he has merely exhibited and enumerated bit by bit, fibre by fibre, cell by cell, the stuff, the organism, the parenchyma, as you might call, wherein this soul, this life, this spark, once it has entered in, disports, changes freely (or as it were freely) and triumphs. Have I not put the objection well, and do you recognise here the argument of his wisest opponents? Well then, what does this prove? It is that the problem is a difficult one; that it is perhaps insoluble in its ultimate precision. But I would ask in my turn, is it then nothing to state the problem as the author does, to grasp it so closely, to surround it on every side, to reduce it to its sole and most simple final expression, to enable it to be the better weighed and all its data to be calculated? All things considered, every allowance being made for general or particular elements and for circumstances, there still remain place and space enough around men of talent wherein they can move and turn themselves with entire freedom. And, moreover, were the circle drawn round each a very contracted one, every man of talent, every genius, in so far as he is in some degree a magician and an enchanter, possesses a secret entirely his own whereby to perform prodigies within this circle. I do not observe that M. Taine, though he appears to neglect it too much, absolutely disputes and denies this power; he sets bounds to it, and in setting bounds to it he permits us in many cases to define it better than others have done. Indeed, whatever they may say who would willingly remain satisfied with the vague anterior conditions, M. Taine will have greatly advanced literary analysis, and he who shall study a great foreign writer after him will not take him in hand in the same way nor as much at his ease as he would have done before the publication of this book.

The methods of Taine and of Sainte-Beuve will thus be seen to be complementary of each other. The former looks upon a work chiefly as the result of converging forces from without; the latter as the product of spontaneous energy from within: Taine rather as part of an organic whole; Sainte-Beuve rather as a psychological phenomenon. With Taine's method there is the danger of running into too wide generalisations; with Sainte-Beuve's, that of over

refining and specialising. The perfection of criticism lies between the two ; and (did we have it) would distinguish in the work what belongs to extraneous forces — the tendency of the time ; the influences generally at work in the civilised world, in the people to which the writer belongs, and in the special circle which surrounds him ; his immediate circumstances — and what belongs to the original productive force of his own mind, making him different from his contemporaries.

Among our own — we mean the English-speaking — people, there is rather acuteness than breadth in criticism ; and while there is some attempt to apply Sainte-Beuve's method (we call it his, not meaning that he originated it, but that in his hands it reached a scientific dignity) that of Taine is almost unknown. One need only look at the best criticisms on Shakspeare, often acute, brilliant, ingenious, full of insight and delicate appreciation, yet from them one gets the idea that Shakspeare was a sort of *lusus naturae*, a special creation, Hyperion among a mob of Satyrs, instead of Hyperion among a concourse of Titans of whom he is only the stateliest and the brightest. The dominant forces of the race, the influences and inspiration of the period are in them all. In the reaction from the miserable war of the Roses, Englishmen felt once more that they were Englishmen ; the attitude of Henry VIII. toward the Papacy had heightened their independence ; the position of England during the war in the Netherlands, as a neutral power courted and feared by all, had stimulated their pride, and the perpetual imminence of war inflamed their patriotic ardor and their martial ardor, while sparing them the calamity of invasion ; and these culminated in the unexampled deliverance from the Armada, and were raised to a religious height by what seemed a distinct interposition of Heaven in their behalf. These forces had given the momentum to the world of thought and feeling when James succeeded to the crown ; and though that monarch's character and policy were pacific, they long continued in action. These forces, and others equally general which we can not here specify, are conspicuous factors in the work of Shakspeare and of all those called the Elizabethan writers ; there is the same glowing patriotism, the same pride, the same vitality and energy in the personages and in the thought, the same luxuriance of diction, the same plasticity of language, the same audacity both of conception and phrase, the same confidence in the sympathy of the public ; only in Shakspeare all these exceed — but do not immeasurably exceed — all his compeers. Now beyond this excess there remains something in which Shakspeare not only exceeds but differs from them all ; and this is what we must find, disengage, analyse, understand, before we can even attempt a scientific criticism of Shakspeare.

The volume before us, in addition to a sketch of Sainte-Beuve's life and work, contains seven critical papers by him, not inappropriately termed "portraits," selected with reference to the English public. They are Mary Queen of Scots, Lord Chesterfield, Franklin, Gibbon, Cowper, Taine, and Pope. That on Taine is perhaps the most interesting : and indeed we could have preferred to have had

the selections made from his estimates of contemporary writers. Still these give a very good idea of the critic's manner, and his skill in evoking a living person from the records of the past.

W. H. B.

Ralph Wilton's Weird. By Mrs. Alexander.

THIS story is by no means equal to that very entertaining novel by the same author, *The Wooing o't*. There is less incident, less variety of character, and less of life in the personages. Indeed we are disposed to think that this may have been the original form of that story, which was afterwards enlarged and developed, as Miss Brontë developed *The Professor* into *Villette*. There is much in common between the two: a young girl almost friendless and in the position of a dependant, who attracts the attention of a man of rank, fashion and experience of the world, who is an honored guest at the house where she is not much above a servant. The fancy becomes a deep and honorable passion, is exacerbated by slight paroxysms of jealousy, and deepens the more that worldly wisdom pronounces it preposterous madness.

The whole plot and ending of the story is foreseen by the reader before the fifteenth page is reached. After Lord St. George has told his presumptive heir not to dare to name his discarded daughter, and that heir immediately afterwards meets in a railway-carriage a beautiful and mysterious young lady travelling alone, we know what his "weird" is as well as we do when the identifying picture is found, two pages before the end.

THE GREEN TABLE.

IF the teaching and example of a recent representative of the United States at the Court of St. James, and of the Emma Mine on the London Exchange, should succeed in making the fascinating game of draw-poker, with its many vicissitudes, its fluctuating chances, and its unequalled temptations to heavy risks, the popular game of English society, instead of the more steady-going whist, we are apprehensive that the satirical remark of Castlemaine in *Sans Merci* will fall far below the truth. "It has been computed," says that solemn, slow-speaking personage, "that eleven thousand Englishmen, heirs to fair fortunes, are wandering about the Continent in a state of destitution, because they would not lead trumps with five and an honor in their hands." As it is, this statement is hardly an exaggeration. Among certain classes of educated Englishmen,

the passion for play is at times carried to an extreme ; and the scene in one of Disraeli's earlier novels, where the hero remains at the whist-table, taking a new pack for every deal, till the cards rise in a heap under the table, is no caricature. The story was originally told of the penultimate Earl Granville (Levison Gower). Intending to start in the course of an afternoon for Paris, he ordered a carriage and post-horses to be at Graham's at 4 P. M. They were kept waiting till ten, when his lordship sent word to change the horses. Three times were they thus changed while the play went on ; and when the party rose, they were ankle-deep in cards, and he had lost eight or ten thousand pounds.

When to the excitement afforded by the high stakes occasionally played for at whist, there are added the additional allurements of lansquenet, baccarat, "club-law" loo — to say nothing of the cumulative fascinations of the game of which Minister Schenck is so enthusiastic a devotee — the possible prizes sometimes prove too enticing for the restraints of conscience, and more than one ancient and honorable name is dragged through the mire. Witness the recent correspondence from London, which mentions that two gentlemen of high social position have been detected and exposed in the act of cheating at cards. These exposures, like previous ones, will probably have a good effect for a while.

It is now many years since the celebrated De Ros affair gave a blow to reckless gambling, the effect of which has lasted almost to this day.

Readers of the *Greville Memoirs* will remember the frequent allusions to Henry de Ros, and the amusing account of a visit the author made with De Ros and Glengall to see a play written by the latter. In one of the scenes a country baronet rebukes a fashionable gamester in this style : "Let me tell you, sir, that a country gentleman residing on his estate is as valuable a member of society as a man of fashion in London who lives by plundering those who have more money than himself." At this De Ros turned to Glengall and said, "Richard, there appears to me to be a great deal of twaddle in this play." "I was amused," says Greville, as well he might be.

Henry William, nineteenth Baron de Ros, the representative of a family which dates back to the reign of Henry I. (A. D. 1100-1135), was not content with being one of the best whist-players ever known in England, but he also assisted fortune by marking the cards with his nail, and by the practice of the little trick known as *sauter le coup*. Long before his irregularities became a public scandal, they were known to the more sharp-sighted of his set ; and it is said that a young clubbing once came to a certain Duke with an air of much embarrassment and concern, stating that he had discovered Lord de Ros in the act of cheating, and asking what he should do in the matter. "Do?" exclaimed the club-house Nestor, "why bet on him, you fool!"

De Ros' gambling career ended at last not only in public scandal, but in a suit at law ; and the revelations at the trial were of a kind to startle steady people. One witness testified that he had himself played regularly the same stakes for twenty years ; that his winnings had averaged £1500 per annum — £30,000 in all ; but that he had had two successive years of ill-luck, during which he lost £8000.

It was *à propos* of De Ros' proclivities that Sheridan uttered one of his best *mots*. De Ros, as we have said, had a trick of turning an honor by *sauter le coup*, and marking the highest with his nail. Some one drawled out at Crockford's, "I would leave my card at his house, but I fear he would mark it." "That would depend," said Sheridan, "on whether he considered it a high honor."

THE New York papers, not only the sprightly assassins of the English tongue, but also those of graver and even censorial pretensions, are much

addicted to calling their city "the metropolis," evidently thinking that "metropolis" is a more impressive way of saying "big city." Now it is true that New York is a big city, and the most gigantic polysyllable in the dictionary will not make it any bigger. But it is equally true that it is not a metropolis, any more than it is the capital of the State.

In point of fact, Baltimore is the only real *metropolis* in the United States, whether we take the word in the political or ecclesiastical sense; for Baltimore is the only city that has founded a colony, and is the first city that was the residence of an Archbishop. It is true our colony only did credit to the good intentions of its founders, and our Christianity is nothing to boast of; but still, if we state facts, it is as well to state them as they are, and when we use words, especially big ones, there is an advantage in selecting such as express our meaning.

IN ABSENCE.

O thou who bearest not my name,
Nor what the world calls kindred ties,
Yet readest surely in mine eyes
Far more of love than blood might claim:

To-day is not as yesterday,
When hand and lip we soon should miss
Gave closer clasp and longer kiss—
O hand, O lip, so far away!

"So near and yet so far!" I say,
And then, "So far and yet so near!"
My spirit holds thy spirit here,
Although thou art so far away.

So far away I scarce divine
That colder sky, that stranger shore;
I cannot feel that evermore
My life must flow apart from thine.

'Tis evening, and the shadows start
From rock and river, wood and lea;
And tender memories of thee
Are burning in my eyes and heart.

My cheeks with passionate tears are wet;
My heart is shadowy, like the night,
When stars give faint, uncertain light,
But long ago the sun hath set.

I reach toward thee, but all in vain—
Too late to strive, too late to please;
Yet I upon my bended knees
Would serve to see thy face again.

HUGH LYNDSEY.

THE central position of Maryland renders our people peculiarly liable to infestments and migratory inflections. Whether a misery or a nuisance come from the North, the West, or the South, it is pretty sure to enter our borders. Last year we had the Colorado bug; this year we are having the "spelling bee," or, as some term it, "orthographical tournament." It is a

misery, no doubt, yet it might be worse ; and perhaps it is not altogether to be deplored that our people can find amusement in so innocent and infantine an entertainment. Our ancestors amused themselves with looking on at sack-races and competitive grinning through a horse-collar ; but they did not themselves race and grin. To discover that your familiar friend puts two l's in *lily*, and is hazy about the vowels in *gauge*, gives, probably, more refined enjoyment than Hodge's ineffectual clutch at the seductive ham, and his swift and ignominious lapse down the greased pole.

In some of our outlying districts, indeed, a slight check to orthographical, or rather heterographical eccentricities might not be amiss ; as for instance in the region from which we copy, *literatim*, the following communication :

“Ga Do Co

March ^{the}₃₀ 1875

Dear Sir I hov seen yore advertise the Southern Magazine Pleas to send ne A spement copie to see For it is somthing new about hear and if it is as good as it is rickimendid I Dont think it will be any trodle to make oup A clob for I am anxious to tak it Pleas To hear from you soon
—— ———”

The sentiments, as will be seen, are admirable, but the power of expression is defective.

BY MOONSHINE.

What dost thou in the heavens, O rare, pale Moon,
Evermore changing,
In mid-air floating over house-roofs high,
Then far-off ranging?

Thy nightingale thou hearest, singing, singing
In thickets of white thorn,
With swift and tender cadence trembling, ringing
Into the heart of dawn.

Thou lightest fragrant fields that dreaming lie
Beside the winding river ;
With strange new rapture through the feathery awns
The night-winds shiver.

With glamor, and still glimmer of delight
The deep seas under,
While silvery tides, entranced, follow soft —
Thou gracious wonder!

What dost thou in the land I love to-night?
Tell thy own lover ;
From what dreams flow these silent waves of light
The dark world over?

E. F. MOSBY.

THE publication of the Journal of John Quincy Adams has produced some revival of interest in the chronicles of the earlier days of the Federation, with their contentions and struggles foreshadowing the future. Mr. Adams seems, from these journals, to have had quite a fair share of earthly passion for a man of so much piety, and quite a surprising power of hating individuals for so eminent a philanthropist. Mr. Monroe, in particular,

seems to have been the object of his especial aversion, and the allusions to that gentleman are neither few nor complimentary.

In this connexion, we think, some extracts from a private letter from Mr. Monroe, at an early period of his political career, may have some interest for our readers. We are indebted for it to the gentleman to whom our acknowledgments were made last month.

FREDERICKSBURG, *February, 1787.*

. . . . I retired from Congress not altogether free from embarrassments of the pecuniary kind. The old gentleman whose daughter I married was born to an ample fortune, and had in the early part of his life rather improved than diminished it; but from some indiscretions latterly in becoming responsible for his friends, it hath certainly received most capital injury, perhaps irretrievably so. He is, however, yet in possession of a large estate, and his family hope his affairs will be so adjusted as to retain the principal share in his hands. As for myself, I have not received the smallest aid of any kind from him, and whether I shall, depends on the contingency mentioned above. It is not easy to command money in this State to free ourselves from difficulties already formed; and the necessary preparation to make an establishment here is a roundabout course to effect it. Yet the œconomy and precaution I am capable of, when pressed by the hand of necessity, has kept things in better order than you would expect, and enabled me to fulfil my engagements so far with tolerable punctuality. A less sum than three hundred pounds would extricate me from debt and put me in tolerable ease for the present at least. My situation here is simply this: Mr. Jones received me with great kindness at his house, appropriated to my use also that in this town, and gives me such assistance as he can from his farm. We have been settled here almost two weeks. As yet I have qualified only in the courts of chancery and appeal, but shall in the general court in April. . . .

From the publick since my return I have not received the most trifling attention, nor has any one circumstance turned up to make me suppose they are tolerably well satisfied with my conduct — on the other hand I have no reason to suppose they are not. Indeed, personally I am treated, by the most respectable, with attention and regard. I have no desire for a publick appointment, having been wearied out in that I lately held. The latter part of my service was a series of strife and discord; defensive on our part, but malignant and unprincipled on theirs. You know very well that my attachments are as general for the confederacy as they well can be, and that I would not readily take an unfriendly direction against those who supposed they were faithfully representing the interest of any one part: but the fact is, there was a party formed in the course of the last year by Jay, which had in view measures very opposite to our instructions, to his, and in my estimation the general interests of the union, which it was necessary to oppose. My opposition was as firm as their charge, and neglected none of those means which a knowledge of circumstances gave to counteract him and his creatures. Although I believe we harrassed these knaves, yet I can say with truth that I had little personal enmity for them at the time, but considered this manœuvre on their part as an unfortunate circumstance in the state of our affairs, and marking them as vicious men or shallow statesmen, since it might tend to increase the confusion and could not possibly mend our system. This affair is however, I hope, blown over, and the councils of the union wisely and temperately pursuing the right course. Publick employment can not be profitable — it is unpleasant — few gain reputation by it — indeed few deserve it, but few have science of any kind except in the immediate line, and not much in that. Among those who have filled employment abroad during the war, except Dr. F[ranklin], none have held parts to qualify them for higher stations than pedlars,

mountebanks, and country court attorneys. In my estimation the profession of the law in the superior courts is as honorable, more independent, and a happier pursuit than publick life admits of. It admits at the same time of retirement, philosophick researches, domestick enjoyment, which no other station can give. I think I shall not turn aside shortly from it for any idle and empty pursuit in any other line. . . .

Your affectionate friend and servant,

JAS. MONROE.

A FANCY.

Les joyaux de l'année.

I dreamed a pleasant dream one summer's day,
 Strolling the milk-white sea-sands musingly,
 When each bright wave an emerald seemed to be,
 Of some rare necklace, threaded to array
 The ample bosom where it shining lay.
 Scarce knew I which was lovelier to me,
 The splendid beauty of the berylline sea
 Or earth's warm breast that wore the jewelled spray.
 And musing thus, before me quaintly rose
 A vision of the year in gracious guise—
 A gentle woman with soft-lidded eyes,
 Who wore twelve opals, worth far more than those
 Uncounted sea-gems: *these* told faithfully
 The whole year's soul as by a rosary.

MARY B. DODGE.

SONNET.

"There was an eternal struggle in his soul between the poet and the politician."—*Last Days of Heinrich Heine*, in *SOUTHERN MAGAZINE* for September 1874.

Not yet, not yet! Oh, ye divinest throng,
 Urge me not yet unto the sylvan shade
 Of mossy fount or echoing mountain glade;
 Where tunelessly ye wile the hours along
 With limber feet and interchange of song.
 Oh, tell me not the unplucked bay will fade,
 Nor with your sidelong glances me upbraid,
 As I your favors met with scornful wrong.
 My inmost soul responds with mournful beat
 To your receding voices; but the cry
 Of bruised hearts, and the retarded feet
 Of maids and matrons, and the upturned eye
 The Helper craving, on my senses meet,
 And I, in aid of these, must pass ye by.

ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

ance of his keeping a sharp watch upon his left flank, as it was feared by the Commanding General the enemy might tap the marching column coming down from the Amelia Springs and Jetersville road. I then rode on to rejoin the greater part of my command *en route* towards Rice's Station, but was stopped after crossing Sailor's Creek by the interposition of the enemy's cavalry, who, coming from their position on the railroad in the vicinity of Jetersville, had seized the road upon which we were marching, after the rear of Longstreet had passed along and previous to the arrival of the head of Ewell's command. I was detained there some time, hoping an attack would be made to reopen the way. The infantry were formed in line of battle at right angles to the road, and facing the direction in which they were marching. An attack commenced, but was stopped, though the enemy were being rapidly driven from our front. In the meantime the enemy made his appearance in the rear of Ewell's column, necessitating the formation of another line of battle on Sailor's Creek, the direction *from* which they had marched. The line of battle thus originally formed faced in opposite directions, and remained quietly in position, until the Federal infantry reinforced their large force of cavalry, and with it had almost entirely surrounded them. Though portions of this force, particularly the command of General G. W. C. Lee, fought with a gallantry never surpassed, their defeat and surrender were inevitable, after the dispositions of the enemy to effect it. I am clearly of the opinion (and I only express it because I was a witness of all that happened until just previous to the surrender) that had the troops been rapidly massed when their march was first interrupted they could have cleared the way, and been able to fall into line of battle on Longstreet's left, who was taking position at Rice's Station, some few miles ahead. Or had the heads of the column been turned obliquely off in a westerly direction, more towards the road Gordon and the wagons were moving upon, an echelon formation adopted, the nature of the ground, wooded and much broken, would have kept the cavalry from harassing them sufficiently to retard their progress, until the arrival of their infantry. I rode out by that way with my staff and a few men, just previous to Ewell's surrender, and found it so feasible that I immediately sent a staff-officer back to Generals Ewell and Anderson, to reiterate to them my convictions previously expressed, and now so much strengthened by my own experience. The halt allowing time for the accumulation of the enemy's troops, proved fatal. General Rosser, in command of his own and my old division under Munford, proceeded to Rice's Station on the Southside road, where learning that a force had been detached from the Federal left confronting Longstreet at that point to open on his rear, moved at once to counteract their purpose. The enemy were overtaken, and attacked on the road towards and in the vicinity of High Bridge; after a sharp encounter they were defeated, our forces capturing some 780 prisoners, and killing and wounding a large number, including amongst the killed their commander Brigadier-General Read, Chief of Staff to General Ord commanding Army of the James, whose body fell into our hands. The enemy's force proved to be a picket body of infantry and a squadron of cavalry, which,

placed under this staff-officer, had for its object the destruction of the High Bridge over the Appomattox in our rear. The success was indeed dearly bought, for the lives of Brigadier-General Dearing of Rosser's division, Colonel Boston, 5th Va. Cavalry, commanding Payne's Brigade of my old division, and Major James W. Thomson, Stuart's Horse Artillery, and Rosser's chief in that arm, were lost in attaining it. The splendid gallantry of these three officers had been tested on many fields, and their conspicuous valor was universally known. The genial and dashing Thomson was killed leading cavalry, his guns not being present.

On the night of the 6th the position at Rice's Station was abandoned, and I moved in rear of Longstreet, crossing the Appomattox a little above Farmville. Fighting took place between my rear and enemy's advance in the vicinity and in the streets of Farmville, it being found necessary to retard their progress to give time for the passage of the river by our troops. On the 7th, a portion of the enemy's cavalry having crossed the river again, made an attack upon the wagon-train moving upon our line of march. They were met by Munford in front, whilst Rosser attacked their flank, and were driven back with considerable loss, including amongst the captured their commanding-general, Irvin Gregg. Our position was held near this point of attack until 12 P. M., when the march was resumed towards Appomattox Court-House. The cavalry followed in the rear of Longstreet's corps, and maintained that order of march throughout the 8th, followed by a portion of the Federal infantry. Their cavalry and the remainder of their infantry pursued the line of railroad from Farmville to Appomattox Station.

During the evening of the 8th I received orders to move the cavalry corps to the front, and to report in person to the Commanding General. Upon arriving at his headquarters, I found General Longstreet there, and we were soon after joined by General Gordon. The condition of our situation was explained by the Commanding General to us as the commanders of his three corps; and the correspondence between General Grant and himself, as far as it had then progressed, was laid before us. It was decided that I should attack the enemy's cavalry at daylight, then reported as obstructing our further march. Gordon was to support me, and in case nothing but cavalry were discovered, we were to clear it from our route and open a way for our remaining troops; but in case they were supported by heavy bodies of infantry, the Commanding General should be at once notified, in order that a flag of truce should be sent to accede to the only alternative left us. The enemy were enabled to take position across our line of march by moving up from Appomattox Station, which they reached earlier than our main advance in consequence of our march being retarded by our wagon-trains.

At daybreak on the 9th, Gordon's command, numbering about 1600 muskets, was formed in line of battle half-mile west of Appomattox C. H. on the Lynchburg road. The cavalry corps was formed on his right, W. H. F. Lee's division being nearest the infantry, Rosser's in the centre, and Munford's on the extreme right, making a mounted force of about 2400 men. Our attack was made about sunrise, and

the enemy's cavalry quickly driven out of the way with a loss of two guns and a number of prisoners. The arrival at this time of two corps of their infantry necessitated the retiring of our lines ; during which, and knowing what would be the result, I withdrew the cavalry, W. H. F. Lee retiring towards our rear, and Rosser and Munford out towards Lynchburg, having cleared that road of the enemy.

Upon hearing that the Army of Northern Virginia had surrendered, the men were generally dispersed and rode off to their homes, subject to reassembling for a continuation of the struggle. I rode out in person with a portion of W. H. F. Lee's division, the nearest to me at that time, and previous to the negotiations between the commanders of the two armies. It will be recalled that my action was in accordance with the views I had expressed in the council the night before, that if a surrender was compelled the next day I would try and extricate the cavalry, provided it could be done without compromising the action of the Commanding General, but that I would not avail myself of a cessation of hostilities pending the existence of a flag of truce. I had an understanding with General Gordon that he should communicate to you the information of the presence of the enemy's infantry upon the road in our front. Apart from the fond though forlorn *hope* that future operations were still in store for the cavalry, I was desirous that they should not be included in the capitulations ; because the ownership of their horses was vested in themselves, and I deemed it doubtful that terms would be offered allowing such ownership to continue. A few days convinced me of the impracticability of longer entertaining such hopes, and I rode into the Federal lines and accepted for myself the terms offered the officers of the Army of Northern Virginia ; my cavalry are being paroled at the nearest places for such purposes in their counties.

The burning by the enemy of all my retained reports, records, and data of every kind, near Painesville in Amelia County, which were in one of the wagons destroyed, and my inability to get reports from my officers, is my apology for the rendition of a report incomplete in many, though I think minor, details. I particularly regret not being able to do justice, in this the only way I can, to the many acts of gallantry performed by officers and men upon the memorable retreat ; but such conduct is usually derived from the reports of subordinate officers, the absence of which will explain it. I testify, however, to the general conduct of my officers and men as highly creditable to themselves upon every occasion which called forth its display. They fought every day from the 29th of March to the 9th of April, both inclusive, with a valor as steady as of yore, and whose brightness was not dimmed by the increasing clouds of adversity. I desire to call attention to the marked and excellent behavior of Generals W. H. F. Lee, Rosser, and Munford, commanding divisions. The former was detached from the main command, being the senior division-commander, whenever it became necessary for a force to operate separately, and I hope has made a report direct to the Commanding General. He surrendered with the army at Appomattox C. H. The other two succeeded in getting out, and immediately made arrangements to continue the struggle, until the capitulation of General

Johnson's army brought the convincing proof that a further resistance was useless. The notice of the Commanding General is also directed to Brigadier-Generals Henry A. Wise and Eppa Hunton, commanding infantry brigades, and who were more or less under my command until Amelia C. H. was reached. The disheartening surrounding influences had no effect upon them; they kept their duty plainly in view, and they fully performed it. The past services of General Henry A. Wise, his antecedents in civil life and his age, caused his bearing upon this most trying retreat to shine conspicuously forth. His unconquerable spirit was filled with as much earnestness and zeal in April 1865 as when he first took up arms four years ago; and the freedom with which he exposed a long life laden with honors proved he was willing to sacrifice it if it would conduce towards attaining the liberty of his country. Brigadier-General Munford, commanding my division, mentions most favorably Colonel W. A. Morgan, 1st Virginia Cavalry; Colonel W. B. Wooldridge, 4th Virginia; Lieutenant-Colonel Cary Breckinridge, 2d Virginia (a brother of the gallant Captain James Breckinridge of the same regiment, who was killed at Five Forks, as was not previously mentioned); Lieutenant-Colonels Old, 4th Virginia, and Irving, 1st Virginia, all of Munford's old brigade; Captain Henry Lee, A. A. G.; Lieutenant Abram Warwick, A. D. C.; Lieutenant Mortimer Rogers, Ordnance-Officer; and Sergeant-Major L. Griffin, 2d Virginia Cavalry.

I cannot close this my last official report without commending for their valuable services the following officers of my staff not previously mentioned, and who at the last moment were found doing their duty on the fated field of Appomattox: Majors Mason and Treaner, Assistant Adjutant and Inspector-Generals; Major W. B. Warwick, Chief Commissary; Dr. A. C. Randolph, Chief Surgeon; Major Breathed, Chief of Artillery; Major G. M. Ryalls, formerly of General Stuart's staff; and Captain Lewellyn Saunderson, who having just arrived from his native country, Ireland, joined me previous to the fall of Petersburg, and remained with me to the last. The proverbial intrepidity of the dashing Mason and reckless Breathed upon every battle-field of the war that the Army of Northern Virginia contended for, is too well known for me to do more than refer to. Major Warwick, apart from his onerous duties, rendered services on many fields, his cool courage causing him often to be employed in duties not immediately pertaining to his office. I deeply regret being obliged to mention the dangerous wounding of my aide-de-camp, Lieutenant Charles Minnegerode, Jr.; one of the last Minie-balls that whistled on its cruel errand over the field of Appomattox passed entirely through the upper part of his body. He fell at my side, where for three long years he had discharged his duties with an affectionate fidelity never exceeded, a courage never surpassed. Wonderfully passing unharmed through the many battles fought by the two principal armies in this State (for an impetuous spirit often carried him where the fire was hottest), he was left at last writhing in his great pain to the mercy of the victors upon the field of our last struggle. The rapidly advancing lines of the enemy prevented his removal, and as we turned away, the wet eyes and sorrow-

THE SOUTHERN MAGAZINE

JUNE, 1875.

THE ODD TRUMP.

BOOK VI.—THE HALIDON RUBBER.

CHAPTER LXI.

EXIT RADCLIFFE.

THE gentle reader will not have failed to notice that the events recorded in the preceding Book were all compressed within the limits of two days. The arrival of Mr. Grippe at Beechwood disarranged some deep-laid schemes, and prevented the enlargement of that portion of the history beyond reasonable bounds. Mr. Trumpley Wailes had in his mind's eye a prolonged dialogue with the lady of the violet orbs. And the orbs, in innocent unconsciousness, were shooting arrows, tipped with gold and jewels, into the heart of the mercenary wretch, whose affections were set on Mammon. She had a way of listening intently whenever he spoke to her, as if she desired to catch not only each word, but each intonation, and then analyse them secretly. Both she and Trump had several little speeches prepared, touching rescues and flights, and it is highly probable that some serious entanglement would have followed if Mr. Grippe had not opportunely arrived to prevent the catastrophe. The little conversation they had at dinner, where there were listeners on all sides, was totally inconclusive and unsatisfactory.

Mr. Grippe promptly announced the object of his visit. He had come for the ladies. Instructed by Clinton, Wailes had informed him of the existence of Mrs. Harold Trumpley, and the banker had been in a state of great agitation all day. But he was quite tranquil now,

and rather startled Mr. Clinton by demanding the surrender of Mrs. Trumpley. Her presence at Halidon was absolutely necessary, as he had a trust to discharge in which she was personally interested. Mrs. Trumpley was quietly sleeping, having been drugged by Maguire, and the doctor positively forbade any disturbance of her slumbers; and if the business were at all exciting, he would strongly protest against it for several days to come. After much debate, it was agreed that Mrs. Trumpley should come to Halidon in three or four days, and in the meantime Mrs. Wailes and Miss Grahame should visit her daily, provided they returned to Halidon in time for dinner.

The arrangement was made without consulting Mabel or Trumpley. The latter was especially disgusted, as his dear mother could not reach Beechwood until he had left for that horrid bank, and she would have to return to array herself for dinner before he got back. He had engaged to spend a week with Clinton; and now that the poor fellow was wounded, he could not think of manufacturing an excuse to shorten his visit.

Mabel was disgusted, because she longed to spend as much time as possible with her new-found aunt. She did not care for dinners; but there was poor Heloïse, and she did not think it fair to forsake her entirely. Why did not Mr. Grippe or somebody else suggest bringing Heloïse to enliven poor De Witt while he was swathed in bandages? She would be very willing to come with her, and she could amuse Aunt Dora, while Heloïse amused De Witt.

One thing was settled: she and Mrs. Wailes had to go home at once. Mr. Grippe was obstinate; he had left Heloïse all alone, and they would please get ready.

Mr. Wailes wrapped his mother's shawl carefully around her shoulders, while Miss Grahame was donning hat and mantle up stairs.

"Trump," whispered Mrs. Wailes, "there is Another that I have found —"

"I don't believe there is Another —"

"But there is. I asked Mabel if Mr. Clinton had manifested anything beyond cousinly affection, and she says he also has Another."

"If that is the case, Mother," answered Trump, "these two Anothers will be like two negatives in English, and prove mutually destructive. What else did she say, Mother?"

"Very little," said Mrs. Wailes, dryly. "If you intend to go droning through life like an overgrown calf, it is very likely that Another, number three, will appear upon the stage. I happen to know that Algernon Walton adores Mabel."

"The little rascal!"

"He will be Sir Algernon Walton, though. He seems to be a bright youth; I think I will recommend him to Mabel. He calls her Cousin Mabel too."

"I like his impudence," said Trump.

"So do I. He had not been in the house with Mabel half-an-hour before he had made love to her decidedly—I mean at Halidon at the dinner-party."

"If I were sure of your approval, Mother, I might court Miss

Grahame ; not too rapidly, though. You see, Mother, she thinks she is under no end of obligations to me. She referred to Merton's Brook this morning, and she adds this last adventure to that. Now, I am not going to make love to her while she thinks that sort of nonsense. She would conclude she ought to sacrifice herself to a fellow that pulled her out of the water, and helped her out of Rad Merton's trap. Please let me court in my own fashion."

"Very well, Trump," answered Mrs. Wailes ; "I shall not interfere. I have had plenty of opportunities to court for you, but have not even hinted that I should like to call Mabel my daughter. You know she is Daisy's daughter?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, if you don't begin your courtship pretty soon I mean to adopt her ; then she will be your sister. I shall invite my young friend Algernon to visit me ; he is a well-grown youth, and Mabel remembers him as a play-fellow, no doubt.—All ready, Mr. Grippe. Good-bye, Mr. Clinton. Don't come out. Come, Mabel."

Mr. Wailes assisted the ladies. Mr. Grippe got in after they were seated. Trump shook hands with his mother first, and then with Miss Grahame. It was such a little mite of a hand ! Trump wished he could cut it off and hang it round his neck with the other fetich. By-the-bye, he had kissed it, that is, the other fetich, once or twice, while Clinton was sleeping and he was reading. And now he kissed his hand to the retreating carriage in the darkness. It was the baldest hypocrisy ; he was only kissing the fingers that had held the little lump of warm velvet a minute ago.

"My friend," said Clinton, when he reëntered, "I appreciate your kindness ; well do I know that Halidon eclipses Beechwood—"

"There you go again with your humbug ! Doctor, may Clinton smoke?"

"Of course he may," answered Clinton. "Come with us, Doctor, and try my Lynchburg tobacco. How long do you mean to keep my arm sewed up?"

"Two months, if you're restive," replied the Doctor, promptly ; "if you obey my directions, I may relase you in a week. I must be aff. Let us see your tobacco ; if it is quite mild, you may have a whiff."

Instead of getting off, the Doctor took a pipe with the younger gentleman. The tobacco was pronounced entirely safe, and when Maguire rose to depart, Clinton gave him a neat little bag of tobacco, with pipe and stem.

"I think you may ate a beefsteak for breakfast," said the Doctor, examining the patient's pulses. "Seriously, the main thing is to remain quiet while the wound is healing ; a little inflammation would play the divil with your arm. Will you promise to go to bed by ten o'clock, and to lie abed all day to-morrow?"

"If you say I must," answered Clinton.

"Thin, bedad, I say it !" responded the Doctor ; "and now I'm aff in earnest. Squire Merton will be here to-morrow ; what sort of a story do you intind to patch up for him?"

"Indeed I am not going to do any romancing, Doctor," answered

Clinton; "if you expect me to corroborate your yarns you will be disappointed."

"I suppose you can hould your tongue," said Maguire. "I forbid any conversation on the subject of your hurts; it would tend to inflammation."

"Well, sir, I promise to avoid the topic; and if the Squire don't ask direct questions, I shall volunteer no information."

After the Doctor departed the friends drew up to the fire for a quiet talk over the events of the day.

"Wailles," began Clinton, "after a couple of fellows have been through such experiences as you and I, it is not possible to keep up a cold-blooded reserve. I want your advice. The Doctor has spun some astounding yarns at Merton Park, but I cannot maintain my present relations there under false pretences. I must tell Miss Sybil at least the exact truth about the scrimmage."

"Decidedly," said Wailles.

"Thank you; I knew you were true grit! Now, how am I to tell her? I am resolved to say nothing to her against Radcliffe; I have done him all the harm I shall ever inflict upon him. How his eyes escaped I cannot imagine; he must have had his sword in my arm at the instant I touched him."

"Suppose he had encountered me instead of you?"

"What would you have done, Wailles?" said Clinton, curiously.

"I think I should have run; or I should have suggested English fighting, with nature's weapons."

"And then?"

"And then I should have doubled him up in two minutes," answered Wailles.

"I saw you pull him out of his carriage," said Clinton, "and I am afraid you were not as gentle as you might have been."

"Ah! He was holding her—*her* in his arms. It is a wonder that I did not run him through; I had the sword in my hand, I remember. By-the-bye, he will expect me to atone for that assault."

"Not he," answered Clinton.

"Why not?"

"Because I had a little conversation with him this morning. He will go to Paris as soon as he can travel; his eyes require Continental skill."

Wailles puffed away at his pipe for some minutes in silence. He had known Radcliffe a good many years, and he had never known him to forego vengeance or forgive an injury. That he would demand satisfaction for the affront seemed to him as certain as to-morrow's sunrise; yet Clinton spoke so confidently that he was staggered.

"There is something more," said Wailles at last; "but I ask no questions: perhaps you should not tell me."

"On the contrary, I must tell you, for this is the agreement. I came very near blurting it out when we were doing the Greek. By-the-bye, did you notice Mabel's accent? Where did she get her Greek?"

"I was stunned," answered Trumpley. "It is my belief that the old goddesses we used to quote could not have uttered similar music."

I suppose her father must have instructed her. What have you to tell me about Rad?"

"Not much. It was difficult to get the opportunity I desired, as I had to speak to him in private; but I managed it by talking German. First, I told him some things I happen to know about Dorado and his interest in it—no matter what it was. He was defiant still. Then I had to translate into German a little document I had written in good English. And he was not quite so defiant then, and consented to spend the remainder of his useful life on the Continent if you and I suppress this document. Here it is."

"What is it?" said Wailes.

"Only a dying confession. Before I called in Queen street I went to the hospital and saw Blauvelt. The physicians had informed him of his imminent danger, and he dictated his story, in which our friend Radcliffe is seriously compromised, and signed it before a magistrate. I wrote it with my sore arm; it hurt like blazes, too!"

CHAPTER LXII.

SOME DISMISSALS.

Certain events followed the burglarious attempt upon Beechwood in orderly sequence. A grave, self-possessed gentleman had called upon Mr. Clinton early in the day, having previously questioned Mr. Wailes at the bank, and having obtained from him a succinct account of the night-alarm and the circumstances that followed. A prolonged interview with Munseer Blowell succeeded, and the grave gentleman, being assured by the attending physicians that the foreigner's hours were numbered, promised him entire immunity upon condition that he betrayed his comrades. To do Munseer Blowell justice, he stoutly refused this invitation, until his interlocutor gave him a list of the members of the Merton Liberal Club, and even repeated portions of his own admirable oration delivered the previous night. Mentally cursing the despotic government under whose tyrannous sway such occult police powers were possible, Mr. Blauvelt "leaked," to use the expressive term employed by his congeners. His goot friend Podd was already known, and his other goot friend, the locksmith "Johnny," without a patronymic, was identified by the bunch of skeleton keys found in the hall at Beechwood.

Johnny was furnished with lodgings in a stone building belonging to the State, and before noon Mr. Podd, who was found hidden in Tiger's vacated kennel, was accommodated with an adjoining apartment in the same establishment. No better proof of Mr. Podd's prejudice could be furnished than the parental care bestowed upon him by the powers he derided. His wounds were carefully dressed, his photograph taken, and the solitary door of his chamber (furnished free of rental) was securely locked and barred, his protector taking the key away with him. No enemy could break in upon him, neither could he incur any risk of harm by wandering out in the rascally world. His health was so sedulously guarded that beer and tobacco were kept from him, and he was even required to perform unaccus-

tomed ablutions, under the sanitary regulations of his domicile. Mr. Podd was a philosopher, and he spent the greater portion of his time in sleep, during the absence of his attendant.

As Mr. Podd and Johnny both pass out of this history in the present chapter, it may not be amiss to anticipate a little, in order to give a connected account of their adventures. The slow-moving machinery of an effete government, administering obsolete laws, did not dispose of these cases until winter had possession of England, and Munseer Blowell, interred in September, was only remembered as an actor with Podd and Johnny in the nocturnal adventure at Beechwood. The latter was specially indignant when Mr. Clinton, who was required by the same shabby government to give his testimony, announced that the lock on the plate-chest was a burglar-proof lock, and not the same that Johnny had described with the erratic "tumbler." Johnny privately informed an obliging policeman who stood near him, that the inherent meanness of the American character was manifested in thus seducing him into profitless danger, by getting a new lock from London after he had mastered the mysteries of the old one. "If the old lock had been there where the tumbler fell, a little apast the 'alf-turn," he observed, "we should have been clean off before them swells woked."

The health of these worthies was of so much importance in the estimation of their guardians, that a change of climate was determined upon. Accordingly, Johnny and Podd took passage in a government vessel for a prolonged voyage, and for a permanent residence in a semi-tropical island near the antipodes. There they still reside, and the population of which they form a part is nearly unanimous in abhorrence of law and morals. It may, therefore, be concluded that the lines have at last fallen to them in pleasant places.

The clubs of which they were honored members deplored their loss very seriously. The Merton Club, of which Podd was president, fell into decay, and the occupant of the loft over the carriage-shop lamented the loss of the free gin grievously. The Gloucester Club is still in existence, and has passed resolutions since Podd's departure that totally dismembered the British Empire. Legislators and rulers are still keeping up a show of authority, but the Gloucester Liberals know it to be a sham and a delusion. It only remains for them to disband the police and tear down the Bastiles that dishonor the land, to make Britain a fair representation of that other kingdom that is paved with good intentions.

Mr. Radcliffe Merton sold his dog-cart and horse, discharged Tim, and went to Paris the day after his accident. He knew a famous oculist there, he said, and desired to place his eyes under his care. As he also passes from the present stage in this chapter, it may as well be stated here that his life is devoted to extracting something more than his allowance from his mother, in which efforts he is constantly baffled by her superior acuteness. His vision is good as ever, and his personal appearance is somewhat improved, as the scar on his brows has changed the feline expression of his eyes. He steadfastly declines all invitations to revisit England.

Dorado collapsed the day after the Squire's transfer. The great

"property" representing millions vanished into an extremely attenuated vapor far less tangible than atmospheric air. There were multitudes of small holders, widows, orphans, impecunious clergymen, single ladies of uncertain age, whose revenue had been very small when derived from consols, and who had placed their capital in the tempting Dorado. To all of these the loss was serious. Mr. Clinton lighted his pipe with his certificate before his arm was out of duress. An honorable official, who had believed in the scheme to an unlimited extent, and had innocently endorsed the prospectus, could not bear to hear it mentioned, and wept copiously when any one forced him to listen to the story of the fraud. His sufferings were all from an excess of benevolence, as his pecuniary loss was trifling, he having sold out before the collapse.

CHAPTER LXIII.

CROSS PURPOSES.

Mr. Grippe arrived at the bank an hour earlier than usual. Wailes was already there, as the walk from Beechwood was short, and he was always restive until he had analysed the morning mail. Mr. Grippe found him immersed in a heap of letters.

"Dorado gone, sir," said Wailes, as Grippe hobbled by. "Here is a letter from De Lisle, who is in London, asking our assistance —"

"Assistance?" said Grippe, aghast.

"Yes; only to institute legal proceedings against the promoters of Dorado. He coolly takes it for granted that Browler Brothers are holders."

"He is an ass! Write him so," said Mr. Grippe.

"I had better put it in French then," said Trump; "it sounds so abrupt in English. I *have* written him, regretting that we could not aid him, as we had no interest whatever in Dorado either for selves or clients."

"That is better," answered Mr. Grippe; "he will infer the fact that I proposed to state. Any special letters? No? Well, come into my room; I have something to say to you."

Wailes followed his senior into the inner office. Mr. Grippe took his accustomed seat, opened a drawer, and took out half a dozen pestiferous cigarettes, which he laid in a row upon his desk, within easy reach of his hand. Trump was alarmed, as he had learned the tricks of Mr. Grippe's asthma, and knew there would be some agitating discussion to follow so formidable a preparation.

"I think of sending you to — to — New York," he began. "No, hang it! that won't do either — say St. Petersburg. We have an unsettled account there — Paul Snickemoff."

"Remittance came this morning," answered Wailes.

"Ah, indeed! So much the better. Well, Corfu will do."

"What is the matter, Mr. Grippe?" said Wailes.

"You are such a reckless vagabond that I had better not tell you. Give me a match, please. Puff, puff! Will you go at once if I tell you?"

"Certainly, sir," replied Wailes. "I will go if you wish it, without explanations."

"Well, then," said Grippe, producing a paper, "here is a telegram I received last night. It is from—no matter whom. It says that Belgian rogue is in England, and has come purposely to kill the man who left him at Amiens. What are you grinning about? I have had no sleep all night trying to devise some plan to get you away."

"Poor Blauvelt will not harm me, Mr. Grippe," said Wailes; "he is in the hospital two streets off, and dying. I did not tell you yesterday, because I saw you were agitated enough, but it was Blauvelt who was with Podd at Beechwood, and who was throttled by the dog. Doctor Maguire says his hurts are certainly fatal. Who sends the telegram?"

"The same fellow who notified us of his forgery. Are you sure he is going to die? Well, that's kind of him, anyhow. As we got back the money, and as he failed to kill you, I think we are bound to forgive him—that is if he dies."

"I am saddened when I think of his family. He has a pretty young wife—"

"And a mother-in-law," said Mr. Grippe; "and the mother-in-law is the very person that let out the secret of his intended vengeance. She was under great obligations to you because you had aided her at Calais. She had about five pounds of 'tabac' in her bag, which you lugged ashore under the noses of the French officials. You are a nice young man, to smuggle 'tabac' into France!"

"I thought the bag was heavy," said Trump. "Well, Sir, when shall I start for Corfu?"

"Dash Corfu!" replied Mr. Grippe. "What the mischief do you want in Corfu?"

"You mentioned it, sir," said Trump, meekly.

"No matter if I did. I am far from well, Wailes; I shall not live over a month. I have had several warnings. Smoked ten of these things last night. I'll go out like a snuff some night."

"I hope not, sir," said Wailes, sympathetically. "Doctor Maguire says you will live forty years with your asthma—"

"Dash Maguire!" replied the banker; "what does he know about asthma? He says it is a 'disease of the fifth pair,' and wants to physic me with antimony; he'd fix me in forty minutes! I tell you my life hangs by a thread, and any sudden irritation would carry me off like a flash. Another match, please."

"Can I do anything to avert so great a calamity?" said Wailes, who began to expect some astounding proposition.

"Exactly. You can make my few remaining days as placid as possible, if you will just oblige me in a small matter—"

"Let me know your wishes, Mr. Grippe. I owe you too much to refuse you, no matter what you ask. What shall I do for you, sir?"

"Get married!" gasped the banker. "Puff, puff! Ah! this is a famous attack; I could die in two minutes! If you will just take a wife—a lovely girl—will make you happy—I have her now at Halidon. There! there! don't speak! Run out now; I will call you when this frightful spasm is over. Get out! confound you!"

Trump sat down at his own desk, stunned ; the proposition was so sudden. Did Mr. Grippe wish to have him married right off, without any sort of preparation or warning? What would she say? he had not said a word to her. Could it be possible that the banker had arranged matters with her without consulting him? The thing was too absurd! Really, it was very indecorous in Mr. Grippe, though it was all intended in kindness. What a jolly old brick he was, to be sure! It would be dastardly to keep him in suspense if he was really set upon the thing. Confound that asthma!

"Come in again," said Mr. Grippe ; "I have found transient relief. Waites, I have very special reasons, which you would appreciate if you knew them, to hasten this affair. It will relieve me of a load of responsibility that is frightful. What do you say?"

"I cannot say anything, sir, until I find out the lady's sentiments—" "Sentiments be blowed!" said Mr. Grippe, rudely ; "sentiments are not the trouble. It is settlements ; and I promise you that these shall be satisfactory."

"But, Mr. Grippe," persisted Trump, "there are certain proprieties which one must observe. You cannot snap up a lady at a moment's notice and marry her whether she will or no. It is customary to do some preliminary courting —"

"Certainly, you may court as much as you like. All I want is your promise to marry the girl—well, say in two weeks, or three. You can get dresses and things in a week ; special license, of course."

"Really I am at a loss, Mr. Grippe," said Trump, slowly ; "yet I think I may promise, if Miss Grahame should accept —"

"Miss Grahame! Miss Devil's grandaunt! You infernal young villain! you are making a consistent member of the Church of England very nearly swear. I am not talking of Miss Grahame."

"May I ask what lady you referred to?" said Waites.

"Heloïse, of course, you great booby! Miss Grahame! Why, Miss Grahame has not a penny in the world."

"Heloïse!" said Trump, white with rage ; "the devil's grandaunt's grandmother! Heloïse! Oh you may swear at me for the next two weeks, Mr. Grippe ; and I will engage to swear back so long as you propose so monstrous an absurdity! Ah! that infernal poison you smoke has turned your brain." And he strode about the office like a caged hyena.

"Will you please take a seat?" said Mr. Grippe. "We can certainly discuss the matter without making fools of ourselves. Allow me to ask if you did not refer to a young woman whom you supposed to be at Halidon, when you first came here?"

"Yes, sir, I did," answered Trump, promptly.

"And did you mean Heloïse then?"

"Certainly not, sir."

"And how the devil did you know anything about Mabel, who had only arrived one day before, and whom you had never seen?"

"I beg your pardon," said Trump, beside himself with disappointment and intoxicated with old memories—"I beg your pardon, but I had seen her, and held her in these arms. Ah! what am I saying! The fumes of this horrible stuff have affected *my* brain also. May I open a window?"

"Certainly not," replied Grippe, watching him with sleepless vigilance; "do you wish to kill me? What is all that about holding Mabel in your arms?"

"Nothing, sir," answered Wailes, in confusion; "please forget that I said that. I had met Miss Grahame before she came to Gloucester at all, and — I am telling you this in strict confidence, Mr. Grippe — I had fully determined that I would never marry any other woman. Please don't ask me any more questions, sir."

"But this arms business," persisted Grippe, "that *must* be explained. As much confidence as you like, but no half confidences."

There was no help for it. Trumpley told the story of Mabel's arrival in the wrecked train, of her accident and rescue, and of her sudden departure from Rose Cottage, her arrival at Gloucester the next day, and his conclusion that she was Mr. Grippe's adopted daughter.

"And now, Mr. Grippe," concluded Trump, "I have told you all this with less reluctance, because I know you will deal kindly with me. For some reason Miss Grahame avoided and repelled me: do not ask her why. She has intimated her readiness to explain to me, and in due time I will ask her, with your permission. You know all about yesterday's adventure. I intended to ask your consent before I spoke to her at all, because I cannot trust myself. If I begin to talk to her I shall certainly ask her to be my wife —"

"What the devil do you want?" said Mr. Grippe fiercely, as Mr. Choppy appeared at the door.

"Beg pardon, sir," said Mr. Choppy, "but here is a telegram, marked 'immediate.' I thought I had better bring it. I knocked twice."

Mr. Grippe took the despatch and read it, and Mr. Choppy discreetly withdrew. The banker laid the paper on his desk.

"Go on, Mr. Wailes," he said.

"I only had to say, sir, that I must also see Mr. Grahame before I speak to his daughter. That is another reason why I have not accepted your kind invitations to Halidon."

"And you have overturned all my plans," said Mr. Grippe. "I had made a draft of my will, confound you! I had left you something, which you would have inherited in a week or two, for you have shortened my life, you mule! And you would have relieved me of the care of this great, bouncing French vixen — I mean my dear daughter — and Mr. Grahame's address is number ten, River street, Blackfriars, and this telegram is from De Lisle, who begs me to send you to London at once, to help him unearth some villainy of Blauvelt's — and the train will start at noon, so get out — the devil take you! Good-bye! I'll tell Clinton."

CHAPTER LXIV.

CROSSER.

The Reverend Edward Grahame had a pensioner named Kirby. If he ever had a regular Christian name it had been lost in his youth,

and he was known among his congeners by the name of "Soak Kirby," which had probably been earned by years of patient application to gin, and by a physical idiosyncrasy which enabled him to imbibe and absorb unusual quantities of that liquid without previous preparation or notice. Mr. Kirby's ostensible occupation was that of a coal-heaver, but being afflicted with several varieties of pulmonary disease, and always in a dying condition, his present business was washing bottles and tumblers in a tap-room near Mr. Grahame's chapel. He took his wages in a fluid form, and was chronically impecunious. There was something frightful in the relentless and tyrannical sway exercised by Soak over the gentle parson, who was constantly impressed by the conviction that his pensioner was a huge fraud, and as constantly filled with self-reproach for his harsh judgment. Soak kept a dismal cough somewhere in his manly bosom, which he evoked at pleasure. It was ventriloquial, and seemed to come from some unknown depths in his organism, and threatened instant dissolution. It was sepulchral, ragged, hideous, shaking his gin-soaked carcase. He had a theory, often expressed, that his trunk was a vast chasm, the vital organs of respiration torn into shreds, and his heart dwindled to the dimensions of a hickory-nut, and within this cavern the cough raved and rattled.

On the day succeeding Mr. Grippe's stormy interview with Wailes, Mr. Kirby was ushered into Mr. Grahame's study. There was a tacit understanding that gave him right of entry upon all occasions, and Mr. Grahame laid aside his sermon to entertain his visitor. "Well, Kirby," said he, "how are you to-day? Take a seat."

Mr. Kirby looked around the room, searching for some place to bestow his hat. It was a very dilapidated hat, with a black band upon it. Mr. Kirby, fortunately for Mrs. K., was a widower. He found a flower-stand at last, with some plants of Mabel's upon it, and deposited his ornamental tile among the flowers.

"Ugh! ugh!" answered Soak, "cough wuss; tore me to bits last night. Doctor says I must have some sherry."

"Sherry?" said Mr. Grahame. "How much sherry, Kirby?"

"Quart."

"I'll see the Doctor, Kirby—"

"No, you won't! 'T'ant our doctor; swell doctor from west-end. Saw me 'xpiring in the gutter. Got out of his shay and sounded my lungs. Guv me arf-crown and drove away. Spent the arf-crown in sherry, accordin' to horders. All gone. Ugh! ugh!"

In the midst of Kirby's paroxysm another visitor was announced. He followed the servant into the study, and she, depositing the new-comer's card upon the writing-desk, gave him a chair and departed.

"Excuse me a moment, sir," said the Parson courteously. "Kirby, I will see you later in the day; I must ask Doctor Smith about the sherry. I don't believe it is good for you."

"Not a-goin' to have Doctor Smith foolin' round me," said Soak, viciously; "his last dose nigh finished me. Never mind, sir, I'll git along. Don't want no cheap sherry neither! Swell doctor said I must git it from Fortnum & Mason's—four-and-six a bottle."

"Well, well," said Mr. Grahame, "I'll see about it. You can go now."

"Won't have to worrit much longer with me, sir," said Soak, regaining his hat and shuffling to the door. "Ugh! ugh! cough rackin' my vitals. Swell doctor says I may go off any minnit. Ugh! ugh!"

"Stop, Kirby—four-and-six, you say? Let me see if I have it—yes. I'm very dubious about it though. Good morning."

Mr. Kirby made a sweeping bow, including Mr. Grahame and the later visitor, and banged the door after him.

"And now, sir," said the Parson, "I am at your service. You will pardon me for keeping you waiting, but I make it a rule to give my poor parishioners the first attention."

While he spoke, Mr. Grahame was hunting the card, which he had slipped in between two leaves of the unfinished sermon.

"The apology is due from me, sir," said the gentleman, "for interrupting you. But I return to Gloucester this evening and—"

"Want sixpence more," said Mr. Kirby, reappearing. "Homnibus to Helephant and the Cawsil; 'nother bus to Piccadilly."

The gentleman quietly put a shilling in the dying man's hand. The effect was electrical. Here was a new swell throwing shillings about like dirt. Kirby sunk into a chair near the door, dropped the cherished hat upon the floor, and coughed five minutes while he reflected.

"It cuts me to the 'art, sir," he said gloomily, when he regained his voice, "to take money from Mr. Gram. The calls he has upon him is amazin', and mostly himpostors, I dessay."

"Very likely," answered the stranger, dryly.

"Yessir; that's what I says. Now when a ginwine case comes up—"

"Like the present," suggested the gentleman.

"Zactly. Then Parson cawnt do justis to his own feelinks. 'Cause why? 'Cause money's already used up on some wot aint worthy. And I says—"

"If you will go to the omnibus-stand and wait for me, I will rejoin you presently," said the gentleman. "I am going to the Elephant and Castle too."

While this dialogue was progressing, Mr. Grahame was industriously seeking the visitor's card. He had seen the girl place it on the edge of the desk. He may have brushed it off. Yes, there it is in the waste-basket. As Kirby retired the second time, Mr. Grahame regained the card and glanced at the name.

"Mr. Radcliffe Merton."

The visitor approached the Parson with a smiling countenance. He was met by a front of stern dignity that was appalling.

"Your address was kindly furnished by Mr. Grippe," said the young gentleman, "from whom I would have brought credentials if time had served. I left Gloucester very suddenly."

Mr. Grahame bowed.

"I scarcely know how to say what is on my mind, sir," continued the visitor, chilled by the other's manner. "Coming thus unannounced, it seems indecorous to tell you that I admire your daughter and have come to ask your consent—"

"Stop, if you please, sir!" said Mr. Grahame. "You can say

nothing to me about my daughter that will be agreeable to me. If you have no other business, it will hardly be necessary for me to detain you longer. Good morning, sir."

Trump gazed with blank amazement at the frowning face of Mabel's father. There was an aromatic odor of gin in the apartment, left by the suffering Soak, and the thought flitted through Trump's mind that the Reverend Edward was inebriated.

"I cannot affect to misunderstand you, sir," said Wailes, slowly, "but I am sure there is some strange mistake—"

"No mistake, sir, except on your part. My daughter can never have authorised this visit, which—"

"Certainly not, sir," answered Trump. "I have scarcely spoken to Miss Grahame. I refrained purposely until I could see you and tell you my condition and prospects."

"Really, sir, I am not interested in the matter. I have weighty reasons for declining intercourse with you and with all your kindred. It is painful to say so, but you compel me."

"I leave you, sir," said Trump, his head thrown back and his frank eyes blazing. "I say only two words: if this is a mistake, I shall be rejoiced to know it; if not, neither I nor my kindred will ever trouble you or your kindred again. Good morning, sir!"

Trump found Soak waiting at the stand. The invalid was propped up against a lamp-post, gasping.

"You infernal old cheat!" said Trump, "if you dare to bark at me with that fraudulent cough again, I'll call a policeman and give you in custody. Do you suppose you can impose upon me, with rum exuding from all your pores? Get out, you villain!"

As the 'bus rolled away with this truculent youth, Soak took the shilling he had given from his pocket, examined it intently, bit it, and still dubious, dived into a gin-shop and changed it incontinently.

Mr. Grahame resumed his seat at the desk, and pulled his sermon before him, dipped his pen in the ink and finished the sentence which Kirby had interrupted.

"A fine state of mind I am in," said he, "for sermonising. Now that fellow would deceive any one with his frank, bright smile and bold eyes. I was attracted to him when he came in. He has the impudence of the—the Radcliffe Mertons of all ages! To come here the second time, after my blank refusal to see him only the other day! I threw his card in the waste-basket there, and here goes the other. I don't think I shall have a third."

He set himself resolutely at his task, wrote to the bottom of the page, dried it on the blotter and turned over a new leaf. A card dropped out.

"Eh!" said the Parson; "what is this? 'Harold Trumpley Wailes!' Where did it come from? Bless my heart! it is the card Jenny put upon the desk, as sure as a gun! And I have been saying the most insulting things to that gallant youngster—the son of my old friend, the nephew of my brother-in-law! Jenny!"

Jenny was exchanging amatory chaff with the baker's young man at the area-rails, and did not hear.

"Jenny! Confound the girl! Jenny!"

"Coming, sir," answered Jenny. "Get away with you, Mr. Crust ; Mr. Grahame don't allow no young men about here."

"Jenny, how in the world did you put this card in the sermon? Is this the card the gentleman gave you?"

"Yes, sir ; you pushed it in the sermont yourself. I seed you doin' it while Soak was coughin'."

"Did I?" answered the Parson, meekly. "Well, well ! I am going to the Elephant and Castle, and then to the bank. Dear me, what a dreadful mistake ! I don't know how long I shall be absent, but hope to be back by dinner-time."

The Parson's chase was fruitless ; no sign of Trump at the Elephant and Castle. Messrs. Smith, Payne and Smith were Mr. Grippe's correspondents ; he would inquire there. Mr. Wailes? Yes ; he had been there. Was at Charing Cross Hotel. By underground railway to the big hotel. Mr. Wailes had gone. Was going back to Gloucester. No doubt had taken the last train.

Mr. Grahame was quite tired when he got back to his sermon. He dined frugally ; then the postman came with a letter from his darling — eight pages.

That night Mr. Grahame packed his portmanteau, and the next day's train took him to Gloucester.

CHAPTER LXV.

A CONFESSION.

Boldly disregarding the injunctions and deriding the prognosis of the faculty, Mr. Clinton mounted the pony phaeton, driving with his left hand, and proceeded to Merton Park on the same day that Mr. Grahame spent in hunting Mr. Wailes. When the latter was giving Soak Kirby his parting benison, Clinton was passing through the Park gates. The Squire received him uproariously. He had yesterday's *Times*, and the paper contained a communication which Clinton must see. It was about Dorado.

"I have read it, Mr. Merton," said Clinton ; "but it gives me no new information."

"No," answered Squire Mat ; "but it confirms your hints. The whole thing is exploded."

"Of course. I tried to impress you with my doubts the other day ; but you were so confident."

"Sold out!" said the Squire, poking him in the ribs. "Come in ; the girls are somewhere. What ails your arm? Oh yes ; Maguire told me. I did not half understand him, but I think he said you were chasing some burglars, and fell down and trod on it. Hillo! Lucy! Baby! Where are you?"

"Here, Papa," answered Sybil. "Oh, Mr. Clinton! I am glad to see you out. The doctor said you were in great distress — starving with a giant appetite. I will get you some luncheon —"

"But I am on strict diet, Miss Sybil," said Clinton ; "the doctor restricts me to 'tay and toast.' It is terribly thin aliment too."

"We have the remnant of a grouse-pie," replied Sybil, thought-

fully. "We had luncheon half-an-hour ago. Do you think you could venture to take just a little?"

"He did not forbid grouse-pie specifically," said Clinton; "and if the remnant is not too large, and you will carve for me—I am lame, you see—"

"Come into the dining-room. Papa, where is the port? Mr. Clinton will take some—"

"Not a drop; wine *is* forbidden. Just a morsel of the pie and a mug of beer; and then if you will take me a little drive, you will earn my lasting gratitude."

"We are going to Halidon presently," said Sybil, with a blush; "but Lucy and Papa can go in the carriage, and I can drive the ponies. May I, Papa?"

"Certainly, Baby. Clinton, I am plagued about that confounded stock. The poor fellow that bought it was just in time to lose his entire outlay. I went after Consol to get the fellow's address, but the blockhead would tell me nothing—might as well talk to a stone wall. I thought I would divide the loss, anyhow."

"How much was it, Squire?" said Clinton, innocently.

"Twenty-five hundred."

"When did you sell?"

"On the same day—two days ago."

"Oh, then," said Clinton, "set your mind at rest. I think I know the buyer. You must not ask me any questions, but I may tell you he will not lose a penny. Is that what you call a remnant, Miss Sybil? It is like the mighty pastry of the old romances."

"Papa tells of a tenant of his who always takes his beer in a gallon measure. The reason he gives is that 'he can drink as little as he likes.'"

"There is a sequel to the story," answered Clinton; "you promised to carve for me."

"I did not promise."

"Cruel! Look at my arm."

The Squire departed to order the carriage and find his elder daughter. Mr. Clinton attacked the remnant. Between the mouthfuls he glanced at Sybil like a cannibal. She did not manifest the least trepidation, but quietly replenished his plate as fast as he emptied it. At last there was no remnant.

"I think I should like to prolong the feast about six weeks," said Clinton; "that is, if my arm would keep useless and you would carve for me—"

"And the supply of remnants were larger," said Sybil. "I would get you something more, but I really think you have had enough for an invalid; and now I will get my hat."

"You are a regular angel, Miss Sybil," said Clinton, fervently. "I have not had so glorious a feed for a year. Oh, what a barren waste this earth would be without gentle woman—"

"And grouse," said Sybil.

When the carriage turned into the highroad, Clinton proposed that they should go by Rose Cottage, up by the mill-road, and through the lane back to Halidon. The Squire and Miss Merton preferred the

road to the narrow lanes, so Clinton and Sybil took the longer route. Sybil drove.

"I should have your seat," she said as the ponies trotted away.

"But my wounded arm is on that side."

"Well?"

"Well, if you were about to fall out, I should require my sound arm to catch you," and he gave her another cannibal glance.

Rose Cottage had already gotten a deserted look; the blinds were closed and the flowers drooping.

"Ho, Baby!" said Clinton, addressing the off filly; "trot more slowly! We shall be there too soon."

"Where?" said Sybil.

"To a place I wish to show you. I am making up a story. I have a confession to make to you."

Sybil began to feel some trepidation. The grouse-pie had infused new life into the American, and his big eyes devoured her with so grisly an appetite that she trembled.

"Here is the mill; and there is the kennel. You will fear the dog no more, Miss Sybil. Turn to the right. Gently, Baby! Ah, Baby! you are spoiled."

"Where is the dog?" said Sybil.

"Dead; and by my hand. His fate has been sealed since you told me about him. I came down here once to kill him, but he was chained up and I could not bear to shoot him. But yesterday the fates favored me, and he came at me, free."

"And hurt your arm," said Sybil, horrified. "Somehow, I knew the doctor was not telling the truth about you, but — but I did not like to ask —"

"Why not?" said Clinton, trying to see her eyes.

"Because I — it was not polite to express a doubt. Did he bite your arm?"

"No; he did not touch me. Ho! Baby. Stop here, Miss Sybil; this is the scene of my story. Turn their heads across the lane and they will be quiet, nibbling the hedge."

Sybil, her heart beating, knowing by unerring intuition what was coming, feeling that a good, quiet cry in her own chamber would be so nice, sat like a statue by his side while he told his story.

"Sybil," he began, with tender gravity, "you need not be told I love you; you have known that many days. But, loving you, I cannot deceive you; and when you hear all my story, if you give me no answer, I will go back to America.

"Your Cousin Radcliffe and I are old enemies. We quarrelled years ago in Germany; we fought there, and he wounded me desperately. Since my recovery I have been hunting him to kill him. When I came here I learned that you were destined for him, and I sought you out to save you from so horrible a fate as a life-long union with him. But I found you so sweet and good that I loved you before I could give any warnings.

"Mrs. Wailes revealed to me the true nature of my hatred of Merton. It was wicked, and my purposes were mean; and so I resolved at last to molest him no more, to let him court you if he would, and to have no renewal of my quarrel on any terms.

"Two days ago we met here. Do you see how the grass is trampled? By a curious accident we were both armed, and he assaulted me just here, sword in hand.

"I could have killed him twenty times, but I had sworn to spare him, and I did. At last with devilish cunning he spoke disrespectfully of you — of you, my darling — and then I forgot myself and my better purposes, and resolved to kill him.

"He escaped death by a half-miracle. It was not skill that saved him, but desperate hardihood. In order to kill me he boldly faced almost certain death, and in passing his sword through my arm, he threw up my point and escaped with a scratch.

"You have heard that Wailes and I chased some thieves out of Beechwood grounds and into this lane. We were armed with the swords, and they were left out here in the lane when we took the wounded Frenchman in. I returned for the weapons, found one, and met Radcliffe here armed with the other. It looked like the decree of fate.

"And now he is gone; he is in France, and will not return. I have never believed it possible that you could marry him, and I have dreamed that you might some day marry me. Sybil, I will not distress you by pressing an unwelcome suit. I know I am not worthy of you — you, so good, and I so rude and wicked. But if you would allow me to love you, and would continue to humanise me by your gentle admonitions, perhaps — in time — you would forget that I was an American that could not talk good English —"

"I never said that!" interrupted Sybil.

"Did you not? Well, Mabel did."

"Mabel?"

"Mabel Grahame. Don't you know? She is my cousin."

"Ah!" said Sybil, coldly.

"And she will be nearer still to me, I hope; for I intend her to marry my dear friend Wailes. Oh, Sybil! I was afraid you might like him; he is so gallant a fellow."

"I *do* like him," said Sybil, spitefully.

"Ah! but I meant — love. Oh, Sybil, it will be terrible to put the broad ocean between you and me! But I am resolved; if you tell me you cannot love me —"

"I am not falling out, Mr. Clinton! You need not hold me."

"Forgive me; I did not know what I was doing."

"Mr. Clinton, I think you are deceiving yourself. I think you really love Another —"

"Sybil!"

"I mean grouse-pie. Behave, sir! How dare you squeeze my poor arm! There, you may love me — till your arm gets well; and I'll — ask Papa if I may — love you a little!"

CHAPTER LXVI.

THE LAST ANOTHER.

On the next day — alas! it is the last day — there was an impromptu dinner-party at Halidon. Mr. Dipperly did not officiate this time,

as the banker had decided to have the feast very suddenly, and issued his invitations the same morning. Squire Merton and his daughters; Mr. Clinton and Mr. Wailes, to escort Mrs. Dora Trumpley; that is, to follow the Halidon carriage, which was sent for her. It was a business-dinner. Mr. Grippe had a communication to make, in which some of the guests were interested. The Squire was invited, because he was the "friend of the family." Before the feast was spread, Mrs. Wailes, Mrs. Trumpley and Mabel attended Mr. Grippe in the library, where the will was read and discussed. The effect upon Dora was precisely contrary to Mr. Grippe's expectations. Instead of being agitated, she was calmed by the assurance of her husband's fidelity and affection. And this was due in great measure to Clinton's judicious explanation of many mysteries, and the testimony of the old letters written to his mother from Maison Rouge. He had spent the morning in earnest debate with his aunt, and she was prepared for the confirmation afforded by the will. The burden of grief and mortification which she had endured twenty years, was all removed, and gave place to tender memories. The only sign of weakness she gave was in clinging to Mabel, who was present at this preliminary reading, at Dora's urgent solicitation.

"Do not leave me, darling," she whispered, when they parted to dress for dinner; "come with me to my room; you and Edith both."

"My room is your room, Dora," said Mrs. Wailes. "I was put over the South Terrace before we knew, or before Mr. Grippe knew of your existence."

"We will be on either side of you, Aunt Dora," said Mabel; "the three chambers are *en suite*."

"I am only a guest, Edith," replied Dora. "I have promised De Witt, Beechwood will be my home while I live. I could not bear to stay here. We will talk of this hereafter, Mabel; you will stay by me, will you not?"

"Yes, while you are here. But I cannot live with you at Beechwood."

"Why not?" said Dora, as they ascended the staircase.

"Because De Witt has engaged Another!"

The dinner was in progress when a new guest arrived, and threw the entire company into dire confusion. He had come by the late train from London. Mabel flew at him on his entrance, clung to his neck, laughing and crying, and beside herself for joy. Dora, who sat at Mr. Grippe's right hand, greeted him warmly; the ready tears that filled her eyes drawn forth by the contrast between Daisy's comely husband, and the gray-haired parson, worn by years of toil in Blackfriars. Room was made for him between his daughter and sister, and the great business of life was resumed. Clinton sat by Sybil, who exhorted him occasionally to remember the grouse-pie, and moderate his voracious appetite. He was still left-handed and helpless. Trumpley, who had not exchanged words with Mabel, sat at the end of the long table silent and grave. The sudden appearance of Mr. Grahame spoiled his appetite.

The red Burgundy came in due time, but, warned by Clinton, Mr. Grippe did not mention the name. The American opened the door

for the egress of the ladies. One glass of wine followed, and then Mr. Merton proposed joining the better part of creation. The Squire was longing for the whist-table, and there had to be the conclave in the library first.

Mr. Grahame had not seen Trump. He was the first to leave the dining-room, and when the entire company was assembled in the library, the Parson found himself opposite the handsome youth to whom he had offered so sore an affront the previous day. No chance to speak now; Mr. Grippe was spreading the will out before him, and clearing his throat for a preliminary speech.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, "the paper I hold was entrusted to my care by the writer the day before his death. It is his last will and testament. The provisions it contains are peculiar, and I never have been able to comply with them until now. To Mr. Harold Trumpley, I am under obligations that my entire fortune could not repay; I owe my life and honor to him. And I have called you all here to aid me to discover the exact wishes of Mr. Trumpley as herein set forth, because the chief purpose of my life is to fulfill these wishes to the letter."

This was said with grave dignity, and Mr. Grippe proceeded to read the will. When it was finished, the banker requested Squire Merton to favor him with his opinion.

"There can be but one opinion, Mr. Grippe," said the Squire, promptly. "Mrs. Dora Lennox Trumpley inherits all and singular."

"I think not," said Dora, gently.

"Why not, Aunt Dora?" said Clinton.

"Because there was evidently a desire in my husband's mind that the son of Edith Trumpley should inherit Halidon."

"That was my judgment, Madam," said Mr. Grippe, "until two or three days ago, when I learned that you were living. The knowledge that Mr. Trumpley Wailes probably, nay, certainly as I thought, would inherit Halidon, hastened the formation of our partnership. I am glad to add," he continued, bowing to Trump, "that the connexion is a great gain and comfort to me. Mr. Wailes has displayed the most remarkable abilities, and I do not know the man in England for whom I would exchange him."

"There is a condition annexed to his inheritance," said Mrs. Wailes; "he must relinquish his father's name—"

"Which I will never do!" said Trump, speaking for the first time.

"Not for Halidon?" said Dora, looking with admiration at his kindling eyes.

"Not for all England!"

"The difficulty is not insurmountable," said Mr. Grippe.

"I think it is," said Clinton; "my acquaintance with Wailes has been tolerably intimate of late, and of all the—"

"What?" said everybody, when he paused.

"I was trying to find English words to express my meaning, but I can't, the vocabulary is limited; I must say it in American."

"Out with it!" said Trump.

"Well then, of all the obstinate, mule-headed suckers I ever met or read about, Wailes is the worst! Now, try your experiment, Mr. Grippe, and see if I am right."

"I was going to suggest," resumed Mr. Grippe, "that Mr. Wailes need not relinquish his name. He has only to add 'Oswald Trumpley' to his present name —"

"Which is to relinquish my birthright," said Trumpley; "I will certainly never do it. But there is a more serious obstacle still."

"What is it?" said the banker.

"My uncle has twice stated there in forcible terms his desire that Aunt Dora should inherit positively. The reference to the heirs of my mother is only a provision against a contingency that has not arisen. Aunt Dora lives, and her title is unimpeachable. But if she had died, I could not inherit Halidon."

"I do not understand you," said Mr. Grippe.

"Because Mrs. Harold Trumpley has nearer kindred than I. If she should die intestate, her property would go to Mr. Clinton, and — and Another."

"Yoicks!" said Squire Mat, "the boy has put us on the true scent. My dear Mrs. Trumpley, let us settle this at once, and get to the whist-table. Make your will, leaving the property to Clinton and Another. If Clinton has a grain of sense" — and the Squire winked furiously — "there won't be Another long; there will be only One. Ho, ho, ho!"

"There is a serious obstacle in that direction also," said Mabel, malignantly scowling at Sybil. "Mr. Clinton has his eye upon a different Another."

"I'll have nothing to do with your confounded property!" said Clinton, in a rage. "There is no such thing as Another. Mrs. Wailes said so: did she not, Wailes?"

Trump winced and remained silent.

"We shall have to postpone the consideration of the question, I suppose," said Mr. Grippe, rising. "Ladies and gentlemen, will you oblige me by remaining at Halidon another day? We will resume the discussion to-morrow night, and in the meantime pray reflect upon the matter. Mrs. Wailes, will you please take the Squire's arm and lead him to the drawing-room? He is dying for whist."

"Mr. Clinton," said Miss Lucy, catching his sound arm as he passed with Sybil; "will you please excuse me, but I see such a striking resemblance."

"Where? What?" said Clinton, aghast.

"Don't you remember," said Miss Lucy, her eye sailing into its accustomed corner; "don't you remember when Papa was carving the goose at dinner, that he could not pull the skewer out of the wing? And when you were sitting there, looking so sheepishly at Sybil, I thought — your arm being pinned down to your side — that you resembled that excellent fowl."

"That is true, Sister," said Sybil, delighted; "the man is a regular goose!"

"And you are Another, dear," said Lucy, sailing after Mrs. Wailes, while her eye came back.

Mr. Grahame gave his arm to Dora, Mabel clinging to the other, and the trio marched after Miss Lucy. When the Parson had seated the ladies, he returned to the library.

Mr. Grippe was folding the will. Trump was standing at the window, looking out upon the terrace. Mr. Grahame approached and laid his hand on his shoulder. Trump turned, and seeing who it was, recoiled a step.

"Only a word, sir," said Mr. Grahame. "You will credit me when I tell you that I have not known a peaceful hour since I discovered my mistake."

"I do not understand you," said Trump, coldly.

"Ah! you pain me. Youth should be forgiving. Do you nurse resentment against an old man who made a blunder so utterly ridiculous that I can hardly explain—"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Grahame," said Trump, composedly, "there could be no mistake. Nothing has occurred since you so emphatically declined my acquaintance to change our relations. I am not accustomed to compliments of that sort, and while I nurse no resentment, I beg to say that I accept your decision."

"And you can never forgive—"

"There is nothing to forgive, sir. If there is—or if you think there is—I do most heartily forgive you; but I am quite content to remain a stranger, for I cannot forget."

"I took you for Radcliffe Merton," said Mr. Grahame; "his card was on my desk, and I thought it was yours. If I had known you were Trumpley Wailes, the man who saved Mabel, do you think I could have spoken such words?"

"Oh, forgive me, Mr. Grahame," said Trump, as a flood of happiness swept over his soul, "and let me explain—"

"I will hear nothing, sir," said Mr. Grahame, sternly. "If you have apologies to make, you must make them to Another. Mabel! come here!"

And she came.

"Go out on the terrace with my friend, Mabel. Mr. Wailes, I will confirm whatever she says."

CHAPTER LXVII.

THE TRUMP-HOLDER.

Mr. Grahame entered the drawing-room and took the seat vacated by Mabel, and was soon engaged in earnest conversation with Dora. Mr. Clinton was playing whist, having stipulated that Sybil should shuffle, cut, deal, and arrange his cards for him. He was guilty of revokes and blunders that thoroughly exasperated the amiable Squire, who was his partner, and drew from him emphatic expostulations that would have been furious if Baby had not held him in check with uplifted finger; and as the good father slowly recognised the relations subsisting betwixt Sybil and Clinton, he became more placid, winking violently at Lucy whenever Clinton made a new blunder.

Mabel, rather surprised at her father's summons, yet yielding prompt obedience, accepted Trumpley's offered arm, and stepped out with him upon the terrace. Orion was just heaving his huge bulk above the horizon, and the stars in his belt and scabbard glittered in the eastern sky.

Mr. Grippe put away the will. He hobbled to the door of the drawing-room, and found all his guests enjoying themselves. Then he hobbled to the terrace door, which was ajar; Trump and Mabel were promenading. Mr. Grippe hobbled round to the oriel window jutting out upon the terrace, and hidden by the heavy curtains, he seated himself there and peeped feloniously.

"I have not seen Mademoiselle," said Wailes, after he had counted the steps from one end of the terrace to the other: there were eighteen.

"Heloïse went to Paris this morning," answered Mabel. "Sir Henry Walton pressed her so earnestly that Mr. Grippe consented. Lady Walton and Algernon were here too, and joined in the plea."

"Algernon?" said Trump, jealously. "That is the young gentleman who took you down to dinner that time?"

"What time?" said Mabel, innocently.

"Oh, you know well enough," said Wailes; "he was quite devoted too. I thought his glances would melt the heart of a stone."

"Alas!" replied Mabel, "it did not last. When the *omelette soufflée* came in, his glances and his heart centered on that; and now he is dying for Heloïse."

"And you have not told me why you fled from Rose Cottage," said Trump, suddenly. "Do you know I have been tortured with the apprehension that I drove you away."

"I told Mrs. Wailes—did she not tell you?"

"Not a word."

"Why did you look so—so ill-natured to-night?" said Mabel. "You bowed so elaborately when I came in that I thought I must have offended you again."

"Again?"

"Yes. Were you not offended when I passed you in the station at Gloucester, and when I met you in the cathedral?"

"Offended?" answered Trump. "No; I was bewildered, mortified, wounded; yet I was sure you had a reason. Will you tell me now?"

"On the morning after you saved me from drowning, and while I was thinking how I could best show my gratitude to you, the servant brought a letter. It was addressed to Radcliffe Merton, and I thought you were he."

"Ha!" said Wailes, "what fatality has made that man my evil genius! Your father drove me from his house yesterday, having made the same mistake."

"I had heard of this bad man, and the history of his bad parents, and my father had charged me to avoid all intercourse with him at any risk. So when I thought you were he—oh, how cruel!—I fled. I did not tell Mr. Grippe; I did not tell any one, not even my dear father, about my accident until I discovered my mistake at the dinner that evening; and then *you* fled.

"What were you doing at Blackfriars?"—suddenly.

"I went to ask Mr. Grahame's consent to—"

"Do you know why I called for you when Merton was carrying me away?" she said, interrupting him. "I thought you had rescued me

from death once, and to be held down by that villain's hands was worse than death. Somehow, I thought you would hear me."

Trump had her hand in his by this time, and was almost crushing it.

"Hear you! Oh, Mabel! I have heard your voice crying 'Save me!' constantly since the day I drew you out upon the bank. At night and in the daytime, in the thronged city and on the roadside, in the quiet lanes and on the rough waters of the Channel, always, everywhere, I heard you; and while you repulsed me, as you did at the cathedral, I still heard you, and longed to fly to you. At the dinner that terrible night I caught just one blessed glance from your dear eyes which told me the barriers between us were gone, and when I saw you again it was here, here,"—and he stamped upon the terrace—"and Clinton was kissing your hand—this hand!" and he imitated Clinton's example on the spot. "Then I went away; I had to go, and I did not care to come back again. If I could not love you, could not devote my life to you, I could not find any prize in the present life worth a contest. How long the assurance that I had found you only to lose you again, oppressed my soul! But the other night Clinton told me of his kinship and of Sybil, and once more I could kiss this little curl, which I stole from you, poor child! when you were swooning—"

"I saw you, sir," said Mabel, turning the violets up to him, with a dewdrop on each, glittering like diamonds in the starlight. Trump put them both on his moustache.

"And you have known, Mabel, all this time that I loved you, and could never love any other—"

"I heard you say so," answered she, softly, "when I was unconscious that day."

"And you have been willing that I should love you all the time?"

"No, no!" she said, with a shudder; "while I thought you were Merton, I was in deep distress, but I could not help remembering how brave and kind you were. I knew you—might love me if we met, and I did not dare to let you speak to me when I saw you in the cathedral; because I was afraid that while you talked to me I would forget who you were. I was more ready to think of your great service than of your evil reputation. Oh, how could I look at you and believe such things!"

"I wrote everything to father two days ago. I told him of the railway accident, which I had concealed from him until then. Poor Father! Oh, Mr. Wailes! you do not know how noble, how self-denying, how tender and loving he is. When I came here, leaving him alone in dismal Blackfriars, what do you suppose induced him to let me come?"

"I cannot understand it," said Trump, gazing with rapture at the violets looking at him so trustfully, and trying to believe them while they said she loved him. "How any sane man who had the right to keep you would ever consent to part from you, passes my comprehension."

"Well, I will tell you; let us sit down here."

Mr. Harold Trumpley, in some of his oriental wanderings, had

found two sofas made of bamboo twisted into a hundred folds by Japanese fingers, but holding two people very comfortably if they would sit close. These were placed at either end of the terrace, and the young people seemed to think they were large enough. Somehow in taking the seat Trump's arm got pinned between the back of the sofa and Mabel's belt.

"Father has a poor pensioner," she began, never dreaming of Trump's imprisoned arm, "named Kirby—"

Trump started, straightening his arm out, and then unconsciously bending it.

"Excuse me," he said. "Go on."

"Well, poor old Kirby has been a great sufferer for many years; he has no lungs whatever."

"No," said Trump; "I should think not. I saw him, I suspect."

"Did you? Ah, then I know your kind heart would pity him. Poor Kirby! What did he say to you? and what did you do for him?"

"I cannot remember the exact conversation," said Trump, blushing safely under the stars. "We parted suddenly. Ah, my darling, I was thinking of you!"

"Well, poor Kirby was in great distress. Our money was all gone; none to come until next quarter-day, and then only a pittance. We would not borrow or incur debts, and I happened to see Mr. Grippe's advertisement for a companion for Heloïse, offering fifty guineas a year."

"Yes," said Trump, bending his arm a little more.

"It sounded like a fortune to us; it would buy so many delicacies for poor old Kirby's declining years. And so when I pleaded with Father for Kirby's sake, he consented. If it had not been for Kirby, you would not have risked your life to save mine—twice, twice!"

Trump's arm was a perfect semicircle now, and Mabel was so close to him that another person might easily have found room on the narrow sofa. She did not appear to know it though.

"If I live," said Trump, fervently, "to revisit Blackfriars, I will hunt up that gin-soaked old vagabond and feast him like a prince! I spoke roughly to him, my darling. My own Mabel, you have not said yet you loved me."

"Never mind the vagabonds; it is Kirby you must help, for Kirby sent me to you!"

"Yes," said Trump, deceitfully, "Kirby too."

Mr. Grippe was making frantic efforts to dance a three-legged dance without shaking the curtains—one sound leg, one defective leg, and his cane. The problem of the Halidon succession was being rapidly solved. From the drawing-room came the Squire's voice, roaring like Homer's Stentor, passing through walls and doors, and startling the couple on the terrace.

"Who the devil has got the Odd Trump?"

And while Mabel nestled closer to him, and while Grippe persisted in his saltatory efforts, she whispered—

"I think I have!"

And Trumpley stopped her mouth.

THREE OF SHAKSPEARE'S MERRY MEN.

AUTOLYCUS, THE ROGUE.

IT is a long leap from the joyous jester Feste to Autolycus, "that snapper-up of unconsidered trifles"; but I choose him next, for the sake of contrast. Some may even deny the propriety of giving him a place among the fools and jesters of Shakspeare; but the songs he sings and the wit he utters are witnesses to the truth that he was intended to fill that position in this play, while the Clown introduced, whom Autolycus so easily fleeces, is but a country booby. We must e'en take them together, and remember that the master-mind has assigned to the roguish pedler the functions of mirth-making and jollity which belong to the Shakspearean jester, and to the victim of his cunning the functions of guilelessness and foolish confidence which are proper to the clown of the rustic type. It is the business of cheater and clown so common in the old plays.

Autolycus himself tells us where he got his name from. The first Autolycus, in honor of whom his father named him, was that thieving son of Hermes, who so successfully altered the marks of other men's cattle after he had stolen them, until he was outwitted by Sisyphe, who marked his under the feet with the antique Sigma, which was indeed but the natural shape of the hoof.

Autolycus does not appear in the play until the second scene of the fourth act. There is no need, therefore, to pass the incidents of the play in review. It is enough to state that sweet Perdita, the child of the jealous Leontes and the wronged Hermione, had been exposed on the desert sea-coast of Bohemia (which, being the poetical Bohemia, and not that of geography and history, is entitled to a sea-coast) sixteen years before; that she had been found and taken up and reared by a shepherd as his daughter, and was "now grown in grace equal with wond'ring." The clown, with whom Autolycus is soon to come into contact, is the son of this shepherd, and has already uttered admirable things on that stormy seaside where Perdita was found. But that is sixteen years back, and we must keep our eyes and ears fairly open to the present, with such a pilferer as Autolycus at hand. Polixenes, the king of Bohemia, for whom the good Camillo had left the court of Leontes and his beloved Sicily, when both of them had cause to dread the mad wrath of that jealous king, was now distressed concerning the conduct of his son, Prince Florizel, having learned by secret intelligence that he haunted the house of Perdita's reputed father. The scene preceding the first appearance of Autolycus introduces to us an anxious conference between Polixenes and Camillo in the palace, which ends in their resolving to disguise themselves and proceed to the shepherd's house to investigate the matter.

This brings us to the Rogue. By his own account he has been at one time in the service of Prince Florizel, and worn "three-pile," that

is, very rich velvet ; but having dishonored that service by some rascality, he had been whipped out of the court, had passed through several grades of degradation, at last marrying a tinker's wife and turning to thievery.

He comes before us for the first time very ragged, but singing gaily, on the road near the shepherd's cottage. This is the song he sings :

When daffodils begin to peer,—
With, heigh ! the doxy over the dale,—
Why, then comes in the sweet o' th' year ;
For the red blood reigns in the Winter's pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,—
With, hey ! the sweet birds, O, how they sing !—
Doth set my pugging tooth on edge ;
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that 'tirra-lirra chants,—
With heigh ! with heigh ! the thrush and the jay :—
Are Summer songs for me and my aunts,
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

In the midst of this gay gypsy song, full of the freshness and vigor of out-door life, the daily tramp, and the sweet sights and sounds of nature, but, alas ! at the same time hinting of thefts from the hedge, ale falsely procured, and other gypsy offences against morality, not to be dwelt upon here, but which to those who recollect Partridge's scrape in the gypsy-camp, as narrated by Fielding, will be evident enough : in the midst of these fine reminiscences suggested by the words of his song, there occurs to Autolycus the recollection that he once served Prince Florizel and was arrayed in the best, but is now out of service. He does not repine at this, however, but sings :

But shall I mourn for that, my dear ?
The pale moon shines by night :
And when I wander here and there,
I then do most go right.

If tinkers may have leave to live,
And bear the sow-skin bowjet ;
Then my account I well may give,
And in the stocks avouch it.

He declares his traffic to be the sheets filched from the hedge. The lower walks of the sons of Night are his : he steals and cheats, but does not venture on open robbery. As he says, "Gallows and knock are too powerful on the highway : beating and hanging are terrors to me ; for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it."

At this point of his soliloquy, he spies the clown in the distance, cries, "A prize ! a prize !" and lies grovelling on the ground, ready to tell a tale of woe when the rustic comes up to where he grovels and groans. The clown comes on, talking to himself, and busily calculating the probable proceeds of the sheep-shearing and the purchases he is to make for that festival. Thus he soliloquises :

"Let me see.—Every 'leven wether tod ; every tod [a tod was twenty-eight pounds of wool] yields — pound and odd shilling : fifteen hundred shorn,—what comes the wool to ? I cannot do't without

computers. Let me see; what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? Three pound of sugar; five pound of currants; rice,— what will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four-and-twenty nosegays for the shearers: three-man songmen all [all able to take part in madrigals for three voices. Music was much cultivated in England in those days, and the German traveller, Hentzner, highly praises the skill of the English in music.], and very good ones, but they are most of them means [tenor-singers] and bases. But one Puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to horn-pipes. [Could Shakspeare have had the elder Milton in his mind? He was certainly eminent as a composer and musician, and he was a staunch Puritan.*] I must have saffron to color the warden pies

* John Milton, the Scrivener, lived in Bread street, not far from the famous Mermaid Tavern, and might probably enough have had some acquaintance with the wits who made that place one of their chief resorts. He was a man of no small culture, and had considerable reputation for his skill in music. Masson, in his *Life of John Milton and History of his Time*, says that "in a collection of madrigals which was published in 1601, and long after retained its celebrity he is found associated as a contributor with twenty-one of the first English composers then living. The volume consists of twenty-five madrigals, entitled *The Triumphes of Oriana*, each composed for five or six voices, but all originally intended to be sung at one entertainment in compliment to Queen Elizabeth, and perhaps in her presence. 'Oriana' was one of the Arcadian court names for the aged virgin, and the notion of getting up the madrigals had originated with the Earl of Nottingham. Thomas Morley, whose compositions are still in repute, edited the collection, and among the contributors are Ellis Gibbons, John Wilbye, Thomas Weelkes, and John Bennet. Milton's madrigal is the eighteenth in the series; and its admission proves that he was at that time—seven years before his son was born—well known in musical circles. Nor had he since then forsworn his favorite art. An organ and other instruments were part of the furniture in the house in Bread-street, and much of his spare time was given to musical study. Not to speak of compositions of his not now to be recovered—among which, according to Aubrey and Philips, the most notable was an *In Nomine*, in forty parts,' presented by him to a Polish prince, and acknowledged by the gift of a gold chain and medal—we trace his hand here and there in the preserved music of the time. In the *Tears and Lamentations of a Sorrowful Soule*—published in 1614 by Sir William Leighton Knight, one of his Majesty's Honorable Band of Gentlemen Pensioners, and consisting of dolorous sacred songs, both words and music, after a fashion then much in vogue—Milton appears along with Byrd, Bull, Dowland, Orlando Gibbons, Wilbye, Ford, and other 'famous artists,' as the editor styles them, 'of that sublime profession.' Three of the 'Lamentations' are to Milton's music. Again, in Thomas Ravenscroft's compendium of church-music published in 1621 under the title of *The Whole Book of Psalmes, with the Hymns Evangelicall and Songs Spiritual, composed into four parts by sundry authors to such severall tunes as have bene and are usually sung in England, Scotland, Wales, Germany, Italy, France, and the Netherlands*, Milton's name figures along with those of other masters, living and dead, including Tallis, Dowland, Morley, Bennet, and Ravenscroft himself. The airs in this collection harmonised by Milton are the two known in books of psalmody as Norwich and York tunes; and of the whole Hundred and Fifty Psalmes printed in the old collection after the version of Sternhold and Hopkins Ravenscroft has fitted six, viz., Psalmes V. XXVII., LV., LXVI., CII. and CXXXVIII., to the tunes so harmonised. From that time forward we are to fancy that frequently, when the above psalms were sung in churches in London or elsewhere, it was to music composed by the father of the poet Milton. Norwich and York are still familiar tunes. 'The tenor part of York tune,' according to Sir John Hawkins, was so well known in his days that 'within memory half the nurses in England were used to sing it by way of lullaby,' and the chimes of many country churches had 'played it six or eight times in four-and-twenty hours from time immemorial.' And so, apart from all that he has given us through his son, there yet rests in the air of Britain capable of being set loose wherever church-bells send their chimes over English earth, or voices are raised in sacred concert round an English or Scottish fireside, some portion of the soul of that admirable man and his love of sweet sounds."

Further on Mr. Masson gives the words of the elder Milton's madrigal:—

"Fair Oriana, in the morn,
Before the day was born,
With velvet steps on ground,
Which made nor print nor sound,
Would see her nymphs abed,
What lives those ladies led:
The roses blushing said,
'O, stay, thou shepherd maid.'
And, on a sudden, all
They rose and heard her call.
Then sang those shepherds and nymphs of Diana,
'Long live fair Oriana, long live fair Oriana!'"

Surely a sweet madrigal! and one likely enough to make Shakspeare think of the Puritan composer and singer, when conceiving a gathering of shepherds and shepherd maidens over whom was to preside a princess in disguise. The volume of madrigals was published in 1601, and all the evidence hitherto gathered in regard to the time of Shakspeare's production of *Winter's Tale*, points to its having been

[made of the warden pear] ; mace,—dates,—none ; that's out of my note ; nutmegs, seven ; a race or two of ginger, but that I may beg ; four pound of prunes, and as many of raisins o' th' sun."

At this point of his itemising, Autolycus, hugging the ground, groans out, "O, that ever I was born !" "I th' name of me—!" exclaims the clown.

Autolycus. O, help me, help me ! pluck but off these rags ; and then, death, death !

Clown. Alack, poor soul ! thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

Autolycus. O, sir, the loathsomeness of them offends me more than the stripes I have receiv'd ; which are mighty ones, and millions.

Clown. Alas, poor man ! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Autolycus. I am robb'd, sir, and beaten ; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

Clown. What, by a horseman, or a footman ?

Autolycus. A footman, sweet sir, a footman.

Clown. Indeed, he should be a footman, by the garments he hath left with thee : if this be a horseman's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee : come, lend me thy hand.

He now helps him up, Autolycus pretending to be still stiff and sore, and to be scarcely able to rise.

Autolycus. O, good sir, tenderly, — oh !

Clown. Alas, poor soul !

Autolycus. O, good sir, softly, good sir : I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

Clown. How now ? canst stand ?

Autolycus. Softly, dear sir ; [*picks his pocket*] good sir, softly : you ha' done me a charitable office.

Clown. Dost lack any money ? I have a little money for thee.

Autolycus. No, good sweet sir ; no, I beseech you, sir : I have a kinsman not past three-quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going : I shall there have money, or anything I want. Offer me no money, I pray you ; that kills my heart.

Clown. What manner of fellow was he that robb'd you ?

Autolycus. A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with trowle-my-dames [that is, to be in attendance upon great ladies, when they played in the galleries a game which seems to have resembled the various modern games depending on the skill with which balls can be rolled (*or trowled*) into holes made to receive them.] I knew him once a servant of the Prince ; I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipp'd out of the Court.

first played it 1611 ; it was probably written not long before that time. No doubt Shakspeare had heard a Bread-street concert in which the Puritan musician had himself made one of the voices which sang his own madrigal. It we suppose some such occurrence to have impressed the image of the worthy psalm-singer, who could also make holiday music, vividly upon Shakspeare's mind while he was composing *Winter's Tale*, the incident probably took place in the latter part of 1610, when the future author of *Comus* and secretary to Cromwell the Lord Protector was a little fellow of two years of age, beautiful enough to have charmed the great dramatist, had his father brought him with him to the place of gathering. It may have been the sight of this beautiful boy, reminding the poet of his own little Hamnet, whom God had taken to himself fourteen years before, which suggested those touching scenes in which the young prince Mamillius figures, relieving with their pathos of child-innocence and grief and early death the fierce passion and injustice which make the early acts of this play so painful.

Touching the above madrigal and name "Oriana," it is curious that Ben Jonson applied the same name to Anne of Denmark, James I.'s queen, when on Midsummer Day, 1603, she reached Althorpe on her progress towards Windsor Castle, and was there entertained by the Masque of the Fairies in the noble park of that place. Queen Mab instructs her elves:—

"And whilst some do hop the ring,
Some shall play, while some shall sing,
Oriana's welcoming."—

and the Song to the Queen ends—

"Long live Oriana
T' exceed (whom she succeeds) our late Diana !"

"Diana" of course being Queen Elizabeth.

Clown. His vices, you would say; there's no virtue whipp'd out of the Court: they cherish it, to make it stay there; and yet it will no more but abide.

Autolycus. Vices, I would say, sir. I know this man well: he hath been since an ape-bearer; then a process-server, a bailiff; then he compass'd a motion of the Prodigal Son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue: some call him Autolycus.

Clown. Out upon him! Prig, for my life, prig: he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

Autolycus. Very true, sir; he, sir, he; that's the rogue that put me into this apparel.

Clown. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia: if you had but look'd big, and spit at him, he'd have run.

Autolycus. I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter: I am false of heart that way; and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clown. How do you now?

Autolycus. Sweet sir, much better than I was; I can stand, and walk: I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

Clown. Shall I bring thee on the way?

Autolycus. No, good-fac'd sir; no, sweet sir.

Clown. Then fare thee well: I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing.

Autolycus. Prosper you, sweet sir! [*Exit Clown.*] Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing, too. If I make not this cheat bring out another, and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unroll'd, and my name put in the book of virtue!

[*Sings:*] Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,

And merrily hent the stile-a:

A merry heart goes all the day,

Your sad tires in a mile-a.

I have given the whole passage, because I wished the reader to take in the entire scene of clever rascality on the one side, and good-natured simplicity on the other, at one glance. It is a master's picture of what was the frequent experience of any traveller in England at that day. The old plays, collected by Dodsley and others, are full of similar scenes; and Paul Hentzner, the German who visited England in 1598, makes mention of the remarkable number of thieves in the country, and seems to regard thievery on land and piracy on the high seas as a striking trait of the English race.

In this passage, too, we have Autolycus's biography given in outline by himself, with an effrontery and shamelessness the very audacity of which makes those base traits really humorous. The clown adds to the man's self-portraiture the trait of cowardice, speaking apparently on the warrant of the scamp's general reputation. We see, too, that the rogue's method of cajolery includes a large use of flattery, and especially the flattery of a deferential manner. His oft-repeated "good sir" and "sweet sir," his "dear sir" and "good-fac'd sir," would have lulled any suspicion of the clown's, had any come into that simple-minded fellow's brains. The oily readiness with which these phrases glide from Autolycus's tongue, shows that he had divined the magical virtues of flattery long before Sterne penned his eulogium on it.

The success of this adventure makes him greedy of yet greater gains from simplicity; and not satisfied with having eased the young shepherd of his money, he promises himself to attend the sheep-shearing festival, and fleece the country bumpkins there.

The next scene takes us to the shepherd's cottage, where sweet love-discourse is going on between Perdita and Prince Florizel, the latter

being in his disguise as a "swain," while to Perdita he has made known his true rank. Soon after Polixenes and Camillo enter in disguise, accompanying the old shepherd and his son, the clown, Mopsa and Dorcas, two shepherdesses, and others of the sheep-shearing party. The absurd Mopsa of Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia* seems to have suggested the name, if not the character, of Shakspeare's.

It is in the colloquy that follows that Perdita utters such philosophical poetry about flowers, that she is generally associated in our memories with —

daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets, dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phoebus in his strength, a malady
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips, and
The crown-imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one!

But we cannot tarry, even to look on while shepherds and shepherdesses are dancing, until our rogue is announced, which presently happens. In comes a servant, crying out with open mouth and wide-staring eyes:—

O master, if you did but hear the pedler at the door, you would never dance after a tabor and pipe; no, the bagpipe could not move you: he sings several tunes faster than you'll tell money; he utters them as he had eaten ballads, and all men's ears grew to his tunes.

Clown. He could never come better: he shall come in: I love a ballad but even too well, if it be doleful matter merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing indeed, and sung lamentably.

The servant goes on with an enthusiastic description of the pedler's songs, which he describes as marvellously dainty and delicate. The clown asks if he has any fine wares for sale, to which the servant replies with an equally enthusiastic account of his goods and his style of recommending them. His master bids him bring in the pedler, with special instructions that he shall approach singing. Perdita says, "Forewarn him, that he use no scurrilous word in 's tunes"; on which the clown remarks, very justly, if we may judge from the literature of the period: "You have of these pedlers that have more in them than you'd think, sister."

And now Autolycus enters, singing —

Lawn, as white as driven snow;
Cyprus, black as e'er was crow;
Gloves, as sweet as damask roses;
Masks for faces, and for noses;
Bugle-bracelet, necklace amber;
Perfume for a lady's chamber;
Golden quoifs, and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears;
Pins, and poking sticks of steel,
What maids lack from head to heel:
Come, buy of me, come; come buy, come buy;
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry. Come, buy.

Shakspeare seems to have had in his mind here the talk of the pedler in John Heywood's "Playe called the Four PP. A newe and a very merry Enterlude of A Palmer, A Pardoner, A Potycary, A Pedler," printed some time before 1547. The Potycary asks: "What the devyll hast thou there at thy back?" To which the Pedler answers —

What dost thou nat knowe, that every Pedler
In all kinde of trifles must be a medler?
Specyally in women's tryffinges;
Those use we cheefly above all thynges.
Which thyngs to se, yf ye be disposed,
Beholde what ware here is disclosed;
This gere sheweth itself in suche bewte,
That eche man thynketh it saith come bye me.
Loke were yourself can lyke to be chooser,
Yourselfe shall make pryce, though I be a looser.

* * * * *
Who liveth in love, and love wolde wyne,
Even at this packe he must begynne.
Wherin is ryght many a proper token,
Of which by name parte shal be spoken:
Gloves, pynnes, combes, glasses unspottyd,
Pomanders, hookes, and lasses knotted;
Broches, rynges, and all manner of bedes:
Laces rounde and flat for women's hedes:
Nedyls, threde, thymbell, shers, and all such knackes,
Where lovers be, no such thynges lacks:
Syper, swathbonds, rybandes, and sleve laces,
Gyrdyls, knives, purses, and pyncaces.

The "syper" is the "cyprus, black as e'er was crow" of which Autolycus sings. Dodsley explains it to be "thin stuff of which women's veils were made"; and I think I remember hearing ladies speak of "Cyprus lawn" in my younger days.

The Pardoner asks if he can tell what it is that makes women take so long to dress, to which the Pedler replies:—

Forsoth, women have many lettes,
And they be masked in many nettes:
As frontlettes, fyllettes, partlettes, and bracelettes;
And then they bonettes and theyr poynettes
By these lettes and nettes, the lette [hindrance] is suche;
That spede is small, whan haste is muche.

But to return to Autolycus: when he has sung his song, the clown declares: "If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou should'st take no money of me: but being enthrall'd as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribands and gloves." Quoth Mopsa: "I was promis'd them against the feast; but they come not too late now." Jealous Dorcas makes an invidious insinuation at the sight of Mopsa's good fortune, which provokes as bitter a retort; and there is a pretty quarrel brewing, when the clown interposes with strong remonstrances against such unruly conduct. And now we hear again of that roguery of Autolycus's on the highway, and see with what an unabashed front he hears it spoken of. Mopsa gives over bandying reproaches with Dorcas, and reminds her admirer of his promises:—

Come, you promis'd me a tawdry lace [lace from St. Audrey's Fair], and a pair of sweet gloves.

Clown. Have I not told thee how I was cozen'd by the way, and lost all my money?

Autolycus [with brazen impudence, but putting on an air of great simplicity]. And, indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad; therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clown. Fear not thou, man; thou shalt lose nothing here.

Autolycus. I hope so, sir; for I have about me many parcels of charge.

Clown. What hast here? ballads?

Mopsa. Pray now, buy some; I love a ballad in print, o' life; for then we are sure they are true.

He shows them ballads of wonders, which stir their gaping admiration much as monstrous stories in modern newspapers excite wondering belief in the breasts of the many, in spite of the greatly boasted progress of education: being "in print," they are "sure they are true." Now comes a "merry ballad." Autolycus gives them his word for it that it is "a passing merry one, and goes to the tune of *Two maids wooing a man*: there's scarce a maid westward but she sings it; 'tis in request, I can tell you." Mopsa and Dorcas, who "had the tune on't a month ago," insist on singing it in concert with Autolycus, as it is in three parts.

Song.

Autolycus. Get you hence, for I must go;
Where it fits not you to know.

Dorcas. Whither?

Mopsa. O, whither?

Dorcas. Whither?

Mopsa. It becomes thy oath full well,
Thou to me thy secrets tell:

Dorcas. Me too, let me go thither.

Mopsa. Or thou go'st to th' grange or mill:

Dorcas. If to either, thou dost ill.

Autolycus. Neither.

Dorcas. What, neither?

Autolycus. Neither.

Dorcas. Thou hast sworn my love to be;

Mopsa. Thou hast sworn it more to me:
Then, whither goest? say, whither?

This song seems to have put the clown into admirable humor with both the shepherdesses. He has noticed meanwhile that his father and the strange gentlemen are engaged in serious talk, and so he wishes, like a discreet scñ, to withdraw his followers. "Come," says he to Autolycus, "bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both.—Pedler, let's have the first choice.—Follow me, girls." Autolycus follows him out, with a promise to himself, under breath, to fleece the rustic well, but with a gay song in his mouth:—

Will you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
Any silk, any thread,
Any toys for your head,
Of the new'st, and fin'st, fin'st wear-a?
Come to the pedler;
Money's a medlar,
That doth utter all men's ware-a.

The dance of the three carters, the three shepherds, the three neat-herds, and the three swineherds, habited as satyrs, comes next,

announced by the servant with the same ecstasy of manner with which he had announced the arrival of Autolycus.

Next comes the highly dramatic disclosure of the disguised king to his disguised son, with words, at first most harsh and cruel, launched at his son, his son's love, and the old shepherd, but softened somewhat as he gazes on Perdita's beauty. The king gone, Camillo counsels Florizel to flee with his love to Sicilia, visiting the court of Leontes under the pretext of having been sent by his father to greet him. While Camillo, Florizel, and Perdita talk aside, Autolycus enters and soliloquises on his luck:—

Ha, ha ! what a fool Honesty is ! and Trust, his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman ! I have sold all my trumpery ; not a counterfeit stone, not a riband, glass, pomander, brooch, table-hook, ballad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tie, bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my pack from fasting ; they throng who should buy first, as if my trinkets had been hallowed, and brought a benediction to the buyer : by which means I saw whose purse was best in picture ; and what I saw, to my good use I remember'd. My clown (who wants but something to be a reasonable man) grew so in love with the wenches' song, that he would not stir his petticoates till he had both tune and words ; which so drew the rest of the herd to me that all their other senses stuck in ears : . . . I would have fil'd keys off that hung in chains : no hearing, no feeling, but my sir's song, and admiring the nothing of it. So that, in this time of lethargy, I pick'd and cut most of their festival purses ; and had not the old man come in it with a whoobub ["hubbub," originally from "whoop-up"] against his daughter and the King's son, and scar'd my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army.

At this point in his triumphant summary of his deeds, embroidered with a splendid tracery of mixed metaphor, Camillo and the young pair come forward, still discussing their plans. Autolycus, alarmed, mutters to himself : " If they have overheard me now,— why, hanging." But Camillo reassures him, saying : " How now, good fellow ? why shak'st thou so ? Fear not, man ; here's no harm intended to thee."

Autolycus. I am a poor fellow, sir.

Camillo. Why, be so still ; here's nobody will steal that from thee : yet, for the outside of thy poverty we must make an exchange : therefore, discase thee instantly (thou must think there's a necessity in't), and change garments with this gentleman. Though the pennyworth, on his side, be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some boot. [Gives him his own cloak, or some rich garment, and not money, as is generally supposed.]

Autolycus. I am a poor fellow, sir. [But having his wits thoroughly about him, and spying out at once prospect of further advantage in being cognisant of a court-secret, he adds under his breath :] I know ye well enough.

Camillo. Nay, pr'ythee, dispatch : the gentleman is half flay'd already.

Autolycus. Are you in earnest, sir ?—[Aside] I smell the trick on't.

Florizel. Dispatch, I pr'ythee. [Probably offering money here.]

Autolycus. [Putting on an air of great honesty.] Indeed I have had earnest ; but I cannot with conscience take it.

Camillo. [In hot haste.] Unbuckle, unbuckle.—"

The exchange of garments is made ; but, before I allow Autolycus to get out of sight of his pedler habiliments, now on the person of Prince Florizel, I wish the reader to remark how that great master of costume, custom, and character throughout European history, Sir Walter Scott, with his wonderful eye for the picturesque causing him to note all the striking features of olden times, has not failed to introduce to our view the pedler and his wares. In *Kenilworth*, the scene of which is laid in times when Shakspeare was the boy "Sweet

Will," playing on Stratford streets, or beside the Avon, or in the neighboring woods, the hapless Countess of Leicester, mewed up by her ambitious lord at Cumnor Place, is reached by Tressilian's messenger, Wayland Smith, in the disguise of a pedler. Throughout this incident, it is evident that the great novelist had in his mind the prototype furnished by the great dramatist. The difference is that the pretended pedler in the play is a real thief, intent upon dishonest ends, while the pretended pedler in the romance is on a mission of benevolence, as he believes, and is a man of honor and generous instincts. Sir Walter's description of the pedler, on his appearance at the public-house near Cumnor Place, may be repeated here in illustration of Shakspeare's picture of Autolycus as pedler :

A lively, bustling, arch fellow, whose pack and oaken *ell-wand*, studded dully with brass points, denoted him to be of Autolycus's profession, occupied a good deal of the attention, and furnished much of the amusement, of the evening. The pedlers of those days, it must be remembered, were men of far greater importance than the degenerate and degraded hawkers of our modern times. It was by means of these peripatetic venders that the country trade, in the finer manufactures used in female dress particularly, was almost entirely carried on ; and if a merchant of this description arrived at the dignity of travelling with a pack-horse, he was a person of no small consequence, and company for the most substantial yeoman or franklin whom he might meet in his wanderings.

When Wayland Smith gets into the garden, where Countess Amy and Janet Foster are sitting in the old garden-house, it is Shakspeare's Autolycus who helps him in carrying out the character,—an anachronism of Sir Walter's worthy of Shakspeare himself, neither of these great masters of art being troubled with scruples on such points. " 'I see two females in the old garden-house yonder,' says Wayland to himself, 'but how to address them?—Stay—Will Shakspeare, be my friend in need. I will give them a taste of Autolycus.' He then sung with a good voice, and becoming audacity, the popular play-house ditty:—

Lawn as white as driven snow,
Cyprus black as e'er was crow,
Gloves as sweet as damask roses,
Masks for faces and for noses."

I remind the reader of this passage, because I love to associate the two master artists of the English language and literature, the largest-souled men of the modern world.

Now let us go back to Autolycus. The exchange of garments made, the lovers have set out for the seaside, intending to take ship for Sicilia. Camillo has gone with them to see them set sail, after which he will tell the King of their escape and persuade him to pursue them, hoping thus to see once more his native land. Upon their departure Autolycus discourses thus to himself :

I understand the business ; I hear it. To have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a cut-purse ; a good nose is requisite also, to smell out work for th' other senses. I see this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been without boot ! what a boot is here with this exchange ! Sure, the gods do this year connive at us, and we may do any thing *extempore*. The Prince himself is about a piece of iniquity ; stealing away from his father, with his clog at his heels. If I thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the King withal, I would not do't : I hold it the more knavery to conceal it ; and therein am I constant to my profession.

At this moment the old shepherd and his son appear, and the rogue mutters to himself, under breath: "Aside, aside; here is more matter for a hot brain. Every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work."

He overhears the two rustics consulting as to what is to be done in the present emergency, the younger advising his father to tell the king the secret of Perdita's finding, and to show the things found with her. The old man is resolved to take his son's counsel, and declares: "I will tell the King all, every word; yea, and his son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest man neither to his father nor to me, to go about to make me the King's brother-in-law."

In the midst of their confused discourse Autolycus comes forward to them, having plucked off his false beard, and apparently wearing some rich cloak, Camillo had given him by way of boot, over the homely garments of the Prince's disguise as a "swain," for he appeals afterwards to his courtly "enfoldings" as evidence of his gentility. He immediately accosts them in lofty style:—

How now, rustics? whither are you bound?

Shepherd. To th' palace, an it like your worship.

Autolycus. Your affairs there? what? with whom? the condition of that fardel? [pointing to the bundle the shepherd carries, containing the articles found with Perdita on the seashore] the place of your dwelling? your names? your ages? of what having, breeding? and anything that is fitting to be known, discover.

Clown. We are but plain fellows, sir.

Autolycus. A lie; you are rough and hairy! Let me have no lying: it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie; but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel; therefore they do not give us the lie.

Clown. Your worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner.

Shepherd. Are you a courtier, an't like you, sir?

Autolycus. Whether it like me or no, I am a courtier. See'st thou not the air of the Court in these enfoldings? Hath not my gait in it the measure of the Court? Receives not thy nose Court-odor from me? Reflect I not on thy baseness Court-contempt? Think'st thou, for that I insinuate, or touze from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier cap-a-pie; and one that will either push on or pluck back thy business there: whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

Shepherd. My business, sir, is to the King.

Autolycus. What advocate hast thou to him?

Shepherd. I know not, an't like you.

Clown. Advocate's the Court-word for a pheasant; say you have none.

Shepherd. None, sir; I have no pheasant, cock nor hen.

Autolycus. How bless'd are we that are not simple men!

Yet Nature might have made me as these are,

Therefore I will not disdain.

Clown. This cannot be but a great courtier. [Those, that thank God they are not as other men, making a mighty impression on the minds of the simple, in all ages.]

Shepherd. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely. [Which observation of the old man's may be due to his larger experience of life; but it may also be due to the efforts of Autolycus to keep his coarser vestments hidden under the rich "enfoldings," which I have surmised to have been received from Camillo.]

Clown. He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical: a great man, I'll warrant: I know by the picking on's teeth.

Autolycus. The fardel there? what's i' the fardel? Wherefore that box?

Shepherd. Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardel and box, which none must know but the King; and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to th' speech of him.

Autolycus. Age, thou hast lost thy labor.

Shepherd. Why, sir?

Autolycus. The King is not at the palace; he has gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy, and air himself. For, if thou be'st capable of things serious, thou must know the King is full of grief.

Shepherd. So 'tis said, sir, about his son, that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

Autolycus. If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly; the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

Clown [terribly frightened]. Think you so, sir?

Autolycus. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter; but those that are germane to him, though remov'd fifty times, shall all come under the hangman: which though it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some say he shall be ston'd; but that death is too soft for him, say I. Draw our throne into a sheep-cote! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

Clown. Has the old man e'er a son, sir, do you hear, an't like you, sir?

Autolycus. He has a son, who shall be flay'd alive; then 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest; then stand, till he be three quarters and a dram dead; then recover'd again with aquavitæ, or some other hot infusion; then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims, shall he be set against a brick wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him, where he is to behold him with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smil'd at, their offences being so capital? Tell me (for you seem to be honest plain men) what you have to the King: being something gently considered, I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs: and, if it be in man, besides the King, to effect your suits, here is man shall do it.

This speech, perhaps, furnishes us with the highest flight of our Rogue's peculiar humor. He has a malicious joy in the agony of mind he is inflicting on these simple fellows, which is akin to Feste's delight in teasing and gulling Malvolio, but which seems to me more malignant. So too, while Feste is simply charged by his mistress with "growing dishonest," Autolycus is an arrant thief, and glories in his skill and cunning. He really shows an address and an unscrupulous use of means, a clearness of vision, and Protean facility in taking on a new part, worthy of the most subtle and over-reaching diplomatist. His knowledge of court-life is extensive, and his remarks upon it are keenly satirical. Neither his humor nor his wit are as genial and sweet-natured as are Feste's; but his is, perhaps, the abler mind, swifter in invention, more prolific of schemes, more direct in purpose. He seems to be equally versatile, but in a harder and more practical sphere. In this play, the poetical part of Shakspeare's mind seems to be busy among the flowers, just as in *Twelfth Night* it dallies with music, and in the *Merchant of Venice* with music and moonlight. Now, we find Feste making the sentimental music which the Duke loves and Viola agrees with him in praising; and we find subordinate characters like Lorenzo and Jessica sharing with Portia in giving utterance to the beautiful bursts of poetry which music and moonlight have inspired, and in passing under the dominion of these enchanting spells, the most potent to charm our emotional nature. But no one ever dreams of associating Autolycus with Perdita's flowers. He sings, but the songs he sings have nothing to do with true sentiment. His animal spirits are high, and he is gay in the thick of his rogueries; but, though we laugh *at* his doings and sayings, we do not laugh *with* him. He is mere and thorough rogue, though a rogue of parts. He would have made an able Credit-Mobilier Congressman, and

a most successful carpet-bagger in the South. Yet Shakspeare, with his shrewd knowledge of the world and scorn for that conventional absurdity of "poetic justice" which belongs to false art, visits him with no retribution, and suffers him to pass out of the play unscathed. But we shall see that he does not leave our sight without expressing a regret that he had misused his abilities ; and the regret is entirely in keeping with his character, having no trace of troubled moral sense about it, but prompted solely by the conviction that his gains would be greater and a wider sphere would be open for his aspirations, were his character unsullied and his past career safely out of view. The fellow is put before us from first to last as a scoundrel of high intellectual gifts, absolutely without scruple, and glorying so much in his knavery that he sees too late, how much mere worldly success has been debarred him by it, though his cunning has sufficed to keep him from being caught in his rascalities.

The purpose he had in view of thoroughly alarming the rustics and getting them into his power, is accomplished. The clown urges his father to offer him gold, to induce him to undertake their business ; the old man yields a ready consent ; Autolycus professes to be willing to bring them to the King and ensure their safety ; and they walk on before him, according to his bidding. Meanwhile, he lets us know his design, in the following soliloquy :

If I had a mind to be honest, I see Fortune would not suffer me ; she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion ; gold, and a means to do the Prince my master good ; which, who knows how that may turn back to my advancement ? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him ; if he think it fit to shore them again, and that the complaint they have to the King concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue for being so far officious ; for I am proof against that title, and what shame else belongs to't. To him will I present them ; there may be matter in it.

He does take them on board the Prince's ship ; but, as Autolycus himself afterwards complains, the Prince "at that time, over-fond of the Shepherd's daughter, (so he then took her to be,) who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscover'd." They are taken, however, in the Prince's ship to Sicily, where the Prince and his supposed royal bride are kindly welcomed by King Leontes, though with some wonderment at their sudden and unannounced coming, and at the scanty train which attends them. The beauty of Perdita makes a great impression on Leontes and all his court, and serves to distract their attention from the suspicious circumstances under which the lovers appear in Sicily. But their sense of security is short-lived, for hardly have they received the welcome of Leontes, when a messenger arrives to announce the landing of Bohemia's King, who sends to request Leontes to attach his son. On the way to the Sicilian court, Polixenes finds the clown and his old father, who make a discovery of the finding of Perdita when a child ; and the whole truth is soon unravelled. It is our old acquaintance, Autolycus, who draws out by his questionings an account of the scene of disclosure from a gentleman who had been present when the two kings met, and the fardel was opened, and the old shepherd told his story. Or, rather, three gentlemen share the tale between them, and it is told with great ani-

mation and skill in the producing of dramatical effect. Perdita is clearly proved to be Leontes' daughter: "The mantle of Queen Hermione's,—her jewel about the neck of it,—the letters of Antigonus, found with it, which they know to be his character,—the majesty of the creature in resemblance of the mother,—the affection of nobleness, which Nature shews above her breeding,—and many other evidences, proclaim her, with all certainty, to be the King's daughter." The King and Camillo meet with joy and wonder; the two kings also meet like old friends, long parted; and the Sicilian King goes into raptures over his daughter, at the same time mourning the supposed death of her mother; while the old shepherd stands by, "like a weather-bitten conduit of many kings' reigns." It is settled, of course, that Prince Florizel and Perdita are now to be married, with glad consent and rejoicing on both sides.

While the gentlemen, who have rehearsed these events at large in the hearing of Autolycus, follow the court to the chapel in Paulina's house, where Hermione stands as a statue; the Rogue feels at last the touch of remorse which the purely intellectual perception of his errors and their fruit brings to him. "Now," cries he, "had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the Prince; told him I heard them talk of a fardel, and I know not what." But, the Prince was too love-sick and sea-sick, he goes on to say, to attend to the matter. "But 'tis all one to me; for had I been the finder out of this secret, it would not have relish'd among my other discredits." Here, the clown and his father come upon the scene; and Autolycus mutters bitterly to himself: "Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune." They are, however, more absurd than ever, in their new dignities. Listen to them and to Autolycus, once more assuming the character of flatterer; for it is the last time we shall hear the voice of our Rogue:

Shepherd. Come, boy; I am past more children, but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Clown [to Autolycus]. You are well met, sir. You denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born. See you these clothes? say, you see them not, and think me still no gentleman born: you were best say these robes are not gentlemen born. Give me the lie; do; and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

Autolycus. I know you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

Clown. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

Shepherd. And so have I, boy.

Clown. So you have: but I was a gentleman born before my father; for the King's son took me by the hand, and call'd me brother; and then the two Kings call'd my father brother; and then the Prince, my brother, and the Princess, my sister, call'd my father father; and so we wept: and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

Shepherd. We may live, son, to shed many more.

Clown. Ay; or else 'twere hard luck; being in so preposterous estate as we are.

Autolycus. I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship, and to give me your good report to the Prince my master.

Shepherd. Pr'ythee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clown. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Autolycus. Ay, an it like your good worship.

Clown. Give me thy hand : I will swear to the Prince thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

Shepherd. You may say it, but not swear it.

Clown. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boors and franklins say it, I'll swear it.

Shepherd. How if it be false, son?

Clown. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it, in the behalf of his friend. And [to Autolycus] I'll swear to the Prince thou art a tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk ; but I know thou art no tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunk ; but I'll swear it : and I would thou would'st be a tall fellow of thy hands.

Autolycus. I will prove so, sir, to my power.

Clown. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow. If I do not wonder how thou dar'st venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not.—Hark ! the Kings and the Princes, our kindred, are going to see the Queen's picture. Come, follow us : we'll be thy good masters.

And this is the last time we see Autolycus the Rogue.

HERIBERT'S KISS.

“**W**HITHER away have gone, huntsmen and knights and all,
While I have loitered here, watching the waterfall?
Yonder the dark comes down, over the Mummelsee,*—
What if its haunting sprites shower their spells on me !”

The page so debonair, in scarlet and gold arrayed,
Rushed hither and yon to find the path to the open glade :
His horn he blew amain, and then, as he paused to hear,
Only the dying note of its echo smote his ear.

“Ho ! I am lost !”—and yet, even the while he spake,
Keenly his searching eye turned to the misty lake,
And there through the rifts of green, he saw on the lonely strand,
A boat,—and a kirtled youth sprang to the beach of sand.

“God's benison !”—Heribert cried : “The Duke and his huntsmen chase
Out of my reach the boar into its hiding-place
Deep in the hills, while I, musing with idle mind,
Only through silence learn how far I am left behind.”

Then with a courtly air guidance he gently sought ;
But through the forest stalked the stranger, and answered not ;
Yet till they reached a moat, Heribert followed on ;
“What castle (he queried) this ?” but the churlish guide was gone.

*A lake in the Black Forest.

He wound his bugle loud, and a hoary seneschal
Lowered the creaking draw, and led him athwart the hall;
He parted the arras' folds, and out of the murk and gloom,
Lo! wildered and dazed he passed to the blaze of a gorgeous room.

There on the daïs sate a delicate girl, all clad
In bridal garb; and yet her face had an aspect sad
As a nun's beneath her veil, and she did not lift her eye,
As Heribert told his tale, nor once vouchsafe reply.

When with a knightly mien, he liefly begged a sign
Of grace, she mutely rose, and poured a cup of wine:
He drank, and his senses swam, and his soul was touched to flame,
As he gazed on her lily face, and eagerly sought her name.

"Erma of Windeck,"—slowly, she answered: "Of all bereft,
I am the last, lone one, of a stately lineage left:"—
Heribert heard with joy, and he dropped upon his knee,—
"I will be all in all,—more than the world to thee!"

Quick from his finger, he his mother's troth-ring drew,
And slid it upon the hand that hung so fair in view:
A sudden and radiant smile illumined the maiden's brow;
"I have waited for this, so long! Let us seek the chapel now."

And as they trode the aisle, a touch she lightly laid
On a marble form that stood in mitre and stole arrayed;
Out of its niche it stepped, and followed them slow and pale,
And solemnly stood to bless, in front of the altar-rail.

"Heribert, Count of Klein, standest thou here to wed
Erma of Windeck now,—the living among the dead?"
Heribert's lips were dumb, through the passion and shock of bliss,
But he stooped to the virgin brow, and gave, for reply, a kiss.

—Rumble, and crash, and start!—What did he seem to hear?
Only his pawing steed neighing beside his ear,—
Only the far-off shout of the huntsmen's noisy glee,—
Only the dreamy lap of the mystic Mummelsee!

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

MY THREE CHANCES.

[Concluded from our last No.]

I HAVE had a little visit from Mr. Andrews, but it was rather disappointing ; he only stayed one day, and then took leave for a long time, as he was going away on some indefinite travels. He was kind and good, as he always must be, but sadder than I could wish to see him. I told him so, and he said that it was only because he showed me his own natural self, just as he was, without concealment or deception, and what I saw was a saddened man, but not an unhappy one, he hoped. One thing I do rejoice in : Dick and he like each other cordially ; and it pleases me to know that there is one subject at least upon which I can be as effusive as I please in my conversations with my cousin, without any fear of sudden and sarcastic checks.

Cousin Carrie had refused to see me the morning I left, sending her farewells through the maid, and urging a headache as her excuse. I know this to be merely for the maid's edification, for I am resigned to the sad fate of her words, when she told me "she was done with me." My little note thanking her for her kindness has been unanswered, and so I am convinced that I am dropped for all time. Such being the case, I am positively startled when Dick brings in one morning a letter, upon which I recognise my cousin's delicate monogram.

"From Cousin Carrie, I declare!" cry I.

"Exactly," says Dick, handing it to me. "Another invitation, you hope. Don't be too sanguine."

I tear it open and read :

"*My dear Percy* :—What a long time you have been silent ! But you see I am determinedly constant, and am so anxious for another glimpse of my fair young cousin that I am going to forgive your neglect, and beg you to come and make me a visit. The season is now at its height, and I think I can make your time pass more agreeably in town than at Landon, where I fear you were badly bored, as you retreated so precipitately. Do, my dear, come ; I am really so anxious to see you. My love to your aunt, and also to Dick. I wish I were by to see what disposition he will make of such an undesired offering.

"Hoping to see you very soon,

"As ever, yours lovingly,

CARRIE L."

What a characteristic letter ! a tacit forgiveness and reconciliation ; she could not bear any allusion to things that might be unpleasant. But I don't feel very much like going, though the prospect of gaiety is always seductive to me. Rather to my surprise, Dick begs me to go ; and quite to my bewilderment, he says he will come up to town for a day or two himself during my stay.

Dick does a very sweet, kind thing to me a few days before I leave. He really is *very* good to me. One day a big box comes by express for him, and it is carried into the study, where I am soon summoned. "I have a little surprise for you, Pency," he says, in an off-hand sort of way—"a present." The cover is removed, and to my delighted gaze is discovered the most perfectly exquisite white silk dress that *anybody* has ever seen. Of course I feel stupid, and can only stare; but pretty soon the blood tingles delightfully through my veins, and I really am silly enough to feel blissful. Dick always said I was a peacock!

In an ecstatic way I begin to thank him. My cousin waves off my thanks with great indifference, and says: "It was so easily managed. You know Pennington and his wife have returned. I have often told you what good friends she and I got to be when we travelled abroad together. She really amounts to more than any woman of fashion I have ever seen; and though I don't notice that kind of thing, any one could see that she dressed perfectly. I sometimes told her that in height and outline she greatly resembled you, and so I wrote to her and asked her to get you a white dress and have it made by her own patterns. She replied that she had brought a ball-dress that would just suit from Paris with her, and as she was wearing mourning, she could let me have that. Of course I said it suited admirably, and *voilà tout!*" Dick is maddening in his perfect determination to act as if he had done nothing to deserve my thanks, and so I have to contain myself, but the joy at having *such* a dress quite goes to my heart.

When I say good-bye, I ask when I may expect to see him in town.

"In town!" he says, as if he had never heard of the place before.

"Yes," I say, holding on to his hand out of the window, though the train is beginning to move; and at last I am compelled to release it, having only obtained for answer the satisfactory retort of "when I see him."

I am not the very least bit fond of money. It is contemptible and sordid, and I am infinitely above it; but I find it wholesome to repeat this to myself constantly as I sweep up and down the grand staircase, and sink into the soft velvet carpets of Cousin Carrie's elegant mansion. And its mistress is as soft and smooth as her Turkish carpets. She will not herself, and neither will she allow me to revert to the disagreeable circumstances of our parting. She has a headache the morning after I arrive, and I am sitting with her, when a card comes up. I glance at it as she takes it, and read: "Mr. Francis Sheldon."

"Say that Mrs. Landon is indisposed," she says to the servant. "Miss Manning will be down."

"Why must I?" I say aloud, and wonder inwardly if this is my inscrutable fate, according to my cousin's decree.

"Because he is a particular friend of mine, and a man who can so much contribute to your enjoyment while you are in town. You will go out with me, of course, and it is well for you to have the acquaintance of a so important member of society as Frank Sheldon. I am too ill to go down and present you, so you can have an undisturbed tête-à-tête with Mr. Sheldon; no great hardship according to his idea,

for I admit he has an amount of conceit which one pardons when one remembers its causes."

"Nothing excuses conceit in a man, to my mind," say I sententiously, and then I descend.

Mr. Sheldon is quite handsome, and Mr. Sheldon is particularly well-dressed — or rather I should say handsomely dressed, for though his costume is not sufficiently reprehensible to be foppish, yet it is too noticeable, I think. Mr. Sheldon is all that I have said ; but more than all, he is gracious and flattering to an amazing degree. He makes the greatest effort to please me, and he is too much in earnest not to meet with some kind of success. But it puzzles me to divine the cause of his excessive agreeableness. He cannot have designs on me either as an heiress, a belle, or a possible future sensation. If my vanity should suggest the latter cause, I have from his manner a *positive* conviction that all this mode of operations has been pre-arranged and pre-determined. He asks if my cousin is going to take me to the opera this evening, and I say I think not. He then sends a servant to offer his box. My cousin accepts, and he then invites me for a drive this afternoon, which I decline, pleading fatigue. Will I let it be to-morrow, then? I consent, and he leaves with a beaming "au revoir." What does it mean? I consult Cousin Carrie, and she confesses she does not know, "unless he has fallen in love at first sight." I then tell her my reasons for being sure it was all pre-arranged, and her reply is something equivalent to advising me not to quarrel with my bread and butter.

Well, at night, a lovely bouquet comes, with Mr. Sheldon's compliments, and at the opera he never leaves my chair. I am presented to a great many people, but am old-fashioned enough to wish to hear the music, and so I repel all conversational advances. The next evening Mr. Sheldon comes to take me driving. I look out of the window at his equipage. Dear me! *is* he trying to find the road to my heart? Because if he is, he has almost succeeded. I am really devoted to fine horses, and he is driving four regular beauties. As I take my seat at his side I feel delightfully inspirited, and yet sensibly conscious of the fact that there is such a thing as feeling *too* elate. I have never driven four-in-hand before, and I suppose the feeling would wear off.

Well, that lovely ride ends, but it is followed by many others, and Mr. Sheldon is more and more devoted. Finally, his devotion culminates in his announcing a grand ball, to be given at his house in my honor. I rather try to avoid this, but my efforts seem ungracious, and so I let matters take their course. I feel quite uncomfortable when he asks for Dick's address in order that he may send him a card, and I am comforted by the certainty that he will not come. Cousin Carrie constantly questions me as to what I am going to wear, but I always answer simply "white ;" and with that ambiguous remark she is fain to content herself. She even takes occasion to show me her own velvet robes, and to indicate to her maid, in my hearing, that the dressing will be perfectly superb, as it is to be *the* ball of the season. I keep my lovely Paris dress a most profound secret ; and when I descend and enter the drawing-room where she is awaiting

me, she is quite unprepared for my radiant appearance. I walk up the long room in a blaze of light ; my gleaming robes shimmering softly, are reflected in the mirrors surrounding the walls. I try not to look conscious, but I fear with only partial success. I have a very changeable style, and I am not regularly beautiful enough to be perfectly sure of myself always. Perhaps this is the first time in my life that I admit that I am quite satisfied with my appearance. Nothing could be more charming than my toilet ; the dress is a perfect fit, and has a set and finish about it which is delightfully new to a girl who has been used to clothes made either by herself or by country dress-makers. I know that shape is my strong point ; my neck, arms and hands are my chief beauties, and so I can afford to dispense with the ornaments which would be positively necessary if I had any prominent bones to cover. Around my throat only I clasp a long string of rare seed-pearls that were my mother's ; they are my only possession in the way of jewelry. Cousin Carrie is in raptures, but I will spare you the recital of them, for they cannot, in the nature of things, be as agreeable to other people as to me.

My cousin's admiration having spent itself, we go to Mr. Sheldon's. Oh, that ball ! Its delights ! its joys ! Its beautiful women and kingly men ! Its smooth springing floor ! Its wild sweet music ! Its gorgeous flowers and dazzling lights ! — flowers that were fair enough to bloom upon the road to Paradise, and music sweet enough to come from out its opened doors ! Listen, while I tell my happy story ; how the same Pency Manning who went to that ball full of her own selfishness, pride and vanity, came away humbled, quieted, subdued, by a love too deep for selfishness — a love so perfect, so full, so true, that henceforth my only pride shall be to know that I have won his love, my only vanity to seem comely in his eyes ; my only ambition to live so with him on earth that we may never separate through all eternity. But these memories make me wander.

When the ball is at its height, and I have danced and danced until my breath comes fast and my head swims round and round, Mr. Sheldon, who has been most kind and attentive to me, with a thoughtfulness which pleases and surprises me, comes and takes me out for a little rest. I ask him, as we go : " Cannot we find some place where it is quiet, and where there are no people ? "

He leads me into the library, but there couples are talking and flirting in the half-light, and one cannot hope to rest unobserved ; but he passes through here, and raises a curtain at the other end of the room. I supposed that this curtain concealed a window ; but no, it is a door ; and as he opens it, I fairly start at the magic beauty of the little apartment into which, without speaking, he leads me. As we enter, a curtain of white velvet falls to behind us, concealing the door on this side also. The entire side of the little room which faces me is made of stained glass, through which the lights in the hall shine with a thousand tender gleams. The whole of the furnishing of the room is white — lounge, chairs, and even carpet. At one end there is a figure of Hebe supporting a vase of exquisitely lovely flowers ; the figure is of a sort of mellow glass that looks like moonlight, and the fragrance of the flowers is divine. There is no light in the room

except that which shines through the glass, and throws its many-colored hues upon the white hangings and ornaments in the room. As I stand in its softened radiance and breathe the perfumed air and listen to the music, which in the ball-room sounds loud and wild, but here is only dreamy and tender, a kind of heavenly quietness comes over me, and in this dreamy state I hear Mr. Sheldon saying he will leave me here to rest awhile, and after he has filled an engagement for the next dance, he will come and join me. I see the white folds of the curtain settle in front of the door as it closes behind him, and still I stand and dream. It seems so strange to me to be in such an elysian atmosphere ; everything is so beautiful, luxurious and tasteful, that I feel a keen sense of enjoyment.

I am standing, as I say, with my back to the light, and the thousand hues of azure, of rose, and of purple, are surrounding me like an aureole and flooding my white garments. Thus I appear to the man who opens the door, who stands and looks at me in wonder for a moment, and who then exclaims aloud :

“It is the East, and Juliet is the Sun !”

I spring forward at the sound of the familiar voice ; my delight at seeing my Cousin Dick overcome for the moment by my amazement at discovering a poetical phase in his character.

“Dick !” I say, in wonder, “*is* this you, and do you *know* that this is *me* ?”

“Both facts are equally evident to me ; and even if I was betrayed for once into quoting poetry, I have not quite lost my senses ; or if I had, your bad grammar has had the effect of restoring me.”

He is speaking with his old disagreeable candor, and now I recognise my cousin. “Richard is himself again,” I say. “I can quote Shakspeare too, you see ; though my passage may not be quite so poetical, it is equally to the point. But do, for once in your life, say a pleasant thing to me, and tell me that I looked so nice you did not know me. Now, honor bright ! don’t you see that I am looking my very best to-night ?”

“I only see that the fine feathers have had the effect that tradition ascribes to them,” he answers. “But, Pency, I have no time for nonsense.”

“*Merci !*” I interrupt, but he does not heed me.

“I have something particular to say to you,” he goes on. “Pennington has been down to see me, and told me the thing I am going to tell you. Be quiet and listen — we are pressed for time.”

Thus adjured, I sit down by him, and listen intently to the following recital, which my cousin gives in a hurried sort of way :

“Pennington tells me, that whilst at the club one evening he heard a conversation among several of the young swells of the town, and that pretty soon the sound of your name attracted his attention. Having heard it from me, and knowing you to be my cousin, he listened ; they were talking loudly, and with no thought of privacy. Young Jackson was saying that Mrs. Landon had told him that her cousin, Miss Manning, was coming on to make her a visit, and he added that he had heard from Albert Reede that you were a beauty,

very fascinating, &c. Whereupon, some one remarked to Frank Sheldon, who was present: 'Frank, you should have some one at the head of that establishment of yours. You and Mrs. Landon are great friends: here's your chance now; go in and win.' As the story goes, Mr. Sheldon's reply was: 'My sister suits me very well, and she is ten times less trouble than a wife would be. However, I should not mind a flirtation with this new girl, and I might go so far as an engagement, perhaps. I don't imagine after I got that far I should feel inclined to go further. However, that is as it may be.' Whereupon, Mr. Jackson remarked: 'Frank, you have such confounded advantages over us poor fellows. With your establishment and carriages and money to back you, you could bring the girl to terms in a very short time.' 'Suppose I undertake it: how long a time will you give me?' Mr. Sheldon said. Here the men gathered around and offered to bet, Mr. Sheldon announcing that he was willing to bet that in three weeks' time he would be engaged to marry you.

"My dear Pency," my cousin continued, "I hate to tell you this mortifying thing; but the fact is, Pennington says that people are beginning to report you engaged already, and the three weeks will be out to-morrow night. If it would only answer the purpose, it would delight me to give that fellow a thrashing; but you see that would not stop people's tongues."

I am bitterly, furiously mortified and angry. "I see through it all now," I say. "I see now why it was that from the very first he made such extreme exertions for my favor; I see now what he wanted when he asked me to appoint an hour to-morrow for a very particular conversation. He meant to dazzle me with his ball and his establishment, and then he meant to follow it up to-morrow with his disgraceful purpose. Oh, I *must* outwit him! There is yet time. What can I do?"

"For heaven's sake don't let him see that anything has happened," says my cousin, excitedly. "I hear some one."

"Do not fear," I say, rising, and calming myself to meet Mr. Sheldon. Scarcely ten minutes have elapsed since he left me in this room, and now with what changed feelings I see him return! He approaches with a surprised look at my companion.

"My cousin, Mr. Drayton, Mr. Sheldon," I say.

They bow politely, and Dick says: "I saw you bring Miss Manning here, and when you left I ventured to join her. If you have an engagement, Pency, I'll see you later."

"My cousin has just reached town," I say to Mr. Sheldon, "and has news for me from home. I shall throw over the next dance or two, as I am anxious to talk to him. Yours does not come yet, Mr. Sheldon; I shall not forget to be ready for that." I say this with a look that sends him away beaming.

As the door closes, I make a gesture of disgust. "Bah!" I say. "Dick, what is to be done? Before I leave this house I am determined to spoil his plan, and to treat him just as horridly as he thought he would treat me. If I were only engaged to somebody, I could announce it to them to-night; that would be the very thing. Dick, won't you let me be engaged to you just for the occasion?"

I say it with a laugh, but I cannot account for the fluttering of my heart as the possibility of my being engaged to Dick for the first time presents itself to my mind. Neither can I account for the hoarse way in which Dick answers: "No, by heaven! I could do anything for you but *that*."

For a moment I am mute; I feel so excited and so scared. "Oh, Dick," I say, "have I hurt you?" and I go closer and put my hand upon his arm. He takes my small flushed face into his large hot hands and looks into my eyes. He looks and looks, until my heart beats painfully; and when I drop my eyes before his searching gaze, I have seen it all. In that minute it all comes to me — I love him more than life, and (I see it in his faithful eyes) he loves me dearly.

This silence, blissful as it is, is choking me. My heart flutters like a bird; I try to speak, but I can find no words. I feel faint, and his strong arm holds me up; and then, with my head upon his breast, he speaks to me and tells me all.

Here I pause. I could have borne to tell of Frank Sheldon's love-making, for that could only be of the common kind. I can even bear to write the dignified and gentle words that Mr. Andrews spoke; and if I thought it could edify you, many more such scenes I could describe. I feel no vanity in saying this — those things are too trifling to me now. But I will never tell to any one the words my dear old boy says to me now. No one but just *me* alone has ever seen him what he is to-night; no one but I knows the noble heart, the tenderness, the delicate feeling of my dear cross old Cousin Dick.

I know not how long we stay there. My story is a short one. I know that I had never loved before, and now it seems to me that I *must* have always loved my dear old boy; and to think that all these years his faithful heart has been loving me!

After a while, and in some way, we become conscious that there are others in the world besides ourselves; and as I rise from my seat and hear the swell of the distant music, remembrances come rushing back, and Frank Sheldon, like the evil serpent, enters into our Paradise.

"Oh, Pency!" says Dick, "how can we bear to go back among all those people? Leave me to settle with Frank Sheldon; it is my duty now. I cannot have you worried with thoughts of his baseness."

"No, Dick, that will not do. I know how to manage it all. For my sake, leave me now; I beg that you will, and to-morrow come and see me and I will tell you all."

After some persuasion he promises compliance, and we enter the ball-room just in time for Mr. Sheldon's dance. He comes and takes me from Dick, and then I watch with pride my dear boy's form, a head and shoulders above the other men as he wends his way out of the house. It is very late, and the rooms are thinning fast. Mr. Sheldon tells me during the dance that there is to be a little supper for a few of the favored guests, and I acquiesce with delight in his invitation to remain. I, however, pretend that Cousin Carrie must be consulted, and so we go and find her. I say I wish to have a few words with her in private. Mr. Sheldon turns away, and I whisper hurriedly: "Cousin Carrie, this Mr. Francis Sheldon — this friend of yours, is an unprincipled man; he has made bets at his club that he

will be engaged to me in three weeks' time. To-morrow that term expires, but to-night is mine. I will outwit him yet, and you are not to be surprised at anything I do or say. I am engaged to my Cousin Dick, and I intend that every one shall know it by to-morrow. This midnight supper will answer my purpose admirably. You have only to be quiet, and when the time comes I will speak." I take Mr. Sheldon's arm and walk off, not glancing back to see the effect of my words, but knowing that my cousin is too habitually superficial to betray by look the thing I have just told her.

The supper is very select, only eight persons, and Mr. Sheldon's selections are the very ones I should have made, had I been permitted to choose them; no people could suit better to propagate my announcement than they. Mr. Jackson is there, and several men whom I recognise as members of Mr. Sheldon's club. Mr. Sheldon proposes my health, and in return I make a very witty speech. At least I think it is witty, and they laugh as if it were; but I am afraid ever to repeat it for fear that Dick may deceive me in that regard, and for the same reason I must be silent here. I feel in perfectly exuberant spirits, and say in a happy way: "How delightful a little company like this is! So much more pleasant than a great crowd of uncongenial souls. Don't you think so, Mr. Jackson?"

"Indeed I do," he answers. "I always thought it would be a good idea to have this sort of a wedding-party. One always feels then that one must manage to have things jollier than at any other time; and if it wasn't for offending a great crowd of relations, I should introduce the fashion at my own wedding, but unfortunately I cannot."

Here I say: "I like your plan so much, Mr. Jackson, that as you cannot adopt it, I hope you'll permit me to. I have only two relations who *could* be offended at not receiving an invitation. One is Cousin Carrie, who will of course be invited, and the other is the happy man. As I think I may assume that I am among good friends only, and as I leave town to-morrow, I will announce to you here the fact of my engagement to Mr. Richard Drayton, and beg this very same party to honor me with their presence at the marriage, which will take place soon. Come, Mr. Sheldon, you must offer a toast for my happiness, as I have been so confidential with you all."

Cousin Carrie victorious to the last! That woman should have been commander-in-chief of an army; with the most admirable tact she responds to my speech, and confirms my announcement to the astonished guests, thus giving poor Mr. Sheldon time to recover himself and to propose his feeble toast. He, in some manner, accomplishes it, and then the party breaks up. As I get into the carriage, I say to him: "Remember, I will be ready to receive you at twelve to-morrow, Mr. Sheldon." He answers quickly: "Pray excuse me, Miss Manning, an important matter of business will prevent my seeing you." He is so confused and nervous that I spare him any further conversation, but as I lower the window, merely say: "But you will surely come and tell me good-bye; I do not leave till four." The noise of the carriage-wheels drowns his answer, and so I ride away, and I have seen my last of Mr. Sheldon.

I am so nervous and excited, and have been so wrought up and

agitated, that I feel fairly weak. Cousin Carrie is remarkably reticent, indeed she sinks back in her corner of the carriage and repels all my advances. During all the drive home she makes but one remark.

"I have given you two good chances," she says, "and you have thrown them both away. You wanted your own way, and you have it. Two splendid chances utterly thrown away! I wish you joy of your third!"

Few wishes have ever been realised as perfectly at that one is to me; and when I think with gratitude of all my happiness, I forgive Cousin Carrie heartily, the tone of deep disgust in which her kind wish was expressed.

SHERILL KIRR.

GASTON DE LEVIS,
LEADER OF A LOST CAUSE.

I.

A LITTLE to the north of the citadel of Quebec, the esplanade known as Durham Terrace marks the site of the Château of St. Louis, eyrie of the Governors-General of New France, whence fiery Frontenac hurled defiance at Sir William Phipps, and where were planned the scalping-parties which filled the borders of New England with fire and blood. The low building perched

"—on a rock, whose haughty brow
Frowned o'er St. Lawrence' swelling tide,"

stretched along the edge of the cliff, its sides overhanging the town below. On the night of September 13th, 1759, a mournful group was assembled within its walls. Around a sick-bed there were grouped the uniforms of France stained with the marks of recent battle, the black robe of the Jesuit and the sombre gray of the Ursuline nun. He who lay upon the bed was a man of forty-seven years, of low stature and diminutive frame, growing even smaller as his muscles relaxed with approaching dissolution. His handsome face was pinched with pain, and his eyes, usually as bright and piercing as the eagle's, were misting over with the film of death.* Twelve hours before, he was riding on "a black horse in front of his lines, bearing his sword high in air, encouraging his men to do their duty. He wore a uniform

* *Mémoires sur les affaires du Canada, 1749-1760*; published at Quebec, 1838. It is written by an actor in the events it describes.

with large sleeves, and the one covering the arm he held in the air, falling back, disclosed the white linen of his wristband."* Shot through the loins, while the wreck of his army streamed over the pontoon-bridge across the St. Charles, or took refuge from the enemy behind the city wall, Louis Joseph de Montcalm-Gozon, Marquis de St. Véran, had been brought here to die.†

Upon his fall, the command was resumed by de Vaudreuil, the Governor-General, a man without military ability, but with sense enough to know his defects. Although a bitter jealousy existed between Montcalm and himself, he hesitated not to seek the former's advice as to future action. There were but three courses left, said the dying general: to fight again at once; to retreat beyond the Jacques Cartier river; or to capitulate for the whole colony.‡ Although he refused to give further details, or to recommend any line of action, his time being short, he said, and more important duties before him, still it was gathered from his depression of spirits that he regarded the cause as hopeless, and thought capitulation the only course to follow. It has been asserted that he said he would engage to beat three times the number of such soldiers as he commanded, with one-third of their force of British troops.§ Exactly what statements he did make during the few hours before his death is matter of dispute, but one remark which gives the key-note of his thoughts is well authenticated. Being informed by the surgeon that his wound was mortal, that he might live a day, probably less: "So much the better," he rejoined; "I shall not live to see the surrender of Quebec." He might have added: "and the end of French dominion in the New World,"¶ for with the loss of that rocky citadel, which barred all intercourse with the mother-country, the cause of New France was a lost cause.

Its circulation clogged with the cumbrous forms of an effete and alien feudalism, it could not grow to health. Deriving all its support from France, the helpless and dependent child of a paternal government in the most extended sense of the term, it had been taught to walk before it learned to creep. Like some exotic shrub that springs up under the generous warmth of summer, it spread its branches far and wide, but it had not the vital strength to withstand the winter's cold; and while the English colonies were growing stronger every year, dry rot was at work within the structure of New France. Although not destined to a permanent existence, its story, as told by its historian (Parkman), is beautiful as an idyll and stirring as an epic poem; soldier and priest vie with each other in adorning its pages. The Paladins of the western world: Champlain forcing his canoes up the brown and angry current of the Ottawa, or floating towards an unknown land on the sapphire waters of the lake that bears his name; La Salle

* Joseph Trahan, an eye-witness—quoted in Le Moine's *Maple Leaves Series*, 1873.

† Knox, vol. ii, p. 77, says that Montcalm died in the general hospital; the general current of tradition in Quebec favors the supposition that he was taken to the Château St Louis. The general hospital was on the line of retreat to the entrenched camp at Beauport; but as Montcalm was shot when a little in advance of the St. Louis gate, the theory that he was taken to the château has a certain amount of plausibility: it has received the sanction of Garneau, the native historian of Canada.

‡ *Mémoires sur Canada*, p. 166. Documents relating to the colonial history of New York. Paris documents, vol. x, p. 1040.

§ Knox, vol. ii, p. 78.

¶ "Quebec once taken, the colony is lost." Montcalm to Belle Isle, April 12th, 1759. Paris Doc. x, 960.

building a fort on the Illinois and drifting down the broad bosom of the Mississippi to found his ill-starred colony on the shores of Matagorda Bay; D'Iberville, the Cid of New France, bearing aloft her victorious standard from Mexico to Hudson's Bay; Dollard des Ormeaux, the Canadian Leonidas, and his sixteen comrades marching out alone to face twelve hundred foes, and for eight long days holding seven hundred Iroquois at bay on the borders of the Long Saut Rapids; St. Lausson planting the cross at the Straits of Mackinaw; Coleron de Bienville burying the plates of lead engraved with the arms of France at the mouth of the Muskingum; Verendrye de Varennes wandering and warring amid uncouth Indian tribes on the head-waters of the Saskatchewan; the little band of Jesuit martyrs; Isaac Jogues led in triumph and torture through the Mohawk towns; the stalwart form of De Brébeuf, standing with the red-hot hatchets round his neck amid the ruined lodges of the Huron mission; Anne de Nouë, his hands clasped upon his breast, his marble brow upturned towards heaven, kneeling frozen to death amid the snow-drifts on the banks of the Richelieu: these are the heroes of New France. They spread her name throughout the continent, from the dreary shores of Hudson's Bay to the tepid waters of the Rio Grande, from the Banks of Newfoundland to the foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains. But they strove for too much; they neglected to secure what they had acquired; vaulting ambition o'erleaped itself; they grasped for an empire, and they lost a kingdom. Despite the fostering care of government, the population of New France stagnated. Quebec was founded in 1608, Plymouth in 1620; yet at the time of the conquest, Canada only contained 70,000 souls, while Massachusetts Bay could muster 40,000 men capable of bearing arms.

Dark days came upon the colony; the growing young giants across the border could ill brook an alien neighbor. Kindling in the western settlements, the flames of war spread over two oceans and three continents. At the mouth of the Senegal, among the Philippine Islands, in the West Indies, and on the plains of Hindustan, the contest raged. To the traders of France and the courtiers and courtesans of Louis XV., the petty settlements for cod-fishing at St. Pierre and Miquelon, and the little islands of Granada, Dominica, and Tobago, appeared of more value than the princely realm of Canada.* Ten weak battalions, recruited almost entirely in the colony, were sent from home. With one instalment of these regular troops, however, there came two towers of strength in the persons of Montcalm and de Lévis. Under these leaders the colony had a bright gleam of success, soon clouded over. After Oswego came Louisburg; after the capture of Fort William Henry, the loss of Fort du Quesne; after the victory of Carillon (Ticonderoga), the destruction of Fort Frontenac. Montcalm wrote home: "Canada will be taken this spring, or assuredly during the next, if there be not some unforeseen good luck, a powerful diversion by sea, . . . or some gross blunder on the part of the English."† Three months later he stood face to face with his foe before Quebec.

* Garneau. Berryer, the Minister of Marine, said to Bougainville, who was soliciting reinforcements for the colony: "Quand le feu est à la maison, on ne s'occupe pas des écuries." The indignant colonel replied: "On ne dira pas du moins, Monsieur, que vous parlez comme un cheval."—*Dist. Hist. des Généraux Franc.* Art. Bougainville.

† Montcalm to Belle Isle, April 12, 1759. *Paris Doc.* x. 960.

A last appeal was made to the colony, and was nobly responded to. "Men of eighty and boys of thirteen were seen coming to the camp, who would never consent to take advantage of the exemption granted to their age. Never were subjects more deserving of the bounty of their sovereign, on account either of their constancy at labor, or their patience under the difficulties and wretchedness, which [were] extreme."* Then came the brilliant success at Montmorenci, quickly followed by evil news from Niagara. Montcalm detached Bougainville with 2000 men to guard the St. Lawrence above Quebec, and sent his right arm, de Lévis, with 800 regulars, to restore the cause in the west. The next act in the drama is a school-boy's story: the brilliant enterprise of Wolfe; the battle on the Plains of Abraham; the glorious fall of the English general,

—"upon the lap
Of smiling Victory, that moment won ;"

the rout of the French army, and the death of the great captain who had so often led it to victory.

The defeated army assembled in the horn-work which protected the pontoon-bridge over the St. Charles. "Dread and consternation were general."† Officers, even in the presence of their men, loudly proclaimed that all further struggle was hopeless, and that the only course left was to surrender the colony.‡ The command of the forces in the field, although nominally held by the Governor-General, had been really exercised by Montcalm, and was to descend to his successors in the line of military rank. De Sennezergues and St. Ours, the two brigadiers, had fallen; de Lévis, Bourlamaque and Bougainville were absent, and Vaudreuil, the Governor-General, assumed the actual command of the army. Immediately on hearing of Montcalm's wound he had despatched a courier to Montreal to recall de Lévis, and now entering the bridge-head, he ordered the troops back to their camp and summoned the commanders of the different corps to a council of war. They voted unanimously to retire at once to the Jacques Cartier river, some thirty miles distant. In vain did the Intendant, Bigot, represent that they should not abandon their tents and stores, to retire to a quarter where, there being few houses, the army would be exposed to cold and hunger; in vain did he urge them to remain until the provisions, which had been collected with the greatest difficulty, could be thrown into the town.§ De Vaudreuil at first urged them to try again the fortune of war, but they were under the sway of panic, and he yielded to the opinions of his council, and to the views supposed to have been expressed by Montcalm that a further contest was hopeless.¶ It was decided to retreat as soon as the approach of night should conceal the movement from the enemy. The provisions of Quebec, which in consequence of a conflagration had been

* *Journal of Operations of Montcalm's Army* (Paris Doc. x. 1017.)

† Narrative attributed to the Chevalier Johnstone. He was a Scotch Jacobite, who came to Canada as aide-de-camp to the Chevalier de Lévis. He is supposed to be the author of three documents preserved in the French War Department, which have been published by the Quebec Historical Society.

‡ *Journal of Operations* (Paris Doc. x. 1040.)

§ Bigot to Belle Isle, Oct. 25th, 1759, in *Paris Doc.* x.

¶ "Vaudreuil listened to everybody, and was always of the advice of him who spoke last."—Johnstone.

deposited in a suburb near the ovens, had been plundered by the enemy; owing to the want of wagons, fifty barrels of flour were all that could be thrown into the city; the rest, together with stores of beef and pork, twenty-six cattle on the hoof and 2000 gallons of brandy, were abandoned.* At 9 p. m. de Vaudreuil gave his last instructions to M. de Ramezay, governor of the citadel, "as soon as he failed of provisions to hoist the white flag"; then leaving his tents standing and abandoning even the officers' baggage, he commenced his retreat. Never was rout more complete; no one was willing any longer to recognise either authority or commander.† The army held its disorderly course up the left bank of the St. Charles, and crossed the stream where its brown waters whiten into foam over the rocks at Indian (Jeune) Lorette. Thence, pushing on through Old Lorette and making a wide détour around the rear of the English forces, they marched all night, and arrived early on the morning of September 14th at St. Augustin, twelve miles from Quebec.

On his passage through Indian Lorette, where to this day the tourist sees the pale-faced remnant of the Hurons planted there after the ruin of the Jesuit mission by the Iroquois in 1650, de Vaudreuil compelled its scanty band of warriors to join his army. Despite this accession of strength, his forces were less on his arrival at St. Augustin than when he left the camp at Beauport. The line of retreat had led through corn-fields, meadows and pastures,‡ with the crops half gathered, and by farm-houses clustering close along the road, whose only inhabitants were women and children. Such of the troops as had been raised in the district of Quebec were by no means ready to leave their wives and children the lonely prey of a cold and hungry winter, while they followed the fortunes of a beaten army and a disheartened general. Under cover of night, desertions increased with fearful rapidity; a few days of such attrition, and the skeletons of the regular battalions would alone be left to defend the colony. By the night of the 14th the army had reached Pointe-aux-Trembles, twenty miles from Quebec, while Montcalm, who had died at four A. M., was laid to rest in the Ursuline Chapel.§

Surely the cause of New France was a lost cause.

II.

It was lost, but not abandoned. The struggle was hopeless, and blood and suffering would have been saved had the third course suggested by Montcalm been followed; but fate had decreed that the last year of French rule in Canada should be illumined by another gleam of victory: another name was to be added to the long

* *Paris Doc.* x. 1048.

† Daine to Belle Isle; Bernier to Belle Isle. *Paris Doc.* x. 1015-1003. Johnstone.

‡ Kalm, iii. p. 154.

§ It is generally stated that he was buried in a trench excavated outside of the Ursuline Chapel, by the bursting of a bomb; but according to the register of burials, he was interred *inside* the chapel. Such was the confusion in the city at the time of his death that neither carpenter nor materials for making a decent coffin could be procured. At last a person connected with the convent collected a few old boards and made a rude box, in which his body was placed. On opening the grave in 1833, the remains crumbled to pieces, except the skull, which was removed and is now preserved in the Ursuline Convent. Strange to say, it bears the marks of wounds received during his campaigns in Italy and Bohemia.—*Miles' Canada*, p. 414, note.

bead-roll of doughty warriors and gallant gentlemen whose deeds ornament its history. While the army was retreating from the camp at Beauport, a courier was riding post-haste towards the southwest, following the road which hugged the St. Lawrence from Quebec to Montreal. As he passed through the hamlets, which made the shore seem like one long village,* he spread the mournful news of the defeat and death of Montcalm and the expected fall of Quebec. Reaching Montreal at 6 A. M. of the 15th, he handed his despatches to the Chevalier de Lévis, now become the leader of the lost cause.

François-Gaston, Chevalier de Lévis-Leran, was born at the Château d'Ajax, in the province of Languedoc, on the 23d of August, 1720. He came of a family whose pride of birth claimed a nobler ancestry than Montgomeries or Montmorencis. Upon the strength of their name they asserted that they could trace their lineage back to the royal princes of the house of Judah. They possessed a picture which represented the then representative of the house of Lévis doffing his cap to the Virgin Mary, who kindly says, "*Couvrez-vous, mon cousin.*"† The Chevalier de Lévis entered the army at the age of fifteen as a subaltern in the Regiment de la Marine. He made the campaign of the Rhine in 1737, and there earned his promotion to a captaincy. He saw plenty of active service in Alsace and Suabia, and took part in Belle Isle's expedition into Bohemia and his memorable retreat from Prague. In 1746 he joined the army of Italy, and it is related of him that, having wandered with his cousin, Marshal Mirepoix, far in advance of their troops, the self-possessed pair captured two Piedmontese battalions on whom they stumbled, by telling them they were surrounded and had better surrender at once.‡

His distinguished services in European warfare, and a rare union of a bold and adventurous spirit with great coolness and presence of mind, led to his selection as a brigadier to accompany Montcalm to Canada in 1756. He was Montcalm's superior in purely military ability, though the latter's other brilliant qualities have made him the more prominent figure of the two; but a thorough disciplinarian himself, he knew how to obey his superior officers without jealousy or dispute. While there was bitter animosity between Montcalm and the Governor-General, de Lévis remained on good terms with both parties. He was trusted and consulted on all occasions with the greatest frankness by Montcalm, while de Vaudreuil turned eagerly to him for aid and counsel when all seemed lost on the Plains of Abraham. He had already done good service in America. Victory had always rested with the French when he appeared on the field; nay, it was even said that when Montcalm was about to abandon the siege of Fort William Henry, he was only held to his task by the earnest arguments of his subordinate. De Lévis had received his well-earned commission of brigadier in February of this year (1759), and had just added to his list of triumphs the brilliant repulse of Wolfe's attack at the fords of Montmorenci. Montcalm held the

*"The country on both sides [is] delightful, . . . and the fine state of cultivation [adds] greatly to the beauty of the scene. It could really be called a village beginning at Montreal and ending at Quebec, which is a distance of more than 180 miles; for the farm-houses are never above five arpents, and sometimes but three, asunder, a few excepted."—*Kalm's Travels* (in 1749), iii. p. 81.

† Walpole — Letter to H. Mann, August 7, 1749.

‡ *Dict. Hist. des Gen. Fran.*, Article de Lévis.

reins of discipline with a loose hand, but de Lévis was a martinet. In consequence, though the regular troops under his immediate command were the best in the army, he was cordially hated by many of the colonials, prominent among whom was Rigaud de Vaudreuil, the Governor-General's brother.* De Lévis was of a sober and reflective mind, full of courage both moral and physical, of a hopeful temperament, and possessing that high opinion of the requirements of military duty which scrupulously exacts the use of every exertion, even in a hopeless cause.† He was preëminently the man for a desperate crisis.

On the 9th of August, Montcalm had sent this able officer up the St. Lawrence with eight hundred veteran soldiers, to solve the problem presented by the fall of Niagara.

In addition to the expedition under Wolfe, the English ministry had again adopted the plan of a simultaneous invasion of Canada by two other armies—Amherst's on the Champlain route, and Prideaux's by way of Lake Ontario. On June 3d Amherst set out from Albany with an army of over eleven thousand men. While his object was the capture of Montreal, Abercrombie's misadventure of the year before was fresh in men's minds, and he was warned to put nothing to hazard. This jumped with the humor of the cautious Amherst. He paused at Lake George, and began the erection of a fort to take the place of the ruined walls of William Henry. On July 26th he reached Fort Carillon, which had been abandoned and blown up by the French, and halted again to repair it under its future name of Ticonderoga. By the beginning of August he had reached Crown Point, and here he halted the third time to build a brig, a raft and a sloop to assist his further progress, while the campaigning season passed rapidly away, and the time drew near when the autumnal winds would oppose to him a more formidable front than his armed foe. Brigadier Bourlamaque, who commanded on this line, had instructions merely to delay the English as long as possible, and retiring before them, took up his position at Isle-aux-Noix on the St. John river, a few miles below the outlet of the lake. Upon this island, which divides the stream into two navigable channels, he had built a stockade fort, and had boomed both channels over with logs and chains. Nearly one hundred guns gave strength to his position, but it was liable to be turned; and as the forces under his command were not one-third of those of his opponent, a determined effort would have driven him from his post and left Amherst an open road to the St. Lawrence. Such was the condition of affairs on the Champlain route when de Lévis left Quebec; to the westward it was still worse.

General Prideaux had been killed by the premature explosion of a cohorn shell, but Sir William Johnson, who succeeded him in the command, hurried on the siege of Niagara. The garrison was commanded by a gallant officer, Captain Pouchot of the Béarn regiment, who at once called in all the outlying posts to the south and west to

* *Mémoires sur Canada 1749-1760*, the author of which himself seems to be animated by this spirit.

† "I see that it is necessary to defend ourselves foot to foot, fighting to the death; for it will be better for the king's service that we should die with arms in our hands, than for us to accept disgraceful terms of surrender like those permitted at the capitulation of Cape Breton."—Letter of de Lévis quoted in Miles' *Canada*, p. 346.

his aid. These reinforcements were intercepted, and after an obstinate resistance, in which they used packs of beaver-pelts to repair the ramparts and their cotton shirts as wadding for the guns,* the garrison surrendered, marching out with the honors of war, July 26th. Fort Frontenac having been destroyed the year before and not since rebuilt, the route down the St. Lawrence to the heart of the colony was now open to the English.

De Lévis, with orders from the Governor-General to take command of the frontier, arrived late in the evening at Montreal. No sooner had he commenced to take the necessary steps for putting the district in a state of defence, than he encountered the vehement opposition of Rigaud de Vaudreuil, Governor of Montreal, who would brook no interference with his authority in the city. In vain did de Lévis exhibit his orders, Rigaud persisted in his factious opposition, and the blood of both parties being excited, swords were drawn, and a duel would probably have ensued had not the bystanders interfered and restored some degree of harmony between them, leaving de Lévis at liberty to carry out his plans for the defence of the colony, but hampered hereafter by the bitter animosity of many among those who should have been in accord with him.†

Although the English were his nearest foes, there was another more terrible than they, against whose assaults he must first provide. This remorseless enemy was starvation. The stores of food of former years had been squandered or consumed; the harvest at Quebec and Three Rivers was small, and in the lower parishes had been destroyed by the enemy. Fortunately, in the Montreal district it was abundant, but there were none to gather and store it. The corn was now swelling in the ear, and upon its preservation depended the actual physical existence of the colonists during the ensuing winter. However pressingly reinforcements were required at the outlet of Lake Ontario, the gathering of this harvest was a more important service, and of the handful of men at his disposal de Lévis detached one-half to aid in the work. In order, however, that they might be ready to assemble at a moment's warning, he divided them into detachments under the charge of non-commissioned officers,‡ who might preserve in them some degree of military cohesion. Then with the remaining four hundred, and two engineers, he hastened up the St. Lawrence. He pushed his reconnoissance as far as the Thousand Isles, and finding the river there too wide to defend with his reduced force, he ordered the construction of a fort (Fort Lévis) on an island called Oracometon, one mile above the Galops Rapids. He distributed a few of his veterans among the different posts, and gave the command of this line to M. de la Corne St. Luc, a skilful and resolute Canadian officer, with instructions to oppose the English as well as he could, first at La Présentation (Ogdensburgh §); if driven thence, to take post at the new fort; if defeated there, to make a stand at the Galops Rapid, and to fight foot to foot, from rapid to rapid, down to the walls of Montreal. Then taking with him such of his men as he could not spare for reinforcements, he returned to the city.

* Pouchot. *Mémoires sur la dernière Guerre de l'Amérique Septentrional*. Paris, 1771.

† *Mémoires sur Canada 1749-1760*, p. 160.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 161.

§ Known also as Swegatchie.

On his way a plan presented itself, desperate indeed, but which, if successful, would change the entire aspect of affairs. The broad bosom of the St. Lawrence offered a smooth and easy highway between the two extremities of the line he had to defend, while long miles of unbroken forest separated the armies of his foes. He was by no means blind to the advantages of interior lines, and well knew the value of concentrating his forces against a divided foe. A skilful use of such tactics at the Fords of Montmorenci had enabled him, although inferior in numbers, to present a superiority of force at every point of attack. By drawing some of the troops from the St. Lawrence posts, by taking what few militia could be raised at Montreal, adding to them the four hundred regulars he had left to reap the harvest, and a number who had been detached by Bourlamaque on the same service, he would have at his disposal a considerable reinforcement, which, joined to the forces at Isle-aux-Noix, would give him the command of an army, small indeed, but perhaps sufficient for his purpose. Then dealing the cautious Amherst a swift and heavy blow, he might send him reeling down the lakes to take refuge under the walls of his new Fort George, and freed from the incubus of this, the heaviest of the invading forces, he would be free to lend a hand to Montcalm, or to oppose a formidable front to the English army on Lake Ontario.

Upon his arrival at Montreal, however, he found that not only the men he had detached for the purpose, but every Canadian soldier as well, had left the army to save the harvest. He was a general without even a battalion at the very time when he needed troops the most. He prepared a proclamation requiring all deserters to return to the colors under the pain of death, but the authorities at Montreal told him that no such orders would have any effect unless signed by the Governor-General. They represented to him that the Canadian militia were volunteers serving without pay, and not amenable to the strict rules of martial law. De Lévis gave way, but said that if any of his regulars dared to desert the colors he would "break his head." "If that is known, General," was the reply, "in a week's time there will not be a single soldier at Oraconenton or Isle-aux-Noix."*

Driven thus to give up all hope of anything but a defensive campaign, de Lévis paid a short visit to Bourlamaque, then hurried up to Oraconenton to hasten the building of his fort, and had just retired to Montreal when the courier arrived from the Plains of Abraham. He started at once for Quebec, with a new and more serious problem to solve.

III.

De Lévis arrived at headquarters on the Jacques Cartier river on the morning of September 17th, and gave vent to bitter reproaches at the cowardly panic which had precipitated so disastrous a retreat. To abandon Quebec was to surrender the colony. Its possession was vital, for if any help was to be vouchsafed them, it must come from France, and pass the narrow strait between Cape Diamond and Point Lévis. Moreover, the retreat must be checked at once or the army

* *Mémoires sur Canada 1749-1760*, p. 168.

would disappear through desertion. A council of war, at which the Governor-General and the Intendant Bigot were both present, was at once summoned. De Lévis asked if there were no means of procuring provisions from Quebec; Bigot promised that none should be wanting if a proper escort were forthcoming. This was at once provided for, and it was resolved to march against the rear of the English investing force. They would be taken, said de Lévis, between two fires and with the best prospect of success. A courier was despatched to M. de Ramezay, the governor of the citadel, with the news and with instructions to hold out till the last extremity. The want of food prevented a forward movement till the next day, when the army advanced to Pointe-aux-Trembles. A small supply of biscuit under the escort of M. de la Roche Beaucourt was thrown into the town, and de Vaudreuil received a courier from de Ramezay with the intelligence that he had sent the English general proposals for a capitulation, but that he would break off negotiations if the promised provisions arrived. Beaucourt attempted to carry in a second instalment of supplies, having with him eighty carts loaded with flour, but on approaching the town he learned that it was in the possession of the English, and beat a brisk retreat. The main body, which on the 19th advanced to St. Augustin, twelve miles from Quebec, there found Captain Daubrespie, who delivered to de Vaudreuil a copy of the capitulation.*

Again had de Lévis' well-arranged plans gone astray through the untoward acts of others. He gave vent to his displeasure in no measured terms, and an assault on the English being for the present hopeless, he withdrew to the Jacques Cartier river. Meanwhile the English army entered the capital of New France, and Captain John Knox gazed with curiosity at the effigy of that impossible quadruped which, under the title of *le Chien d'Or*, is still pointed out to the summer tourist.†

De Lévis was thus again reduced to a defensive warfare, but in carrying it on he kept steadily in view the idea of another attack on his foes, although constantly hampered by the ruinous state of the army and the colony. His best position would have been that of a beleaguering force, closely investing the city and cutting off the supplies of firewood which the enemy drew from the neighboring parishes. Such a line of operations would have suited well with de Lévis' enterprising nature, but a sterner foe than the English forbade its use. November came bleak and drear; the forest robes fell rustling from the trees; the frost sank into the ground, changing it to flint, and chilling it with a coldness that pierced through the thickest couch of hemlock twigs. The northeast wind, sweeping down from the pack-ice of Baffin's Bay, whistled through the pines, and driving through every crack and crevice a powdery snow as dry as ashes, bit to the very marrow.‡ Not even de Lévis' hardy veterans could bivouac now on the bleak plateau of Abraham. His army, as an army, could no longer keep the field; it had to be cantoned for the

* Bigot to Belle Isle, October 25, 1759. Operations of Army, &c., *Paris Doc.* x.

† Knox, ii. p. 149.

‡ Kalm, ii. p. 152, speaks of the penetrating effect of the N. E. wind in the vicinity of Quebec. Canadians say of their snow, that it is so dry that one may tramp through it all winter and never wet his feet.

winter, and de Lévis quitted the frontiers of the district of Quebec. At Pointe-aux-Trembles, some twenty miles from the city, he posted 400 men, under the command of Captain de Repentini of the colonial forces, who threw out his advanced posts as far as St. Augustin, one league above the Cap Rouge river. This little stream, seven miles from Quebec, formed the Rubicon between the opposing forces. It was crossed by two roads ; at its mouth by the highway from Montreal, and three miles up stream by a road running back from St. Augustin to Old Lorette. By one or other of these roads an army advancing down the St. Lawrence must approach Quebec. General Murray, who with 7000 men was left in garrison for the winter, occupied as outposts the church of St. Foye, five miles from the city on the river road, and that of Lorette, three miles to the westward ; both churches were loop-holed and palisaded. As a retreat and *point d'appui* for his detachments at Pointe-aux-Trembles, and to protect the colony against any enterprise of the English, de Lévis constructed a fort capable of holding 500 men, at the mouth of the Jacques Cartier river. To General Dumas he gave the command of the fort and frontier, and then withdrew to Montreal, to make his preparations for a last effort to save the colony. Impressed with the importance of recapturing Quebec, he seems to have conceived the desperate design of a winter's siege,* and for that purpose sought to unite what forces were still left to him. To see how he was enabled to do this we must again visit the other invading armies.

Week by week the summer passed away. To one looking north from Crown Point a change came over the sea of verdure, which, undulating with every varied shade of green in the nearer distance, rolled purpling off to east and west. The bright yellow of birch and chestnut lit up its quieter hues ; here and there in blood-red splashes clustered oak and sumach, while over all, gorgeous in gold and scarlet, blazed the maple, the crowning glory of the American forest. The days grew shorter ; the voices of cricket and katydid were hushed, and nothing broke the evening stillness save the desolate moan of the loon or the loud *honk ! honk !* of the Canada goose, winging its way to the sedgy inlets of Long Island and the Jersey coast. By day wild pigeons in thickening flocks passed overhead, hurrying southward to peck the kernels from ears of maize in the Mohawk valley ; by night, tossing its flickering streamers to the zenith, the Aurora Borealis flared in the northern sky ; and the lake, which when the army reached its shores, placidly basking under an August sun, shone like burnished silver, now, roughened by angry autumnal flaws, grew dull and lustreless as hammered lead. August passed away ; September came and passed, and it was not till the 11th of October that his raft, his sloop, and his brig procured, Amherst was ready to advance. On the afternoon of the 12th the troops embarked, and the expedition set sail.

The French had on the lake a schooner armed with ten four-pounders, and three small sloops each carrying three guns and a crew of fifty men. A detachment of land troops was distributed among this little flotilla ; the whole was under the command of M. Dollabarras. Bourslamaque had given him instructions to cruise on the

* Vaudreuil, Memoir of Instructions, April 16, 1760. Paris Doc. x.

lake, and take advantage of any opportunity to harass the enemy. In the darkness of night the two squadrons passed each other, and some of the English batteaux which had gone astray, found themselves at daybreak in the presence of the French sloops, which at once attacked them. The noise of firing was heard on board the English armed vessels, and they hastened to the rescue. The French took flight at their approach, having captured a batteau with a lieutenant and twenty men, from whom Dolabarras learned the nature of the force opposed to him. Towards evening of the 12th the wind increased, and the flat-bottomed scows which carried the troops being unmanageable in a sea-way, the whole flotilla made for the western shore, where the soldiers were landed, the armed vessels cruising on the lake. At daylight of the 13th, a French schooner was seen in the distance, and the day was wasted in an unsuccessful chase. Upon their return towards nightfall the English vessels spied the three French sloops and gave chase. The latter hurried off and took refuge under Valcour Island, four miles south of the mouth of the Saranac, where Dolabarras held a council of war. The French came to the conclusion that all was lost, and running one vessel aground and sinking the other two, they took to the woods and started through the wilderness to Montreal.*

At daylight on the 14th the English found themselves masters of the lake, the sloops being sunk and the schooner a fugitive; but Amherst's slow movements now bore their fruit. For three days the storm continued, and it was not till the 18th that he was able to put to sea. On that day a gentle southerly breeze rippled the lake, and the air was balmy with the treacherous calm of the Indian summer. The expedition again set out for Isle-aux-Noix, but before it reached the foot of the lake the scene was changed. Heavy gray clouds banked up to northward, a torn and dirty scud flew swiftly overhead, and gathering increased strength in the unobstructed passage over the marshes near Rouse's Point, a howling northerly gale struck the expedition in the teeth. Amherst's campaign for 1759 was over. He reached Crown Point on the 21st of October, and subsequently withdrew to Albany, leaving garrisons in the different posts he had occupied. Bourlamaque, informed by his scouts that all danger was over, withdrew from his post on November 28th, bringing with him the bulk of his forces, and reported himself for duty at Montreal.

Similar sluggishness had characterised the English operations on Lake Ontario. Gage had succeeded Johnson in command of the army, with instructions at once to possess himself of La Galette (nearly opposite Ogdensburgh) and the command of the St. Lawrence. A scanty force opposed him; an ample harvest of success and glory awaited him, but he thrust not in the sickle. He remained inactive at Oswego, and on the approach of winter, leaving M. Desandrouins with two hundred men in Fort Lévis, de la Corne St. Luc, the active Canadian partisan, bringing with him the rest of his forces, rejoined his leader at Montreal. With a brilliant raid by Rogers and his rangers, who struck the Abenaki village of St. Francis, near Three Rivers, the English campaign of 1759 came to an end.

* *Mémoires sur Canada 1749-1760*, p. 171. They suffered much from hunger, and had to eat their shoes before they reached the St. Lawrence.

A PERFECT TREASURE.

“EDWARD,” said I, mysteriously, to my husband, “I begin to believe in Spiritualism. You know we have only one servant now — Caroline ; yet things disappear as strangely as ever, and neither she nor I can tell when they go, nor how, nor where.”

There was a faint ripple under Edward’s moustache, but he did not raise his eyes from *Cobb on Equity*, only asking if Caroline also were a convert to Spiritualism.

“And you know,” I continued, without pausing to answer the question, “you know last night and the night before you were from home, and I heard something both nights in the dressing-room, opening and shutting the doors, and moving the chairs softly about ; and you had gone, and so had Caroline —”

“Why do you allow Caroline to go when you know I am to be away ?” inquired Mr. Smith. “I thought you were afraid to remain alone.”

“I am ; and I wouldn’t, only Caroline says she feels so badly not to go to church ; she finds it such an aid, such a help, in trying to do right and keep in the straight path ; and I know exactly how she feels, for the more I attend religious exercises, the more I am disposed toward the exercise of religion. However, I told her this morning that you had an engagement for this evening and she positively could not leave, because I was afraid ; and then I told her about the noises in the dressing-room. At first she laughed, and attempted to convince me that I was mistaken ; but finding I was not to be convinced, she concluded that I was correct, and became immediately so alarmed that she hesitated to enter the dressing-room, though the sun streamed through the windows. She said I was perfectly right not to go in last night ; she would not have done it for anything in the world.”

“And why did you not ?”

“The idea ! Why, if it wasn’t spirits it was robbers, and they would have knocked me down, of course,” I indignantly replied.

“Well, my dear, twenty-five cents’ worth of arnica would have set that all straight ; and as it is, you risked losing your bracelets and your ear-rings, and all the rest of the foolery that lies on your toilet-table.”

“But any man had rather give his wife more bracelets and ear-rings than hear her whine ; and you know I always whine when I am sick, and of course it would make me sick to be knocked down.”

“Very true,” said Edward, hastily ; “I had rather give a woman a barrel of bracelets than hear her whine once. But as I asked before, is Caroline also a Spiritualist ?”

“Well, no ; Caroline suspects the cook.”

“I will have cook searched, my dear,” said Edward, returning to *Cobb on Equity*.

“Oh, no,” I hastily interrupted ; “because I promised Caroline that

no action should be taken in the matter. It was the only means by which I could induce her to tell me ; you know negroes are so afraid of each other. I gave her my word, so of course there is nothing to be done. Besides, though I don't suppose Caroline means to tell a story about it, I really think she must be mistaken ; because the kitchen, you know, is in the yard, and cook never comes near the house except once a day, when she goes to the store-room."

"Caroline being one of your old servants, your weakness for her is perhaps natural, and I do not care to deny that she is a perfect treasure, as you everywhere proclaim her to be ; but does it not strike you as just a little bit odd that we should continue to lose so many of our household articles?"

"It does indeed," was my reply. "She and I were talking about it this morning."

For some reason Edward suddenly lost his patience, and said, "You do not suspect the cook ; Caroline is the only other servant ; articles of one kind or another constantly disappear ; yet Caroline is still a treasure, and you tremble to see her talking at the gate with Mrs. Jones' servant lest Mrs. Jones should be negotiating for her services. Caroline, as far as I am concerned, is a treasure I should be glad to lay up in heaven, or any other out-of-the-way place where I am not likely to meet with her again."

"Well !" I exclaimed, with that turn for logic that runs in our family ; "well, I think it *would* be hard if Caroline were made responsible for my not having been born a detective. How can she help it that I am not acute enough to discover what baffles you also, or I presume you would make known the criminal?"

Edward was silenced. What was there left to say, I should like to know ? But he covered his defeat with a laugh, which was no credit to him, for it is far nobler to yield frankly than to deny your foe the glory of an honest victory. Yes, I am ashamed to say that Edward laughed, as if to intimate that he knew more than he chose to say, which, to use one of his own technicalities, was a *falsi* — *falsi* something, I forget what ; but it means that while you don't exactly tell a story, you come so near it you ought to be ashamed of yourself.

"However," I resumed, "I told Caroline that she positively could not go out to-night ; so —"

At this point Caroline entered, alternately wiping her eyes and twisting the corner of her apron, her voice at a very high treble and every note *tremolo*. "Which you know, Miss Texie, I don't nuvvur ax to go nowhar ceppin tis to church."

This remark was open to criticism, the above request having been made almost every night for at least two months ; but I was afraid to say so, and evading the twinkle of Edward's eye, I merely inquired the cause of her emotion.

"I jes seen my pa [negro men ceased to be "daddies" after the surrender] — I jes seen my pa, which he comes by here on his way to de drugster's, an he say how Sister Lize were on de pint o sickness, an he were gwine for a discripshun, an I thought how ef you could spar me to-night —"

"Is she very sick, Caroline ? Because Mr. Smith has an engage-

ment for this evening, and I shall have to go somewhere too if you are not here, for I am really afraid to remain alone. Don't you remember I told you so this morning?"

"Lor, Miss Texie! Good as you is, don't you know aint nuffin gwine ter hurt you? Whar's yo faith?"

"I hope I have faith, Caroline; but I shall exercise it somewhere else if you and Mr. Smith leave the house," said I.

"Well, ef dat don't beat my time! What you feered on, Miss Texie?"

"Robbers, and — and — pshaw, Caroline! how do I know what I am afraid of? I am just afraid so, like anybody else; but I am afraid, and that is sufficient."

Then there was embarrassed silence. Edward studied *Cobb on Equity*, Caroline twisted the corner of her apron and winked conspicuously, I played with my nut-cracker. At length Caroline resumed:

"Ef you could jes spar me, Miss Texie, to slip roun to Sister Lize's reckly arfer dark, so ef enny thing was ter happen I could shake all my skirts clear of doin my duty; but ef she was to be ceased dout my bein dar to tell her farwell, I nuvvur could forgiv myself no mo."

I could not help reflecting that I should think it very cruel were any one to deny me permission to visit my sister under such circumstances, so I at length said (without looking at Edward): "I suppose you must go, Caroline. Mr. Smith will take me to Mrs. Ramsey's after tea, and call for me on his way home: won't you, Edward?"

Edward raised his eyebrows, said, "Oh, of course," and Caroline retired.

Tea was over. Mr. Smith had been called to the back-yard to see one of his employees; Caroline had hurried through with her evening duties and gone, and I was preparing to go to Mrs. Ramsey's, when Edward returned to the house.

"By the way, Texie," said he, "I find that I shall not have to meet Bowman this evening. Suppose we go to the African church; it is one of their 'talk nights,' John was telling me a minute ago, and I have a curiosity to hear them." So had I, and acquiesced immediately. He continued: "They will feel complimented by your going, and receive you with the greatest courtesy; and by the way, suppose you wear that new suit you got from New York yesterday."

I fairly screamed. I had a great mind to faint. "Why, Edward, it is the most delicate and beautiful thing I ever saw, and the idea of wearing it to the African church at night! Do you remember what it cost?"

"I remember that it cost so much that I don't see how I had the nerve to draw a check for the money. Well, wear what you like, only hurry up."

We were received, as Edward had said, with perfect courtesy, given a pew to ourselves, and furnished with hymn-books. And in this connection I must say, that never, except in a tobacco-factory, or — well, yes; perhaps once or twice when I have run over to Italy to patronise some artist they thought well of there — never have I heard sweeter singing: the female voices clear and round and full; those of the men sonorous and rich; keeping perfect time, and articulating

with admirable distinctness. The formation of the nose and mouth of the negro gives him great fullness and power of tone ; and when they take the different parts of which they are capable, the effect is peculiarly beautiful. It is also totally indescribable ; and, alas ! no more to be expressed by the use of notes, than is the perfume after a shower to be bottled for the handkerchief. A difficulty much to be lamented, for the negro is fast renouncing his own melodies for "white people's tunes" ; little aware how exquisitely adapted are the quaint imagery and wild rhythm of his songs to the broad peculiarities of his natural voice.

After the singing came a prayer, which we followed with reverence, for Uncle Charles was a sincere Christian and a good old man, and had knelt with us at home many and many a time during the war, praying, I believe, with all honesty, for the safety of our absent boys. And truth to tell, Uncle Charles prayed more effectively than a great many people who allow their flowers of rhetoric to be nipped in the bud by the frost of Blair's rules. As I remember, this is what he said that night :

"Led us pray." The immense crowd fell on their knees, and there was a short pause, then Uncle Charles commenced in the peculiar sing-song tone of the negro preacher : "De dew o mercy is fallin sof as cotton on dis dy people, O Lord, an we is come togedder agin dis night to thank Him. A gret many cryin souls is crowdin roun de cross, good Lord, but dere is room for all. An some is holdin orn tell der nails is bleedin, an der hands is tore, an der sperrit is flarin out like de dyin wick uv a candle, an dey is ormos ready — er — to fall back inter de eberlassin pit — [voice in the congregation : "Hole orn, sinner ! Pull up, sinner ! Don't gin out !"] — but de grease o Gord's patience will heal up yo hands — er — an de light o His smile will shine orn de darkness an show you whar to ketch holt ! Come up, bredren ! Come roun de bleedin cross ! Don't mind nobody ! Don't stan on monners — er ! Don't wait for nobody ! Don't wait tell dis one goes an dat one goes ! Go yosef. Monners gives you a heap o adwarntage in dis worl, but — er — dey ain't no use in hell ! Oh no, my feller-bredren — er ! Climb ober de benches — er ! Drop down from de galry — er ! Bus open de winders — er ! Come down de chimbley — er — but you *will* git in, an come straight up here, an tromple on de feet — er — of dem dat stans in de way ! [Two women pressed through the crowd and threw themselves on the mourner's bench.] Dat's right, sisters ! dat's right ! Dere's room for all — er ! Hongry souls kin all git filled — er ; no motter whedder dey comes an sets down in comp'nies o fifties or hundreds or hundreds o thousands ! Yes, bless de Lord — er ! De cross gits bigger and bigger, an dere's a place for you and a place for me — [more mourners press forward, and from all parts of the house arise exclamations — "Glory to Gord !" "Come up, sister, come up !" "De Lord's a callin you ; don't keep Him waitin !"] — an a place for all dat's jes only willin to cep de outstretch arm o Jesus ! Oh, my po feller beins ! Kin you bar to stan an see de sweet face o Jesus whar knowed no sorer for Hissef, do He didn't hav nothin *but* sorer — kin you bar to see dat lovin face all runnin down wid tears for you, an you a singin an a dancin, an turnin

away yo eyes like you didn't keer? Kin you bar to see dem po hands what nuvvur was stretched out cep in a blessin — full o de marks o nails, an de flesh all tored away, an de blood a runnin down — er — kin you bar to see em stretchin out to you an fergittin His own sef, a reachin out an ketchin holt of you to save you from istruckshun, an you a pullin an a jerkin an a tar-rin open of His wounds — er? De time's a comin when you can't sing no mo, an you can't dance no mo, an you can't take yo fine cloze to de New Jeruzalim dout you dips em in de blood o de Lamb! Dat's de Lord's libery, an ef you is His servant you got to war it. De ship is waitin! De gret ship o Zion! An de Captin is stannin an beggin you to come on bode widout money — er, an widout price — er! All He axes is for you jes to be *willin* to come! An you all is floatin about in de water, an de pleasures of sin is bar-rin you up like bladders — er — but presny de heb-bens is boun to git black by fiction or death, or ole age, an you gwine ter hit up ginst de sharp rock o trouble, an de pint o sorrer's gwine ter punch a hole in de bladders, an down, down you's all a gwine inter eberlassin misery — er — down! down! down! O Lord, save em! O Lord, let down de life-boats eben of a death-bed erpentance!" "Lord, hear!" "Come down, Jesus!" "Lord, turn em!" "Come up, sinners! Come up! Come up!" cried voices in the congregation, while numbers, young and old, male and female, came pressing through the crowd, and threw themselves frantically before the altar and the mourners' benches. "Come up!" "Look to de cross!" "Come now, sinner! To-morrow ain't mine, an it ain't yours!" Groans and sighs arose from all parts of the house; the elders were moving about from one to another of the mourners, some praying in subdued tones; some exhorting; some consoling; occasionally some shouting; while above all, in tones that had become accents of anguished entreaty, accompanied by all the gestures of pathos, rose the voice of the preacher: "O Lord, save dy people!"

During the subsequent exercises, the excitement became intense, aad when the time came for the giving in of their experience, the negroes had reached that abnormal state most favorable to the occasion.

Two or three had "talked" and taken their seats, and I was getting a little tired, when my attention was suddenly reârrested by the sound of a familiar voice, and turning my eyes in that direction, who do you suppose I saw? Caroline! But *what* do you suppose I saw? Caroline with my new suit on; paniers and flounces, plaitings and frills, ostrich plumes, laces and all! I moved uneasily in my seat, commenced coughing, and gave Edward a violent pinch just above the knee. He looked steadily before him, and suppressed me by a slight expansion of the nostril, while he smoothed his moustache with his forefinger and thumb. Caroline stood before the congregation giving in her "experience," her voice every moment growing shriller, and her gestures wild, while my flounces fluttered and my laces quivered, and my plumes waved right and left.

"Yes, feller-sinners! I were a layin on de brink o hell! an de flames was jes a rar-in up over me! An I were a slippin an a slidin; a slippin an a slidin [groans from all parts of the house], an Satan, he

were a squattin down at de foot o de hill wid his pitchfork in his hand, an every time I guv a slip, Satan he guv a grin. An dar were de gridiron, gittin hotter an hotter, an Satan settin down like he didn't hav nothin to do but to lay me orn it. An while I were layin dar, I seed my sister in de pit, orn a bed o red-hot coals, an little debbles wid bellusses blowin em to keep em erlive ; an she were a hol-lerin an a cryin, an ebery time she try ter roll off, de little young debbles ud push her back wid der pitchforks, an presny she seed me, an bus out cryin, an says, 'Go back, Kyar-line! Go back! You dunno what you comin ter! Go back, Kyar-line! Don't nuvver cross yo foot no mo!* An don't set yo heart on fine cloze, cos you won't git no good outen em here.' An presny I heerd a kind o noise like de rollin o wheels, an I liffed up my eyes, an dar were comin along two white horses an a char-yot o gold — ["Thank de Lord!" exclaimed a voice in the congregation], an I heerd a voice a sayin: 'Sinner, don't you want to git in?' An I says, 'Who is you?' An he says, 'I is de Lord, an dis ar de char-yot o salvation ; an de fore wheels is made out o mercy, an de hine wheels is made out o faith ; an de horses names is Sin-no-mo. Git up, sinner, an ketch holt o de hine wheel. Tain't too late!' [Groans and exclamations from all parts of the house, many speaking at once. "No, no! Tain't nuvver too late!" "Don't you hear dat, sinner?" "Ketch holt o de hine wheel an it'll drag you out de mud!" "It roll mighty fas! It git by fo you know it! Come now, sinner!"] An while I were a lisnin to de Lord, de horses was a pawin, an a rar-in, an Satan he done run and hide hind a barl o tar, an sometimes he peep out an shake his fis at me, an sometimes he look as sweet as lasses, an say, 'Come down here, honey, dem horses paws mighty dainjus'; but I says, 'Git out o my way, ole Satan, I ain't got no use for you!' an I takes holt o de hine wheel an away I goes! Den arfer while, I gits to movin bout orn de char-yot, an I leans on de fo wheel, an I finds it's a heap easier to ride by mercy an it's are by faith, an I gits to pendin on de fo wheel, an presny I loses sight o de hine wheel ; an den, fus thing I knowd, de fo wheel couldn't stan no mo, an it guv way, an I were throwed back in de mire an de clay, an my gyarmints was wus an dey was befo! [The congregation groaned, and so did I, and so would you if they had been your "gyarmints" she had on.] An I hollered to de Lord jes to let me in once mo, an den he backed de char-yot, an I cot holt o de hine wheel agin ; an I got it now, an please Gord, I ain't nuvver gwine ter let go on it no mo! Glory! Glory! Glory!"

She clapped her hands and stamped her feet, and threw her body to and fro, and from side to side, her forehead sometimes almost touching her knees, or the back of her head seeming about to salute her heels ; while those around attempted, or seemed to attempt, to restrain her, but they did so with exclamations of sympathy and admiration, which only incited her to wilder ejaculations and more unmanageable contortions. "Glory! Glory!" shouted Caroline, wrenching herself from the grasp of a sister, and away went the folds of my panier. "Hallyluyer!" she yelled, tossing her arms in the air, and snap flew the buttons from my new dress ; while my hat slipped from

*It is not a sin for a negro to dance unless he crosses his feet.

her head to the back of her neck, and was finally trampled under foot. "Glory! I'se washed in de ribber o Jurdin. My feet is clean," — and my pearl pin bit the dust. She set her eyes, stiffened her limbs, and began to jerk spasmodically, exclaiming, "I'm gwine to the New Jeruzalim! I'm a gwine! I'm a gwine!"

They all crowded around her, climbing over each other's shoulders, craning their necks to the right and left, pushing their heads under each other's arms, ejaculating, shouting, sighing, groaning; while Caroline continued to jerk spasmodically, and kept her eyes shut and held her breath as long as she could.

This beginning to grow monotonous, it was presently proposed that she should be taken down to the lecture-room; and she was borne out by a portion of the admiring crowd, while some one else arose to "give in his experience." I was by this time quite exhausted, and proposed that we should go home; so as Caroline was borne down one flight of stairs leading to the vestibule, we descended the opposite, and at the foot she caught my eye. Angry as I was, I could not resist laughing at the change this incident produced. She had been recumbent, staring, and stiff; on the instant she started up, and darting behind one of her ex-supporters, exclaimed with her usual colloquial grace: "Lor, Miss Texie! how come *you* here?"

"I came only to ask after your sister, Caroline," I answered, suavely, "and to see the latest styles."

"Isn't it odd," I continued to Edward, as we walked down the street — "isn't it odd that we should have gone to-night?"

"No, my dear," said he. "While I was talking to John, I saw Caroline run through the back-gate, recognised your dress, and thought I would give you the same opportunity."

The next morning at breakfast, having handed Edward his coffee, and given me everything I wanted, there was an interval of rest; and Caroline, twisting her waiter about, "rose to explain."

"Which o course you thinks mighty hard o me, Miss Texie," said she.

"What about, Caroline?" I asked, innocently.

"Bout things as happened last night, an I knows how wrong I done, an I hopes you'll scuse it dis time. You kin take it outen my wages, an git yosef more cloze jes like em."

"Do you know how many months' wages it would require to pay for those things, Caroline?"

"No 'm; how many?"

"I should not like to tell you, for I am afraid you might not believe me."

"Well, Miss Texie, I clar to gracious I dunno what make me do sech a trick; an ef de Lord 'll spar me dis time, I aint nuvvur gwine do it agin."

"You will not in this house, certainly," said Edward, quietly.

Caroline put her apron to her eyes, and I hesitated. She was so admirably tidy, and negroes are generally so dreadfully the reverse.

"I dunno how I come to do it, sir. Ole Satan —"

"We have had enough of old Satan and white horses. Bring some batter-cakes," said Mr. Smith, and Caroline faded temporarily from view.

"Oh, Edward!" said I, plaintively; "she brushes one's hair *so* nicely."

He made no reply.

Of course no woman is married five years without learning how far her husband will allow her to impose upon him; so after a glance at Edward, I took my banners from the outer walls, and folding them away for a more auspicious season, left my treasure to her fate.

JENNIE WOODVILLE.

ADDRESS BY S. T. WALLIS, ESQ.

*Delivered at the Academy of Music, in Baltimore, April 10th, 1875,
on behalf of the Lee Memorial Association.*

Ladies and Gentlemen:

THE ladies, at whose invitation you are here this evening, have honored me by their command to state the scope and purpose of the work in which they solicit you to join them. But for the deference to which their wishes and opinions are entitled, I should have ventured to believe the task a needless one, for I am sure the feelings which induce your presence have already spoken to you with a deep impressiveness, to which I can add neither pathos nor power. There are names which in themselves are a history and a consecration — themes which are their own eloquent interpreters beyond speech or writing — and who is there that can add a word or a thought to the story, when, to those who are around me, I name the name and call up the memory of LEE?

More than four years have gone since the great citizen and soldier was called to his reward. He would himself have coveted no prouder resting-place than the green bosom of his mother State — no monument beyond the love and the remembrance of the people he had loved and served. But the gratitude and devotion of the living refused to be measured by the humility of the dead, and it was at once determined, by his followers in arms, to mark the grave of their illustrious leader by some fitting and permanent memorial. An eminent sculptor of Richmond, Mr. Edward V. Valentine, well known, by reputation, through the country, was accordingly invited to assist in carrying out their wishes. The choice was in all respects appropriate, the artist being not only of unquestionable genius, skill and cultivation, but full of enthusiasm in his art, and with that high sense

of its nobility and dignity, without which none can pass beyond the outer places of its temple. These qualities existing in the sculptor, it was doubly meet he should be chosen, so that the tomb of the great Virginian should be modeled by the reverent and loving hand of a son of the same mother. Mr. Valentine's design of a recumbent figure of the hero was accepted by the Memorial Association in the early summer of 1871, but the model was not finished in plaster until late in the ensuing winter. The statue itself, which is of marble, and of rather more than the size of life, received the last touches of the chisel but a few days since, and was exhibited to the public in Richmond, where it created the profoundest sensation. It appears to have commanded the admiration not only of the many, with whom devotion might naturally have stood in the place of criticism, but of those as well whose taste and culture entitle them to render authoritative judgment.

The task of the sculptor was a difficult and grave one, but he has shown himself equal to it. His conception and its execution are severely simple. The hero is lying in his uniform, as if in sleep, upon his narrow soldier's bed. His posture is natural and easy. One hand is on his bosom, and touches, unconsciously and gently, "the drapery of his couch." The other is lying by his side, where it has fallen, and rests upon his sword. The portraiture is perfect as to form no less than feature. The whole expression is that of tranquil and absolute repose. But it is not the sleep of death and nothingness, when the soul is gone, nor yet of bodily exhaustion, with its "dumb forgetfulness." It is the repose of physical power, unshaken though dormant—of manly grace, most graceful when at rest—of noble faculties, alive and sovereign, though still. It is a presence in which men stand, uncovered and in silence—half listening for the voice—he "is not dead, but sleepeth."

The remains of General Lee were deposited and are now resting beneath the chapel of Washington and Lee University, at Lexington, Virginia, in a chamber designed by him as a library. The place is altogether unsuited for the monument proposed, which is to consist not only of the figure I have attempted to describe, but of an appropriate sarcophagus in marble, on which the statue is to rest. There is neither light enough nor sufficient elevation in the apartment, which, in its style and appointments besides, is altogether out of keeping with the work of the artist, and unworthy to receive it. It has therefore been determined to erect a separate and suitable memorial building or mausoleum, upon ground which the University has placed at the disposal of the Association, not far from the spot where the great life it will commemorate was ended. In this good work it is that you are asked to share.

Apart from the wishes of the family of General Lee, who desire that his remains shall lie in the peaceful and scholastic shades to which he retired from the gratitude and admiration of his people, there is eminent propriety in this selection of his final resting-place. Had he died upon the field of fame and battle, amid "the thunder of the captains and the shouting"—had he gone home, victor in some crowning and decisive fight, as he was victor in so many that were so

very glorious — it might have been well to lay him where men come and go — a leader of men among men, still ruling their spirits from his urn. But such was not his death or fortune. The calm, self-sacrificing, upright, unrepining gentleman —

“Who wore no less a loving face, because so broken-hearted” —

humble before God and without enmity to men ; bending the faculties that might have swayed a realm, to schemes of quiet usefulness and unpraised toil ; silent before slander and insult ; unmoved by threat and falsehood ; teaching, by noble precept and example, the duty of submission, as he had nobly taught and led resistance and defiance while resistance was a duty — this was the hero who died at Lexington, giving the lesson of a greatness that was far above his glory. On the field of that greatness he laid down his life, and on it he should rest. To his fame it is nothing where he sleeps. To the State that bore him — having borne him — it matters almost as little. Could she have buried him at Arlington, as was her right and his, she would have blended the memories of Washington and Lee with the sacred associations of their homes. At Lexington their names at least are joined together, and there the pilgrims, from Mount Vernon, to the shrine your hands will help to build, may lay their offerings on the grave of Jackson also.

WASHINGTON, LEE, JACKSON !

“dust, which is
Even in itself, an immortality !”

There are before me, doubtless, some who pay their willing tribute to the great Confederate soldier, yet sympathise in nothing with the cause to which he gave his heart and genius. They see in his career and character those traits which true men love and honor, no matter in what cause displayed. They share the admiration which his name awakens in the wise and brave and good the wide world over. Their pride grows warm and high when they remember that they are his brethren — that his fame will be the treasure of their country and the heritage of their own children, so long as they shall live in a free land and share its glories. It is in the inspiration of this reverence for what is pure and noble — the perpetual suggestion of this brotherhood and common pride, the obliteration of animosities, the bringing of men's hearts together, upon lofty common ground — that the memory of the illustrious dead is a beneficent and living power. Its influence, first felt by the bravest and the best of those who were his foes when swords were crossed, is now confined no longer to party or to section. It has awakened magnanimity and softened resentment almost everywhere. It has helped to break the spell of prejudice and passion, and make men feel how narrow, false and very mean a thing it is to call opinion crime. I look upon this influence as of the happiest augury. I trust, nay, I believe the time is not far off, when the great struggle which ended at Appomattox will be regarded by the people of all America in the light of what it was, and not of what violence and falsehood, in high places and in low places, have found it in their interest to call it. I look for the returning sense of self-respect as

well as justice in the country, to blot out from its laws and its judicial decisions, not long hereafter, the opprobrious epithets by which it is still the fashion to disgrace them when the Confederate war is mentioned. I persuade myself it will not be long before all intelligent and honorable men — without abating one jot or tittle of their own convictions, or of their honest pride in having fought victoriously to maintain them — will begin to feel that the wearisome and insulting cant about “rebels” and the “rebellion,” and “treason” and “traitors,” is altogether unworthy of them, and should be relegated to the pot-houses and their demagogues. I know that such already is the feeling in hosts of bosoms scarred in honorable fight, and it is the feeling that must grow and spread, because it is just and manly, and because manhood and justice are inherent in the race from which we chiefly spring, and, though they may be reached but slowly, sometimes, are certain to be reached at last.

Let me not be misunderstood. Of course no Southern man has right or reason to complain of those who thought that wrong, which he thought right. Believing that a separate government was his plain right, when he might choose to have it, he may not quarrel with the opposite convictions of his countrymen, who thought, and with sincerity as deep as his, that the Union was a priceless right of theirs, and were therefore ready to immolate him for it, as well as sacrifice themselves. But he has the right to ask that the honesty of his convictions, the sincerity of his patriotism, the good faith of his sacrifices, shall not be doubted or denied any more than theirs. He is entitled to demand that no enemy shall put a tongue into his wounds — “poor, poor dumb mouths,” and make them lie. It was melancholy beyond words, that political differences between brethren — the citizens of a republic whose government rested on consent — could not be settled without blood. But they were political differences nevertheless, and they were nothing more. They were the expression of political principles, concerning which parties and sections had long been divided, and which separated the best and wisest of the land, long before their antagonism was startled into strife. One side may have been right and the other wrong, or there may have been right and wrong with both — but neither could question with truth the sincerity of the other, and only fanaticism and folly, upon either side, can deny it to the other now. I speak of the true men upon both sides, for they only are worth considering on either. There is something marvellous, if not inconceivable, in the belief which some people, otherwise sane, profess to entertain, that a man is, mentally or morally, better or worse for his sincere political opinions — better or worse because he is a monarchist instead of a republican — because he favors State-rights or thinks them sinful; that it was profligacy to believe secession constitutional or in any way defensible, and virtuous to believe the contrary; that to be “loyal” was to pass into the communion of saints, and to be “disloyal” was to forfeit in the act the prestige of the loftiest and purest life. While blood was hot and flowing, such madness might have passed for reason, War over — ten years gone — it is but drivelling folly, without the dignity of madness. And yet to-day, this “clotted nonsense” (as Dr. Johnson would

have called it in anybody but himself) is standing or is thrust in the way of justice, among thousands of honest and good people; and, standing in the way of justice, is in the way also of that perfect reconciliation and mutual trust which will never come until justice shall be frankly done by the victors to the vanquished. The men who fought in the same cause with Lee, and all whose hearts were with them, are bound in honor to abide by the arbitrament they sought. They are bound to accept defeat and its legitimate consequences in as good faith as they would have accepted victory. They are bound to obey the laws and support the constitution; to fulfil to the letter every duty of citizenship, and answer freely every call of patriotic obligation. But they are not bound to defile the ashes of their dead, or to submit in silence to injustice or dishonor. They may have been wrong. That is fair matter of opinion, and posterity will judge them. They may have been unwise. There is no absolute criterion on earth of what is wise, and none of us have reason to think, like the friends of holy Job, that we are the people, and that wisdom shall die with us. But the men of the South are entitled to stand before mankind as a people who, believing they were right and acting with what wisdom they knew, set hope and existence on the die. They have a right to resent and denounce imputations on their purposes and motives. When they read in political journals and discourses, or hear from the halls of legislation or the bench of justice, that for eight millions of free-born men to separate themselves from a popular government, of which they formed a part, and set up and be governed by another which they preferred, was "wicked rebellion"—an effort to overthrow society and turn back the current of civilisation—they have a right to say that the time has come when educated people should be ashamed of such things. They are the froth of the angry waters, and should have passed away with the storm. Until they cease to sully the stream, the serenity of peace and brotherhood can never be reflected like heaven from its bosom.

Such devices and phrases are not new. They are as old as foolishness and foul language. I have before me a copy which Mr. Parton has furnished, from a Tory "Extra" of 1777, chronicling the retreat of Washington across the Harlem River, and denouncing the cause in which he was enlisted as "the most wicked, daring and unnatural rebellion that ever disgraced the annals of history." The ingenuity and eloquence of our own day, with all the modern improvements, have not been able, I believe, to add a single epithet to this pleasing expression of by-gone loyalty. And yet, ten years after it was written, or at all events after the Revolution was over, I am sure that all reasonable Tories, and certainly all sensible Englishmen, would have agreed to laugh at it and forget it. We are ourselves about to demonstrate, by a Centennial commemoration, how entirely nature has recovered from the shock which that "rebellion" was supposed to have given her. True, it was successful, and that unquestionably makes some difference—but only with time-servers. We are dealing now with moralists, and they will never, I suppose, suggest that wickedness ceases to be wicked because the horn of the ungodly happens to be exalted. If Grant had surrendered to Lee, they would

still have died in the conviction that secession was a heresy ; that the ways of Providence were inscrutable, if not unconstitutional (according to Story's Commentaries) ; and that truth and reason are not questions of numbers, artillery or ammunition.

I make these observations here in no spirit of unkindness or contention. You would resent, and with justice, the intrusion of past or present controversial issues, upon an occasion dedicated only to reverent and gentle memories of the dead. But I feel, in common with all to whom those memories are dear, that silence concerning such things as I have mentioned is no longer consistent with proper self-respect. So long as the bitterness of party can be profitably stirred by the worn-out catch-words of the war, we must of course expect to hear them from the lips of those to whom profit is a compensation for shame. But we have a right to appeal from these, to the men who lead opinion, because they are worthy and entitled to lead it. We have a right to throw upon them the responsibility, which belongs to their influence, their intelligence,—nay, their taste, their breeding and their manners. And for saying this, respectfully, but earnestly and frankly, I know no better occasion than the present, when we are honoring one who, though a “rebel” of “rebels,” if there were any such, was by common consent the soul of honor, and than whom no man living dares to say that he or his are purer or better. And when I remember how his generous and unselfish nature would have scorned to place upon a lower level than his own the purposes and motives of the humblest of the soldiers, who gave all to the same cause and the same country—living or dying, in defeat or victory, half-naked in the field, half-famished on the march and in the camp, but heroes always—I feel as if I did his bidding, in this earnest protest against further maligning their good name.

And here I am permitted, by the kindness of a friend, to read some extracts from a letter of the illustrious soldier, which has never seen the light before, and which will show through what sad struggles, of both heart and mind, he passed to what he felt to be his duty. I doubt not—nay, I know—that many a gallant gentleman who fought beside him, and many another in the opposing host, grieved, with as deep a grief as Lee, to draw his sword. The letter that I speak of bears the date of January 16th, 1861, and was written from Fort Mason, near San Antonio, in Texas. It was addressed to a young lady, a relative of his, for whom he had great affection, and the passages of which I speak were written as a message to her father. Alluding to the homes of two families of friends, he said :

“I think of the occupants of both, very often, and hope, some day, to see them again. I may have the opportunity soon ; for, if the Union is dissolved, I shall return to Virginia to share the fortune of my people. But before so great a calamity befalls the country, I hope all honorable means of maintaining the Constitution and the equal rights of the people will be first exhausted. Tell your father he must not allow Maryland to be tacked on to South Carolina, before the just demands of the South have been fairly presented to the North and rejected. Then, if the rights guaranteed by the Constitution are denied us, and the citizens of one portion of the country are granted privileges not

extended to the other, we can, with a clear conscience, separate. I am for maintaining all our rights, not for abandoning all for the sake of one. Our national rights, liberty at home and security abroad, our lands, navy, forts, dockyards, arsenals and institutions of every kind. It will result in war, I know — fierce, bloody war. But so will secession, for it is revolution and war at last, and cannot be otherwise, and we might as well look at it in its true character. There is a long message, A——, for your father, and a grave one, which I had not intended to put in my letter to you, but it is a subject on which my serious thoughts often turn; for, as an American citizen, I prize my government and country highly, and there is no sacrifice I am not willing to make for their preservation, save that of honor. I trust there is wisdom and patriotism enough in the country to save them, for I cannot anticipate so great a calamity to the nation as the dissolution of the Union."

Alas! alas! that the hand which wrote those touching, anxious words was not near enough to the helm to avert the shipwreck! Alas! alas! that no voice should have been lifted in the land, potent enough to bid the whirlwind stay! Who lacked the wisdom — who lacked the patriotism — which Lee invoked, it is not for me, in this place at least, to say. If they existed, they were dumb and helpless, and the whirlwind came. But I have read enough to you to show the stuff of which some men were made whom they call "rebels" — enough to show that they who fought, at last, against the Union, were not always they who loved it least, or would least willingly have died to save it.

I have spoken, ladies and gentlemen, of our hero's character and life, as they attract the admiration of mankind — of the qualities which enemies and friends may venerate alike. It would be unmanly affectation in me to pretend that here in Maryland we loved him and remember him chiefly for these. We are proud of the great name — as proud as any — but the household word is dearer far to us. His story and his memory are linked with all the hopes and triumphs, the exultation and despair, which made a century of those four bitter, bloody, torturing years. He was to us the incarnation of his Cause — of what was noblest in it, and knightliest, and best. Whatever of perplexity beset his path before he chose it, he knew no doubts when it was chosen. He followed where it led him, knowing no step backward. Along it, through victory and defeat, our sympathies and prayers went with him. Around him gathered the fresh, valiant manhood of our State, and many a brave young heart that ceased to beat beside him, drew him but closer to the bleeding hearts in all our saddened homes. These are the ties that bind him to us. These are the memories that troop around us here to-night — not of the far-off hero, belonging to the world and history — but memories of our hero — ours — the man that wore the gray! Not in the valley where he sleeps, not among the fields he made immortal, lives he, or will he live, in fonder recollection, than where Calvert planted freedom.

"And far and near, through vale and hill,
Are faces that attest the same;
The proud heart flashing through the eyes,
At sound of his loved name."

And when they tell us, as they do, those wiser, better brethren of ours — and tell the world to make it history — that this, our Southern civilisation, is half barbarism, we may be pardoned if we answer: Behold its product and its representative! “Of thorns men do not gather figs, nor of a bramble-bush gather they grapes.” Here is Robert Lee — show us his fellow!

A VISIT TO DIX ISLAND.

TWO summers ago we were on the seacoast of Maine, and among other dissipations of a kindred nature, came a visit to Dix Island and a sight of the New York post-office lying around in pieces — pieces of granite untouched by saw or chisel, pieces smooth and beautiful, receiving their last polish from the hands of the skilled workman, and perfectly-finished pillars and cornices partly covered with laths and ready for shipment.

From time immemorial islands have possessed a strange fascination for the human race, and the coast of Maine is especially rich in these detached fragments of land. Busy scenes they are too, and anything but dreamy or romantic. Dix Island is generally mentioned on the mainland as “the island,” as though there were but one. It happens, however, to be an island of especial importance. The granite-works require the daily running of a small Government steamer, the *Firefly*, and into this brilliant little craft we carefully lowered ourselves at the Rockland dock on a charming afternoon in early August.

The steamer was small, and prosaic barrels of potatoes and onions were in close proximity as we took our seats; but this did not interfere with our perfect enjoyment of every moment of the hour and a quarter that it took us to make the voyage. The bright skies, pleasant company and beautiful shores afforded a combination that brought a feeling of perfect content as we skimmed over the water, and we rather regretted the necessity for leaving the boat at all.

But low, flat-looking shores, with great rocks on them, were coming into sight, and some one exclaimed: “There! don’t you hear the music?” The music! Did they have a band, then? This sounded oddly, we thought, for a colony of laborers; but soon a measured pounding and tapping, like that of very large wood-peckers, greeted our ears, and the long low sheds of the granite-cutters were visible on the shores.

The rocks all along the shore were beautifully smooth, and suggested

no idea of the rough strength which seems inseparable from granite, while long lines of curiously-shaped boulders, some of them suggesting loaves of bread and cake, extended into the far distance. These creamy-looking rocks were in pretty contrast to the peculiarly vivid green of the grass and flags that grew in scanty patches, while the sombre evergreens, the only trees that seemed to take kindly to the granite soil, gave to the scene an air of dreariness and desolation.

We found nice steps cut in the rock at the landing—a great improvement on the perpendicular ladder at Rockland; but the latter place, as our pleasant guide, the clerk of the boat, informed us, is too poor to indulge in such luxuries, adhering closely to the simple rule, the good old plan, to keep all that you get and get all that you can.

The first extraordinary sight that struck us on *terra firma* was that of numerous finished pieces of some massive building lying about, neatly covered with laths for transportation, and inquiries soon elicited the fact that this was the fourth story of the New York post-office. The building was originally intended to be but three stories in height, but when the last story was ready for shipping it was decided to sandwich another between that and the second one. Had it not been for the packing arrangements, we might almost have fancied ourselves at Karnac or Luxor; for prostrate columns and ornaments met us at every turn as we tramped through the dust to the work-sheds, getting lovely glimpses of Penobscot Bay through granite openings, and wondering at the quaintness of everything we saw.

We found the work-sheds particularly comfortable; with wooden awnings, or window-screens, to keep out the sun—which is apt to be impertinent where there are no trees—and large enough to accommodate the workers and the unwieldy material on which they labor, with perfect ease.

The men are generally Scotch; an invoice of seven hundred having been imported at one time, to supersede the uncertain Irishmen, who could be depended on for nothing but getting drunk. As these thrifty folk from the land of Burns are not given to spending, considerable American money is changed into British gold—the rate of wages being from four to six dollars a day, according to the style of work. They are somewhat sore on the subject of their seven years' apprenticeship at home, before they can earn what their American comrades receive after a month's instruction; the Yankees, they say, *steal* the rest of a trade. They looked good-natured enough, however, as we peered at them through the open windows, and even ventured in at the door sometimes, to satisfy our curiosity. A sonsie-looking young Scotchman, with close-cut curls of reddish gold and the bluest of blue eyes, initiated us into the mysteries of the brush-hammer, as we stood watching his work, which appeared to consist of very gentle tappings on a finished corner-piece, as though he were working with the most tender consideration for his own muscles. But finishing-off is a very delicate task, a slight chipping of the stone leading to disastrous results in the whole structure. We were told that some of these men work by the day, and some by the job; the latter style we

should consider the most advantageous to Government, as, like Mr. Warner's plumbing-men, they are somewhat given to being "pleasant by the hour."

Walking through the narrow road between the sheds, we made a sudden halt, because of four oxen attached to one of the granite-carts, that were conducting themselves in a manner that savored strongly of insanity. Terror seized the feminine portion of the party, and a wild and disorderly flight was in progress, when fear changed to amazement on being informed that the oxen were afraid of us. But four expanded umbrellas, in addition to our other strange belongings, were more than these island oxen could stand; and we were earnestly requested to keep as much out of their way as possible. There is one steam-engine on the island, by which a derrick is worked that draws huge masses of granite from the quarry; but oxen are still employed at other points, and until these are superseded by the all-powerful force evolved from the curling vapor of a tea-kettle, the place cannot put forth a tithe of its wealth and strength. As yet, they say, it has only been clearing away the rubbish in building the New York post-office and a few other things, and untold treasures yet remain to be converted into forms of beauty.

We explored two or three sheds, and admired the beautiful smoothness of the plain round pillars and bevelled corner-pieces; and were quite lost in amazement at the indifferent ignorance of the laborers as to what they were working at. "One job came on after another, and it made little difference to them; they got their pay all the same."

We then adjourned to the Dix Island post-office, which is a unique institution, and a favorite subject with the photographers. A large, open box, nailed to an absurd-looking little spruce-tree that is elevated on a bluff of granite, seems to invite the passer-by to come and examine its contents; and one individual, evidently in a state of expectation, was doing this very thing as we approached. The letters were thoroughly turned over; and if not personally favored himself, he had, at least, the satisfaction of knowing who was. We had heard of a travelling post-office in a hat, but it seemed to us that this novel arrangement on Dix Island was even more interesting.

The Government "store" and barber's shop are close at hand, and to the former place we bent our steps, with views that tended to lemonade. But we had to take it with the lemons left out—and likewise the sugar, for we did not think the latter ingredient would improve the melted ice with which we were hospitably provided. Lemons there were none; and in regard to water, Dix Island is like the experience of the old salt whom Coleridge represents as moaning:

"Water, water everywhere,
But not a drop to drink."

It has its own especial ice-boat, due on Saturday evenings; and great is the consternation when, as is sometimes the case, this polar vessel does not make its appearance before eleven P. M., for this is very close upon not coming at all.

The men's boarding-houses are an important feature of the island; and the "Shamrock House," which undoubtedly received its verdant

appellation during the disorderly reign of the exiles of Erin, ranks as the Grand Central, and accommodates three hundred and fifty inmates. The waiters and chambermaids are boys, who are said to do their work with neatness and dispatch, and to perform the office of laundresses also with great dexterity. There are many smaller boarding-houses, all of which are well filled ; and as we passed them toward the supper-hour (as it is called in this region), we noticed agreeable odors of hot viands that made us feel we were hungry. But somebody who has tried a meal there, represents the bill of fare as consisting entirely of brown bread, corned beef, and beans — not very appetising edibles to city palates. For these refreshments and lodging, the workmen are charged six dollars a week — the necessity for boarding on the island being imperative, except with such of them whose homes are at stations near by.

On Saturday afternoons, however, there is a grand stampede to the mainland ; and this departure is well worth seeing. Many of them go for a grand carouse after their week's work ; and immediately on the ringing of the bell, which puts a period to labor until Monday morning, they gather from all directions, and swarm over the boulders, making for the water on a run ; some with tin kettles, some with bundles — all in a state of hurry and excitement. The boats, which have been reposing in the sea-weed that fills the little inlets among the rocks, are dragged quickly to the water, and like immense canoes of savages on a war-trail, away go the Dix Island stone-cutters over the beautiful Penobscot — boat after boat heading for coves and inlets where, perchance, the comforts of home awaited the returned exiles.

Walking back to *our* little boat, which bore the *sobriquet* of "the Governor's team," as whenever that mighty personage felt disposed for a trip to the mainland the steamer was ordered out, we were somewhat alarmed at a steadily increasing black stream that tended in the same direction. If the stone-cutters swarmed into the little craft at that rate, what chance would be left for *us* ? And what sort of a passage might we expect in company with such a crew ?

But we did them injustice, for they were a remarkably well-behaved set ; and one or two, who were quietly established at the pleasantest end of the boat, rose on our approach and betook themselves elsewhere. The little steamer, too, seemed to be elastic ; and with sixty-five of the bone and sinew massed together at a little distance, some with nice manly faces, and all quiet and orderly, we steamed off from the granite rocks ; and while the sunset glory illuminated the distant hills and islands, and lighted up the waves with a strange, beautiful gleam, we were carried swiftly back to our starting-point, with an endless store of new and pleasant memories.

ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

THE BRIDAL OF THE RIDOLFI.

ITALY has always been famous for her masques and her mimes, and every one knows how, with a quick, passionate people like the Italians, such pastimes may be mixed with serious, sometimes tragic interests. Such an incident we propose to relate. It occurred in Padua, a city of Northern Italy, of old sometimes independent and sometimes subject to Venice, but now a deserted, pathetic old town, picturesque, gloomy and romantic, full of nooks and corners that startle one into a belief that the nineteenth century has not yet begun, and that we are living in the dusky light of the Middle Ages.

There is an old *palazzo*, that of the Ridolfi (still standing, but no longer the gay abode it was two hundred years ago), which was the scene of the following striking incident of Italian life. The *cortile* or court-yard, now grass-grown and strewn with fragments of *bassi-rilievi*, fallen from the walls and lying cracked among luxuriant weeds—was then full of thronging servants and retainers; horses with velvet saddles and mules with jewelled bridles jostled each other at the brink of the ample marble basin that occupied the centre of the court; pages ran to and fro, and inferior servants carried golden salvers heaped with sweetmeats and preserves. Within the great halls there was revelry and music; tables were set, and there was a loud and rather uncouth jabber, for in those days there was an odd mixture of coarseness and learning, of ultra-luxurious refinements and very primitive and startling manners. So the guests talked rather more loudly and gesticulated more violently than would be thought seemly in our days, and their talk was as queer and mosaic as their behavior. Some, with evident relish, told scandalous stories, which were eagerly listened to and sometimes as eagerly interrupted, while another knot of quieter persons were discussing a new philosophical publication. Among these were grave and elderly priests, not by any means ascetic-looking, but dignified and scholarly, who now and then turned glances of ill-disguised contempt at two of their order, young men foppishly dressed, who were conspicuous in the group of scandal-mongers. Besides these ecclesiastical scholars were two whose profession was evidently legal, and one, a younger man, whose looks denoted a poet, and not an ill-paid one either. But the most interesting person of this group was a woman whose age was not very easy to fix, but who certainly was not too old to prefer and join in livelier conversation, or to be a welcome addition to any group. She was simply yet richly dressed, and there was no ostentation of poverty or affectation of rusticity about her. Her dark-blue velvet tunic was of the richest kind, although it was unembroidered, and her ornaments were one string of immense pearls round her neck and another twisted in her auburn hair. Her complexion was fair, but more like ivory than like the traditional "lily," and her arms, half revealed by the flowing sleeves that were cut open at the

elbow, were of that perfect and somewhat massive make which reminds you rather of the healthy physical Greek ideal than of the ethereal figures which we moderns prefer. But her expression was that which marked her out especially to the notice of intelligent observers; though of these there were but few among the guests of the Palazzo Ridolfi. Her large gray eyes were frank and open; they seemed to invite you to look into her soul, and when she talked or listened, they had an intent gaze which satisfied the person in whose company she was that he, and he alone, for the time being existed for her in the world. This was the great secret of the charm which she undoubtedly exercised over all; but it was a charm in the distribution of which she was so exasperatingly impartial, that all her friends eyed each other either with assumed indifference or ill-concealed jealousy.

Madonna Chiara,* (or the Lady Clare) as she was called by common consent as to the anachronism, for the old mediæval title suited her marvellously well, was not the heroine of the feast, for this was a betrothal night, and the daughter of the Ridolfi was in a further saloon, adorned in her bridal jewels, and bright, young, and merry, signing her name to the great, awful-looking parchment called the marriage-contract. The Bishop of Padua, two abbots, uncles of the bride, and other ecclesiastical as well as legal dignitaries were present, some as witnesses, and others in the light of informal sponsors. The child-bride (she was only sixteen, and had been brought up in a convent since she was four years old) stood, pleased and bewildered, amid the courtly guests; proud to be the prominent person on this occasion, and shyly conscious of the attention bestowed upon her by her bridegroom, a tall, manly, soldier-like figure, seemingly a stranger to these scenes, and a far older man than one would have thought meet for so young a bride.

The group at the table, on which was displayed the elaborate marriage-contract, was a picture of gorgeousness; and if you can recall to your mind the great pictures of banquets by Paul Veronese, you will have a distinct idea of the pageantry of dress and ornament which it displayed. On the tables around were set goblets of chased silver and gold, tall Venetian flagons, and glasses of artistic shapes and beautiful colors, rivaling the figs, grapes, pomegranates, water-melons and peaches heaped up beside them. By the door were two men, the one in plain and evidently foreign garb, the other a dignified but talkative Paduan, richly bedizened, and well-pleased to show off to the stranger the wealth and courtliness of his fellow-nobles.

"The bride seems young by the side of that stalwart warrior," said the stranger, in French; though to judge by his accent, it was not his native tongue—"for warrior he is, I take it."

"Well guessed," said the Paduan; "he is one of our famous men; they speak of him even in Paris. He has led five hundred lances † of his own in various battle-fields; he has fought the Turks on the

* *Madonna*, and by contraction *Monna*, were titles of courtesy used in Italy in the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, but they gradually gave way to the less characteristic "Signora," which has continued to our day.

† As a lance implied a complement of at least three or four men, the actual number of fighting men was swelled to nearly two thousand.

Danube, and the Huguenots on the Loire. But it is no marvel if he looks grave, even more than his forty years will account for. This is not the first time he has signed a wedding-contract."

Here the Paduan paused, enjoying his own importance, and expecting his companion's impatience to prompt him to ask a question, which would still further enhance the value of the information he was longing to give. But for some moments the stranger did not seem to understand what was expected of him, and gazed with earnest, absorbed looks at the bridegroom, as if trying to put himself into his place and experience his feelings. Then slowly turning to his guide, he asked :

"And how was that?"

"You are chary of your speech," said the Paduan, with a slight tone of impatience ; "but perhaps if you were handling your native tongue it would be otherwise. As I was saying, Messer Gian Ghiberti has been betrothed before, but he was never married. The lady is here to-night: what think you of that?"

"I should like to see her," said the stranger, heedless of the question.

"I will take you through the saloons, and make you guess which is she. You guessed so well concerning him that you will not probably fail to pick her out."

They moved away, and the Paduan whispered as they left the doorway: "It was broken off, no one knows how, nor does any one know by whom. She was as much above suspicion of light conduct as he was above that of dishonor. She had no parents living, and had only a small fortune, though her family is one of our oldest. An old aunt lived with her, and does still. It all happened nine years ago."

"Was there any religious difficulty connected with it?" said the stranger, thoughtfully.

The Paduan looked keenly at his companion.

"A natural question for you, Messer ; if report speaks truly, your countrymen are used, and too well used, to such things. But our friend, you recollect, fought against the Huguenots."

The stranger said nothing, though the other's expressive shrug of the shoulders and outstretched palms invited a further remark. They were now at the door of the room where stood the group which we have mentioned as clustered round Madonna Chiara. The Paduan saw at a glance that his companion had made up his mind about her identity with the former betrothed of Messer Gian. Without wasting his breath in idle exclamations, the stranger whispered: "I have seen enough. It was not through lack of love on either side that these two were parted. Pity they could not marry ; they are worthy of each other."

"Would you like to speak with her?" said the Paduan.

"Nay, it would be of small use to begin an acquaintance that one would wish to carry on, and yet which would have to be snapped off in the bud. I leave Padua to-morrow."

"So soon!" said his courteous guide. "Surely your business cannot be so imperative. Stay with us, and see our learned men, at least, if our beautiful women are no allurements to you. You cold islanders should thaw a little under our sun."

"It is not business that drives me away ; but the Adige, they say, is rising, and it is time I should take advantage of the yet practicable fords if I would get to Florence soon."

"Your countrymen have the reputation of obstinacy as well as coldness, Messer," said the Paduan, with a smile ; "but since you are so hurried in your movements, let me at least do the honors of my city as quickly as possible. One might call this, just now, the saloon of the celebrities, for I see our most renowned citizens are all gathered here. Yonder, by Madonna Chiara, stands the fortunate poet, Matteo Pollione, who, with unexampled constancy, has been an admirer of the Lady Clare, and of no other, for the last *three months* ; but as you may guess, she is only just courteous to him, and never sees him but in public assemblies like the present. Those three reverend ecclesiastics are renowned scholars, one of them a reader of Greek and Hebrew, and a commentator of Solomon's Biblical poems and Proverbs ; the other two are more addicted to classical knowledge, and both possess considerable libraries ; one of them writes elegantly in Italian verse, and really approaches nearer to Petrarch than any one I know in our age. That is he leaning on the tripod of bronze. Then those other two are jurists, casuists, sophists — call them by any name that you will, but they can prove black to be white, and Satan to be an injured and innocent angel, as easily as you can prove that two and two make four. They are almost always opposed to each other in public and legal matters, but have been close friends in private life for the last twelve years. One of them dabbles in the black art — at least *men say so*, you understand ? We are so unwilling to acknowledge our general stupidity by allowing the cleverness of one among us to be the natural consequence of his own perseverance and love of study ! Further down the room you see another group ; they are our social celebrities. The ladies are all noted for their taste in dress, and their extravagance in expenditure. Oh, I am not afraid to say so, though two of them are my cousins. I am delighted that by the rules of our Church, from which, as you know, we so *very* seldom depart in *any* item, it is impossible that either should ever become my wife. Those two young ecclesiastics are great friends of theirs ; their husbands, by the way, are in the saloon we left, both paying court to the same lady, a woman of somewhat *passée* beauty, but rare charm of manner. Scandal and gossip, you see, Messer, are always the staple of polite conversation. I suppose even your country is not free from such."

"Pardon me ; if you refer to the court, you are right, but our country homes are models of decorum ; if they were not, the country would soon sink into decrepitude."

"Ah, I am glad," returned the scoffing Paduan, "that we have roused some spark of animation in you on *some* subject ; but it is evident you need polite training, for the maxims of the greatest statesman of modern times would fail if your Puritanical prejudices were true."

"My friend," said the stranger, more gently than he had spoken before, "remember my words : a state of society that is built on distrust of your neighbor, and disbelief in your God, is self-condemned."

My country will flourish long after yours has politically disappeared, because our men believe in our women, and our women honor our men, and both worship God in earnest."

"Hush," said the Paduan; "I know you are right, but do not let any one hear you say such rash things. I have a great fancy that some day I shall come and see how your system works in your island; but I am afraid to go yet, before having exhausted the pleasures of my beautiful land, for, depend upon it, I should not have courage to return here after seeing your ways. But it is no time for me to be serious now; come further, and I will show you the pictures which three generations of Ridolfi have gathered together."

The stranger looked once more at Madonna Chiara, whose eyes that moment appeared to fall on him. Just as he looked away, a man crossed the saloon, arrayed in dark purple satin and a glittering collar of gold, his only ornament, for his sword was steel-hilted, and utterly unsuited to a festive scene. The Paduan said to his companion: "I am glad you have seen him; without him, the list of celebrities would have been incomplete. He is a noted duellist, and always wears his real sword; that is, he scorns to sport a jewelled weapon even in the gayest assemblies. He is Madonna Chiara's cousin, and it was said years ago that he was in love with her. But now he is as notorious a *roué* as he is a duellist, and she never speaks to him. Come and look at the pictures."

And so the feast drew gradually to a close; and the palace, after many hours, lapsed into silence. The marriage-contract was duly signed and sealed, and the third day from that night was settled upon for the wedding. The stranger, whom the reader will have guessed to be an Englishman, made his way next day to the Adige, but found it already more swollen than he had been led to expect, and was obliged to return to Padua. He found out where Madonna Chiara lived, and changing his lodging, took three or four rooms opposite her house, over a silversmith's shop. He never saw her go into the street for two whole days; but over a corner of the garden-wall behind her house, he caught sight of her once, walking with a book in her hand. He could only see the back of her head, with her abundant hair rolled in close, broad plaits, and a part of her dark green dress, which he judged to be of some soft woollen material. The evening of the second day a youthful figure, shrouded in a black cloak, went up to the door of the house, and lifted the great knocker very gently. It seemed as if the page (so the Englishman guessed him to be) had a message to deliver, for when a small wicket was opened in the portal, he merely handed in a little packet, and spoke one or two words which were inaudible to the watcher. The answer, however, was not so, for a man's voice said, rather surlily: "Yes; until to-morrow at noon."

The stranger puzzled his brains for a long time, trying to imagine what meaning these words could have; but every now and then, as if impatient with himself, would shake his head and mutter, "What can it matter to me?" Still, a few minutes later, he would be at the window once more, watching the opposite house; but when it had grown quite dark, he got up and went to the abode of his friend and

guide, the Paduan noble who had been with him at the Palazzo Ridolfi. The two sat up far into the night, discoursing serious subjects which it would have been scarcely safe to propound by day ; and when they parted, the Englishman bethought himself of telling the other what he had seen and heard at the door of Madonna Chiara's house. In the early part of the evening he would not have dreamed of confiding in his pleasant but skeptical friend, but the talk they had had quite changed his feelings towards him. Men have unsuspected depths of good as well as evil in their hearts ; indeed, perhaps oftener the former than the latter, and the Englishman now saw beyond the worldly crust of the other's character.

"That reminds me," said the Paduan ; "the wedding is to-morrow, and since you are detained here, you might as well profit by the delay and see this high festivity. Come with me to-morrow ; I will warrant your being a welcome guest."

"I will think of it," said the stranger, "but do not take it amiss if I do not come. If I should accept your invitation, I will be here by nine o'clock to-morrow morning, and accompany you."

It was past midnight when he returned to his lodging, but to his surprise he thought he saw a figure trying to hide within the shadow cast by the pillars of the door of Madonna Chiara's house. He stopped, and retiring into a convenient corner, waited for some time, but no one stirred ; then coming noiselessly forth, he stood for seven or eight minutes opposite the house. The night was very dark, but he felt certain of the presence of some one within the doorway. Still no one came out, and at last he gave up the watch and went in. The instant he shut the door behind him, a figure walked swiftly out of the doorway and down the street, keeping close to the walls of the houses. He looked from his window and fancied he saw it in the distance, and then determined to watch, if necessary, all night for its return. This was not easy to do, for he must watch in the dark, and drowsiness came over him many a time. He believed, however, that he had not been overcome by it even for five minutes ; still he saw, or was conscious of, no human presence again that night. He could not help fancying that the figure was a woman's, and it seemed like Madonna Chiara's. Why he thought so he could not tell, for so far as any indications of sex were concerned, he could have sworn to nothing, beyond a vague impression left on his mind of a long, dark cloak. The dawn came, and then the sunrise ; the street began to fill, and the shops to open ; the house opposite seemed unconscious of any mystery : everything wore its usual aspect. He was sure that *that* particular figure had not returned, at least not by the way which it had taken last night. He felt too weary to go with his Paduan friend to the great wedding ; and calling on one of his servants, bade him take a message to this effect, and then keep his eyes and ears open concerning the Palazzo Ridolfi, and report to him anything that he might learn. It irresistibly forced itself upon his mind that the mysterious figure would turn out to have something to do with the ceremony of to-day.

Meanwhile much the same display and noise filled the Ridolfi house as had distinguished it three evenings ago ; the saloons were decked out with costly hangings and priceless artistic ornaments and furni-

ture ; a banquet of marvellous preserves, sweetmeats, fruits, cakes, wines, and syrups was prepared for the wedding-guests, and the religious ceremony was appointed to take place in the picture-gallery, where the high dignitaries of the Church were now waiting for the bride. A cavalcade rode into the courtyard, preceding and escorting the grave bridegroom, whose face certainly betrayed no tremor or exultation. His greeting to the young girl was faultless in its courtesy, and even its tenderness, but the tenderness was rather that of a man who feels his responsibility and the sacred trust he was accepting, than that of an eager, loving bridegroom. Before the bridal procession was marshalled, a group of dancers, masqued and dressed in fantastic, mythological guise, arrived upon the scene, and the leader, in a dainty Italian sonnet, asked leave to perform one of the national dances, in honor of the couple, before the ceremony took place. He said that he was sent by the friends of Messer Gian, and that it was specially to him that this delicate mark of attention was offered. These masques were common in those days, and it was an established custom for weddings, christenings, and other domestic festivities to be distinguished by similar performances. Leave was willingly granted, and the dancers, twelve in number, began a graceful performance, representing some mythological scene, or rather adaptation ; golden censers and garlands of flowers were produced, a kind of epithalamium, or nuptial song, was chanted to a slow measure, while nymphs and fauns were busy building a bower of laurel and roses. The company were entranced ; gradually the dance grew more intricate, the measure quickened, the group rallied into a close knot round the bower, and, suddenly scattering, revealed a new figure, which some said must have been produced by magic, but others more wisely supposed to have been one of the original performers simply stripped of his outer disguise and clad in a gorgeous inner one. This figure, in a white satin mask, approached the bridegroom, and, still dancing, invited him to come with him. Gian Ghiberti, with an absent, rather weary look, made no resistance, and passively followed the mask. No one marvelled ; these dances were wont to take all kinds of forms, and the newer these were the greater credit was claimed by their devisers. The group escorted the mask and the bridegroom to the door of an empty saloon, and there left the two, who entered the room together and disappeared. The dancers, meanwhile, began beating the door in measure to the music, and chanting a part of the nuptial song again. The noise grew louder, but no sound was heard on the other side. After an interval of half an hour, the dancers and musicians retired, singing as they went ; the former were still twelve in number, though one must needs have come in surreptitiously since the beginning of the masque. The attendants went to the door to open it, but found it locked on the inside. Every one wondered, and a few grew uneasy, till at last, after repeated calls and knocks, to which no answer was received, the servants were ordered to break open the door.

At first it seemed as if the room were empty, but it was soon noticed that a cabinet had been displaced, and stood as a screen across the furthest corner of the room. On looking behind it, the body of

Messer Gian was found, with a rent in his white velvet doublet, and a deep wound encrusted with blood. He was quite dead. The window next the cabinet was open.

Tumult and horror prevailed through the house ; every cheek was pale ; the women cried and sobbed hysterically ; the men asked broken questions, or uttered smothered oaths against the disguised murderer. The guests melted away, and soon the saloons were deserted by all but the family and servants. The tale of horror was soon told throughout the city, and the Englishman heard it from the lips of his panting servant. The recollection of the figure he had seen last night rushed to his mind ; with a sinking of the heart, he tried to force it back, but what this connection meant he dared not ask himself. He silently put himself in readiness for — he knew not what. His papers and money were secured on his person, and he hastily wrote a few lines to his Paduan friend, giving him full authority over his baggage and his servants until further news. Then he sat down and once more intently watched the house opposite. A clamor at the head of the street attracted his attention, and guessing by a lightning flash what was the meaning of it, he resolved to get to the house before the officers of justice. But how do this without awakening suspicion ? The street was full. He called to his Italian servant and quickly whispered a few words in his ear, at the same time slipping two gold pieces and a letter to the Paduan into his hand. The man's face lighted up with a look of not very pleasant intelligence, but the stranger knew that for the moment he was to be depended upon. That moment was everything. Presently, as if by magic, an organised body was evolved out of the swaying crowd, and the civic authorities were met by a band of determined, passionate men shouting : " Treason, treason ! This comes of admitting foreigners and heretics into our city ! *Viva Sant' Antonio !* Down with Englishmen ! Follow us ! " and immediately an attack was begun against the house in which were the stranger's lodgings. The other party soon joined in the clamor and quite veered round in their opinions ; and the sanction of the law seemed thus to fall in with the humor of the rabble.

Meanwhile our hero had got out of a back-door, and quickly threaded two narrow streets which by a short cut led him to the back of Madonna Chiara's house. By good luck there was an open window five feet from the ground, through which he made his way and found an entrance into a narrow stone passage. Here he was entirely at sea, but every moment was precious ; so he hurried on headlong and came to a staircase, up which he rushed, and then burst into the first large room that met his eye. It was empty, but a curtain across a door at the further end made him think that some private apartments might be beyond. He lifted the curtain and found himself in a dim room, evidently a woman's. A half-open door led into an inner room, and here at last he found occupants. *She* was there, but insensible, apparently lifeless, and two old women sobbed helplessly by her couch. One seemed a nurse, the other was evidently the aunt of whom the Paduan had spoken. The Englishman saw that it would be useless to try to make the women understand him ; so he seized the insensible form of the Lady Clare in his

arms, and roughly pushing aside the bewildered and screaming women, carried his burden away. As he passed each door he pushed it violently to with his foot, and took a direction which, as he had hoped, led him to the garden. He could hear the shrieks of the excited crowd on the other side of the street, the resounding blows that fell on the door of his lodgings, and, he feared, on that of the unlucky silversmith's shop as well. He sped across the garden, and stopping at the gate that led into an unfrequented back-street, laid his burden down and took off a dark scarf which he had worn round his neck. This he laid lightly over Madonna Chiara's face, but was puzzled how to conceal her form and dress. He went to the gate and looked out. An old woman sat huddled against the wall a few paces to the right. As he called softly to her, he noticed with delight, first, that she had on a coarse brown serge cloak, and secondly that she was blind. He went up to her, and putting a gold piece into her hand, gently unfastened the cloak and lifted it from her shoulders. An angry exclamation was half uttered, but by this time she had felt that the alms of the unceremonious stranger were not of the usual paltry kind, and with a hearty "Thank you, my lord," she relinquished her cloak. The Englishman sped back to the still unconscious Lady Clare, and wrapping her from head to foot in the beggar's cloak, once more started on his uncertain course. Cautiously enough he went back in the direction of his own street, but not so far as to be seen by the crowd, while presently his Italian servant met him, and the two together carried the insensible woman between them by short cuts which Luigi fortunately knew (having had a love-adventure in Padua twenty years before), as far as one of the gates of the city.

"Are they in the house at present?" asked the master.

"Yes, Messer; but the silversmith, Pietro, is vowing vengeance against you."

"Let him prate. Do thou give that letter to Messer ——," naming the Paduan noble, "and he will satisfy all those who have claims against me. Run back now and lead the clamor thyself, and when it is no longer possible to avert the people's fury from her house, do thou find some pretext for joining in that attack too, and see that the women are protected and as little damage done as may be. Remember," he added, in a significant whisper, "it will be well worth thy while to be faithful."

He smiled as he said these words, and contrasted his own enforced distrust of this man with his generous advice to the world-experienced Paduan. The same gold that spurred Luigi on and silenced the blind beggar was used again, with no less success, to open the gate and chain the tongue of the warders, who were impressively told that "this was a love-intrigue." Madonna Chiara was still unconscious, and the Englishman began to be alarmed. Besides, he could not repress a natural feeling of curiosity as to what it might be in his beautiful charge's power to tell him; "and," thought he, "how odd that I should have refused to speak with her before, so that the first word we exchange will be one of terrible, perhaps deadly interest!"

He had no difficulty in hiring a cart for a few hours, and applied

himself at once to the task of restoring his companion to consciousness. In this he succeeded after about an hour; but when she came to herself, she merely gazed around, more stunned by grief than surprised at her whereabouts, and save for one or two inarticulate moans she uttered no sound. To his questions she returned no answer, and shook her head hopelessly; she originated no remarks and asked no questions. It occurred to him that grief had affected her mind, and feeling somewhat aggrieved, yet chiding himself for the feeling, he quietly made arrangements for accompanying his charge to Venice. They were not able to travel fast (he had discarded his cart, and purchased a litter for his companion and a horse for himself), and only reached Venice the third day; but once there, she seemed to rally a little and voluntarily addressed him for the first time.

"I have a distant relation here," she said, "a widow, living not as a nun, but as a boarder, in the Convent of St. Ursula. Take me there, I pray you."

He hired a gondola and took her there; and there, to his infinite disappointment, she disappeared from his sight without a word of thanks. But he remembered that she had given him one long inexplicable look just as her aunt or cousin hurried her through the parlor-door. The old lady had then come back and slightly thawed at the stranger's graphic yet sober recital. Its simplicity seemed to strike her, but when she found that after all he was a "heretic," her manner stiffened again, and he was glad enough to leave her presence.

He thought it unsafe to go back to Padua, and wrote a brief account of his adventures to his friend there, begging him to see to his affairs and send him whatever was left of his baggage. Pietro, the silversmith, was also quieted by a handsome present, and the Paduan wrote back to say that the city was gradually getting over the nine days' wonder, that a suitor had generously come forward for the young bride, willing to shield her from all scandal, and who "in the name of miracle" should he be but the famous duellist, Madonna Chiara's cousin. Most people thought the Englishman the murderer, and Madonna Chiara was supposed to have been carried off by the city authorities and put out of sight somewhere. The old aunt was still living in the house, but had nothing to tell save that "an officer of justice came and brutally carried away her fainting niece before her very eyes." The Englishman lingered for months in Venice, and his plans of travel further south were never realised. Day by day he made the circuit of the Convent of St. Ursula, now approaching it on foot, now in a gondola, but his patience was unrewarded. He shrank from trying to bribe these women, and he dared not face the sour old lady to whose guardianship his former charge had voluntarily resigned herself.

At last his affairs at home made his return imperative, and he left Venice with a heavy heart. More than two years after, a Venetian merchant living in London forwarded a packet to him which had come, he averred, through a Paduan nobleman whose name was within the outer cover of the packet. Doubtless, however, it had come first from Venice and then passed through the hands of the Paduan, who had requested him (the merchant) to deliver it to the young Englishman.

The packet proved to be a long letter tied with a purple silk cord. It gave the history of Madonna Chiara in her own words, but we will only attempt an outline, for the original was at least twenty pages long. It appeared that she and her cousin, now the husband of the young Ridolfi bride, had been brought up together. He was of a violent and passionate disposition, and never brooked interference with his caprices or desires ; she on the contrary was calm by nature and self-restrained on principle. He had fallen in love with her, and fiercely swore that if she would not marry him, no other man should ever be her husband. Disregarding this threat, however, she accepted Messer Gian Ghiberti, the famous captain, her senior by eleven years, a grave, steady man almost before his youth was past, and who loved her, as she did him, with the earnest love of those who love but once in their lives. Left an orphan when a child, she had followed her own bent and studied much, and had refused many offers indirectly made to her of advantageous but loveless marriages. Gian Ghiberti had made no cautious, formal overtures, but had spoken to herself, disregarding all silly etiquette, and her serious education had taught her to understand and admire his frankness. They were betrothed ; but two days before the day fixed for her bridal, her cousin had forced himself into her presence and violently reproached her, hinting that if she did not break off the match it should be his care to do so. She laughed at him at first, but gradually a mysterious sense of danger warned her not to trifle with him, and she determined to make him speak out. At last he said : " I will be frank with you, cousin ; it is better so than to strike in the dark, though it is not often I would deign to forewarn any one who crossed my path. But *you* are different. I almost feel as if no lie could come near you ; you would detect it at once, and I may as well gain the merit of having spoken truly. I tell you, if you marry that man, nay, if you do not dismiss him by to-morrow at noon, he will be a corpse before the evening shades close in. You know I never repent of what I have once sworn, and this I swear now, by my patron saint, shall assuredly be done."

She knew him well, and by her compliance saved the life of her lover at the expense of their mutual happiness ; but she took advantage of her cousin's mood — it was the best she could expect of him — to make him, also swear that he would never hurt a hair of Ghiberti's head, and would not persecute her with his unwelcome love. In her turn she pledged herself never to marry. So years went on, and the secret of the breaking off of her marriage was never told beyond the circle of the three interested parties ; they let the world gossip and wonder. The lovers seldom met, and not more than three or four times were they alone together after that untoward day. Ghiberti would fain have settled the matter in fair fight with his mistress's cousin, but Chiara entreated him not thus to drag her name into publicity, but wait till Providence perchance released her from her pledge. Somewhat intricate family matters at last made the Ridolfi alliance expedient, and it was his former love who, after much opposition on his part, persuaded him to accede to it. Her cousin, she said, would not release her from her oath while a drop of blood flowed in his veins, and his notorious skill and success in every encounter made it

less likely than ever that his death might release her. She knew that he was always following some new fancy, always caught by some fresh young face, but nevertheless his deepest love was still in a sense hers only, and no new flame, she feared, would ever come to bring her deliverance. But she had no idea that to gratify a passion fiercer, but probably no more stable than usual, he could forget his oath and his honor. How could she know that the little child-bride, the convent-blossom hidden away from the world until a few days before the betrothal ceremony, had caught the wild fancy of the well-known duellist? A packet had been left at her house the day before the wedding, and entrusted to the surly porter till "to-morrow at noon," together with an enormous bribe to ensure secrecy. This man had been her cousin's foster-father. By some negligence of his, Madonna Chiara had found this packet lying unguarded on a chair in the hall, and noticing her cousin's seal, had obeyed a sudden, unaccountable impulse to open it. It contained a pass as far as the Milanese frontier for two persons, to be forfeited unless used to-morrow by noon, and a letter written in an unknown hand, briefly alluding to the young bride of to-morrow, and to a glimpse or interview — this was obscurely worded — obtained at the convent-gate two weeks previous. Furthermore, there was an allusion to an impromptu entertainment which should come just in time to prevent the bridal ceremony from taking place. The turn of the phrases rather than the actual words or even hints, suggested to Madonna Chiara, not a carrying off of the bride, but some unknown danger to the bridegroom. Following this instinct, she carried the packet at night to Ghiberti's house, and noticed a person watching her from the door of the house opposite her own. She had come home by the garden-gate at the back of her own dwelling. Careless of her reputation, she had made her way to her lover's apartment, and besought him to be on his guard to-morrow, for she had reason to suppose that her cousin, forgetful of his honor, and impelled by a blind passion for the bride, meditated treachery against Ghiberti. The warrior gravely argued with her, and was more distressed at the moral danger she had braved in coming to his house, than at the possible harm that his wedding-day might bring. She pleaded in vain; his grave, sad answer was ever the same: "I have lost all I cared for in life; by to-morrow at dawn I shall have received the blessings and sacraments of the Church, as I always do before a battle, and the rest I leave to God. My beloved, there is no danger, no treachery that I fear; and if I die, the poor child will not grieve, for she knows me not, and a younger and fitter mate may be found for her. Since I was doomed to live without thee, I have made it a rule never to screen my life in the slightest manner, though for conscience' sake I have never wantonly exposed it. But I know that if to-morrow eternity calls on me, thou wilt not tarry long after, and I shall prepare our bridal-feast in heaven." Here the MS. was blurred with tears, and the writing became irregular. Further on, in a different hand, were added these words: "Madonna Chiara died three days after she wrote this, aged thirty-one years and seven months. R. I. P."

A NOTABLE FINANCIER.

A "TEMPEST in a tea-pot" is usually spoken of as a phenomenon likely to excite contempt and derision in the beholders; but to the tea-pot itself, we may safely assume, it seems an awful convulsion and catastrophe. And even the unconcerned spectator, if he be wise, may deem the sight worthy of attention, as exemplifying on a small scale the expansive force of steam and the power of resistance in boilers.

A phenomenon of the kind adverted to is that which we are about, in brief, to describe. The tempest was of a financial nature, and the tea-pot was the Duchy of Würtemberg.

About the year 1692, with many other better things, there came into the world, in the city of Heidelberg, a boy, of Israelitish parentage, who was called Joseph Süss, to which patronymic his family were in the habit of adding the *agnomen* "Oppenheimer" from a small town on the Rhine that had once numbered their ancestors among its residents. No more insignificant mortal, to all appearance, probably entered upon the world in that year. His parents had not only the disadvantage (in those times) of being Jews, and consequently the objects of contempt and oppression, but they were also poor and of no consideration among their own people. Nay, there were even rumors later that the young Joseph was not the offspring of honorable marriage, but that his real father was the Imperial General-Field-Marshal-Lieutenant George Eberhard von Heidersdorf, Knight of the Teutonic Order, and Commandant of Heidelberg, who, notwithstanding his multifarious honors and complexity of title, surrendered the city in his charge to the French, in 1693, so very prematurely that he was stripped of his rank and officially dishonored.

Under such disadvantages young Joseph grew up, as best he might, and soon displayed a remarkable genius for trade and bargaining. He was quick-witted, bold, astute, ready with speech of amazing plausibility, and was not, we are told, ever troubled with the slightest vestige of a conscience. There is no doubt that in the legitimate fields of traffic, he might have achieved signal success; but he had aspirations for a grander career, and finding his native town too restricted for his ambition, he betook himself to travel, visiting the principal commercial cities of the world, but tarrying the longest at Vienna, Frankfurt, and Amsterdam, where he studied the most esoteric mysteries of his art under the most consummate masters the world could produce.

Being now ready to open that oyster, the world, he cast about to determine at what point he should apply his knife, and was decided by the following circumstance. Readers of Carlyle's *Frederick the Great* will remember Duke Eberhard Ludwig of Würtemberg, one of the "serene abstruse Wittelsbachers", whose melancholy and disreputable enchantment by the Grävenitz is therein recorded. This Duke

had a younger brother, Carl Alexander, an Imperial Field-Marshal and appanaged Prince, who, in default of lawful issue to the Duke, was his successor. To this Prince, Süss had in some way, probably with advances of money, been serviceable at some time, and had thereby so won his gratitude, that he promised, if ever it was in his power to do so, that he would show his friend in need that not all princes had short memories. So when Duke Eberhard Ludwig died without an heir, and Carl Alexander ascended the throne, Süss craved an audience, offered his humblest services in any capacity, and besought that, for the sake of auld lang syne, at least, His All-gracious Effulgency (*allergnädigste Durchlauchtigkeit*) would bend a favorable countenance upon him. The Duke was as good as his word; and indeed he had plenty of work for him to do.

For as one may well suppose, old Duke Eberhard Ludwig had left matters in the Duchy in a pretty state; and the new Duke had, as Imperial Field-Marshal, his hands full with the French war, and was glad enough to get a modest, active, business-man to look after things at home for him a little. In especial, the law-courts and administrative chambers throughout the Duchy, needed overhauling and reforming, and this job Süss cheerfully undertook. He commenced by making himself friends all round; promising the people reform of their grievances, recommending to the Duke measures that he was sure he would approve, ingratiating himself with such persons of influence as he could rely on to help him in his schemes. These sounded his praises to the Duke — lauded his wonderful administrative ability, his judiciousness, and above all, his transcendent integrity, so that the Duke, charmed at possessing such a treasure, gave him his confidence without limit.

Süss now began, in a modest way, to suggest various plans of reform and improvement, the fruits of his ripe meditation on the state of things in the Duchy, that would be beneficial to the people and highly advantageous to the Ducal exchequer. The Duke took counsel on them with the influential persons, who immediately fell into ecstasies at the admirable ideas — so simple, so practical, and so unutterably beneficial to the people, to say nothing of helping our depleted treasury — it was like magic, only that all rested on the soundest principles of political economy. The Duke began to think he had found a phoenix and paragon among men; and Süss took advantage of his confidence gradually to remove those persons about the Court who were disposed to criticise his movements, and to fill their places with friends of his own.

The first thing that he took in hand to reform, was, as might have been expected, the coinage and finance generally. At that time the coinage of Germany, especially South Germany, was in an indescribable state; every little principality having its own denominations and its own standard of fineness, so that exchanges were not to be effected without a money-broker and a swindle, and no traveller ever crossed a boundary without gnashing of teeth. Bavaria had tried to turn this state of things to her advantage, by getting up a coinage that should circulate beyond her borders, a plan that was facilitated by her salt-trade with the surrounding States; so that

before long Bavarian money, being of reasonable denominations and not intolerable debasement, circulated at its full nominal value even in Hesse and Westphalia.

Now Duke Eberhard Ludwig had seen the advantage of this, and proposed to do something of the sort for Würtemberg, and get up a coinage that would be good enough to circulate outside his duchy. To this end he made arrangements with certain Augsburg merchants to supply his mint with the needful bullion, which they very honestly did. But when Süss took the matter in hand, he began by representing to the new Duke the enormous profits made by these Augsburgers, and how much better it would be if his Serenity undertook to buy the bullion himself and so save all this money ; not, of course, sullyng his princely hands personally, but employing some honest and intelligent servant of his own to manage the details ; and concluded by offering his own poor services in the matter. So the business was taken out of the Augsburgers' hands and given to Süss.

He began at once by clearing out of all departments of the Mint, all men whom he could not manage, and putting in creatures of his own. Next he opened a splendid office at Frankfurt on the Main, where under the title of Ducal Resident Factor, he bought bullion and coined money on a grand scale, and began to parade himself as a great man and financier. Having the confidence of the Duke, and the treasury at his back, quick wit and no conscience, his credit in the money-market was unbounded, and he was able to make some operations very much to the Duke's advantage. The coining went on on a grand scale, so that in nine months the mint had turned out some twelve million thalers of fair standard ; and in the midst of all this the Resident Factor had turned many a penny to his own advantage, outside of his legitimate emoluments, so that he was already a rich man.

One of these small subsidiary devices was this :— at this time the Kreisgesandten, or what we may call High Commissioners of the various Circles of the Empire, held their sessions at Frankfurt, and Süss contrived to get the purveyorship of supplies for them and their retinue into the hands of his subordinates, beside a pretty trade in jewelry and other elegancies that paid handsomely.

About this time, however, a little cloud arose on the horizon of our hero's prosperity. While he turned out from the mint the larger coins in great plenty, he was very niggardly in the coinage of small money, so that the want of this began to be severely felt, and many complaints arose. The troops particularly suffered from this, as the monthly pay of a private never amounted to more than the quarter of a gold *Caroline*, so that they had to be paid off in parties of four or five, and left to divide the piece between them as best they might. And when this annoyance had lasted awhile, the obliging Süss sent down agents at every pay-day, with bags of small coins, who changed the money for the men at a heavy discount, paying for ten florins in gold not more than nine florins and forty kreutzers, or even thirty. This naturally created much discontent, which reached the ears of the Duke, and he charged a competent agent to look into this whole business of the mint, and report to him the real state of things.

The agent reported that the large coin was not kept up to the proper standard, that there was great insufficiency of small coin, and that parties, presumably in the interest of Süss, were making scandalous profits out of the whole business. The Duke was highly indignant and summoned the Factor to give an account of his proceedings. Süss hastened to obey the order, and presented himself promptly and boldly at Ludwigsburg. The Duke's angry questions he met with the confidence of injured innocence. He had enemies, of course, people who envied him the favor of his prince, who would gladly ruin him, and, what was far worse, would ruin the country. As for the lowering the standard of the coin, it was true he had lowered it a little, but the former standard was too high. As for the small coins, anybody who understood finance knew that these were not real coins, but only a token-currency for convenience, and to have too many of them depreciated the real coin. It was the war and the necessity of paying the troops that made them so scarce. It was possible that rascals may have cheated the soldiers, but he was not responsible for that. Then he reminded the Duke of the services he had done him already, hinted at still greater in store, if His Serenity would not withdraw his favor from him, and as a final argument, produced a sum of 150,000 *reichsthalers*, which he begged the Duke to accept. This was conclusive: his master took him again into favor and dismissed the charges.

The French war had by this time come to an end, but the Duke had his hands still full of military business, and among the rest he had to receive the Imperial fortresses Kehl and Philipsburg, provision and garrison them. He was also thinking of raising a force of his own of several thousand men. Süss was ready with various plausible plans for raising money, all the more necessary now since the coinage business was no longer profitable.

We have seen how the Factor quietly lowered the standard of the coinage. Other princes had been imitating the example of Würtemberg, and the debased coinage was exciting general discontent. During the war, while "anything that was round passed for money," it had not been so much noticed; but now in time of peace the effects began to be serious. At the fairs, especially that of Leipzig, scarce any business could be done, and dealers everywhere began to refuse to part with their wares except at extravagant prices. Complaints were made at the Imperial Court, and finally several States, Würtemberg especially, were compelled to reduce the nominal value of their coinage by a certain per-centage. But Süss had debased his coinage in various degrees; and he sent out private agents who bought up those denominations and issues that were of best quality, at the fixed discount, and so made a handsome operation. This could not last long; and the matter being brought before the Diet at Regensburg, the Würtemberg mint had to cease operations, and Süss to look out for some new field of activity.

The Duke, so soon as his hands were a little free, determined to revive the General Land Commissions. This was an old arrangement in the Duchy, which had been neglected for many years. A body of Commissioners were sent out to all parts of the Duchy to inquire into

the behavior of the various public functionaries, and the operation of the administrative acts. They travelled from point to point, and the inhabitants were everywhere invited to appear before them, state their grievances, if they had any, and if they had anything to suggest or advise, touching the general welfare, to let it be heard. Small matters were settled at once, but more important ones were reported to the Duke and his Council. The plan had formerly worked well, and the Duke was minded to put it in operation again.

Süss was conferred with on the subject, who strongly recommended it, and showed so much intelligence as to its working that the Duke allowed him to name the Chief Commissioners, who were, of course, men devoted to his interests. He gave them their general instructions, and they were to apply to him for special instructions in particular cases.

The new Commissioners began by ingratiating themselves with the people. First they abolished some small and vexatious taxes, such as the *wolfsthaler*, a tax originally levied to pay for the destruction of wolves, and continued long after every wolf had been exterminated, and the sparrow-tax, which the peasants were now allowed to pay in sparrows' heads instead of money. It had also been the custom for the parishes to make New Year's gifts to the various functionaries; and this the Commission entirely abolished, so that the people grew to look upon Süss and his Commissioners as their true friends. All who had complaints to make against the officials were invited to bring them forward without fear; and whether these were just or malicious, the parties complained of were dismissed at once, and their places filled with friends of Süss, holding their positions at his will.

As a result of this Commission, Süss represented to the Duke that he had found such scandalous malfeasance among officials everywhere that there ought to be a general investigation of their past conduct, even extending as far back as the previous reign. That there were swarms of men who had grown rich by extortion and peculation who ought to be made to disgorge. The Duke consented, and the Commissioners were charged with the investigation. Nothing escaped them. If there was any obscurity in old accounts of twenty or thirty years back, fraud was taken for granted; if any complaints had been lodged, it was a clear case of extortion; if the officer had received a testimonial from the people, bearing witness to his upright conduct, then he had winked at their frauds on the revenue. The choice of two alternatives was offered the offender: on the one hand, the loss of his place and forfeiture of his securities, with disgrace and probable confiscation of his property, or — a private disgorgement to Süss, who, in mercy to the offender, would spare him public disclosure and further punishment. This plan worked so well that its operations were extended. Every man that was known to be rich became the subject of investigation, and if it was found that he had, or had ever had, a relation in public office, wo to him! Some defalcation or peculation was discovered in this relation's accounts — if he were dead, so much the better — and the rich kinsman was charged with having been an accomplice in frauds upon the revenue. The most were glad to escape by paying a handsome sum as a sop to this omnivorous Cerberus.

In Würtemberg at this time Jews were not allowed, without especial permission, to make it their residence. On payment of a certain toll at the boundary they were permitted to enter and remain a day ; but if they sojourned longer, they had to pay a daily tax for a permit. Süss induced the Duke to modify this so far as to allow such Jews as he (Süss) should designate, to come and go toll-free. In consequence, all Jews wishing to enter Würtemberg had only to arrange matters with the Minister of Finance—for this was his title now—and receive his pass.

The Land Commission continued to work finely. As the functionaries came to understand its operations, they made its work easier, for an official who had any private fortune found it the simplest way to seek a private audience with the Commissioners, say that his conscience was not quite clear, and he thought 10,000 or 20,000 *gulden* was about the mark, lay down the sum specified, and take a respectful departure. Those that were contumacious were mulcted and deprived of their office, which was then sold for a round sum to some suitable person ; and it sometimes happened that one of these cashiered functionaries, on going to the Minister himself, and proving tractable, was allowed to buy his office back by another payment.

The direct sale of offices seemed to our financier the most permanent and most lucrative source of emolument, if he could only manage to introduce the system ; but here a formidable difficulty stood in his way. Duke Eberhard Ludwig, while under the sway of the Grävenitz, had been prevailed on by her to sell offices of State to the highest bidder, the result of which was, of course, the most inefficient and most rascally set of officers that could have been sifted out of the whole Duchy. When Duke Carl succeeded, a general storm of complaint arose against these harpies, and the Duke immediately set about reformation, and gradually went on filling the offices with candidates selected according to merit. The reform was so satisfactory that the Duke's mind was made up to adhere to it.

But the plausible Süss found a way to change his resolution. He began by praising the principle of selection according to merit, but affirming that the mode of carrying it out was faulty ; that the *collegia* to whom the selection was entrusted gave the best offices to their own friends and kinsmen, and received privately handsome gratuities for the nomination. That this sort of thing could not be prevented while human nature remained what it was ; and that it was far better that the candidate should receive his appointment directly from the sovereign, and testify his gratitude to him. That there was no need for the Duke to revoke his previous order ; but that candidates should be referred to him, Süss, who would, if he was found suitable, give him the office, only asking a *douceur* or *bonus*, proportioned to the amount of the salary. That such an arrangement would be most willingly accepted by the candidates ; and that he would guaranty that it would yield not less than 100,000 *gold-gulden* yearly to the exchequer. So the Duke issued a rescript to the effect desired, which created considerable astonishment ; and some persons even went so far as to say that Süss had bought this privilege for an immense sum.

The profits of this system now flowed freely into the pockets of the Finance-Minister and his accomplices. When the Land-Commission had squeezed all they could out of an unlucky functionary, they had only to remove him, and Süss might choose among the swarm of candidates who were ready to pay for his place. It was a common thing for one incumbent to hold several minor offices conjoined, and parties immediately applied for these, while the holder was as ready to pay for retaining them. Süss took bribes on both sides.

The next device was this:—Complaints had arisen throughout the Duchy of the malfeasance of executors, administrators and guardians; so Süss prevailed on the Duke to establish a *Tutelar-Collegium*, or sort of Orphans' Court, to take charge of all inheritances, superintend their administration, and hold the administrators responsible. A defaulting trustee or executor knew therefore with whom he had to settle, and how to get his discharge. This was followed by a new assessment and direct tax on all property, real and personal.

The next project was in another direction. Würtemberg has no salt-works, but produces very fair wine. Her supply of salt was drawn from Bavaria, where her wine found a ready sale. This trade had been free to the Würtembergers from time immemorial. Any man could export wine and bring in salt, having only to pay a moderate duty to the government, and making the profits for himself. Süss and his party saw here an opportunity for immense profits, so contrived a company to which was granted the monopoly of the salt and wine trade. The company had agencies in all the towns, on which they drew orders, so that these salt-orders could be used somewhat like bills of exchange. A treaty with Bavaria bound Würtemberg to send into that country yearly a certain minimum quantity of wine, and receive the proceeds in salt; and Süss's company undertook the fulfilment of this contract, and to this end forbade all vintners to sell wine out of the country. All that was not needed for home consumption must be sold to the company at a price of their own fixing. These then drove a profitable trade with inn-keepers and other dealers, or shipped it abroad. Now one single valley in Würtemberg produces three times as much wine as the Bavarian minimum required, and the export trade in wine was one of the main industries of the country, and all this fell into the hands of the company and their agents.

Another company obtained a tobacco-monopoly, and no packet was allowed to be sold without their stamp upon it, under heavy penalties. Then followed an edict for licensing the trade in leather and hides: no butcher dared sell a calf-skin, except to the holder of a license. A monopoly of timber followed; then a stamp-tax, and then a monopoly on playing-cards. Not satisfied with these, a company was organised and received the exclusive privilege of selling masks and fancy costumes for the Carnival, and of holding lotteries and raffles at the same time. Then came a tax on all dignities that bore with them any privileges or immunities.

Next came another device. All salaried officers throughout the land received their pay from the local fiscal agent, who was instructed to apply to that purpose a definite part of the revenue from that

district. If at any time this fund was insufficient, he was instructed to draw for the deficiency on some other definite district where it was sure to be in excess. But there had been for some time considerable irregularity in the working of this arrangement, and there were many complaints about arrears of pay. The Finance-Minister undertook this too, and engaged to furnish directly sufficient cash for the prompt payment of all salaries, if he were allowed to deduct a certain percentage. This was legalised, and from henceforth every salaried official had to pay for the privilege of receiving his wages when they were due.

The next scheme was this. It was represented to the Duke that fires were very common and disastrous in the Duchy, and that this arose from the neglect of householders to sweep their chimneys properly. So chimney-inspectors were appointed and official chimney-sweeps. Many more of such projects were set on foot.

By this time the Finance-Minister had amassed an immense fortune, and was living in the greatest splendor. A palace sumptuously furnished, troops of attendants in and out of livery, equipages of the most magnificent kind, superb entertainments, placed him on a level with the most opulent of the nobility. His antechamber was crowded with persons of all ranks, humbly awaiting the man on whose word their fortunes depended: projectors with schemes, worth nothing in themselves, but which, if approved by the Minister, would be very Pactoluses of gold; humble suitors for his favor or the Duke's; parties anxious to compound for wrongs done by them, or to get redress for wrongs inflicted on them — all well aware that they must leave some of their fleece behind. Süß had now attained his apogee of power and prosperity.

On the 12th of March, 1737, the Duke Carl Alexander, being at Ludwigsburg, had an apoplectic seizure, and was dead in a few minutes. Süß, who was with him at the time, so soon as the catastrophe was known, hastened to Stuttgart to convey the news to the Duchess. As he left her apartment he was arrested by the Adjutant-General, sent to his house under guard, and thence to prison. Carl Rudolf, the cousin of the late Duke, undertook the administration of affairs during the minority of the young prince, and by his orders the effects and papers of Süß were seized and examined. From Stuttgart he was sent to the fortress of Hohenneuffen, and on his way he was everywhere saluted by the execrations of the people, who were only prevented from killing him by an escort of dragoons. They had on their way to pass by the place of execution, and the mob ironically besought his Excellency to pause there awhile, rest, and look about him.

An investigation followed. All who knew anything to his detriment or had cause of complaint against him, were invited to come forward and testify to the Commission charged with the matter. His defence lay partly in denials, partly in justifications, but chiefly in appealing to the various approbatory and confirmatory documents given him by the late Duke. About December attempts were made to convert him to the Christian faith, but all in vain.

By this time the Commission had completed their work, and the trial at Stuttgart was over. Süß's advocate did what he could, but

the sentence was a foregone conclusion. The culprit was then brought to Stuttgart. Not knowing the result of the trial, he took this as a sign of his speedy liberation, until his escort, instead of taking him to his own residence as he expected, conveyed him to the *Herrenhaus*, a place in which criminals under sentence of death were incarcerated. When the cortège stopped there, he knew his fate.

Zealous efforts were again made to convert him to Christianity, and two eminent theologians, *Diaconus* Heller and *Vicarius* Hoffmann, took him in hand. The protocols give their arguments and appeals and the culprit's replies at great length. He was respectful, even thankful, but firm in his determination to die in the faith of his fathers.

On the 4th of February Süss was led before the judges. The execution-bell (*das Armesünderglöckchen*) was tolling as he passed through a double file of soldiers with fixed bayonets, to the hall of justice. Here he fell on his knees and begged his life, or at least a respite, but was told to stand up and hear his sentence. He persisted in supplications and protests, until it was found necessary to gag him. His sentence was then read, and the President of the Court broke his staff of office and threw it at the culprit's feet, who was then delivered by the Court to the Bailiff, and by the Bailiff to the executioner. Hence he was taken back to his cell, where the *henkermahl* (a repast provided by the city for criminals condemned to death) was in readiness, but he refused to eat or drink. When the hour for the execution came, he was compelled to mount a knacker's cart and take his seat on an elevated platform, where two of the hangman's assistants held him fast. In this way he was escorted through the principal streets of the city, a detachment of grenadiers accompanying him with bayonets fixed and music playing. An assistant led the horse, and two marched on the right and left of the cart, one carrying a pitcher of wine and the other a cup, and when the procession paused, as it did from time to time, they offered him drink, which he steadily refused, saying "Drive on!" From time to time he cried out "*Adonai Elohim!*" The gallows was a complicated structure of iron about forty feet high, and erected for the execution of George Honauer, an alchemist, in 1579. From the projecting arm of it hung an iron cage over six feet high and two wide, and painted red, with an open door. The culprit was conducted up the ladder, the end of the noose made fast to a strong hook in the top of the cage, into which his body swung as he was pushed off, and the door was then shut and padlocked, and all was over.

Such was the miserable end of this great financier, and such his crimes, as related with great minuteness by contemporary documents, the study of which leaves us in doubt whether, after all, he was not an innocent man.

REVIEWS.

The Works of Edgar Allan Poe. Edited by John H. Ingram. Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black. (Toronto, Canada: Campbell).

THROUGH the courtesy of the editor, Mr. Ingram, there now lies before us a copy of a work which we have long wished to see, and the non-existence of which has been a discreditable defect in our literature—a carefully-prepared edition of the works of Poe, with a memoir of the author in which conscientious pains have been taken to ascertain the facts of his life as distinguished from the fictions about it, and to form a true estimate of the character of this remarkable man. Mr. Ingram, while laboring under the great disadvantage of residence in a foreign country, has zealously explored every accessible source for his materials, has corresponded with every one from whom he could hope for assistance in his task, and ransacked all available repositories for material; and to the immense mass thus collected has applied the test of criticism to separate the true from the false. Some unimportant errors have been discovered by him since the memoir was in type, and as these are corrected by his hand in the copy before us, and will be rectified in the next edition, we shall not further advert to them. As the American copyright on Poe's works prevents this Edinburgh edition from being re-published or offered for sale, we shall extract more liberally from the memoir than we are accustomed to do with works that are procurable by our readers.*

The circumstances attending the production of the Memoir of Poe usually prefixed to the American editions of his works, are peculiar and probably without example in literary history. It has often happened that unjust and defamatory biographies of men have been written after their death; but never, we think, has the case occurred in which a man in the expectation of death has placed his works and reputation in the hands of another in the full belief that both will be honorably dealt with, and that other has accepted the solemn trust, and has discharged it as it has been discharged by the Reverend Rufus W. Griswold. It has never, to our knowledge, occurred that a memoir of this character has been affixed to any author's works, and remained almost to the present day, with the exception of occasional ineffectual protests, the accepted biography of that author. When grave errors, or wilful misrepresentations are exposed in a work of the kind, haste is usually made to correct them, as public indignation is almost sure to follow the neglect; but in Poe's case this seems to have been reversed: disproof produced no retraction of calumnies, and their reiteration no disturbance of equanimity.

Edgar Allan Poe is usually said to have been born in Baltimore or

*This copyright, of the date of 1849, is in the name of J. S. Redfield. We should like to know, as a matter of curiosity, to whom the sum paid for the copyright accrued.

in Richmond, but in fact (as he himself says) he was born in Boston, where his parents had stopped while on a journey, on the 19th of January 1809. At the age of six he had the misfortune to lose both his parents, and was adopted by his godfather, Mr. Allan of Richmond. In 1816, he went with his adopted parents to England, who placed him at the Manor House School in Stoke-Newington. This school, and his life there, are generally asserted to have been described autobiographically by Poe in his story of "William Wilson," but as regards the first of these statements, Mr. Ingram, who has visited the place, says the description of the building rather corresponds with the old manorial residence facing the school, than with the school-house itself. In 1821, young Poe returned home, and was placed at an academy in Richmond. While here he met with a lady, Mrs. Stannard, whose kindness to him produced a lasting impression upon his mind, and whose premature death saddened him for years. It was this ideal boy-love that gave birth to his lines "To Helen," and the juvenile poem "The Paean," which was afterwards retouched into "Lenore"; and for months after her death he used to pay nightly visits to her grave.

In February 1826, he matriculated at the University of Virginia. Mr. Griswold, having given his birth-year as 1811, makes him enter the University after passing only "a few months" at the Richmond academy, consequently when he was only in his eleventh or twelfth year. His career there, his reverend biographer chronicles thus: here "he led a very dissipated life; the manners which then prevailed there were extremely dissolute, and he was known as the wildest and most reckless student of his class; but his unusual opportunities, and the remarkable ease with which he mastered the most difficult studies, kept him all the while in the first rank for scholarship, and he would have graduated with the highest honors, had not his gambling, intemperance, and other vices, induced his expulsion from the University."

It is evident that Dr. Griswold did not think it worth while to inquire if these charges were true, before placing them on record. Others have done so, however, and Mr. Ingram is able to lay before the world a different version, resting upon authority of a different kind.

"On May 22, 1860, Dr. Stephen Maupin, President of the University of Virginia, in answer to various inquiries made of him relative to Poe's career at Charlottesville, procured a statement from Mr. William Wertenbaker, Secretary of the Faculty, which he further indorsed with the remark that 'Mr. Wertenbaker's statement is worthy of entire confidence.' 'I may add,' he continues, 'that there is nothing on the Faculty records to the prejudice of Mr. Poe. He appears to have been a successful student, having obtained distinction in Latin and French at the closing examinations of 1826. He never graduated here, no provision for conferring degrees of any kind having been made at the time he was a student here.'"

This is Mr. Wertenbaker's statement: "Edgar A. Poe was a student of the University of Virginia during the second session which commenced February 1st 1826, and terminated December 15th of the same year. He signed the matriculation-book on the 14th of February,

and remained in good standing as a student until the session closed. . . . He belonged to the schools of ancient and modern languages, and as I was myself a member of the latter, I can certify that he was tolerably regular in attendance, and a very successful student, having obtained distinctions in it at the final examination, the highest honor a student could then obtain, the present regulation in regard to degrees not having been at the time adopted. . . . In a biographical sketch of Mr. Poe, I have seen it stated that he was at one time expelled from the University, but that he afterwards returned and graduated with the highest honors. This is entirely a mistake. He spent but one session at the University, and *at no time did he fall under the censure of the Faculty.* He was not at that time addicted to drinking, but had an ungovernable passion for card-playing."

The portions of this statement which, for brevity's sake, we have omitted, refer to Poe's age at matriculation, a scholastic achievement of his, and "a very pleasant hour" spent in his company.

In 1827 Poe started off for Europe with the design of offering his aid to the Greeks in their struggle for independence. He "was absent for more than a year, but the adventures of his journey have never been told." As for Mr. Griswold's statement, that he made his way to St. Petersburg, where he was arrested for drunkenness, and released through the influence of the U. S. Minister, he gives us no authority for it, any more than for his expulsion from the University.

In 1829 Poe returned home, and a scholarship at West Point being obtained for him, he entered as a cadet on July 1, 1830. Here, according to Mr. Griswold, "his habits of dissipation were renewed; he neglected his duty and disobeyed orders; and in ten months from his matriculation he was cashiered" Mr. Ingram, on the authority of one of Poe's fellow-cadets, tells us that he "would not, or could not follow its mathematical requirements," and that he neglected drill. The sentence of the court-martial which dismissed him on January 7th 1831, specified solely "absence from parade," as the nature of his offences.

In 1829 Poe had published a small volume of poems, and in 1831, before his dismissal he produced a second small volume designed for private circulation, which did not find much favor with his fellow-students, to whom he dedicated it, and who considered — to quote the words of one of them — "the author cracked, and the verses ridiculous doggerel."

On leaving West Point, Poe returned to his adopted father's residence, and while there became attached, Mr. Ingram tells us, and it is thought engaged, to a Miss Royster, a match which Mr. Allan refused to sanction. The result deepened the estrangement between the two; a quarrel ensued, after which Poe again left his roof, with the intention of aiding the Poles in their revolt. The news of the fall of Warsaw, and virtual termination of the conflict, prevented him, it is believed, from leaving this country, and he again turned towards, if not to, his old home. "In the meanwhile . . . Mr. Allan had taken to himself a young wife — 'the beautiful Miss Paterson' — while Miss Royster, forgetful of her faith, was married to a wealthy man, a Mr. Shelton. Once more aimless, and probably resourceless,

the chivalric young poet again sought his native province. Whether he returned to the home that was a home no more, is uncertain, but from what is known of his proud spirit, it seems unlikely; if he did, however, his stay was of short duration, and his godfather's second wife having given birth to a son, was the death-blow to Poe's hopes of succeeding to the property." There can be no doubt that Poe was wilful, headstrong, disobedient to commands and indifferent to counsel; and Mr. Allan can not be blamed for feeling indignant, and remembering — perhaps reminding him — that he had no claim upon him but such as was founded on his generosity, while there were those now of his own blood, whose future he was bound to provide for. That Poe's conduct was censurable, no one will deny; but it has at least this palliation, that he did not attempt to minister to his self-interest by fawning and dissimulation. The whole quarrel is intelligible enough, and his literary executor need not have insinuated "an act scarcely suitable for repetition", supporting it in a note of later date by a similar insinuation from an anonymous writer in the *Messenger* for 1850, who hints unutterable things, and while stating nothing that may be brought to test, leaves the reader to infer the worst. Mr. Ingram remarks that "Poe's subsequent kindly reception by those acquainted with all parties concerned", is a sufficient answer to this nameless slander. This critique in the *Messenger*, by the way, is rather an odd production. Written in a very crude and bombastic style, it seems meant as a eulogy on Poe's writings and a lampoon on his character. The writer's trustworthiness, even where he makes a direct statement — and here he only hints at a doubtful story — may be judged by a fact which shall presently be given.

For a year or so we discover scarcely any trace of Poe's movements; but in 1833 we find him in Baltimore, competing for prizes offered by the proprietor of the *Saturday Visitor* for the best story and the best poem. The judges were the well-known gentlemen, John P. Kennedy, J. H. B. Latrobe, and Dr. James H. Miller. Mr. Griswold tells the story of the award thus:—

Such matters are usually disposed of in a very off-hand way: committees to award literary prizes drink to the payer's health in good wines, over unexamined MSS., which they submit to the discretion of publishers, with permission to use their names in such a way as to promote the publishers' advantage. So perhaps it would have been in this case, but that one of the committee, taking up a little book remarkably beautiful and distinct in caligraphy, was tempted to read several pages; and becoming interested, he summoned the attention of the company to the half-dozen compositions it contained. It was unanimously decided that the prizes should be paid to "the first of geniuses who had written legibly." Not another MS. was unfolded. Immediately the "confidential envelope" was opened, and the successful competitor was found to bear the scarcely known name of Poe.

We do not know whether Mr. Griswold is speaking from any experience of his own on a similar committee, when he explains how the thing is usually done. It is not, we think, the way it is done in Baltimore; and most assuredly not the way it would ever have been done by the gentlemen named above, to whom the biographer's words are a gross and gratuitous insult. In point of fact the committee only awarded the prize after careful consideration of all the contributions. They announced the award in the following words:—

Amongst the prose articles were many of various and distinguished merit, but the singular force and beauty of those sent by the author of "The Tales of the Folio Club," leave us no room for hesitation in that department. We have accordingly awarded the premium to a tale entitled the "MS. found in a Bottle." It would be hardly doing justice to the writer of this collection to say that the tale we have chosen is the best of the six offered by him. We can not refrain from saying that the author owes it to his own reputation, as well as to the gratification of the community, to publish the entire volume. These tales are eminently distinguished by a wild, vigorous, and poetical imagination, a rich style, a fertile invention, and varied and curious learning.

JOHN P. KENNEDY,
J. H. B. LATROBE,
JAMES H. MILLER.

As this card was published, the gentleman who had accepted the charge of doing justice to the dead poet's name and fame, might easily have stated the true facts in the case, instead of affirming that the committee read but one MS., and gave the prize in consideration of the legible writing, not of merit. Or, when the adjudicators published an emphatic denial of the statement, he might have corrected it, had such suited his purpose. Here we have a means of judging the trustworthiness of the anonymous critic in the *Messenger*. Griswold, it will be seen, speaks of the way "such matters are usually disposed of," leaving the public to understand that this was the way it was done in this case. But this anonymous writer, with a livelier imagination than Griswold, writes as if he had been present with the committee. "Of course," he says, referring to the manuscripts, "of course they did not read them. But *while chatting over the wine* at the meeting, one of them was attracted by the beautiful chirography," &c. Griswold, by the way, might have taken a hint from this, and cited this critic's vague rumor of scandal before alluded to, as well-authenticated fact. Did not one good turn deserve another?

From this time Mr. Kennedy befriended the young poet, treating him, indeed, almost as he might a kinsman. In the latter part of 1834, Mr. T. W. White—"a man of much simplicity, purity, and energy of character," says Mr. Griswold—established the *Southern Literary Messenger* in Richmond, and engaged Poe, first as contributor, and afterwards, in September, 1835, as assistant editor. In this year his marriage took place.

It is characteristic of Mr. Griswold, by the way, that he suspects everybody of lying. "Mr. White," he says, "announced that Poe was its [the *Messenger's*] editor," but that "it is probable that he was engaged only as a general contributor and writer of critical notices of books." Now it is possible, as Mr. White does not name Poe, but only speaks of his prospective editor as "a gentleman of approved literary taste," that he may have been referring to another person. But it is most likely that Mr. White referred to Poe, and had engaged him as editor, with the understanding that he was to remove to Richmond later; as he did in September. Mr. Griswold, however, thinks it "probable" that this gentleman of so much "simplicity and purity of character," lied to the public, and announced an editorial arrangement which he had not made.

In 1837, Poe left the *Messenger*, having found more lucrative employment on the staff of the *New York Quarterly Review*. Mr. White, in a note to his subscribers, testified to the ability of the

retiring editor, and promised them future contributions from his pen. The cause of Poe's resignation Mr. White always explained to be that above given: Mr. Griswold (on his own authority apparently) states that he was dismissed for drunkenness. The same biographer also asserts that Poe's sole contribution to that work was his review of Stephens's *Incidents of Travel*. Mr. Ingram, however, finds, from the evidence of those who knew him, that he was a constant contributor to its pages, and that the severity of his criticisms made him many enemies.

Among the notices of Poe's life at this period which Mr. Ingram has collected, is an interesting account by the late Mr. William Gowans, the well-known bibliopolist, who boarded with Poe's family. Mr. Gowans writes:—"For eight months or more one house contained us, one table fed. During that time I saw much of him, and had an opportunity of conversing with him often, and I must say that I never saw him the least affected with liquor, nor even descend to any known vice, while he was one of the most courteous, gentlemanly and intelligent companions I ever met with during my journeys and haltings through divers divisions of the globe."

In the latter part of 1838, he became a contributor to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, a journal published in Philadelphia, to which city he removed; and in May 1839, he became its editor. His salary being small, he was compelled to turn his hand to other literary work. Here Griswold finds opportunity for another charge. He states, on the authority of a Philadelphia paper, that Poe reprinted a popular English work on conchology written by Captain Thos. Brown, and copyrighted it as his own. This charge was afterwards disproved in the *Home Journal*, by Poe's collaborator in the work in question, Professor Wyatt, who had obtained Poe's assistance in the compilation of several works on Natural History. "Among others was a *Manual of Conchology*, and to this Poe, whose scientific knowledge was most comprehensive and exact, contributed so largely that the publishers were fully justified in using his popular name on the title-page, though he only received a share of the profits. Brown's *Text-Book of Conchology* necessarily bears some resemblance to the combined work of Poe and Wyatt, from the simple fact that both treatises are founded on the system laid down by Lamarck; but the absurd charge that one is therefore plagiarised from the other, can only have arisen from gross ignorance or wilful falsehood."

The story that Griswold gives — without authority, as usual — of Poe's having surreptitiously made transcripts of the subscription-books of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, for the purpose of supplanting it by a journal of his own, and his story about an insult to Burton, resulting in his immediate dismissal, are sufficiently answered by the fact that he remained as editor of the *Gentleman's* until it was purchased by Mr. George R. Graham and merged in *Graham's Magazine*, Poe being still retained as editor. While connected with this journal, some of his best work appeared. He left this journal in November 1842, from what cause is not known, but that it was not on account of his alleged drunkenness Mr. Graham's emphatic and indignant denial sufficiently proves.

On leaving *Graham's*, Poe thought of starting a journal to be called the *Stylus*, of which Mr. Thomas C. Clarke, of Philadelphia, was to be the publisher. Mr. Griswold says that he failed to find a publisher "on account of the unfortunate notoriety of his habits." Mr. Ingram remarks, "Mr. Clarke, who is still residing in Philadelphia, speaks in high terms of Poe's probity and honor, as indeed does every one, save Griswold, who had dealings with him." It was during his residence in Philadelphia, by the way, that Poe had the misfortune to make the acquaintance of the Rev. R. W. Griswold.

In 1844 Poe removed to New York, and "now was in the metropolis," instead of the "provincial towns" in which he had resided before, according to Mr. Griswold's phrase.* Here he was employed by N. P. Willis and General Morris, as sub-editor of *The Mirror*. In this connection Mr. Ingram quotes a letter from Willis to Morris, written in 1859.

"Poe," writes Mr. Willis, "came to us quite incidentally, neither of us having been personally acquainted with him till that time; and his position towards us, and connection with us, of course unaffected by claims of previous friendship, were a fair average of his general intercourse and impressions. As he was a man who never smiled, and never said a propitiatory or deprecating word, we were not likely to have been seized with any sudden partiality or wayward caprice in his favor. . . . It was rather a step downward, after being the chief editor of several monthlies, as Poe had been, to come into the office of a daily journal as a mechanical paragraphist. It was his business to sit at a desk, in a corner of the editorial room, ready to be called upon for any of the miscellaneous work of the day; yet you remember how absolutely and how good-humoredly ready he was for any suggestion; how punctually and industriously reliable in the following out of the wish once expressed; how cheerful and present-minded his work when he might excusably have been so listless and abstracted.

We loved the man for the entireness of the fidelity with which he served us. When he left us, we were very reluctant to part with him; but we could not object—he was to take the lead in another periodical."

This periodical was the *Broadway Journal*, of which he had the sole management in July, and of which he became the sole proprietor in October, 1845. He had, however, not the physical ability to perform all the duties of editor and manager, nor the means to obtain efficient aid, and he was obliged to resign it in January 1846.

In the May number of Godey's *Lady's Book*, Poe had begun a series of critiques, called the "Literati of New York," which excited much attention, and aroused some wrath among the parties more severely handled. A Mr., or Dr. Dunn English was among the writers criticised, and instead of waiting, as others did, to revenge themselves on his memory, he "'retaliated in a personal newspaper article,' remarks Duyckinck, in his invaluable *Encyclopedia*, 'and the communication

*The fondness of New Yorkers for calling other cities "provincial" is amusing. Did they but know what they are talking about, they would know that New York itself is the most thoroughly provincial city in the country. For provincialism, in an objectionable sense, is not the preference for our own town or neighborhood, its people and ways, above all others; but the attaching exaggerated importance to them, and supposing that all the world sees them with our eyes. The provincialism which makes New Yorkers boast—not that their city is large and wealthy, but that it is the one metropolis, all others being insignificant in comparison, is provincialism of the pure type.

was reprinted in the *Evening Mirror* in New York ; whereupon Poe instituted a libel suit against that journal, and recovered several hundred dollars." Mr. Ingram continues :

" If there be any one entertaining the slightest belief in Griswold's veracity, let him now refer to his account of this affair in the *soi-disant* 'Memoir,' and compare it with the facts of the case. . . . 'Poe's article,' he [Griswold] continues, 'was entirely false in what purported to be the facts. The statement of Dr. English appeared in the *New York Mirror* of the 23d June, and on the 27th Mr. Poe sent to Mr. Godey, for publication in the *Lady's Book*, his rejoinder, which Mr. Godey very properly declined to print.' This led, asserts Griswold, 'to a disgraceful quarrel,' and to the 'premature conclusion' of the *Literati*; and that Poe ceased to write for the *Lady's Book* in consequence of Mr. Godey's justifiable refusal.

"Poe's review of English appeared in the second, or June number of the *Literati*, and from our knowledge of Griswold's habitual inaccuracy, we were not surprised to find, upon reference to the magazine, that the sketches ran their stipulated course until October, and that Poe continued to contribute to the *Lady's Book* until a short time previous to his decease in 1849, nor were we surprised to find Mr. Godey writing to the *Knickerbocker Magazine* in defence and praise of Poe's 'honorable and blameless conduct'; but what certainly did startle us was to discover that *the whole of the personalities* of the supposed critique included in the collection of Poe's works edited by Griswold, *were absent* from the real critique published in the *Lady's Book*!" "It is impossible," Mr. Ingram writes elsewhere, "to reproduce the whole of this audacious fabrication, but a comparison between some passages of Poe's review in the *Lady's Book* and the article in Griswold's collection will convince the most skeptical that, since the days of Ireland or Psalmanazar, no more shameless imposition has been foisted on the public. 'Brief poems' are changed into 'scraps of verse.' 'Barry Cornwall and others of the *bizarre* school are his especial favorites,' is transformed into 'When Barry Cornwall, for example, sings about a "dainty rhythm," Mr. Brown forthwith, in B flat, hoots about it too.' 'I learn,' says Poe's paper, 'that Mr. Brown is not without talent, but the fate of the *Aristidean* should indicate to him the necessity of applying himself to study;' but this is altered to 'Mr. Brown has at least that amount of talent which would enable him to succeed in his father's profession — that of a ferryman on the Schuylkill; but the fate of the *Aristidean* should indicate to him that to prosper in any higher walk of life, he must apply himself to study.' The whole of the grossly personal and badly-worded portion, beginning at 'Were I writing,' down to 'Mr. Brown had for the motto on his magazine cover the words of Richelieu —

— Men call me cruel :
I am not : I am just.

Here the two monosyllables, *an ass*, should have been appended. They were no doubt omitted through "one of those d——d typographical blunders," which, through life, have been at once the bane and the antidote of Mr. Brown — the whole of this, we reiterate, as

well as some other portions of equal coarseness, are absent from Poe's critique." Nor is this the only case of interpolation that can be shown.

In the summer of 1846 Poe removed to a cottage at Fordham, Westchester Co., New York. Here, after a lingering illness, his wife died, tended to the last with fond affection by her mother and her husband, whose poverty, however, prevented them from giving the invalid all the requisite comforts. Mr. Ingram gives some interesting, but in part too painful reminiscences of this time of suffering at Fordham from the pen of Mrs. Gove Nichols. News of the poet's destitution and afflictions getting abroad, Mr. N. P. Willis—one of the most kindly and generous-hearted of men—made an appeal in his behalf (without Poe's knowledge) in the *Home Journal*, and suggested that there should be some system of relief for literary men who depended for subsistence on their pens, when cut off by sickness or other misfortune from this resource. This drew from Poe (whose wife was then dying) a grateful letter to Willis, in which, however, he complains of the way his afflictions have, by some parties, been dragged before the public, and also of anonymous letters written to his dying wife. This letter, the tone of which is as manly as it is pathetic, Mr. Griswold declares to have been "written for effect." The death of his wife, which left Poe utterly prostrated in mind and body for weeks, gave an opening for other calumnies, even the most incredible. The Rev. Mr. Gilfillan affirms that Poe deliberately caused the death of his wife, that he might have a subject for his "Raven," a poem published two years before. It is said that *corruptio optimi pessima*; and it would seem that if a clergyman ever renounces, in any case, justice, mercy, and truth, he is capable of a vileness of malignity quite unattainable by laymen.

The rest of the year 1847 Poe remained at Fordham with his wife's mother, who clung to him throughout life with all a mother's affection, and who, after his death, desirous of having justice done to the memory of one who "had been," as she wrote, "more than a son to her in the long-continued and affectionate observance of every duty," placed his MSS. in the hands of the Rev. Rufus W. Griswold.

In 1848 Poe issued the prospectus of a literary magazine to be called *The Stylus*, but being unable to obtain the requisite support, he had to abandon the plan. In the same year he delivered a lecture on the Universe (afterwards published as "Eureka"), and one on the "Female Poets of America." Shortly after this he went to Richmond, and became a contributor to the *Messenger*, then under the control of that most estimable and accomplished gentleman, John R. Thompson, who became much attached to him. About this time the poet was engaged to be married to Mrs. Whitman, the poet, who has since in a published work done what she could to vindicate his memory.

In December of this year this engagement, which was highly disapproved by the lady's family, came to an end. Griswold, as usual without authority, charges the poet with drunken outrages at the lady's house. This charge was publicly denied by Mr. Pabodie, a gentleman of high position and character, who was intimate with the

parties and the circumstances. In the *New York Tribune* of June 7, 1852, Mr. Pabodie says, "I am authorised to say, not only from my personal knowledge, but also from the statements of all who were conversant with the affair, that there exists not a shadow of foundation for the story above alluded to." He goes on to say that at the time in question he was with Poe daily, and continues, "I was acquainted with the circumstances of his engagement, and the causes which led to its dissolution," and concludes with an earnest appeal to Griswold to do all that now lies in his power "to remove an undeserved stigma from the memory of the departed." Griswold replied by a threatening letter, which provoked a rejoinder containing such an exposure of his falsifications as reduced him to silence.

The winter of 1848-9, and the following spring Poe passed at Fordham, and during this time he is said to have written a book entitled *Phases of American Literature*. "Mr. M. A. Daly states that he saw the complete work; but the manuscript would seem to have disappeared." We do not know whether it was included in the mass of his papers that were entrusted to his literary executor.

"When in Richmond," Mr. Ingram quotes from Mr. Thompson, "he made the office of the *Messenger* a place of frequent resort. His conversation was always attractive, and at times very brilliant." In a letter dated 1853 Mr. Thompson refers to a conversation he had had in Florence with Mr. and Mrs. Browning, on the subject of Poe, adding, "the two poets . . . feel a strong desire to see his memory vindicated from moral aspersion."

On the 4th of October Poe left Richmond, on his way, as was believed, to Fordham. He was unwell at starting. Mr. Ingram, at the time his memoir went to press, was not informed of the true circumstances of Poe's death, which we subjoin. When he reached Baltimore, it was on the eve of an election. At that time it was not uncommon for strangers or friendless persons to be seized by ruffians and hurried off to dens, called "coops," where they were confined, maltreated, and forced to vote according to their captors' wishes. If they refused, they were drugged to stupefaction, and then carried around and "voted" at various wards. Poe was thus "cooped" and drugged, taken to vote at eleven different wards, and then turned adrift in a dying condition. When he recovered his senses, he was in the Washington University Hospital, where he died on Sunday, October the seventh, 1849.

It has been more than once said to us, when making inquiries into the veritable facts of Poe's life,—“Better let poor Poe alone: there has been talk enough about him. His calumniators have got the world's ear, and besides, nothing can help or hurt him now.” Against this sentiment we then protested, and shall ever earnestly protest. The dead, it is true, pass out of the reach of our help or of our malice, but they leave with us their good name as a sacred trust. Harsh and unjust judgments may be listened to in silence, with the confidence that time will correct them; but direct downright lying must be met with prompt disproof, or it will strike root and scatter seed and defy extirpation. In the case of Poe, his enemies seem to have been animated by malignity of a peculiarly venomous and con-

tagious type, which has infected even those who had not the remotest cause for dislike. We have seen in an English journal of repute, a quotation from Poe used to embellish an article, and followed immediately by a brutal insult to the author. A recent compiler of "popular readings" helps himself liberally from Poe, and vituperates him in his square-inch of "biographical sketch" as if he were a moral pariah, not to be named without abhorrence. Even Poe's admirers have accepted the catalogue of easily-disproved calumnies without question, and have contented themselves with deploring the moral obliquities of "erratic genius." And in a work of the character of Allibone's *Dictionary of Authors*, we find that the industrious compiler has succeeded in compressing all the slanders into his brief sketch, followed by the usual sigh at the stern mandate of truth that wrings these admissions from a reluctant but "faithful chronicler," and closing with these singular words:—"That we have told less than the whole truth, or alleged truth, many of our readers can affirm—and none better than those who are familiar with the remarkable record in which Poe's 'literary executor,' Dr. Griswold, has embalmed the least creditable points of his friend's character." It is a pity that this "faithful chronicler," whose work pretends to be a standard book of reference, and who can devote seven of his vast pages to a puff—we can not call it a eulogy—of the mild mediocrity of Longfellow, did not take some small pains, at least to the extent of looking at published refutations, to see whether Griswold's "remarkable record" was truth or falsehood.

The fact is, it is this detestable cant of hypocrisy that has given these slanders their virulence of contagion: "It grieves us to have to say anything to the discredit of our poor dear friend: so gladly would we cover his frailties with the mantle of charity; but, alas! we are the slaves of truth, and though it wrings our hearts, must confess"—and then out comes the whole budget.

Now it is time there was an end of all this. There is no reason why any one should blush for the name of Poe, or claim for his memory any larger charity than ordinary human frailty requires. That he was proud, sensitive, and sometimes unreasonable, may be freely admitted. That he was afflicted with that well-known and terrible disease of the brain and nervous centres which produces in the patient at times a maddening and irresistible craving for alcoholic stimulus, all men know. It may be that at times, in these paroxysms of insanity he did insane things; though we have no credible evidence of it. But apart from these we affirm with emphasis that there was nothing in the poet's life disgraceful, degrading, or unworthy of a gentleman; and nothing, even without this exception, that is not readily condoned by society in the lives of others who are spared the calamities of poverty, affliction, and a literary executor.

W. H. B.

The Antigone of Sophocles; The I. II. III. Philippics of Demosthenes.

By M. J. Smead, Ph. D., late Prof. of Modern Languages in the University of Georgia. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

GENUINE Greek scholarship is so rarely met with in our day and

country, that the remarkable specimens of it shown in the above-named works by Professor Smead deserve special notice. The Tragedy of *Antigone* is introduced by two most able, searching and scholar-like criticisms upon, first, the cultus or worship of Dionysus, and, second, the mythus upon which this famous tragedy is founded. The notes are a most wonderful combination of learning and judgment. The Greek drama has always been the great stumbling-block in the way of young students, who find in many instances obstacles, to them, almost insuperable in mastering it. No tragedy probably has given them more trouble than the *Antigone*, which is fully annotated by Prof. Smead, and yet so prudently that, while a good student finds the work of incalculable value to him, an idle one finds it useless. The grammatical elucidations are very fine, and the commentaries upon the literary merit of the author always excellent. In conclusion we confidently recommend Dr. Smead's *Antigone* as the very best college text-book in its department we have ever seen.

The *Philippics* were annotated some years before the *Antigone*, and exhibit the same admirable taste and practical judgment which make the latter so valuable. Professors who consider the Crown Oration too long or too difficult, will find Smead's *Demosthenes* to satisfy their utmost wishes.

W. H. W.

THE GREEN TABLE.

A GREAT war is impending over Europe. Everywhere we hear the note of preparation : weapons are being looked to, garrisons strengthened, troops raised. The stillness of expectation is broken by the rumble of artillery, the tramp of gathering armies. How the storm will break, or when, we cannot say, but it is certain to come ; and it may be, the most terrible war that the world has ever yet witnessed, is now at the door.

And why is this ? It is simply because an empire founded by the sword must be maintained by the sword. It is because one man has been allowed to assert the right of conquest, and to roll back civilisation three centuries. There is no longer any security, there can be no settled peace until a new balance of power is established.

Let us look, in the briefest possible manner, at the leading links in the chain of events for the last ten years. Prussia, who had long wanted sea-ports and harbors on the Baltic, persuaded the Germanic Diet to occupy the Duchies of Schleswig, Holstein and Lauenburg, which belonged to Denmark, in the name of a certain claimant called the Prince of Augustenburg. This was accomplished by the results of the Danish war, which terminated in 1864. Prussia and Austria seized the Duchies and held them as trustees for the claimant. Austria was ready to hand them over

to the Prince : Prussia meant to keep them for herself. Austria proposed that the Estates of Holstein should declare their wishes as to their government. Prussia prevented their assembling by marching in troops. Austria protested in the Diet, and demanded that Prussia should be forced to hand over the Duchies to that body. Hanover, Saxony and Hesse voted for the Austrian motion. Prussia declared the Germanic Confederation at an end, and the next day declared war against Hanover, Saxony and Hesse, while her ally, Italy, did the same by Austria and Bavaria.

The brilliant campaign of 1866, splendid as it was in a military point of view, was neither more nor less than the foray of a Schinderhannes. It was not a dispute settled by arms : it was knocking a traveller on the head and rifling his pocket. As before she had seized the Duchies by a trick, so now she seized Hanover and Hesse by open violence, and all North Germany, catching the madness, burst into rapturous plaudits. Before, their patriotism had been appealed to—it was German against Dane ; now a German kingdom was stricken out of the roll of nations, a German people brought under the iron yoke, and patriotism was silenced by the fierce outcries of insane ambition and inflamed rapacity.

After Sadowa, a war with France was inevitable. Napoleon III. committed a grave error in not being content with the withdrawal of the Hohenzollern candidature ; but the result would have been only postponed, not changed. Had he been able to win an important battle, he would have had the coöperation of Austria, but the fatal weakness of his army was apparent from the first, and Austria wisely held aloof. The war was ostensibly waged, on Prussia's part, to avenge a personal insult. But when the insult had been fully avenged, and the offender had lost his throne, her honor could not be entirely satisfied without clutching a mass of treasure and two provinces from—not Napoleon, but the French Republic. Sedan established the Empire, and made all the States of Germany provinces of Prussia.

Prussia's cupidity now seems turned towards Belgium. As she can neither pretend, as in the cases of the Duchies, the wish of the population, nor, as in the case of Alsace, ancient possession by the Empire, the religious question is made the pretext. Belgium may possibly be able to avoid the danger, in which case the trial may be made on Holland or the Tyrol, or the remainder of Denmark.

Russia, all this time, is spreading eastward, keeping firm to her old traditions of carrying out the plans of Alexander the Great, and founding a great Eastern Empire. Her movements are cautious, well-calculated, silent, and there is no step backwards. Taking advantage of the prostration of France, by a simple diplomatic note she regained the ground lost in the Crimean War. What power can now stop her eastward advance ?

Suppose now Germany and Russia acting in perfect accord, what is to hinder them from doing as they please ? How long will Austria, part German and part Slâv, be allowed to bar the Slavonic empire from Turkey and the Germanic from Italy ?

Remembering that the one pursues a policy never deviated from since the foundation of her Empire, that the other has unsurpassed perfection in military organisation, and a leader whose audacity shrinks at nothing and has known no check, it is not at all impossible that the present generation may see all the land from the steppes of Tartary to the Atlantic Ocean, and from the Arctic to the Equator, under the sway of two sceptres. And suppose the steppes crossed, and a hundred millions of men who laugh at death and can live on a handful of rice a day, armed with Russian weapons and brought under Russian drill—what then ?

executed was probably decided upon within a very short while after he assumed the command. Maintaining more harmonious relations with the Executive than his predecessor, he was able to secure almost unrestricted control of all of the resources of the War Department, and his preparations were set on foot within a very few days. A connected line of battle was selected, resting its left flank upon the bluffs of the Chickahominy at Mrs. Price's, and extending across the Charles City road; and intrenchments were erected upon it which could be defended from all attacks in front.

Meanwhile, to mislead the enemy as to his designs, Whiting's division (Hood's and Law's brigades) and Lawton's very large brigade, just arrived from Savannah, were sent by rail to join Jackson in the Valley, where the latter's operations had already completely demoralised the Federal Executive, and caused him to give a fatal blow to McClellan's campaign by halting and breaking up a corps of forty-one thousand men under McDowell, which was about to move forward from Fredericksburg and connect with McClellan's right flank.*

To gain some information of the state of affairs in McClellan's rear, Gen. Stuart was despatched on a raid, on the 12th of June, which was even too successful, as it passed safely entirely around the Federal army, and caused Gen. McClellan such a feeling of insecurity that he at once took measures towards transferring his base to the James, which precautions eventually proved of great service, in enabling him to decline giving decisive battle for his communications north of the Chickahominy.

On the 17th of June Gen. Jackson moved with his command (his own, Whiting's and Ewell's divisions and Lawton's brigade, in all about sixteen thousand five hundred †) from Staunton, and on the

* McDowell was to commence his advance on the 27th of May. On the 25th Jackson defeated Banks at Winchester, and advanced on Harper's Ferry, when McDowell's orders were at once countermanded and nearly his whole force sent "to catch Jackson." A part of it was already in motion towards Richmond, and McClellan on the 27th sent Porter's corps to Hanover Court-House (where it defeated Branch's Brigade) to open communication. It has been stated (Swinton's *Army of the Potomac*, p. 123) that McClellan chose the line of the York River in preference to that of the James simply to have McDowell's coöperation. However this may be, no Federal commander ever seemed to appreciate the true road to Richmond until driven to it by reverses elsewhere. McClellan, at Harrison's Landing on the James, was nearly upon it, and still more so after General Pendleton's artillery attack on July 31st had induced him to *occupy both banks of the James*. He now seemed to appreciate the situation, and formed a plan to attack Petersburg, which was the key to Richmond. Fortunately General Lee was able to have him diverted by again threatening Washington. Again, in 1864, Grant after a fit of despair, in which he commenced siege operations at Cold Harbor, bungled into the very position which was bound to insure success at last. To hold City Point, Bermuda Hundreds and Deep Bottom with good bridge communication, to prevent by naval force the establishment of bridges by the Confederates below Chaffin's Bluff, and to continue to feint and to attack on the extreme flanks, is to secure the *interior lines*, which must always win in the end. It was a great oversight in Confederate engineering not to have guarded against this by a strong permanent work, impregnable to assault and to naval attack, at or below City Point.

† I can find no official return of this force, except of Lawton's brigade at Cold Harbor, 3500. I estimate Ewell's and Jackson's six brigades, which had done severe marching and fighting, at 9000; Whiting's two at 5300. This force was somewhat reduced by the long march, and did not carry over 15,000, if so many, into action at Cold Harbor.

evening of the 25th of June encamped near Ashland, having marched one hundred and twenty-four miles.

Gen. Lee's force, exclusive of Jackson, but including Holmes at Drury's Bluff, was about sixty-nine thousand men of all arms.* Gen. McClellan's morning report for June 26th shows present for duty one hundred and fifteen thousand one hundred and two.

On the 24th of June Gen. Lee issued the following order:

"HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
July 24th, 1862.

"GENERAL ORDERS NO. 75. (Confidential.)

"I. Gen. Jackson's command will proceed to-morrow from Ashland towards Slash Church, and encamp at some convenient point west of the Central Railroad. Branch's brigade, of A. P. Hill's division, will also, to-morrow evening, take position on the Chickahominy, near Half Sink.

"At three o'clock, Thursday morning, 26th instant, Gen. Jackson will advance on the road leading to Pole Green Church, communicating his march to Gen. Branch, who will immediately cross the Chickahominy and take the road leading to Mechanicsville. As soon as the movements of these columns are discovered, Gen. A. P. Hill, with the rest of his division, will cross the Chickahominy, near Meadow Bridge, and move direct upon Mechanicsville. To aid his advance, the heavy batteries on the Chickahominy will, at the proper time, open upon the batteries at Mechanicsville. The enemy being driven from Mechanicsville, and the passage across the bridge being opened, Gen. Longstreet, with his division and that of Gen. D. H. Hill, will cross the Chickahominy at or near that point—Gen. D. H. Hill moving to the support of Gen. Jackson, and Gen. Longstreet supporting Gen. A. P. Hill—the four divisions keeping in communication with each other, and moving in echelon, on separate roads if practicable; the left division in advance, with skirmishers and sharpshooters extending in their front, will sweep down the Chickahominy and endeavor to drive the enemy from his position above New Bridge; Gen. Jackson bearing well to his left, turning Beaver Dam Creek and taking the direction towards Cold Harbor. They will then press forward towards York River Railroad, closing upon the enemy's rear and forcing him down the Chickahominy. Any advance of the enemy towards Richmond will be prevented by vigorously following his rear and crippling and arresting his progress.

"II. The divisions under Generals Huger and Magruder will hold their positions in front of the enemy against attack, and make such demonstrations, Thursday, as to discover his operations. Should opportunity offer, the feint will be converted into a real attack; and should an abandonment of his trenches by the enemy be discovered, he will be closely pursued.

"III. The Third Virginia cavalry will observe the Charles City

*As this estimate is lower than what is usually made, I give my authorities for it. The official reports mention the strength of several of the divisions as follows: A. P. Hill's division, 14,000; Magruder's command, 13,000; D. H. Hill's division, 10,000; Holmes' division, 6,500. Longstreet's was 9,000; and on the 17th of June Huger's division in an ordnance return showed 8,704 muskets in its possession. The cavalry force was about 5,000, and the reserve artillery about 2,000.

road. The Fifth Virginia, the First North Carolina and the Hampton Legion cavalry will observe the Darbytown, Varina and Osborne roads. Should a movement of the enemy down the Chickahominy be discovered, they will close upon his flank and endeavor to arrest his march.

"Gen. Stuart, with the First, Fourth, Fifth and Ninth Virginia cavalry, the cavalry of Cobb's Legion and the Jeff Davis Legion, will cross the Chickahominy to-morrow and take position to the left of Gen. Jackson's line of march. The main body will be held in reserve, with scouts well extended to the front and left. Gen. Stuart will keep Gen. Jackson informed of the movements of the enemy on his left, and will coöperate with him in his advance. The Sixteenth Virginia cavalry, Colonel Davis, will remain on the Nine Mile road.

"V. General Ransom's brigade of General Holmes' command will be placed in reserve on the Williamsburg road by General Huger, to whom he will report for orders.

"VI. Commanders of divisions will cause their commands to be provided with three days' cooked rations. The necessary ambulances and ordnance-trains will be ready to accompany the divisions, and receive orders from their respective commanders. Officers in charge of all trains will invariably remain with them. Batteries and wagons will keep on the right of the road. The chief engineer, Major Stevens, will assign engineer-officers to each division, whose duty it will be to make provision for overcoming all difficulties to the progress of the troops.

"The staff departments will give the necessary instructions to facilitate the movements herein directed.

"By command of General Lee,

"R. H. CHILTON, *A. A. G.*"

In the meanwhile General McClellan, continually urged by President Lincoln to advance, and continually assuring him in reply that he would do so within one or two days at farthest, but seemingly demoralised by absurd reports of his "secret service corps" estimating General Lee's army at one hundred and eighty thousand, remained quietly at work on his own intrenchments and bridges until the 25th. On that date he advanced his left flank on the Williamsburg road, to gain "position to support the attack to be made on the 26th or the 27th on the Old Tavern [on the Nine Mile road] by assailing that position in rear."* There accordingly resulted a little affair known as the "Battle of King's School House," which is chiefly remarkable for the utter diversity of the Northern and Southern accounts thereof. The facts seem to be, briefly, as follows:

Early on the morning of the 25th, Heintzelman's corps, supported by about a division made up from Keyes' and Sumner's corps, was advanced upon the Williamsburg road, and struck the picket-line held by Wright's brigade of Huger's division there posted, about twelve hundred yards in advance of the Confederate intrenchments. The Fourth Georgia regiment, which was deployed as skirmishers, was driven by the first attack back upon the rest of the brigade, in reserve

* McClellan's Report, p. 120.

a few hundred yards in rear. A gallant counter-attack was at once made by General Wright with this force, consisting of about sixteen hundred men (the First and Twenty-second Georgia, and the First Louisiana regiments), which recovered and held the greater part of the original picket-line, but not quite all of it. Sharp skirmishing then ensued between the lines, and was kept up all day, in which the Twenty-fifth, Forty-eighth, and Forty-ninth North Carolina regiments of Ransom's brigade, brought up in support, and the picket-line of Armistead's brigade on the left of Wright, took part more or less. Late in the afternoon a more serious attack was made by the enemy, who advanced a section of De Russey's battery on the Williamsburg road, and made a heavy assault with his infantry on the Confederate right flank. A section under Captain Huger advanced to meet De Russey, who after a contest of a few minutes withdrew, Huger following and occupying his position. The assault on the Confederate right (made by Robinson's brigade, and supported by Birney's) was very nearly successful, when it was attacked in flank by General Mahone with the Twelfth, Forty-ninth, and a part of the Sixth Virginia regiments, and was driven back with loss. About the same time General Wright renewed his assault, and recovered the small part of his original picket-line which had not before been regained; the Fourth Georgia, supported by the Forty-eighth North Carolina, making the assault. General McClellan telegraphed to Washington City that he had "gained his point fully," and "driven the enemy from his camps in front of this place." He had really advanced his picket-line, but only permanently occupied uncontested ground. The Confederate pickets were maintained on their original line until the enemy's retreat on the 28th, and on the 26th a flag of truce was sent by a Colonel Brown of the Twentieth Indiana regiment for permission to relieve his wounded and bury his dead. During the night of the 25th there were several heavy discharges of musketry, caused by false alarms on both sides. The number of casualties among the Confederate troops engaged was four hundred and thirty. McClellan reported five hundred and sixteen casualties, "exclusive of those in Palmer's brigade, which had not been reported." Considering the Federal force engaged, this affair was very weakly conducted, and had it been vigorously pushed it might have seriously disarranged General Lee's programme; which, however, was not affected by it in the least. The half-way offensive was indeed McClellan's true policy in his situation, but he seems to have been guided in this more by a cautious instinct than by reason, and to have made it much too mild. Had he driven in the Confederate picket-line in several places, and pushed himself close up to their intrenchments, General Lee would, at least, have been compelled to take from his flanking column a considerable force to secure his front.

Early on the 26th the divisions of A. P. Hill, D. H. Hill, and Longstreet, were at their assigned positions on the Chickahominy, awaiting General Jackson's crossing the Central Railroad, which was to be the signal for the commencement of operations. Jackson's march, however, though pushed with such vigor that his effective force was materially reduced by straggling, had only brought him, on the

evening of the 25th, to Ashland, six miles from his appointed position. It was therefore 10 A. M. when the head of his column crossed the Central Railroad, and the movement was taken up by Branch's brigade at Half Sink. Branch's advance was retarded by a small cavalry force which skirmished with him along the road, and no signs of him were visible at Meadow Bridge, seven miles below, at 3 P. M. At this hour General A. P. Hill, impatient of the delay, drove off the enemy's picket-force opposite to him with Field's brigade, and commenced crossing his division and moving towards Mechanicsville. The Federal force at this point (Reynolds' and Seymour's brigades) retired, skirmishing with Field and under a distant cannonade from some rifle-batteries across the Chickahominy, and crossing Beaver Dam Creek, occupied the intrenchments on its left bank, in which General Porter rapidly concentrated his whole corps.

The general features of this position are apparent on the map, and it is only necessary to add that the stream flowed through an impassable bog, that the bridges had been torn up, and the approaches laid bare by cutting down every bush obstructing the view of the gunners. In short, the position was one impregnable to assault, and only to be turned by the road on which General Jackson was advancing. It had been carefully reconnoitred, under General Johnston's directions, early in May, and selected as a secure resting-place for the Confederate flank in case it was decided, as once proposed, to take position north of the Chickahominy.

On reaching Mechanicsville General A. P. Hill formed line of battle, to cover the passage of the Chickahominy by D. H. Hill and Longstreet, which was commenced by the former at 6 P. M. Appreciating the strength of the position, A. P. Hill forbore to order a general assault, hoping every moment to hear the sound of Jackson's guns in the enemy's rear.* He, however, engaged the enemy hotly with Braxton's, McIntosh's, Pegram's, Andrews', and Johnson's batteries; and upon the left, where a wood afforded some shelter, pushed forward to the very bank of the stream, Field's brigade, which was afterwards supported by Archer's on the right and by J. R. Anderson's on the left, as well as by the Sixteenth and the Twenty-second North Carolina regiments of Pender's brigade. Three of Anderson's regiments (Twenty-fifth and Fourteenth Georgia and Third Louisiana battalion) got across a large branch of the main stream, and drove off a body of the enemy found there. The rest of the troops mentioned took what shelter was afforded by the features of the ground, and opened fire upon the enemy across the creek, which was continued and replied to heavily until nine o'clock at night. Meanwhile the rest of the division suffered more or less from the enemy's very heavy fire

*A. P. Hill's official report. General Jackson's advance reached the Totopotomoy, opposite Pole Green Church, at 3 P. M. About an hour was consumed in driving off the enemy's picket and rebuilding the bridge. Resuming the march, he advanced to Handley's Corner (about a mile and a half), arriving there some time before sundown. Ewell's division, which had headed the Totopotomoy, and marched by Shady Grove Church, here united with the column, having driven off the enemy's picket at that point. The whole command was here halted, and presently bivouacked for the night, having marched that day about fifteen miles. See the official reports of Jackson, Ewell, Whiting, and Stuart.

of artillery, and General Pender, not knowing its inaccessibility, attempted to carry one of his batteries by a direct advance upon it with the Thirty-eighth and the Thirty-fourth North Carolina. The Thirty-eighth North Carolina first essayed a charge against the enemy's position above Ellison's Mill, and having advanced to the edge of the bog, was driven back with severe loss. The Thirty-fourth North Carolina made its effort further to the right and below the mill, and finding some cover, it reached the edge of the creek and maintained its position until after dark. At the time of the repulse of the Thirty-eighth North Carolina, the head of General D. H. Hill's column had arrived at Mechanicsville, and General Ripley's brigade was ordered by General Lee to advance to Pender's support. Accordingly the Forty-fourth Georgia and the First North Carolina regiments were ordered to charge the position at Ellison's Mill, while the Forty-eighth Georgia and the Third North Carolina advanced upon their left, and Rhett's battery and Hardaway's joined in the artillery conflict. The first two regiments formed in single line, the Forty-fourth on the right, and charged gallantly through the terrible fire which greeted their appearance, and crossing the plain, only halted when arrested by the creek and swamp within a hundred yards of the intrenched lines and batteries of the enemy. Even here the line of battle was maintained, as was sadly shown by the lines of dead found the next morning, while some of the most daring individuals picked their way through the fallen brushwood and were shot down struggling in the bog. No better blood ever stained the soil of Virginia than was shed so profusely in this hopeless assault. Of course it could have but one result, but this result was only accepted after a slaughter seldom equalled in the war.*

The Forty-eighth Georgia and the Third North Carolina, on the left, were not so exposed, and finding shelter, took advantage of it, and held an advanced position without great loss. Darkness at length fortunately put an end to these vain and bloody efforts, though the cannonading, which had been extremely heavy and sustained, did not cease entirely for two hours.†

During the night preparations were made to renew the attack at dawn, for which purpose Featherston's brigade, supported by Pryor's, relieved Pender's and Ripley's, the latter returning to D. H. Hill's division. At daylight on the 27th musketry and artillery fire was reöpened vigorously on both sides, and about sunrise General

* The 44th Georgia lost Colonel R. A. Smith killed, Lieut.-Col. Ester wounded, and twelve other officers and three hundred and twenty-one non-commissioned officers and privates killed and wounded. Of five hundred and fourteen men carried into action, only one hundred and seventy-nine escaped unhurt. The 1st North Carolina lost Colonel Stokes and Major Skinner killed, Lieut.-Col. McDowell wounded, and six other officers and one hundred and thirty-three non-commissioned officers and privates killed and wounded. Neither of these regiments had ever been under fire before, and their conduct shows the morale which the earlier battles of the war had imparted even to the troops which had been since organised. Had their task been a possible one, it would doubtless have been accomplished, and given them a self-confidence which no after-reverses could shake.

† The severity of the enemy's artillery fire may be appreciated from its effects in a single case. The battery of the gallant young Captain Pegram lost forty cannoneers out of eighty present, a percentage extremely rare in an artillery duel.

Featherston attempted to carry the enemy's position by an assault a short distance below Ellison's Mill. His advance was handsomely made to the bank of the stream, where his brigade took shelter and renewed their fire upon the enemy's line. At the same time Pryor's brigade advanced to Featherston's support upon the hills overlooking the stream, and Maurin's, Smith's and Anderson's batteries joined in the artillery conflict, which was continued noisily for an hour and a half. Meanwhile General Longstreet had sent Wilcox's brigade to the support of Pryor and Featherston, and the Tenth Alabama regiment was pushed to the right to endeavor to cross the stream near its junction with the Chickahominy. While these operations were taking place on the right, A. P. Hill cannonaded and prepared to storm the enemy's position in front, while D. H. Hill resorted to the better expedient of sending Garland's and Anderson's brigades on a wide détour to cross the stream above, where it was practicable for infantry, and turn the enemy's flank. About 7 A. M., however, the fire of the enemy slackened, and it became apparent that his main force had withdrawn, upon which skirmishers from Gregg's brigade were pushed across, who drove off the few remaining men of the enemy's rear-guard, and the passage of the stream was secured; Wilcox, Pryor and Featherston crossing on a bridge improvised where an old one had been destroyed by the enemy.

During the night of the 26th McClellan had become satisfied of Jackson's approach, and decided to contract his line by drawing in the right flank to Cold Harbor, where it could be more easily reinforced from the left, and still make battle for his communications. At the same time, however, he ordered everything of value to be sent at once to the south side of the Chickahominy, and took such precautions to preserve his stores and to provide for his subsequent movements, that his troops never suffered, and comparatively little of value was lost except the arms and guns captured on the battle-fields. Porter's corps commenced its withdrawal from Beaver Dam before daylight, and at 8 A. M., when Jackson, crossing Beaver Dam at Richardson's, advanced to Walnut Grove Church, expecting to cut off Porter's retreat, he met and fired into A. P. Hill's advance, wounding two of Gregg's brigade, and not a Yankee was caught in the trap which a few hours sooner would have taken Porter's whole corps and entirely altered the condition of affairs.* The Confederate loss in the action at Mechanicsville or Beaver Dam was about eighteen hundred; that of the Federals was perhaps three hundred, the troops engaged being nearly all protected by intrenchments.†

* Gregg's advanced skirmishers were commanded by Capt. W. T. Haskell, who with difficulty restrained his men from returning Jackson's fire with a volley at Gen. Jackson and his staff, who were near the gun which was being fired upon them, but of whose presence in that vicinity they did not know.

† No full official returns were made by either party, and the above figures are estimates from newspaper accounts, and partial returns given in a few brigades. Ripley reports 575 casualties; Archer reports 214. I estimate the total numbers, killed and wounded, in the other commands as follows:—Field, 350; Pender, 350; J. R. Anderson, 150; Featherston, 50; Pryor, 30; Wilcox and all others, 100. These estimates will make the whole loss 1819. An account in the *Cincinnati Commercial* at the time placed the Federal loss at 80 killed and 150 wounded, a proportion of wounded which seems too small.

The road now being opened, the four divisions swept slowly down the Chickahominy, skirmishing lightly with the enemy's rearguard (consisting of Seymour's brigade and the horse-batteries of Tidball and Robertson), and passing many camps in which sutlers' and hospital stores, pontoon-wagons, spare ammunition, and other articles which could not be readily removed, had been burnt or were still in flames.

Longstreet's division moved next the Chickahominy; Wilcox, Pryor and Featherston being in line of battle wherever the ground permitted, and the other brigades following across the fields and by farm-roads. A. P. Hill moved in column on the main Cold Harbor road, with skirmishers in front. D. H. Hill moved by the Old Church road to Bethesda Church, and thence by Beulah Church to Cold Harbor. Jackson moved on roads lying between A. P. Hill and D. H. Hill, but was delayed by skirmishes with the enemy; and at length, finding his route obstructed where it crossed the head of Gaines' mill-pond, he turned to the left, and taking the road by Beulah Church, followed behind the column of D. H. Hill.

The position taken up by the enemy is apparent on the map, and it is only necessary to say in explanation that the source and upper half of Boatswain's Swamp, which covered their front, was a bog averaging fifty yards in width, densely covered with undergrowth and sprinkled with trees. About the centre of the line the bog was much diminished, and for a short distance woods and thickets approached it on each side. Below these woods the stream flowed through a ravine in which trees had been felled, and which was bordered on the side of the Confederate advance by an open plain. The bed of the small stream through the ravine at this point was occupied by the Federal picket-line. Slight intrenchments of logs, rails and bales of hay gave shelter to two lines of battle on the Federal slope of the ravine, both able to fire over the opposite plain, while the rising ground behind them gave excellent position for a number of batteries. Only on this portion of the Federal line were any intrenchments prepared, but the very commanding hills on which their right wing was formed gave great natural strength to the position. The right flank rested securely on Elder Swamp; the left was even more impregably located on the swamps and open lands of the Chickahominy bottom, while fourteen rifled siege-guns and six thirty-two-pounder howitzers, from the opposite side of the Chickahominy, enfiladed all attacks upon the left wing.*

Gen. McClellan has been severely condemned for not reinforcing Porter more heavily during the battle, and has been at much pains to give his reasons for not so doing, without, however, touching on a consideration which is well worthy of attention, namely, that Porter already had as many men as could be fought to advantage on his contracted field, and additional numbers would have added but little to the defence he could make, but would have made a defeat, with the Chickahominy in his rear, a much more disastrous affair. His convex front was scarcely two miles in extent, and for its defence (his flanks being secured by swamps) he had thirty-five thousand men

* McClellan's Report, pp. 18 & 127.

and about one hundred guns during the battle ; and five thousand fresh men to cover the retreat after his line was broken.* Gen. Lee's force was indeed numerically greater (being about forty-seven thousand), but his narrow front of attack made his superior numbers of little value. Indeed, when his lines advanced on their converging assaults, no little disorder and confusion resulted from the constant overlapping of brigades, and the crowding out of the line of whole regiments, several of which never had an opportunity to draw trigger, although suffering under heavy fire.†

The enemy's right flank was held by Sykes' division of regulars, Morrell's division joining Sykes in the centre held the left, his brigades being in order from right to left, Griffin's, Martindale's, Butterfield's. Each brigade of these divisions was formed in two lines, thus making the front line a double one. McCall's division formed at the outset an additional line a few hundred yards in rear ; but this division and Slocum's were afterwards moved forward to reinforce the front line, as different parts thereof were heavily pressed.

The head of A. P. Hill's column was the first to develop the enemy's position, which it did about one P. M., Gregg's brigade having driven off in handsome style a strong picket at Gaines' Mill, and drawn the fire of his main line by a spirited advance past new Cold Harbor into the swamp covering the enemy's position. Here it was halted while the remainder of the division was formed for assault, and Longstreet was getting into position to give support to A. P. Hill. The division of the latter was formed as follows : Gregg's brigade on his extreme left was formed in double line in Boatswain's Swamp ; in echelon to the right and rear, covered by the woods, were the brigades of Branch, J. R. Anderson and Archer in the order named. Pender's brigade was formed behind Branch's, and Field's behind J. R. Anderson's. The batteries of artillery were posted in all the available positions on either side of the woods in which the troops were formed. Longstreet arriving soon after, formed his command in two columns, under the cover of the hills bordering Powhite Creek. The one on the left, under command of General R. H. Anderson, consisted of Pickett's, R. H. Anderson's, and Kemper's brigades ; that on the right, under General Wilcox, was formed of Wilcox's, Pryor's, and Featherston's brigades. Wilcox's brigade formed in double line, the Tenth and Eleventh Alabama regiments — the latter on the right — being in the front line, and the Ninth and Eighth in the same order in the second. Pryor, on the left of Wilcox, was also formed in double line, the Second Florida constituting his rear line. Featherston formed a single line behind, in support of both Wilcox and Pryor.

Some time was consumed in waiting for the arrival of D. H. Hill's and Jackson's divisions, and at half-past two P. M., their appearance being momentarily expected, A. P. Hill was ordered to attack. His whole line at once moved forward, and became successively engaged from left to right in a desperate and unequal contest. On the left,

* Porter's corps numbered 27,000. Slocum's division reinforced it very early in the action, bringing 8000 ; and French's and Meagher's brigades arrived at sundown, about 5000 strong.

† Many evidences of this confusion occur in the official reports, and Gen. D. H. Hill mentions several regiments which did not fire a shot.

Gregg's brigade and Pender's each penetrated the enemy's line, and were only driven off by fresh troops, brought up by the enemy from his reserves.* On the other portions of the front, where the ground gave no cover for the attack, several assaults were made, which were all repulsed with severe loss by the terrific fire of the enemy's double lines and numerous batteries; though in some cases the assaulting columns approached within thirty paces of them. After two hours of this fighting there was no result, and the decimated and exhausted lines lay down wherever they could find cover, and only maintained a long-range musketry fire.

About 4 P. M. D. H. Hill's command reached Cold Harbor, and was there formed and held for a time in line of battle by General Jackson, who expected to fall upon the flank of the enemy when driven down the Chickahominy by A. P. Hill's attack. About this time, however, General Lee, convinced of the hopeless character of A. P. Hill's assault, directed General Jackson, whose division was just arriving, to renew the attack with his whole force, while Longstreet was directed to make a diversion upon the right. D. H. Hill was accordingly pressed into Boatswain Swamp, close to the enemy's line on the extreme left. Ewell's division took position on Hill's right, while Jackson's division extended the line to connect with A. P. Hill, and reinforced and relieved a part of his exhausted troops. Whiting, with Hood's and Law's brigades, was sent to A. P. Hill's extreme right, while Lawton moved up in rear of Ewell. These preparations occupied considerable time, during which the interchange of musketry and artillery fire was very severe and incessant. Longstreet made his demonstration upon the enemy's left, while the movements indicated were in progress, by advancing Pickett's brigade from his left column, and the front lines of Wilcox's and Pryor's brigades from his right column. These troops met such a terrific fire from the enemy's triple line, and were so severely handled by the twenty heavy guns south of the Chickahominy, which enfiladed their lines,† that General Longstreet was convinced that he could make no effectual diversion without converting his demonstration into an actual attack. Accordingly, after two demonstrative advances by Pryor and Wilcox, he ordered a direct assault by his whole force, except Kemper's brigade, which was held in reserve. Of R. H. Anderson's brigade two regiments, the Palmetto Sharpshooters and the Fifth South Carolina, were sent to protect Wilcox's right flank, while the others supported Pickett's brigade in its direct advance. About seven o'clock, therefore, a series of successive assaults burst upon the enemy's line in quick succession, as General Lee for the first time put his whole force into his effort. It was in vain that the enemy redoubled his fire and brought forward his reserves, for nearly every separate assault on the different parts of his line was a separate

* One of Gregg's regiments, the First South Carolina Rifles, Col. Marshall commanding, was engaged in a hand-to-hand conflict, having made a most gallant charge upon a battery which enfiladed the brigade, and driven it off. Its losses testify to the character of its fighting, being 81 killed and 234 wounded, a total of 315 out of 537 carried into action.

† A single shell from one of these guns killed and disabled eleven men in Pryor's brigade.

success ; and their total result was the capture of his whole position with many of his guns, and the rout of his entire force. The stand made by the Federals was not particularly obstinate, and although the loss of the Confederates was very heavy, there was little or no hand-to-hand fighting, the loss being principally due to the halting of the brigades to fire when close to the Federal lines.*

The credit of having been the first to pierce the enemy's position effectually is claimed by several different commands, and is a point difficult to be accurately determined. Generals Jackson and Whiting ascribe it to the Fourth Texas of Hood's brigade, which with Law's brigade, the latter on the right, charged between Longstreet and A. P. Hill. General Wilcox claims the honor for the three brigades which composed his column ; while Colonel Strange, commanding Pickett's brigade at this period of the action (Pickett having been wounded) ; General Lawton, who relieved a part of Ewell's line at New Cold Harbor ; General Trimble on Lawton's right, and General D. H. Hill on the extreme left, all claim that the tide was turned by their successful assaults. There is no doubt that each of these commands did, separately and independently, carry the positions in their front by direct assault ; but as the field afforded no general view of operations, the exact sequence of these events can only be determined by circumstantial evidence. It appears probable from this that Hood, Law, Pickett, and the column under Wilcox, were nearly simultaneous in their successful assaults, which occurred just before sundown ; that Lawton, some distance to the left of Hood, and Trimble on Lawton's immediate right, first got possession of the enemy's line in their fronts about a half-hour later ; and that D. H. Hill gave the finishing blow to the enemy's line but a few minutes after Lawton's success.

After breaking the enemy's left wing, Longstreet's and Whiting's troops, with a few of Archer's brigade who had joined in Whiting's advance, pushed forward on the plateau which rose towards Magee's house, capturing several batteries, and skirmishing severely with the retreating masses of the enemy.†

* In this charge the division of Gen. Whiting lost nearly 1000 men. Much of this loss was due to a part of the lines halting and lying down about forty yards from the Yankee breastworks and exchanging fire with them. They, however, soon arose and continued to advance, firing, and, when within thirty yards, the enemy vacated their breastworks and ran over the hills.

† The 2d and 6th South Carolina regiments of R. H. Anderson's brigade moving in support of Pickett, were slightly engaged in this pursuit. The Palmetto Sharpshooters, Col. Jenkins, and the 5th South Carolina, Lt.-Col. Jackson, supporting the extreme right, had an encounter with two Federal regiments which is worthy of narration. Seeing troops in the woods bordering the Chickahominy, though uncertain of their character, these regiments changed front to meet them, the 5th forming on the right and the Sharpshooters on the left bank of Boatwain ravine where it debouched upon the Chickahominy flats. This was hardly accomplished when two regiments, with furled flags, marched out of the woods and commenced to deploy within less than a hundred yards — one in front of each of the Confederate regiments (which displayed their flags), and less than a hundred yards distant. Colonels Jenkins and Jackson hailed to know who they were and demanded that their flags should be unfurled, but received no reply. From the regiment opposite Col. Jackson, however, an officer stepped out, bearing a white flag, and was met by Col. Jackson between the lines and summoned to surrender. He replied that his orders forbade and they must fight it out, upon which Col. Jackson directed him to return to his ranks, and promised that he should not be fired upon until safe back.

Two or three partial stands were made by the Federals after their front line had been carried, but no more serious opposition was offered to the exultant Confederates, who with their lines disintegrated into clouds of skirmishers, pushed forward, cheering and delivering a deadly fire of musketry, and turned many of the captured guns upon their late owners. Seeing the somewhat disordered condition of the victors, General Cooke, commanding seven squadrons of Federal cavalry and lancers, which during the action had been held in reserve under the Chickahominy bluffs, despatched five companies of the Fifth Regular United States Cavalry to check the pursuit by a charge. This was executed without great vigor, and the charging squadrons receiving a sharp fire from Pickett's brigade and adjacent fragments of other commands, turned tail when within seventy-five yards, and running over some batteries which were doing more than anything else to cover the retreat, they increased the confusion and carried a panic throughout the Federal columns. About this time, however, the success of the attacks by the Confederate left sent a stream of fugitives across the front of the pursuing lines, which diverted their advance from the direction of the bridges by which Porter was retreating, and caused them to incline to the left. The whole plateau was now in possession of the Confederates, and the enemy completely in their power; but darkness now rapidly approaching, and the disorganised state of the victorious columns, prevented their taking advantage of the situation. Had the artillery been well-organised and handled, and the hills about Magee's house quickly crowned with fifty guns, the retreating masses would have been cut to pieces and dispersed in the swamps. Again, however, the loss of a few hours had caused the loss of all the fruits of victory, for darkness covered the field before its true character was appreciated; and the scattered troops, fearful of mistaking friends for foes, and rendered cautious by the severity of the conflict won, halted on the approach of night and bivouacked upon the bloody field. French's and Meagher's brigades — sent to reinforce Porter from the south bank of the Chickahominy — arriving at this time, were formed in line near the bridge-heads, and although neither of them fired a shot, their presence restored order to some extent. The retreat was kept up during the whole night, and at 6 A. M. the rearguard crossed unmolested and partially destroyed the bridges.

During this action on the north side, the enemy on the south side were kept quiet, and themselves considerably apprehensive of an

Meanwhile, Col. Jenkins, seeing the regiment in his front preparing to fire, was just able to anticipate them with a volley, upon which the other Federal regiment poured a volley into the 5th South Carolina, not however until Col. Jackson and the officer with the white flag had returned to their places. A few rounds were fired on each side, when the Confederates charged, and their opponents fled, leaving the colors of the 16th Michigan, of Butterfield's brigade, in the hands of the Sharpshooters. Over forty dead and numbers of wounded marked where the lines of the Yankee regiments had stood. Of the 16th Michigan but few escaped, and among the prisoners captured were its colonel and other officers, who next morning gave themselves up, saying they had no command left, and desired to share the fate of the survivors who were captured. Lt.-Col. Jackson received two severe wounds in this affair, and his regiment lost seventy-six in killed and wounded. The casualties in the Sharpshooters were ninety-six.

attack, by the demonstrations of Generals Huger and Magruder. The most important of these affairs was one in which Toombs' brigade took part—the Second, Fifteenth, Seventeenth and Twentieth Georgia, with Lane's and Woolfolk's batteries, having advanced so as to draw a musketry fire from the enemy's line, and maintained a severe conflict with it for over an hour, suffering a loss of upwards of two hundred.

The returns of casualties and captures in this battle have never been accurately known, as in many of the commands the reports give only the total results of the "Seven Days," and do not distinguish between the different battles. It is by no means extravagant to suppose that of the casualties during the whole time, one-half occurred on this occasion. This estimate would make the loss in Longstreet's division two thousand two hundred, and in A. P. Hill's division two thousand. Gen. Jackson states his loss (partly estimated), including that of D. H. Hill and Whiting, at three thousand two hundred and sixty. McClellan's loss was in a higher ratio to his total, and probably exceeded ten thousand, of whom perhaps three thousand were captured, besides a large number of his wounded. Thirty pieces of artillery were also captured by the Confederates, besides several breech-loading guns on wheels firing Minnie-balls, which seemed to be used with facility and effect. Among the casualties in Longstreet's corps were Generals Pickett and Featherston, and Colonel Withers of the Nineteenth Virginia, severely wounded, and Colonel Woodward of the Tenth Alabama, killed.

During the night of the 27th General McClellan commenced his movement to the James River by despatching Keyes' corps across White Oak Swamp, which movement was finished by noon on the 28th, Keyes taking position to cover the passage of the swamp. On the same day Porter's corps also moved across White Oak Swamp, and took position, covering the important junction of the Charles City, Quaker, and Long Bridge roads. During the night of the 28th the rest of the army was put in motion. McCall's division crossing White Oak Swamp, joined Porter, while Sumner's and Heintzelman's corps, and Smith's division, withdrew only two miles and took up line of battle in front of Savage Station, covering the retreat of the trains.

Meanwhile, on the morning of the 28th, the withdrawal of the enemy to the south bank of the Chickahominy being discovered, Generals Stuart and Ewell were at once despatched to destroy his railroad-communication, but on their approach the enemy's pickets at the railroad-bridge retreated to the south side and themselves applied the torch to the bridge. This act, with columns of smoke and dust within the enemy's lines, plainly showed that his army was in retreat, but it was doubtful whether he intended to seek the James or to recross the Chickahominy at the lower bridges and retreat down the Peninsula. Until this question was determined the line of pursuit could not be chosen, and the army therefore remained during this day in position. General Longstreet cannonaded the enemy across the Chickahominy with his rifled guns, but the range was too great for the inferior Confederate ammunition, and little was accomplished. General D. R. Jones, of Magruder's division, also used his artillery

against the angle of the Federal works on the bluffs with better effect; and at one time suspecting that the enemy were withdrawing, he threw against them the Seventh and Eighth Georgia regiments of G. T. Anderson's brigade, the latter leading the charge and supported by the former. This attack, however, found the enemy still present in force, though on the point of leaving, and a severe skirmish ensued, which was terminated, just as Toombs' brigade was advancing to Anderson's support, by an order from General Magruder, who feared to bring on a general engagement. The Seventh and Eighth Georgia were consequently withdrawn, having suffered losses, respectively, of seventy-seven and one hundred and five men.

On the morning of Sunday, the 29th, a reconnoissance by Major Meade and Lieutenant Johnson of the Engineers, attached to General Longstreet's staff, discovered the withdrawal of the enemy during the night, and orders for a vigorous pursuit were at once issued. General Ewell, near Bottom's Bridge, was directed to prevent the enemy from crossing at that point, and, should a favorable opportunity offer, was directed to cross and strike his column in flank. General Jackson was ordered to rebuild Grapevine Bridge and move down the Chickahominy. General Magruder was instructed to pursue by the Williamsburg road, and General Huger by the Charles City road. General D. H. Hill's division was assigned to Jackson's command; and Longstreet, in command of his own division and A. P. Hill's, crossed the Chickahominy at New Bridge, and moved across to the Darbytown road and down that road, bivouacking that night about Timberlakes, within striking distance of the enemy's line of march.

During the afternoon, a practicable ford having been discovered, General Ewell prepared to cross the Chickahominy near the railroad bridge and attack the retreating column in flank, but was recalled to Cold Harbor by General Jackson before the move was accomplished. General Jackson repaired the Grapevine Bridge and crossed one brigade in the afternoon, but did not move in pursuit until the next day.*

Magruder's division, thirteen thousand strong, moving cautiously down the Williamsburg road, soon struck the enemy's rearguard, and skirmishing ensued, in which Carlton's battery and the "Land Merrimac" (a railroad-truck carrying a rifled thirty-two-pounder protected by an iron-clad shield) took an active part. The gallant General Griffith of Mississippi was mortally wounded near this gun during this skirmishing by a fragment of shell, and died on the field,

* It is certain that General Jackson's conduct during the Seven Days' battles was by no means marked with that energy and earnestness which were his distinguishing characteristics on every other occasion; and it caused much disappointment at the time among those who were acquainted with the circumstances, and much comment among the general officers of his command. Some of these comments were very remarkable and interesting, as showing the estimation of Gen. Jackson's character by those who had great opportunities for its observation. It was said by one that he never went heartily into any operation without believing himself inspired to its execution, and that on this occasion the inspiration was wanting. Another accounted for his loss of a day at Grapevine Bridge (which was not materially injured by the enemy, and might have been passed over by infantry at 9 A. M. on Sunday) by saying that General Jackson believed that all movements commenced upon the Sabbath would end in disaster.

being the only general officer in either army killed during the whole of the bloody week. Colonel Barksdale succeeded to the command of his brigade.*

Considerable delay occurred in the pursuit during the morning after this skirmish, General Magruder being apprehensive of the enemy's assuming the offensive, and moreover, purposely delaying that Jackson's column might cross at Grapevine Bridge and get upon the enemy's flank. In the afternoon, however, the situation being better understood, he pushed forward with vigor, and a little before sundown came upon Sumner's and Franklin's corps, drawn up in several lines in the open ground around Savage Station. General Kershaw, whose brigade led the pursuit, immediately attacked with great vigor, and a sharp conflict ensued, consisting in heavy exchanges of musketry at very easy range. Kemper's battery was advanced to Kershaw's support, and made much commotion in the enemy's lines by a rapid canister-fire, but lost seriously in men and horses from musketry and the answering fire of four Federal batteries. About sundown Semmes' brigade was sent into a dense wood on Kershaw's right to protect his flank, where it met Brooks' Vermont brigade of Franklin's corps so closely that some parleying took place before it was discovered that they were enemies. A heavy fire was maintained by these brigades until darkness put an end to the combat. The Seventeenth and Twenty-first Mississippi regiments of Barksdale's brigade were sent forward about nightfall to Kershaw's support, but in the darkness they were not properly located, and their fire injured Kershaw's line, upon which it was directed to cease, and they were not further engaged. The battle continued till 9 p. m., but owing to the lateness of the hour and the small force engaged by the Confederates, it was indecisive and had no result except the casualties. These, among the Confederates, numbered four hundred, Kershaw's brigade suffering three-fourths of them.

The enemy's loss has never been officially reported, but seems to have been much more severe, as Generals Semmes, Kershaw and Magruder each report officially that over four hundred of his dead were left upon the field. A large part of Sumner's corps was engaged, and a writer, seemingly well-informed, gives its loss in a letter to the *Cincinnati Commercial* at one thousand, of which six hundred were in Sedgwick's division.

Early in the forenoon, General Magruder, believing that the enemy was about to attack him, had called upon General Huger for reinforcements, and the latter had moved to his support with Wright's and Ransom's brigades, sending the rest of his division across to the Charles City road, upon which it was to advance. On reaching the field of Savage Station in person, General Huger was convinced that the enemy did not design to act offensively; and being urged by a message from General Lee to push forward on the Charles City road, he returned with his force to that road, and followed the other brigades (Mahone's and Armistead's). Much time had been lost, however, and it was consequently late in the afternoon when the head of this division

* Gen. Griffith served in the Mexican War with distinction as adjutant of President Davis's regiment of Mississippi riflemen.

reached Brightwell's house ; where the flankers on the left of the column were fired upon by the enemy from White Oak Swamp. Fearing lest he should leave a Federal force on his flank, General Huger here halted to reconnoitre and examine the country, and finally bivouacked for the night.

On the morning of Monday, the 30th, the enemy in front of Magruder had disappeared, having crossed the swamp in the night — a part by the main road from Bottom's Bridge, and a part by Brackett's Ford. The column of General Jackson (Ewell's, Jackson's, D. H. Hill's and Whiting's divisions) commenced crossing the Chickahominy at a very early hour, and entered the Williamsburg road at Savage Station just in front of General Magruder's command ; who was thereupon ordered to move across to the Darbytown road and follow Longstreet.*

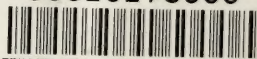
This day was the crisis of McClellan's retreat, the Confederate forces now being within striking distance of him in the rear and upon his flank, while miles of his trains still blocked the roads. For their protection his troops were disposed as follows : Franklin's corps, with Richardson's division of Sumner's corps, and Naglee's brigade of Keyes' corps, held the crossings of White Oak Swamp, both against the approach of Jackson on the Bottom's Bridge road, and of Huger on the Charles City road ; the latter being opposed by Slocum's division of Franklin's corps, which was posted north of the Charles City road, covering also Brackett's crossing of White Oak Swamp. The junction of the Long Bridge, the Charles City and the Quaker roads at Riddle's Shop, was covered by Kearney's division of Heintzelman's corps, with McCall's division of Porter's corps — the former upon the right, and connecting with Slocum's left at the Charles City road ; the latter crossing the Long Bridge road a half-mile in front of Riddle's Shop. Nearly at right angles to the direction of McCall's line, and somewhat overlapped by it, but five hundred yards distant, was Hooker's division of Heintzelman's corps covering the Quaker road, which ran parallel to it several hundred yards in its rear. Sedgwick's division of Sumner's corps supported McCall, who, as well as Kearney, was formed, each with two brigades holding a front line, and the third (each division was composed of three brigades) in reserve. The country in front of these three divisions was open for several hundred yards, and afforded a fine field for their artillery, which was reinforced from the artillery reserve, and unlimbered in heavy force in front of a wood, in which the infantry lines were covered. Keyes' corps, and Sykes' and Morrell's divisions of Porter's corps, held Malvern Hill and its approaches, over which the whole of the Federal trains made their way towards the James, the rear-wagons passing at four P. M. The principal effort of General Lee was directed against the position at Riddle's Shop, against which Jackson's, Huger's and Longstreet's columns were all expected to coöperate. The battle which resulted is generally known, in the South, as that of

* At Savage Station a large hospital with twenty-five hundred sick and wounded fell into Gen. Magruder's hands. Large quantities of stores had been destroyed here, and among them *all medical supplies*, even those necessary for the enemy's own sick. (See General Lee's report.)





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